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THE
LADY'S BOOK.

JANUARY, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MOTHERS, AS CHRISTIAN TEACHERS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

THOUGH there are many mothers, who decline taking an active part in the intellectual culture of their children, yet they should not venture with equal supineness to neglect their religious instruction. For if "religion is the ritual of a tender and lowly mind, looking through the beauty and majesty of nature, to its God," willing to believe what he has revealed, and docile to do what he has commanded, there surely exists, in the simplicity of childhood, a preparation for its spirit, which the lapse of years may impair.

Can it be necessary to enforce the precept, that prayer should be early taught, and rendered habitual at stated seasons, especially at those of retiring to rest, and waking in the morning? Begin with the simplest form of words, solemnly and affectionately uttered. As by little and little, the infant learns to lift up its heart, tell it that it has permission to bring its humble wants, thanks, and sorrows, in its own lisping language, to the ear of its Heavenly Father. Sooner, than perhaps is expected, may the guileless spirit be led to communion with the Hearer of prayer. For there are, between it and Him, no deep descents into vice, no long continued clouds of alienation, that darken His countenance, and crush in dust the heart of the way-worn pilgrim.

When regular seasons of retirement are observed as a duty, or regarded as a privilege, the next lesson should be, that the softest sigh, the voiceless aspiration, is audible to the ear of Deity. The mother may also lead her young pupils, step by step, to mingle their requests for divine guidance, their praises for continued mercy, not only with every unforeseen exigence, but with the common circumstances of their daily course. Ejaculatory prayer, the silent lifting up of the heart, by the fireside, at the table, in the midst of companions, studies, or the occupations of industry, may make the whole of life an intercourse with its Giver. This mode of devotion must have been contem-

plated by the Apostle, in his injunction—"I will that men pray every where."

There is a sweet and simple custom prevalent in Iceland, which marks the habitual devotion of its inhabitants. Whenever they leave home, though for a short journey, they uncover their heads, and for the space of five minutes, silently implore the protection and favour of the Almighty. Dr. Henderson, from whom this fact is derived, and who observed it in the Icelanders who often attended him on his excursions, also remarked it in the humblest fishermen when going forth to procure food for their families. After having put out upon the sea, they row the boat into quiet water, at a short distance from the shore, and bowing their uncovered heads, solicit the blessing of their Father in Heaven. Even at passing a stream, which in their country of precipices is often an operation fraught with danger, they observe the same sacred custom. This affecting habit of devotion has been imputed to the fact, that from their isolated situation, and modes of life, the mother is almost the only teacher, and her instructions seem to have become incorporated with their very elements of being. Let us not permit our Icelandic sisters, to go beyond us, in enforcing the duty and practice of devotion.

Next to the exercise of prayer, we should implant in the minds of our children a reverence for the Sabbath. An ancient writer has said impressively, that "in the history of creation, we may see that God placed wisdom above power, and the *holy rest higher than both*. For it is not said, but the mass and matter of the earth was made in a moment, though its order and arrangement cost the labour of six days; but the seventh day, in which the great Architect contemplated his work, is blessed above all others."

Let us imitate this climax. Whatever may have been the industry, or success of the week, its improvement or its happiness, let us feel that its crown of blessing is the holy rest and

contemplation of the Sabbath. This solemn and glad consciousness will assist us to present it to our children in its true aspect.

We should make them understand that God claims it as his own, and that if it is wrong to defraud an earthly friend, it must be a sin of still deeper die, to seek to defraud an Almighty Benefactor. Teach them that all his commands have reference to their good, but that this has an obvious connection with their spiritual improvement, and ought to be strictly regarded.

One of the simplest rudiments of Sabbath-observance, is for the mother to sooth her little ones into a placid frame of mind. We cannot expect from them that delight in duty which is the reward of more advanced piety. We must wait with patience, and labour in hope, not placing our standard of requisition too high, lest the young aspirant bow, as under a yoke of bondage.

Mothers, be careful to teach by your own example, that rest from wordly occupation and discourse, which the consecrated day prescribes, and by your heightened and serene cheerfulness, awaken a desire of imitation. Point out, in the stillness of the Sabbath morn, in the tent of the opening flower, or in the snowy-drapery of winter, the untiring wisdom and goodness of the Creator. By those mercies, which from their continued presence, we are too prone to pass unnoticed, lead their hearts to that Giver, who forgetteth not the ungrateful. Describe with what delight the gift of the pure air would fill the poor prisoner, or the dweller in a noxious clime; how the power of walking freely over the fresh green turf would be prized by the cripple, or the sick, long chained to a couch of suffering; with what rapture the sparkling water would be hailed by the wander-Arab, the weary caravan, the panting camel in the sandy desert. To enkindle one spark of hallowed gratitude, or pious love, in the little bosoms that beat so near your own, is a work in unison with the spirit of the day of God.

Be careful that the books which your children read, are congenial to this holy season. Selections made by yourself, from the historical parts of the Bible, and pictures illustrating them, afford a pleasing and profitable mode of instruction. In the choice of subjects, or in your illustration of them; you can keep in view some adaptation to individual character, or train of thought, and thus, without seeming to do it, delicately reprove a fault, or cherish a drooping virtue. Committing hymns, and sacred precepts to memory, is also an excellent exercise. Spend as much time as you can, in religious conversation with them. Do not dismiss them to the Sunday school, and think no more about them. Is it not a sacred pleasure to instruct them on this blessed day? and would you not share in it?

Our young pupils ought not to be initiated into controversial or metaphysical subtleties. Their understandings have not sufficient strength to grasp the disputes that divide christendom. They are perplexed by distinctions of doctrine, when their feeble comprehensions might have

been guided out of the labyrinth by that simple precept, "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Their religion should be eminently that of the heart, a love of their Father in Heaven, a love of all whom he has made, an obedience to his commands, a dread of his displeasure, a continual reference to him for aid, renovation, and forgiveness through the Saviour, and a consciousness that every deed, however secret, is open to his eye—every word, every motive, to be brought into judgment. This foundation will bear a broad superstructure, when years expand the lineaments of character, and time's trials teach self-knowledge, humility, and reliance on omnipotent strength.

Perhaps some mother exclaims—"she who thinks herself fit to communicate such instruction ought to have much knowledge herself." Certainly—and one great benefit of the undertaking is, that she is thus induced to study, and to increase in the knowledge of divine things.

"But how are we to acquire this knowledge? We have not time to hear all who speak in public, or to read half the books that are written."

The leisure of a faithful mother is indeed circumscribed. When she is unable to go forth, as she might desire, and seek for instruction, let her make trial of the injunction of the Psalmist, to "commune with her own heart, and in her chamber, and be still." The retiring of the mind into itself, said a man of wisdom, is the state most susceptible of divine impressions."

To study the Scriptures, to solicit the aid of the Holy Spirit, to draw forth from memory the priceless precepts of a religious education, and reduce them to practice, are more congenial to maternal duty, than the exciting system of the ancient Athenians, who according to the Apostle, "spent their time in nothing else, but either to tell or to hear some new thing." Transplant thyself into some enclosed ground, said an ancient writer, for it is hard for a tree that standeth by the way-side, to keep its fruit until it be fully ripe."

To overload a field with seed, however good, yet neglect the process that incorporates it with the mould, is but to provide food for the fowls of the air. This must emphatically be the case, when the mistress of a family leaves imperative duties unperformed at home, and wanders frequently abroad, though it seem to be, in search of wisdom. Her thoughts, if she is conscientious, will so hover about her forsaken charge, as to leave no fixedness of attention, for the discussions of the speaker. His voice may indeed be like the lovely song of a very pleasant instrument, but it must fall on a partially deafened ear. In spite of every endeavour, her heart will be travelling homeward to the feeble babe, the uncontrolled children, or the lawless servants.

A mother, in rather humble life, was desirous to attend an evening meeting. Her husband, who was obliged to go in another direction, advised her to remain at home. He urged, that the weather was cold, and there was no one to leave with the babe, and two other little ones,

except a young, indiscreet girl, whom they were bringing up, and who being apt to fall asleep with the infant in her arms, he feared it might fall into the fire upon the hearth, or perhaps, the house be consumed. But as she had gone a night or two before, and no accident had happened, she said she thought she would trust Providence again. So she went—yet her heart misgave her; as she opened the door of the lecture room, the speaker rising, pronounced his text—

“With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?”

The force of his elocution, and the coincidence of the passage with her own rather reproachful train of thought, so wrought upon her feelings, that in a short time she silently left her seat, and returned home. Afterwards she acknowledged that this circumstance had aided in convincing her how essential a part of religion it was to watch over the unfledged birdlings of her own nest.

Though the paths of instruction are preferable to the haunts of fashion and folly, as far as “light excelleth darkness,” yet is it not possible that there may be such a thing as religious dissipation! If so, it is peculiarly to be deprecated in a mother, one of whose first obligations is to “show piety at home,” and whose simple presence, even the sound of her protecting voice from a distant apartment, is often far more essential to the welfare of the little kingdom which she rules, than she herself imagines.

A lady once asserted, that she had heard nine sermons, or lectures, during the week—adding as a proof of her zeal and self-denial, that she had left some of her family sick, in order to attend them. Now, if these nine discourses, embodied the intellectual strength of profound and educated men, it would be exceedingly difficult for a matron, burdened with the cares peculiar to her station, so to “mark, learn, and inwardly digest” this mass of knowledge, as to receive proportionate gain. And I could not help recollecting the noble lady of ancient times, who had determined to visit all Palestine, and then take up her abode in Bethlehem, that she might make Christ’s inn her home, and die where he was born, of whom Fuller, the historian, quaintly remarks, that, seeing she left three daughters, and her poor little infant, Foxctuis, behind her, he was fain to think, for his own part, that she had done as acceptable a deed to God, by staying to rock her child in the cradle, as to enter Christ’s manger.”

I would not, were it in my power, say aught to diminish the ardour of my sex, to keep up with the spirit of this advancing age, and above all, to hold in the highest estimation, the knowledge of things divine. Rather would I increase a thousand fold, their reverence for such knowledge, and for those who teach it. But let not the mother of little ones forget, that her paramount duty is to impart to them what she has herself learned, and proved, and held fast, as “an anchor to the soul.” Whatever accession she makes to her own spiritual wealth, let her simplify and share it with the flock, over whom the Chief Shepherd hath made her oversee.

Let none of her manna-gatherings be in the spirit of idle, aimless curiosity, but with the earnest intention better to obey the command of dying love—“Feed my lambs.”

Can woman ever do too much to evince her gratitude to the religion of Christ? Look at her situation among the most polished heathen. Trace the depth of her domestic depression even in the proudest days of Greece and Rome. What has she been under the Moslem? Illumbled by polygamy, entombed in the harem, denounced as soulless. Only under the gospel dispensation has she been accounted an equal, the happy and cherished partaker of an immortal hope.

Even amid the brightness that beamed upon ancient Zion, her lot was in strong shadow. Now and then she appears, with the timbrel of the prophetess, or as a beautiful gleaner in the fields of Boaz, or as a mother giving the son of her prayers to the temple service. But these are rather exceptions to a general rule, than proofs that she was an equal participant in the blessings of the Jewish polity.

How afflictive is her lot among uncivilized nations, and throughout the realms of paganism. See the American Indian, bearing the burden upon his weaker companion, and walking on pitiless, in his unembarrassed strength. See her among the Polynesian islands, the slave of degraded man, or beneath an African sun, crouching to receive on her head, the load which the camel should bear. See her in heathen India, cheered by no gleam of the domestic affections, or household charities.

A gentleman, long a resident in the east, mentions that among the pilgrims who throng the temple of Juggernaut, was a Hindoo family, who had travelled two thousand miles on foot. They had nearly reached the end of their toilsome journey, when the mother was taken sick. On perceiving that she was unable to travel, the husband abandoned her. Crawling a few steps at a time, she at length reached with her babe, a neighbouring village. There she besought shelter, but in vain. A storm came on, and she laid herself down, in her deadly sickness, under a tree. There she was found in the morning, by the benevolent narrator, drenched with rain, and the infant clinging to her breast. He removed her, and gave her medicine, but it was too late. Life’s flame was expiring. He besought many individuals to take pity on the starving child. The universal reply was—“No, it is only a girl.” He went to the owner of the village, a man of wealth, and implored his aid. The refusal was positive. “Is the mother dead? Let the child die too. What else should it do? *Have you not said it was a girl?*”

So the Christian* took the miserable infant under his protection. Having procured some milk, he mentioned that he should never forget the look, with which the poor, famished creature crept to his feet, and gazed up in his face, as she saw the food approaching. So strongly were his compassions moved, that he determined to take her with him to his own land, that she might receive the nurture of that reli-

gion, which moves the strong to respect the weak, and opens the gate of heaven to every humble and trusting soul.

Surely, woman is surrounded by an array of motives, of unspeakable strength, to be an advocate for pure religion, a teacher of its precepts, an exemplification of its spirit. The slightest innovation of its principles, she is bound to reprob. The faintest smile at its institutions, she must discountenance. To her, emphatically, may the words of the Jewish lawgiver be addressed—"it is not a vain thing, it is your life."

That she may do this great work effectually, let her "receive the truth, in the love of it."

Let her contemplate with affection the character of her Saviour, and earnestly seek more entire conformity to that religion, through which she receives such innumerable blessings. Let her say with more firmness than did the ardent disciple, "though all men forsake thee, yet will not I? Ever should she assiduously cherish the spirit, so beautifully ascribed to her by the poet—

"Not she, with serpent kiss, her Saviour stung—
Not she denied him with a traitor-tongue—
She, tho' all else forsook, would brave the gloom,
Last at the cross, and earliest at the tomb."

Hartford, Conn., October, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CRUSADER'S LAST THOUGHTS.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

THE star light fell in silver beams
Around the Syrian land,
And spear and trumpet clashed and rang
O'er many a valiant band.

Forth from the throng' they led a knight,
With brow all ghastly pale—
An axe had cleft the warrior's brain,
And blood was on his mail.

He staggered o'er the slippery turf,
With dark, unsteady eye,
And called for his good steed again,
In loud and stirring cry.

"Give me my barb, and lance, away!
In the old watch tower I see a light,
It shines across my pathway bright,
My beating heart, be still! be still!
I hear, I hear the warder's horn
From turret, cliff, and streamlet borne,
Speed on, my foaming steed, speed on!
The hounds are out—the drawbridge falls,

My father's voice! 'tis his that calls—
Oh, haste, my glorious bay!
Strain nerve, and limb!—heed not the rein,
I hear that brave old voice again—
'Tis gone! 'tis gone!—
Press on! press on!
Once more it sounds! delay not now—
Oh! wipe the sweat from off my brow,
And hold not back—away!
Look! look! I see his waving plume,
His towering glance breaks through the gloom—
I'm safe, and all is o'er!
I'm weary now—my sire! my home!
Good night! from Palestine I come—
Good night! good night! good night!"

He leant upon the crimson sword—
The panting steed stood o'er his lord,
And watch'd his fleeting breath.
And when the morning sun grew bright,
His comrades found their leader knight
Alone—fast locked in death!
Boston, October, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TRIALS OF A HOUSEKEEPER.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

I HAVE a detail of very homely grievances to present, but such as they are, many a heart will feel them to be heavy—the *trials of a housekeeper*.

"Poh!" says one of the lords of creation, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and twirling it between his two first fingers, "what a fuss these women do make of this simple matter of *managing a family*! I can't see for my life, as there is any thing so extraordinary to be done, in this matter of housekeeping—only three meals a day to be got and cleared off, and it really seems to take up the whole of their mind from morning till night. I could keep house without so much of a flurry, I know."

Now prithee, good brother, listen to my story, and see how much you know about it. I

came to this enlightened west about a year since, and was duly established in a comfortable country residence within a mile and a half of the city, and there commenced the enjoyment of domestic felicity. I had been married about three months, and had been previously *in love* in the most approved romantic way with all the proprieties of moon light walks, serenades sentimental, billet-doux, and everlasting attachment.

After having been allowed, as I said, about three months to get over this sort of thing, and to prepare for realities, I was located for life, as aforesaid. My family consisted of myself and husband, a female friend as a visitor, and two brothers of my good man, who were engaged with him in business.

I pass over the two or three first days spent in that process of hammering boxes, breaking crockery, knocking things down and picking them up again, which is commonly called getting to housekeeping; as usual, carpets were sewed and stretched, laid down and taken up to be sewed over—things were reformed transformed, and conformed, till at last a settled order began to appear. But now came up the great point of all. During our confusion, we had cooked and eaten our meals in a very miscellaneous and pastoral manner, eating now from the top of a barrel, and now from a fire-board, laid on two chairs, and drinking some from tea cups and some from saucers, and some from tumblers, and some from a pitcher big enough to be throwned in, and sleeping, some on sofas, and some on straggling beds and mattresses, thrown down here and there, wherever there was room. All these pleasant barbarities were now at an end—the house was in order—the dishes put up in their places—three regular meals were to be administered in one day, all in an orderly civilized form—beds were to be made—rooms swept and dusted—dishes washed—knives scoured, and all the *et cetera* to be attended to. Now for getting “*help*,” as Mrs. Trollope says, and where and how were we to get it; we knew very few persons in the city, and how were we to accomplish the matter. At length the “house of employment” was mentioned, and my husband was dispatched thither regularly every day for a week, while I, in the mean time, was very nearly *dispatched*, by the abundance of work at home. At length one evening as I was sitting completely exhausted, thinking of resorting to the last feminine expedient for supporting life, viz. a *good fit of crying*, my husband made his appearance with a most triumphant air at the door—“There! Margaret! I have got you a couple at last—cook and chamber-maid!”—so saying he flourished open the door, and gave to my view the picture of a little, dry, snuffy looking old woman, and a great staring dutch girl in a green bonnet with red ribbons—mouth wide open, and hands and feet that would have made a Greek sculptor open his mouth too. I addressed forthwith a few words of encouragement to each of this cultivated looking couple, and proceeded to ask their names, and forthwith the old woman began to snuffle and to wipe her face with what was left of an old silk pocket-handkerchief, preparatory to speaking, while the young lady opened her mouth wider, and looked around with a frightened air, as if meditating an escape. After some preliminaries, however, I found out that my old woman was Mrs. Tibbins, and my Hebe’s name was *Kotterin*; also, that she knew much more Dutch, than English, and not any too much of either. The old lady was the cook—I ventured a few inquiries—“Had she ever cooked?”

“Yes, ma’am, sartin; she had lived at two or three places in the city.”

“I expect, my dear,” said my husband, confidently, “that she is an experienced cook, and so your troubles are over,” and he went to reading his newspaper. I said no more, but deter-

mined to wait till morning. The breakfast, to be sure did not do much honour to the talents of my official, but it was the first time, and the place was new to her. After breakfast was cleared away, I proceeded to give directions for dinner; it was merely a plain joint of meat, I said, to be roasted in the tin oven. The experienced cook looked at me, with a stare of entire vacuity—“the tin oven,” I repeated, “stands there,” pointing to it.

She walked up to it and touched it with much an appearance of suspicion as if it had been an electrical battery, and then looked round at me with a look of such helpless ignorance that my soul was moved—“I never see one of them things before,” said she.

“Never saw a tin oven!” I exclaimed. “I thought you said you had cooked in two or three families.”

“They does not have such things as them, though,” rejoined my old lady. Nothing was to be done of course, but to instruct her into the philosophy of the case, and having spitted the joint, and given numberless directions, I walked off to my room to superintend the operations of Kotterin, to whom I had committed the making of my bed, and the sweeping of my room, it never having come into my head that there *could be* a wrong way of making a bed, and to this day it is a marvel to me how any one could arrange pillows and quilts to make such a non-descript appearance as mine now presented. One glance showed me that Kotterin, also, was “*just caught*,” and that I had as much to do in her department as that of my old lady.

Just then the door bell rang—“Oh, there is the door bell!” I exclaimed—“run Kotterin, and show them into the parlor.”

Kotterin started to run, as directed, and then stopped, and stood looking round on all the doors, and on me with a wofully puzzled air—“The street door,” said I, pointing towards the entry. Kotterin blundered into the entry, and stood gazing up with a look of stupid wonder at the bell ringing without any hands, while I went to the door and let in the company, before she could fairly be made to understand the connection between the ringing and the phenomena of admission.

As dinner time approached, I sent word into my kitchen to have it sent on, but recollecting the state of the heads of department there, I soon followed my own orders. I found the tin oven standing out in the middle of the kitchen, and my cook seated a-la-Turk in front of it, contemplating the roast meat, with full as puzzled an air as in the morning. I once more explained the mystery of taking it off, and assisted her to get it on to the platter, though somewhat cooled by having been so long set out for inspection. I was standing holding the spit in my hands, when Kotterin, who had heard the door bell ringing, and was determined this time to be in season, ran into the hall, and soon returning opened the kitchen door, and politely ushered in three or four fashionable looking ladies, exclaiming, “here she is!” As these were strangers from the city who had come to

make their first call, this introduction was far from proving an eligible one—the look of thunderstruck astonishment with which I greeted their first appearance, as I stood brandishing the spit, and the terrified snuffling and staring of poor Mrs. Stibbons, who had again recourse to her old pocket handkerchief, almost entirely vanquished their gravity, and it was evident that they were on the point of a broad laugh; so recovering my self-possession, I apologised, and led the way to the parlour.

Let these few incidents be a specimen of the four mortal weeks that I spent with these “helps,” during which time I did almost as much work, with twice as much anxiety, as when there was nobody there, and yet every thing went wrong besides. The young gentlemen complained of the patches of starch grimed to their collars, and the streaks of black coal ironed into their dickies, while one week every pocket handkerchief in the house was starched so stiff that you might as well have carried an earthen plate in your pocket—the tumblers looked muddy—the plates were never washed clean or wiped dry, unless I attended to each one; and as to eating and drinking we experienced a variety that we had not before considered possible.

At length the old woman vanished from the stage and was succeeded by a knowing, active, capable damsel, with a temper like a steel trap, who remained with me just one week, and then went off in a fit of spite. To her succeeded a rosy, good natured, merry lass, who broke the crockery, burnt the dinner, tore the clothes in ironing, and knocked down every thing that stood in her way about the house, without at all discomposing herself about the matter. One night she took the stopper from a barrel of molasses and came singing off up stairs, while the molasses ran soberly out into the cellar bottom all night, till by morning it was in a state of *universal emancipation*. Having done this, and also dispatched an entire set of tea things, by letting the waiter fall, she one day made her disappearance.

Then for a wonder, there fell to my lot a tidy efficient trained English girl—pretty, and genteel and neat, and knowing how to do every thing, and with the sweetest temper in the

world. “Now,” said I to myself, “I shall rest from my labors.” Every thing about the house began to go right, and looked as clean and genteel as Mary’s own pretty self. But alas, this period of repose was interrupted by the vision of a clever, trim looking young man, who for some weeks could be heard scraping his boots at the kitchen door every Sunday night—and at last Miss Mary, with some smiling and blushing, gave me to understand that she must leave in two weeks.

“Why Mary,” said I, feeling a little mischievous, “don’t you like the place?”

“Oh yes ma’am.”

“Then why do you look for another?”

“I am not going to another place.”

“What, Mary, are you going to learn a trade?”

“No ma’am.”

“Why then what do you mean to do?”

“I expect to keep house *myself* ma’am, said she, laughing and blushing.”

“Oh, ho,” said I, “that is it”—and so in two weeks I lost the best little girl in the world—peace to her memory.

After this came an interregnum, which put me in mind of the chapter in Chronicles that I used to read with great delight when a child, where Basha and Elah, and Tibni, and Zimri, and Omri, one after the other came on to the throne of Israel, all in the compass of half-a-dozen verses. We had one old woman who staid a week and went away with the misery in her tooth—one *young* woman who ran away and got married—one cook, who came at night and went off before light in the morning—one very clever girl, who staid a month and then went away because her mother was sick—another who staid six weeks, and was taken with the fever herself, and during all this time who can speak the damage and destruction wrought in the domestic paraphernalia, by passing through these multiplied hands?

What shall we do? Shall we go for slavery, or shall we give up houses, have no furniture to take care of—keep merely a bag of meal, a porridge pot, and a pudding stick, and sit in our tent door in real patriarchal independence? What shall we do?

Written for the Lady’s Book.

[I have lately heard of a native of New Hampshire who allows himself to be known in the streets of Paris as “*The Young Englishman*.” Being a son of that state I blush to record the story of our degenerate countryman, whose dastardly conduct deserves to be rebuked.]

WHAT! shall the Pilgrim spirit quail
Beneath the palace of St. Cloud,
Where Franklin with a giant voice
Proclaimed his birth to all aloud;—
Shall it be said New England blood
Runs sluggish from its parent flood!

Ashamed of firm old Hampshire’s soil?
Of hills that catch the morning sun,
Of hardy sires, and forest homes,
Of Stark who fought at Bennington?
Ashamed of these! the reckless knave
Deserves to fill a culprit’s grave!

No! let the miscreant dare to press

With recreant foot his native shore,
And he shall hear in thunder tones

Like those which Eric’s champions bore,
The tale of shame breathed o’er the land
By lips which scorn the coward’s brand!

Ashamed of Freedom! let the earth

Forget to claim her day and night,
Let stars in rocking phalanx reel,

And leave the heavens in wild affright,
But never be it told again,
There walks among the sons of men
The traitor, born of patriot race,
Who dares disown his native place.

Boston.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SCENES IN NEW ENGLAND.

"O, reform it altogether."—*Hamlet*.

TRAVELLING not long since among the hills and dales of New-England, I busied myself by re-locating the cottages and farm-houses that I passed. Some I very wantonly tore from their foundations by the road-side, and placed them upon the sides of the hills in the vicinity of some groves that struck my fancy. Others I turned around, that they might front the lakes instead of the streets. To others I did no more than give some noble shades that I saw on the opposite mountain. Occasionally, with more than usual liberality, I bestowed a flower-garden, in the centre of which was a circular grass plat, planted with rose-trees, with a tall one in the middle, and the low kinds near the edge, being careful to place my snow-balls and lilacs in corner plats. The rest I variegated with different shaped plats, annuals, and perennials, and with true Jeffersonian taste, giving a large proportion of wild flowers, considering the annuals, as only a desert after the more substantial shrubbery. The '*tout ensemble*' I thought more pleasing than if it were more gay, the sober green being an agreeable relief, and making the beauty of longer continuance. And as I arched my gate, and trained my woodbine over it, I sung

"And flowers perennial bloom."

and that inscribed it there.

But my wand very soon became powerless. I could not even see the foliage scattered upon the borders of the streams, nor the corners of the Virginia fences. Things looked as if the Almighty designed the earth should be beautiful, but as if man had done all he could to make it otherwise.

If an American visits England, he returns exulting upon the beauties of the rural scenery. He is delighted with the leafy hedges—the tall elms—the extended parks—the vine-covered cottages, and retired country seats. An Englishman hardly steps upon our soil, before he expresses himself dissatisfied with all he sees. Whether his feelings are untinctured with English spleen, it is not my object to say. But so far as the face of the country in New-England is concerned, foreigners are perfectly justified in thinking what they so unhesitatingly express. The first effort of the farmer has been to fell every tree upon which he could conveniently put his axe. The next to build a house as near as possible to the street. The next to erect a spacious barn and place it precisely opposite his dwelling, with the same nearness to the road, as if his herd as well as himself, envied every particle of dust, and every sound of the carriage wheel. All of this it is too late to mend. Some changes are making with a sluggishness with which we have no patience. Even the beginning of reform is with characteristic caution. Occasionally a little yard is

left before the door, and a less obstructed front view; and sometimes a few shade trees seen anticipating some vigor a half century hence. But if the inhabitants of New-England were given to new opinions and new practices, they could not bring again what they have so heedlessly destroyed. Bushes and maples will never again cluster upon hundreds of beautiful hills, nor will foliage follow fitful rivulets in their way to the ocean. The weary traveller in the summer's sun must still envy the far off shade, and as he passes naked houses and unadorned fields, will still speculate upon the bad taste of the people, a people residing in the most picturesque part of the country, where many an owner of two hundred acres might have his mountain and lake, his river and his miniature forest, his archedia, or his happy valley, if he chose to be classical.

But it is still in the power of the West to redeem the nation from the imputation cast upon it. Their forests and prairies, their lakes and rivers can make up in grandeur what they want in more romantic beauty. The richness of the soil, and cheapness of the land, would make it quite possible to reserve some for mere purposes of ornament. The petty sum of one hundred dollars would purchase what, in a few years, a man of taste would value at as many thousands. But the New-Englander is there with all his denuding propensities" with him. The axe of Billy Kirby will soon make it necessary that others as well as Natty Bumppo, should go a weary way before they would find a tree under which to rest themselves. The splendid parks that the Deity has planted will soon disappear—the grove where the house should be, will be converted into a meadow or cornfield—the fences exposed—the houses and streets unadorned, and all things will appear as if republicans considered it a sin to have any thing beautiful.

IOLA.

THERE are some persons whose erudition so much outweighs their observation, and have read so much, but reflect so little, that they will not hazard the most familiar truism, or commonplace allegation, without bolstering up their rickety judgments in the swaddling bands of antiquity, their doting nurse and preceptress. Thus, they will not be satisfied to say that content is a blessing, that time is a treasure, or that self-knowledge is to be desired, without quoting Aristotle, Thales, or Cleobulus; and yet these very men, if they met another walking in noon-day, by the smoky light of a lantern, would be the first to stop and ridicule such conduct, but the last to recognise in his folly their own.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FASHION—PRINCIPLE.

"SURELY my dear cousin, you have not selected this hat," exclaimed Caroline Edwards, with evident surprise.

"Why not?" replied the delicate girl beside her. "Is it not pretty?"

"Yes, Mary; but then it is not the latest fashion you know?"

"Of what consequence is that, my dear?"

"Of what consequence? why it is of the greatest possible consequence. What will the world say if you don't dress like other people?"

"No matter," said Mary, with a smile, "if my own taste, and what is of much more importance, my own conscience is satisfied."

"Conscience!" repeated Caroline, with a pretty curl of the lip, "Now who but you would think of consulting conscience about such a little matter?"

"Why should we not consult conscience about little matters as well as great ones?" asked Mary.

Caroline could not think of any reason, so she said, "because it must be very troublesome."

"Mary, my dear," said Mrs. Edwards, suddenly turning away from the contemplation of a fashionable cap, "why do you not purchase one of those splendid affairs!—just from Paris you know? and such superb hats have positively never before graced the heads of our city belles."

Mary laughingly shook her head, "Ah! dear Aunt, I cannot afford it."

"Cannot afford it Mary, and you an only child, and your father one of the merchant princes of Pearl street?"

Mary was too modest to say that *principle*, not *necessity*, regulated her expenses, so she quietly put down the money for her purchase, and taking Caroline's arm, left the shop.

A day or two after, Mrs. Edwards and Mrs. Howard were walking down Broadway, with Mary and Caroline just before them; Mary with her pretty cottage upon her head, and Caroline with one of the superb Parisian hats; Mrs. Edwards, as she surveyed the fashionable figure of her daughter, could not forbear saying in the pride of her heart, "What a contrast between our daughters."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Howard, "Mary's pale cheek, and gentle, quiet manners, are a contrast to the healthful looks and buoyant spirits of Caroline."

"Oh! I did not mean that," my dear sister. "If Mary's cheek be pale, the beautiful fairness of her complexion, and her large, radiant, dark eye, save her from all appearance of illness or languor; and I am sure her manners are very elegant—every body says so. But I do think it is to be lamented that she cares so little for dress, and company, and fashionable amusements." Mrs. Howard's heart rose to heaven in silent thankfulness that she cared for better things, and Mrs. Edwards went on. "It is

certainly desirable that our daughters should obtain distinction in the best circles—but then mere dress will not give it to them, be it ever so fashionable and expensive, for every body dresses now-a-days—they must dress with surpassing taste and elegance—there must be a grace, a charm, in the selection and arrangement of every article to which only the most perfect taste can attain. Besides, there is a certain air and manner, which bespeaks high fashion, and which are essential to success in the fashionable world. Now you are aware that to reach this perfection in dress, to acquire this air and manner, great care and attention is necessary; the time and thoughts must be given to the subject, and the best models studied as intensely as the poet studies his subject, or the painter his art."

"Well, my dear sister, when the object is obtained, will you tell me what it is worth? Just estimate it according to its true value, and see if it be equal to the price paid for it." Mrs. Howard paused for a response, none seemed ready, and she went on. "Fashion! there is magic in the word; and most successfully it is used to conjure up in young minds the spirit of vanity and frivolity, and down their aspirations after better things. Oh! it is grievous to see a being standing upon the threshold of an immortal existence, created for glorious purposes, and with faculties to fulfil them, discussing the merits of a ribbon, or the form of a bow, or the width of a frill, as earnestly as if the happiness of her race, or her soul's salvation depended upon the decision."

"Why surely, Mary, you would not have us poor mortals so wrapped up in heavenly contemplation, as to be utterly regardless of the concerns of this sublunary sphere?"

"By no manner of means," returned Mrs. Howard, with a smile. "I would have the duties of life thoroughly canvassed, carefully weighed, and, as a consequence, well understood, and conscientiously practised. I would have woman just what her Creator designed she should be, rational, intellectual, useful—her heart a deep well—spring of love flowing out towards every brother and sister of our race—ready for any toil or self-sacrifice for the poor, the ignorant, the sorrowing, or the oppressed. Her time, her talents, her energies, devoted to those objects for which her Great Master left the 'glory which he had with the Father,' and came down to dwell in sinful flesh."

"All this sounds very well in theory, my dear Mary, but is quite too exalted for practice. You know that people in our station *must* dress, *must* see company, *must* bring forward our children, in short, *must* be occupied with the cares of the world; and I believe, if besides all this, we go to church on the Sabbath, and give what we can afford to the poor, we shall fare as well at the last, as those who make higher pretensions."

Mrs. Howard was opening her lips to answer, but Mrs. Edwards interrupted her. "Nay, dear sister, spare me; you know I shrink with instinctive horror from contesting a point, and upon this I am sure we never shall agree. But if you will allow me, I will risk one or two remarks with regard to Mary, it was for this purpose I commenced the conversation. Notwithstanding all you have said, I cannot help thinking it a pity that she should waste her beauty and elegance upon 'the desert air.' Not literally upon 'the desert air' in this thronged city, of course," she added, as she saw a smile playing upon the lips of her sister, "but certainly to all intents and purposes as regards any advantage she reaps from them. Why, with her fortune, talents, and accomplishments, to say nothing of her surpassing loveliness, she might stand without a rival upon that envied eminence, the queen of ton, the reigning belle in our fashionable world; and it does seem to me an almost unpardonable perversion of taste to contemn such a distinction as valueless."

"My dear sister, it is the part of true wisdom to rate things at what they are worth—that is as God rates them—according to the bearing they will have upon our happiness in this world and the next."

"Alas! Mary, thoughts of the next world seem to shut out from your mind all care for this."

"By no means; they only make me more solicitous to fulfil the duties of this aright."

Mrs. Edwards was disconcerted; she continued silent a few minutes, and then, as she could think of nothing to offer against the wisdom or propriety of her sister's course, said, "But why urge upon Mary your estimate of the world? Why endeavor to conceal from her the truth, that its pleasures are fascinating to young light hearts like her's? Why not let her try them for herself, and then if she prefers the melancholy duties of prayers, and church-goings, and alms-givings, why no body can blame you; which, to tell the truth, every body is doing now."

"My dear sister, I have never deceived Mary; I would not knowingly deceive the meanest of God's creatures, much less my precious child. I have never even for a moment attempted to make her believe that the pleasures you prize so highly are not fascinating to young minds; but I have endeavored to show her their *real*, not their *fictitious* value; I have endeavored to place fairly before her all that could be said on either side, trusting that her good sense and good principles would lead to a right decision, nor was I disappointed. She held the scales with an impartial hand, while she listened, and carefully weighed pleasures, upon which are written '*passing away*,' against *enduring* happiness—the worthless baubles of the world against the 'pearl of great price'—earth against Heaven. You know how she has chosen; can you say she has not chosen well and wisely?"

Mrs. Edwards felt this appeal—she paused, and sighed. Ah! there are moments, even in the lives of the most thoughtless, when truth comes

to the heart in its native majesty and power; when the pursuits of the fashionable, the vain, the worldly-minded, shrink to their real insignificance; when eternity with its amazing interests, and unfathomed mysteries, to the 'mind's eye' stands out in bold relief. "Perhaps she has chosen wisely—but after all she may not long abide by her choice," Mrs. Edwards at length said abruptly. "Once from under your wing, her character, always gentle and yielding, will assimilate to the society she is thrown into. Have you no fears?"

"None," replied Mrs. Howard, "for beneath that gentle exterior, is a depth, and strength of character, and principle, which, by God's grace, will unshrinkingly bear the storms of life, and nobly cast aside its temptations."

"Well, I own I had rather trust Caroline's healthful frame, and unbroken spirit, to battle with storms and temptations. No, my dear sister, Mary's meek nature is just adapted to her condition; just fitted to glide calmly on, 'o'er the smooth surface of a summer sea,' with wind and tide in her favor; but, one rude blast, and her frail bark yields unresistingly to its power, and sinks to rise no more."

"And so people judge of character," thought Mrs. Howard, as she turned to enter her own door; they just glance upon the surface, while the depths of the heart, the hidden springs which stimulate, and control, and modify the outward actions, are to them as sealed mysteries."

Mary was the only surviving child of her parents; one by one a large, and promising family, had been taken away, till this fair and fragile flower alone remained to them; was it wonderful then that within that precious casket they had treasured up their hearts? Yet Mary was not spoiled, for the mother's love was chastened, and tempered, and made efficient for the good of her child, by the 'grace which cometh from above.'

Time, as it passed on, continued to develop the characters of the cousins. Caroline lived to herself and the world—the fashionable world. To dress, see company, exhibit herself in public places, and feel that she was the model after which humbler pretenders to distinction copied, was the highest aim, the highest happiness of this immortal being. A being endowed by her Creator with his most precious gifts—a mind fitted in some humble measure to appreciate his works and character—a heart capable of feeling the delightful emotions of love, gratitude, trust, submission, and obedience towards Him—of sending upward aspirations, even to His throne—of communion with his Spirit. A being, too, whose life was rapidly passing away; whose body would assuredly, in a few brief years, and might in a few weeks, or even days, be wrapped in the habiliments of the tomb; and whose spirit must then go to render an account of wasted time and buried talents. Oh! it is a fearful thing to live entirely unmindful of the great end of life; to die utterly unprepared for death.

Mary lived in the world, but not to the world, she had drank too deeply into the spirit of her

Master to care greatly for its praise or censure; and she lived in it but to strive to make all who came within the circle of her influence wiser, better, happier. She had gathered and treasured up in her own heart the heavenly manna, she knew its priceless worth, she had proved its healing power, and she wished to win all to prove it too.

But unexpected troubles now gathered about the two families, destined to test still more thoroughly the opposite principles of the cousins; and to show in adversity the sustaining power of those which had guided Mary in more prosperous days.

Mr. Howard and Mr. Edwards were connected in business; they were too, extensively connected with a great house in one of our southern cities, that failed for a large sum, and as a consequence dragged them down with it. The blow was totally unlooked for by them all; and to those who placed their happiness in the distinctions which wealth can give, proved overwhelming. For Mrs. Edwards and Caroline there was no solace—they had no resources within themselves, and now none without; their *all* was gone. They retired to the country, not to lessen by their sympathy and exertions the cares and anxieties of the husband and father; not to seek some useful employment which should bring plenty, and comfort, and light up fresh smiles within their dwelling; not even to educate the younger members of the family, and prepare them by proper training to earn their bread respectably in the world; not, by any means, to conform their wishes and feelings to their circumstances, and quietly submit themselves to God's appointment; but to pass the time in vain regrets and sinful re-*pinings*, and idle and foolish longings for the splendor, and luxury, and high-standing which had passed away for ever.

Mrs. Howard and Mary refused to leave the city till Mr. Howard could go with them—they *would* stay to cheer his disheartening toils; but with high-minded and scrupulous integrity refused to appropriate to themselves a penny of that which they believed was the just property of their creditors.

"We must dismiss our servants, and leave our house," said Mrs. Howard to her husband as they were talking of their future plans, "but Mary and I will not leave you while you are engaged in this harassing business of winding up your affairs. We will, if you please, hire part of a small house and remove as soon as possible; we shall keep no servant, and I will devote myself to domestic concerns—to Mary we must look for the *ways* and *means*; and happily she is well qualified by her talents and education to supply them. What she has learned, she thoroughly understands, and can impart with facility, as she has often proved in the voluntary lessons she has given her young cousins. Our friends, faithful though our sun be dimmed, will supply her with pupils, (I have already ascertained that); and with your approbation she will immediately commence teaching music and drawing."

"And has it come to this?" replied the fa-

ther, with a bitter sigh. "Must our cherished singing bird go out into the world to barter for her daily bread the music of that voice, which has been wont to fall only on the ear of indulgent love; aye, must she coin the unequalled gifts with which Heaven has endowed her, into gold, that we may be fed?"

"Dearest, dearest father," said Mary, putting her arms about his neck, and kissing, fondly and reverently, his pale forehead, pale with anxious thought, "do not let such feelings disturb you; but consider rather what a subject for gratitude that God has given me a useful talent, and your liberal kindness has cultivated, and matured it, so that it is ready to be turned to account, just when it is wanted. Besides, you do not know what a happiness it is to be permitted to do something for those, who, all my life have done so much for me."

The father shook his head mournfully. "Ah, my child! you do not know the difficulties of your undertaking; you have not counted the cost. Your gentle spirit, which has been so fondly, perhaps too fondly, sheltered from every grief, is hardly fitted to contend with the ignorance, perverseness, and stupidity of a set of ill-educated, ill-bred, spoiled girls; and what is a thousand times worse, to humble itself before the capricious, and ill-judged interference of parents."

"Ah, my dear father, answered Mary, smiling, "if it be true that I have less patience, firmness, and meekness, than the ten thousand teachers in our land, it is quite time I were subjected to a discipline by which I may acquire them. But, after all, are not these fancied, rather than real difficulties?"

"Ask the ten thousand teachers of whom you speak, and hear their answer, Mary. They will tell you it is a disheartening task, though almost all of them have been subjected from childhood, to a severer discipline than you have even dreamed of; and have learned from it to overcome difficulties, and bear contradiction, and submit to the will of others; while your life has been one scene of happiness and indulgence; besides, how few of them have your fragile frame, and delicacy of mind?"

"Dearest father, my frame is strong enough to bear the necessary exertion, I am sure; and if I have any delicacy of mind which unfits me for my duties, the sooner I get rid of it the better."

"Mary is right," said Mrs. Howard. "We are placed here for a specific purpose—to serve God—to do his will; in other words, faithfully to discharge the various duties which arise from our stations, circumstances, and relations to our fellow beings. Now it is plain that whatever prevents the fulfilment of these paramount obligations, no matter what its specious name, whether taste, refinement, delicacy, or accomplishments, should be discarded at once. Observe, however, that I do not believe any of these qualities, or acquirements, or the highest intellectual cultivation, at all incompatible with the most conscientious discharge of our duties, with the purest religious principle, with that 'perfect love' which the Apostle says

'casteth out fear.' I only say, if they are, there can be no doubt about which is to be given up."

"But it does seem to me, my dear, that you are making mountains of mole hills. There is no reason in the world why we should not stay where we are, and live on very much as we have lived, till our affairs are settled—hundreds in our circumstances do it; why should not we!"

"For the very best reason, Mr. Howard. Because it would not be right. I can toil cheerfully for my daily bread; should God reduce me to it, I think I could meekly and thankfully accept the charity of my fellow creatures; but never, never enjoy luxuries which were mine by a doubtful title—they would be wormwood and gall mingled in the sweet springs of life."

"Alas, alas, is there then no help for it! Must my delicate wife and child submit to daily, degrading drudgery?"

"And is the possession of so many thousands as shall enable us to live in useless, heartless indolence, an honorable distinction? Is useful, honest labor, a degradation? I do not think so. Shall you love us the less, because we are solicitous to lighten your cares, and minister to your happiness? Shall we lose the esteem and affection of a single friend, whose esteem and affection are worth having, by resigning splendor which integrity forbids us to retain, or cheerfully doing just what our situation requires us to do? no indeed."

"But should not Fessenden be consulted?"

"Fessenden's distance from us renders it impossible to consult him in time, for we must act now. But even if he were here, our decision would, I believe, be made independently of him; Mary's conditional engagement with him, to be fulfilled at some distant and uncertain period, gives him no right to interfere in our private affairs. You know," she continued, looking round and perceiving that Mary had left the room, "I do not place that implicit reliance upon him which you do; I doubt his principles and the disinterestedness of his attachment; and every letter which we receive from him tends to confirm those doubts. Even Mary, placed upon her guard by my suggestions, begins to falter in her faith. Poor girl! she was too young, and too pure in heart at the commencement of her acquaintance with him, to have a suspicion of selfishness or double-dealing in another."

"If," said Mr. Howard, after musing a minute, "I had not often been astonished at your marvellous development of character, I should be tempted to consider these suspicions as hardly worth a passing thought—he seems so fair."

"Aye, and from that very seeming springs my doubts. The man of real high-toned piety does not talk of it so much; his principles indeed come out naturally in his conversation; but he is not anxious, and he has no need to declare them in so many words upon all occasions; they are cherished within his heart and pervade his whole being, they preside over all his intercourse with the world, and regulate by the great law of love his bar-

gains, visits, charities; they go with him to his fire-side and make him there, cheerful, gentle, and affectionate; but he is too humble, too distrustful of himself, and too conscious of the imperfections of his best deeds, to make high, and loud professions."

"I fear you judge poor Fessenden too hardly. He knew that piety would be the strongest recommendation, both to you and Mary; and his solicitude to convince you he possessed it, seems to me but natural and right."

"Nay, Mr. Howard, were the principles he professes, so inwrought into his heart as to be the governing principles there, he would feel no solicitude about it—conscious integrity is not afraid of being suspected. But besides this, he is so subservient, so afraid of committing himself; he has such a facility in falling in with the opinions of his company. Then, he never seems to me to think independently and straightforward, with a single eye to the right or wrong of the case, but he watches, waits, and cautiously feels his ground to ascertain what will be the most popular sentiments, or most agreeable to those he imagines it his interest to please. Yes, I have long feared Fessenden's standard of moral rectitude was convertible, and could be made to suit every company, and every occasion."

"But, my dear, this is because he is so gentle, so kind and conciliating; he cannot bear to give pain or offence."

The wife shook her head sadly. "Ah! Mr. Howard, that excuse might do very well for one who 'cared for none of these things;' but the Christian knows he may not step out of the strait and narrow way to please any wanderers in the broad but forbidden paths around him—his course must be *straight onward*—the rule which guides him is perfect, and he may not lower, or bend, or alter it, so much as a hair's breadth; he does indeed often fail to live up to it, but then, instead of depressing the rule to excuse his dereliction, he mourns that dereliction with shame and confusion of face. Besides, you will think me unkind, uncharitable, prejudiced, but I cannot help it, I believe I had better speak my whole mind, and then you can judge whether I have good reasons for my doubts and suspicions; this suavity of manner seems to me *put on*, it is apparently studied, over-labored, over-done, and appears to spring from self-love, from a desire to be pleasing and popular, rather than from a heart overflowing with kind and benevolent affections."

"Ah, Mary! as usual, your distinctions are too nice for me. Now I think it is of little consequence what motives influence him to take such pains to please, provided he succeeds, which even you must allow that he does; nor do I think that one in a hundred of his numerous acquaintance ever suspected his easy, elegant manners to be *put on*, or over-done."

Well, time, or rather our altered circumstances, will soon tell."

"Yes, time will tell; and if you are right, alas! for our poor heart-broken child."

It will, no doubt, prove a grievous trial; but Mary has not 'garnered up her heart' in any

earthly treasure, and therefore its loss will not greatly affect her happiness—that is fixed upon a foundation too stable for such disappointments to overthrow."

"I wish it may prove so," said the father, in a tone of sadness, which seemed to express, "but I dare not hope it."

Mrs. Howard looked at him with anxious tenderness. "Oh, do not let any fears upon this account disturb you; indeed there is no reason for it. I believe I should not, just now, have let you so fully into my opinion of Fessenden, if I had not hoped too, to impart a portion of my confidence in the sustaining power of Mary's principles, or rather of the 'grace which cometh from above' that accompanies them. She is so diffident of herself, and so in the habit of looking up for help in every time of need, so continually thinks of this world as '*passing away*,' and of Heaven as her *abiding place*, so considers every thing which befalls her as appointed by a wise and tender Father, her heart is so full of love for every living thing, and so intent upon beneficent action for them, and she is withal so patient, and meek, and humble, that there is little danger of her dying of the pride and madness which Newton says is called a broken heart. But we will talk of this no more now. Fessenden must be informed, at once, of the change in our circumstances—that will test him."

"Well, I can scarcely doubt the result."

A few days after this conversation, found Mrs. Howard and Mary established in a neat little room, simply, yet comfortably furnished, and actively engaged in arranging it, and giving to every thing the best possible air, before Mr. Howard came into his evening meal. Mary well knew it must be a trying time to him; and, though all unused to it, never did waning beauty study so anxiously for effect as she did now. Again and again she dusted every article of furniture, arranged and rearranged the lights, stirred the fire repeatedly to give the apartment just the pleasant temperature she knew he liked, let down the curtains to exclude every unwelcome sight from without, placed his own daily paper upon the small table, and wheeled his easy chair beside it, and when all was done, stole many anxious glances at her mother, to see if she appeared well, and able to sustain her usual quiet cheerfulness.

When Mr. Howard came in it was evident all this elaborate preparation had been thrown away; he looked the very personification of happiness. "Ah, Mary!" he said, "I have pleasant news for you, doubly pleasant because so unexpected. Fessenden is on his way home, so now 'farewell, a long farewell,' to teaching. I shall like to hear what he will say when told of the fate to which his half-worshipped Mary is doomed."

"But why does he come so soon?" asked Mrs. Howard.

"Some jealous fancy, I suspect; but here's a letter to Mary will explain it; it came enveloped in a strange unintelligible scrawl to me, of which I could make nothing."

"Well, my dear, what does he write?" he

asked, turning towards Mary, after allowing her, as he thought, a reasonable time to peruse the letter. "Why, what in the world's the matter?" he continued, in a tone of dismay, when he saw the deep sadness of her face—"No bad news, I hope."

Mary arose, silently put the letter into her mother's hands, and left the room.

"If Mary were yet the reputed heiress of five hundred thousand," said Mrs. Howard, as she finished reading it and gave it to her husband, "I should pity poor Fessenden, but as it is, her opinion will probably be a matter of indifference to him."

"Still so uncharitable?"

"So just I fear," she replied. "Alas! every letter we receive tends to confirm my first impressions of him. Oh! if Mary's had but been received at home, beneath her mother's eye, how much wretchedness would she have escaped."

"Well, I own I don't half like the tone of this letter myself; he was certainly in a strange humor when he wrote it," said Mr. Howard, glancing rapidly over it, partly aloud, partly to himself, and making occasional observations. There is an air of suspicion, of reserve, about her letters that cuts him to the heart. He has studied to deserve, and to win her confidence, and he cannot bear it should be withheld from him. Then he hears strange rumors of encouragement given to others; if it is so, her coolness to him is explained, but he cannot believe it—at least not without farther proof. "And so he is coming home to obtain it, I suppose; does he venture to say so? Yes." "But he will come home—he will know the truth, and if it be so"—"What then! why a long blank full of meaning, I dare say. The next sentence commences with, 'Forgive me, Mary, I hardly know what I write,' &c. &c. 'What nonsense! Now I really have a better opinion of Fessenden's understanding than to believe he has written all this in sober earnest; he has something in view which he does not care to acknowledge.'"

"I believe so too. But if he hopes to alarm or intimidate Mary into an earlier marriage than was intended when he left us, I believe he has quite mistaken her character. Indeed, if there was a single sentiment in his heart, answering to the truth and purity of her's, he would have perceived that this was a most unlikely means to accomplish such an end. But I trust it will at least have this good effect; as she ponders upon it, she will perceive more and more of his true character, and her mind will be gradually preparing for the final separation, which I am persuaded must come."

Mr. Howard sighed heavily. "Alas, Mary, how one after another our dearest hopes are blasted."

"Not our *dearest hopes*, Mr. Howard; they, I trust, are in Heaven; not even our dearest earthly hopes; they rest in our faithful love for each other, and in our daughter's moral and intellectual worth, in her devoted affection for us, in her high sense of duty and unwearied performance of it, her tenderness, benevolence,

and truth, her strength of character, or rather of principle, which so admirably sustains her in adversity, and in the fine talents which God has given her, and which she so cheerfully devotes to our sole benefit and gratification. Now, have any of these failed? Have they not rather increased with the demand to mines of exhaustless treasures. Ah, believe me! bills drawn upon the firm of love, duty, and truth, will never be protested."

A smile, in spite of himself, chased away the desponding expression of Mr. Howard's face. "Better say upon woman's untiring, undying faithfulness and affection—her heart is never bankrupt;—well," he added, after a pause, an expression of unutterable sadness again resting upon his face, "well, it may be drawn upon more deeply and painfully than you or Mary dream of now! but—did it ever fail? no, never—I will not be faithless or fearful." He turned away from the surprised and anxious looks of his wife to hide the emotion which overpowered him; a moment sufficed to conquer it, and he almost immediately continued. "After all, my love, the splendor we have lost is as nothing to the blessed assurance I have gained, that come what will, my wife and child will meet it with true hearts and unconquered spirits."

Mr. Howard was not aware how deeply those few mysterious words sunk into the mind of Mrs. Howard, nor with what fearful forebodings they were pondered. In vain she watched with intense solicitude, as day after day passed, for some clue to their meaning. A thousand fears, vague and indistinct, possessed her mind; and for that very reason overpowered it. Had they assumed 'form and coloring,' she would have met and conquered them. Every sound alarmed her. She grew sick at a rap at the door, or a stranger's face; and yet when the calamity was actually made known to her, her heart did not sink, or courage quail; nor in the long years which followed, when her poor husband hung upon her arm, as trusting and almost as helpless as an infant, did one murmuring or desponding thought possess her mind; such thoughts might indeed enter, but they did not dwell there.

Mr. Howard, for many weeks, had had a source of sorrow more disheartening than his failure. Even before that occurred, he had been aware of the gradual failure of his eyesight; but at first it did not alarm him, for he thought it one of the infirmities of age. He soon, however, began to fear the obscurity increased more rapidly than it should from this cause; yet it was not an abiding fear, for glasses, which he now began to use, seemed partially to relieve him. And so he went on from week to week, hoping and fearing, without intermitting his attention to his business, and carefully concealing his uneasiness from his wife and daughter. This he found it not difficult to do, for the closest observation could as yet scarcely detect any alteration in the appearance of the eye; but now that it grew daily less able to perform its functions, he felt that they must soon know the truth, and be-

came chiefly solicitous that it should not break upon them suddenly.

"My dear father," said Mary, one evening, as she saw him lay down the newspaper and lean his head pensively upon his hands, "you do not seem to take as much interest in the paper as you used to."

He raised his head, and said with a very bitter sigh, "It is not for want of interest that I read so little—but," he added after a long, and to Mrs. Howard and Mary a fearful pause, "for sorrow, sorrow my beloved, that you know nothing of."

"Dear, dear father," she said, fondly twining her arms about him, "let me know it, let me share it; let me lighten it if it be possible."

Mrs. Howard clasped his hand in hers, and with a death-like cheek, and a heart whose throbbings might be heard, could only articulate, "Yes, tell us, any thing is better than suspense."

"I had not thought to tell you now. I wished to prepare you gradually for the painful announcement; but I believe you are right, it is better over." He stopped, to gather breath and courage to proceed. "Oh! it is not sorrow alone which prevents my reading—I cannot read—I shall never read any more; while I look, a mist comes over the page, and to my poor failing eyes the letters seem blended in one undistinguished mass; even the features of my too precious Mary grow faint and indistinct as I gaze upon them; and *that* is the bitterest drop in this cup of bitterness. His head sunk upon the shoulder of his wife, and he gave way to a burst of irrepressible anguish.

For Mrs. Howard the 'long agony' was over—she knew the worst; and gathering up the energies of her mind, sat, pale, but calm, supporting the beloved one, whom, she felt, must through all his future life, hang just so helplessly on her arm.

Mary sank upon her knees, and pressing her lips to his cheek in one long, long kiss, silently devoted herself to him, while she lived, or he was spared to her. The next morning she put Fessenden's letters into Mrs. Howard's hands. "Dearest mother," she said, in a low but unfaltering voice, "you will return them to him."

Mrs. Howard gave her a look of inquiry and surprise, and Mary instantly replied to it. "Perhaps his heart is true, and he will grieve when he receives them; perhaps it was the heiress he wooed, and then he will not be sorry to part with the portionless Mary. In either case it will be a painful task for me to see him and hear him; from which I know that you, my mother, would gladly save me."

"Dearest, I would save you from every sorrow," replied the mother, fondly. "But if his heart be true, why must the letters be returned?"

"Because, I will not desert my parents in trouble, nor will I offer to my sightless father, who has spent his best energies for me, nor to my dear, dear mother, who would lay down her very soul for mine, a divided heart. No, all my time, my talents, my affections are but their due; and most cheerfully do I give them. Henceforth I am wedded to my parents, God's

grace helping me, I will have no divided duties, no divided cares; my whole life shall be devoted to them, and nothing but death shall sever us."

Mary pressed her mother's cheek as she finished speaking, and then went to her young pupils with a calm and peaceful feeling, which nothing but a consciousness of doing right can give.

"My noble child," said Mr. Howard, with a trembling voice, when his wife had finished the recital of this last act of duty, "of what is she not capable! Well, you knew her better than I did—you foretold all this. Ah, Mary! it must have been because as in a glass, 'face answereth to face,' so your heart to her's—alike they are self-denying and devoted. There must be within such hearts a spring of action of which I know nothing—a vivifying, sustaining principle, which I cannot comprehend, of which, indeed, I can form no conception. You will tell me, I know, that this spring, this principle, is religion; but if it be, it has a power that I never believed it to possess before; a supporting, peace-giving power, of which I deeply feel the need now in my hour of adversity."

A rap at the door interrupted him; Mrs. Howard answered it, and almost instantly returned with Mr. Fessenden. The meeting between the two gentlemen was embarrassing. Mr. Howard had looked forward to it with hopes, the extent of which he was hardly conscious, and which he certainly would not have acknowledged to his wife and daughter; now they were to be tested, and to appear easy and unconcerned was quite out of the question; and though Fessenden's life had been all made up of *seeming*, yet even he failed to seem easy now. Mrs. Howard alone sat calm and undisturbed, for she alone had neither hopes, fears, or an inquiet conscience, to agitate her.

"Oh, the cold, heartless world!" exclaimed Mr. Howard, bitterly, as the door closed upon their visitor.

"Nay, that is too sweeping an accusation," returned his wife, gently. "We will not conclude all the world heartless, because Mr. Fessenden is so."

"Well, Mary, you knew him too, better than I did, you estimated him aright, but I was slow to believe it; I suffered a faint hope to cling to my heart till his own hand rudely plucked it away. Oh! it was bitter to hear his few forced words of condolence—bitter to an overburdened spirit. But his faint show of reluctance as you returned his letters moved my pity and contempt. Poor senseless idiot! What, my priceless child outvalued in his mind by a little of this earth's perishable dust! Why you may coin it all, nay, even the blessed sun himself, make every star in yon 'azure depths' a diamond, and within that unfathomed mine, her heart, are treasures to outweigh them all. 'Mary,' he added after a long sad pause, pressing his hands upon his eyes, 'the light fades fast without, and so it does within; now nothing is left for me to lean upon but the feeble arms of my wife and child.'"

"Feeble indeed in ourselves," returned his never-desponding wife, "but strong in faith, and hope, and love."

Winter and spring passed away; and often in the soft summer evenings might be seen a venerable man, sitting in the long piazza of a picturesque country residence. Before him spread out an ample enclosure, closely sheltered from the sun by several varieties of our noble forest trees. Among them was the maple, with its rich, impervious canopy of foliage; and the magnificent elm, which adds such beauty to our American scenery, gracefully waving its drooping branches to every fitful breeze. A 'wilderness of sweets' surrounded him; the honey suckle twined about every pillar, and peeped in at the windows; the sweet brier, here and there shot up its slender odorous stems; roses of every name and tint mingled their grateful perfume with the passing breeze; and rare exotics, tended by fond, fair hands, breathed their full tribute of fragrance upon the gentle air. It was in truth a little paradise—so thought the merry group of girls, whose glad voices echoed round it—and so thought the sightless white-haired man as those voices fell like music on his ear; he, indeed, had no eye to see its beauties, but he had a heart, and fond hearts were near him.

The happy girls often press about him with simple, touching offerings of affection, a pretty flower, an endearing expression, or the soft pressure of their fresh young lips upon his aged hand. But another, fairer, older, and more thoughtful, is there; she tenderly watches every varying expression of that serene pale face, and as the lights and shadows of his soul leave their impress there, carefully adapts each outward circumstance to soothe or cheer him; she shields him from the evening dew and noon-day sun; her slender arm sustains him when he walks; and when he is weary she sits beside him, and talks, or reads, or warbles her "native wood-notes wild," as seems best to suit his humor. But still another one is there, with a form of maturer dignity, and a face of chastened and serene expression; her approaching step, her gentle voice never fails to light up a smile on the countenance of her helpless husband.

"Ah, Mary," he sometimes says as she sits beside him, "you know not the gloomy forebodings which filled my mind before you commenced your school; nor how perversely I sat and pictured to myself long hours of darkness and loneliness, while you and our dear child were confined to it. But it has not been according to my fears; the intervals of your absence are so short, and you converse so cheerfully when you return, that I have not time to grow lonely, and find little food to nourish murmuring and despondency. In truth, my dear, I am beginning to find out that our happiness depends less upon externals than I once imagined."

"Yes. Its elements are in our own bosoms, and we make or mar it."

"I wish aunt Edwards and Caroline would feel and act upon that truth," said Mary.

"You have heard from them," said Mrs. Howard, seeing a letter in her hand.

"Yes, mother, I have got a letter from Caroline—such a letter! She says that aunt and she are obliged to do every thing themselves, because they cannot afford to keep a domestic, and that they have nothing but trouble and vexation from morning till night. Then she continues—"Every thing is spoiled which we touch; we have not had a loaf of good bread since we began to make it; it is all either sour, or heavy, or half done, or overdone. Our coffee is burnt to death, or boiled to death, or something is always the matter with it, our tea ditto—ditto; as for meats, we expect to ruin them, and so do it of course. Now, Mary, I suppose you will laugh at all this, but to us it is no laughing matter, I assure you. Think of the mortification of sitting down to breakfast, dinner, and tea, which your own hands have prepared, when not one mouthful is fit to be eaten, day after day, for weeks and months, and then laugh if you can. Oh, Mary! much as I know I should hate school-keeping, I would rather resort to it than enact over again the vexations of the last six months. But then I don't know how to set about it; besides, I fear there is an insurmountable obstacle in the way. You know we did not expect this sad, sad reverse, and what I acquired at school was rather for show than use; I doubt whether I could impart it. Pray write, and comfort and advise me."

"Poor Caroline," said Mrs. Howard, with a sigh.

"Yes, mother, poor Caroline; but cannot we help her."

"I was just thinking, my dear, that with your father's concurrence, and your's, we might."

Mary's eye brightened. "Ah, mother, your plan and mine, I dare say, are the same."

"Well, my love, let us hear yours, and then we shall know."

Mary hesitated a moment, for she felt she was about to ask a great deal of her mother; but almost instantly gathering confidence from the goodness of her cause, and the kindness of her mother's heart, she said, "you know we were talking the other day of getting an assistant to take care of the younger girls, and I believe Caroline is quite competent to do it; at the worst, she would soon learn. And her two younger sisters, you know, since they left the city, have been without instruction, and if they go on so will never be good for any thing; now if we could take them into our school a few terms, they might be qualified for almost any situation."

"Your plan extends beyond mine," said Mrs. Howard, "and therefore it is better. I thought only of Caroline as an assistant; but the schooling will be worth more to the two girls than the place to her; and our family is so large that we shall hardly feel the addition; so if your father do not object, which, if I have any skill in reading the expression of his face, he will not, you may consider the affair as settled."

"Dear mother, thank you," said Mary, with animated pleasure. "And what does my father say?"

"That I shall never object to a proposal of yours, or your mother's, though it had much less merit than this plan. I only fear it will be too much for you."

"You need not fear that, dear father; the girls will hardly add a feather's weight to our care, and mother's heart will be lightened of a heavy load; you don't know how she has been troubled about aunt Edwards and her family."

Caroline and her sisters were soon after established beneath aunt Howard's sheltering wing, where we shall leave them, with the comfortable hope, that her skilful training, and excellent example, will transform them into useful and respectable women.

M. A. F.

Stockbridge, Mass.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

PHILOSOPHERS have analyzed, divines lectured, and poets sung maternal love; but which of them has brought from its fountains, to the heart of man, those nameless, numberless impassioned sympathies which make the melody of a mother's tenderness. What *mother*, even, can paint the delicate lights and shades of those sweet fancies, that combined, beautify and strengthen the maternal tie!

Warmed and enriched by past and present cares, hopes and caresses, her affection receives its finishing touch of disinterested devotion, from a sadness born of the anticipated future.

While the cooing voice of childhood appeals to her, in doubt, ignorance, danger or distress, she feels that by her child, she is invested with the attributes of Deity:—while nestling itself in her arms and hanging with unbounded credence upon her words, her spirit is start-

led into fresh resolves of perfection, by the fearful conviction that she is its book of wisdom, love and beauty; and if a Christian mother, she searches with an almost agonizing anxiety, for the best possible means of transferring the earth-bound devotion of her child, to Him who is alone worthy of worship.

As oft as the consciousness of her unbounded influence flashes upon the Christian mother's heart, it is followed by the conviction that her image should hold but a secondary place in the affections of that being which has been the burden of her days and nights of care;—and while she labours and prays that it may be even so, who can paint the desolation that settles upon her soul, and makes her cling closer to her hopes of Heaven, as imagination, stealing long years ahead, gives to her child a companion and offspring, thus removing her, in care-

worn age, from the *second* even to the *fourth* place in its regard!

O man, canst thou read through the tear that trembles in the mother's eye, the piercing disappointment of her soul as, gazing upon her fond prattler, the thought intrudes itself, that all her pains, her sleep-dispelling solicitude, and above all, the strength and devotedness of her love *will* never, *can* never come home to the bosom of its object with the force and feeling of reality—or beget a corresponding return? She knows indeed that, years having passed, the boon of maternity may awaken the same glow of unutterable sympathies in the heart of her infant *daughter*, and thus open between *them* a tender intelligence of soul for which Heaven has granted no perfect medium of communication between man and woman.

It is thus, step by step, woman learns, from reason and experience, that the purest and most fer-

vent aspirations of earthly hope and love will never be fully requited nor appreciated by their objects. And, as the selfish expectations of love expire, does she settle down in the indolence of despair? Ah no; she rises a better and more disinterested being, with all her energies nerved against the sad consciousness of that lone eminence on which affliction has placed her, to love and labour on without other hope of reward, than the approbation of heaven, and the best good of her beloved ones!

Were the affections of the wife and mother felt and cherished by their objects with corresponding tenderness, doubtless this earth would have so much of heaven, that, instead of being "first at the sepulchre," woman would linger at the shrine of domestic joy and forget to prepare herself and treasures for a higher scene of felicity!

IRENE.

Written for the Lady's Book.

HYMN

Of one of the Deaf Children restored to hearing by Mr. Curtis, of the Royal Institution.

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD, LONDON.

THE world—the beautiful world around,
A still, bright dream, stole silently by;
For a viewless fetter my senses bound,
And life—my life was one yearning sigh!

The hand of pity and wondrous skill
Has riven forever that fearful chain,
And joy—wild, fathomless joy doth fill
My beating heart and my startled brain!

A world of melody wakes around,
Each leaf of the tree has its tremulous tone,
And the rippling rivulet's lullaby sound,
And the wood-bird's warble are all mine own!

But nothing—oh! nothing that I have heard,
Not the lay of the lark, nor the coo of the dove,
Can match, with its music, one fond, sweet word,
That thrills to my soul, from the lips I love!

I dreamed of melody long before,
My yearning senses were yet unsealed;
I tried to fancy it o'er and o'er,
And thought its meaning at last revealed;—

For suddenly down thro' a showery mist,
A rainbow stole with its shining span;
And e'en while the flowers its soft feet kissed,
I read—" 'Tis a promise from God to man!"

A promise? its glory had language then!
There was meaning and truth in each radiant line!

And I looked on the heavenly band again,
To trace those letters of love divine.

Ah, no! they were but to be *felt* not *read*,
And when its soft colours were blent in the sun,
And one rich hue on the scene was shed,
I imagined that music and light were one!

Each tint, thought I, is an angel's tone,
And blending above us in chorus sweet,
With the *light* of creation its *hymn* goes on,
As the quivering colours in melody meet!

But they told me the flowers had language too,
And I woke the rose from a sleep profound,
And deemed as I gazed on its passionate hue
That the *breath* of the blossom was surely *sound*!

A lady sang with a smile on her face,
And all could listen the song save me!
But I knew not my loss for "beauty and grace,"
I said in my heart "must harmony be!"

But oh! no tint of the rainbow, while
It melts into music and light above,
No sigh of the rose, nor beauty's smile,
Is sweet to me now as the voice of love!
London, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SHALL WE KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN?

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

IF in that world of spotless light
Where good men dwell forever,
Those with whom here I took delight,
Shall greet my warm love never,
Its joys which eye hath seen not, ear
Heard not, may be most precious;
But loving those, the true-loved here,
Would make heav'n more delicious.

If treading yonder crystal street,
Thoughts, linked with time, come o'er me,
And forms of earth I longed to meet,
Should pass, unknown, before me,
My partner, with no glance of love—
My meek-eyed child, a stranger—
Should I not turn from bowers above,
A sad and silent ranger?

God! who didst give to Love's sweet star,
Below, its joyous lustre,
Can bid its glories shine afar
Where best affections cluster;—
And I'll believe the bliss whose birth
Thou spakest, fair and vernal,
Undimmed, unfaded here on earth,
Like Thee, will be eternal!

Written for the Lady's Book.

MANOUVREING.

BY MISS M. MILES.

Dogb.—Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanderers; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady.—*Shakspeare.*

THE sun was shining down brightly upon one of the pleasant villages which add such a picturesque beauty to the banks of the broad Hudson. A new hotel had been recently erected, and bid fair through the summer months, to become the scene of much fashionable notoriety. Here and there was a gentleman's seat, with its handsome grounds to diversify the scene; and the arrival of the steamboat that regularly plied between P—— and the "great emporium," was a pleasant incident to break in upon the tedium of a country life. A village is a little world within itself, and in my daily walks I have seen in such a place in full play, all the passions that so mar the beauty of the pictures of human life. Slander, with her venomous sting, and Rumour with her hundred tongues, casting upon the young and beautiful, and happy, a blighting influence, shadowing many a brow, and turning the cup of innocent enjoyment into a chalice of bitterness which is too often drained to the very dregs. In these sunny spots of beauty, which seem as if they ought to be the abodes of peace, there are always a few, "on malevolent thought intent;" they are generally those of the single sisterhood, who from want of employment for their sympathies or affections, constitute a party by themselves; reading meetings and sociables, tea parties and picnics are held, not for the purposes of instruction or amusement, but for the gratification of that idle spirit of curiosity that is never at rest, unless it can pry into all the pro's and con's, whys and wherefores, of the business of its neighbours. There, whilst the fragrant beverage is sipped, does slander and detraction sweeten the draught, where the writings of the gifted and good are laid open before them, do they turn away with a jest or sneer for the absent, where they are met beneath the canopy of the bright sky and the shade of the forest trees, that seem a

"Meet place for a creature his God to adore,"

do they cast the withering breath of calumny and ridicule upon those, whose only fault is that they perform their duties more faithfully than they do themselves. And woman stoops from her high character on earth to defame and breathe—not the open reproach, but the covert insinuation, to cloud the happiness of many a happy home. My language is strong, but nevertheless true, and again in my daily walks do I see and know it; and I would warn the young, if they would seek for happiness, not to venture in pursuit of the treasure within the precincts of a country village.

For two summers previous to the one on which my story commences, a small but pleasant cottage near the river side, had been in-

habited by Mrs. Cameron, and her grand-daughter. They were strangers in P——, and the cottage, although neat, and even elegant in its interior, bore marks of the possessors having known better days, for in one particular apartment there were many rare and costly trifles, which did not correspond with the other furniture. How these had been obtained, was a matter of anxious speculation to the good people of P——; but neither from Mrs. Cameron, whose manners, though kind, were stately, or from the playful and apparently light-hearted Blanche, could they glean any information.

Blanche Cameron could not be more than nineteen, and most beautiful was she, as she moved in the light of her affections around her aged relative, but though her manners were sweetly playful, and a smile wreathed her lip when midst the village crowd, there were hours, when the evening prayer had been said, and Mrs. Cameron's nightly blessing given, when Blanche would bend down her fair head, and give way to tears such as come not from an untouched heart—but to return to my tale.

The sun was shining down brightly, and Blanche had drawn her grandmother's easy chair out upon the piazza, and arranged her footstool, and then sitting down by her side, resumed the embroidery upon which she had been engaged.

"Well! Blanche, love, this is a sweet spot; but neither you or I can retain it; our lease is up to-morrow, and Mr. Herbert intends removing his own family here. We have passed many hours of mingled joy and sorrow—but we must go."

"We can make our own happiness any where," replied Blanche, with a smile, "and in our own rooms in you great hotel, we can still enjoy enough of life to make it not a weariness. Oh!" added she laughing, "what a matter of speculation it will be to Miss Morris, and the two Miss Rollins, and a half dozen others or the good sisterhood here. In my mind's eye, I can see even now their astonished and indignant faces when informed that Mrs. Cameron and her grand-daughter are boarding at the P—— Hotel."

"It is strange, Blanche, what a spirit of curiosity and tattling reigns triumphant in this village, and from mere malice, because our story is shrouded in mystery; they seem determined to make you feel the effect of it."

"Well! I trust to pass unscathed through the fire—but see, I have finished my piece of work, and Mrs. Merton will be up in the next boat; do you not think she will like it?"

"Yes! my child, and honour the motive that prompts the exertions you are obliged to make. Would, would I could again see you happy!"

"But I am contented, nay, resigned, though my lot is a bitter one," said Blanche; whilst a smile contended with a tear upon her speaking face. "But see, there is the boat in sight, and I will walk down to the pier, and meet Mrs. Merton and Adelaide. Her letter informs me that she will 'trespass upon our hospitality' to night, as her rooms will not be ready 'till to-morrow. *Trespass!* she ought not to use that word to those whom she has so befriended. There, dear grand-mamma, I have fixed the cushion for your head nicely. Now, good-by, for a short time."

Was it a prophetic spirit that impelled Mrs. Cameron to draw to her bosom the fair girl, and bless her as she stood in her young loveliness by her side?

Blanche was just in time to meet her friends, and most affectionate greetings were exchanged between them. In a few moments they were on their way to the cottage, upon whose clustering roses the sunset ray was now streaming.

"Ah! there is dear Mrs. Cameron," exclaimed Adelaide Merton, as they came in view of the piazza—"looking as calm and placid as ever—but see, Blanche," she added, as they ascended the steps, she has fallen asleep!"

"How strange," replied her friend, as half alarmed she stole to her side; but a glance at the countenance of her parent caused a shriek from her lips, and she sunk fainting into the arms of her friends.

Yes! even there 'midst the beauty of that sunny spot, had dark Azreal's angel stooped and touched the brow of that aged one, 'till a light and gentle slumber had melted into the sleep that knows no breaking.

Deep was the grief of Blanche Cameron when she saw herself alone in a strange land, bereaved of the only friend she had any claim upon for sympathy or love. She had been dependent upon her bounty for a home, and found herself, by a recent will, the sole heiress of a small, but sufficiently large fortune to insure her comfort and competence. Still her situation was one of great delicacy, standing alone as she did in the world; but Mrs. Merton, who had been educated in England, and was in her girlish days the intimate companion of Blanche's mother, alone knew the sad circumstances that had induced the old lady and her grand child to cross the wide waste of waters.

"Your home, dear Blanche, must now be with us," said that lady the evening after the funeral. "My protection you shall always have until happier hours shall dawn for you. You are young, and Mr. Merton has promised to be up to-morrow, and upon him you may depend for advice and assistance. You will not wish to reserve many things here."

"No, nothing but these dear memorials of happier times, pointing to a splendid harp, and one or two articles of rare and rich workmanship—"I cannot part with these, nor that picture of that kind, dear friend, who in her age left her country for me."

In a few days every necessary arrangement was made, and it was soon known throughout the village that on Thursday there was to be

an auction in the dwelling of the late Mrs. Cameron.

"Good morning, Miss Morris," cried Miss Anne Rollins, as she entered the small parlour of the former—"shall you go to the auction this afternoon?"

"Yes, I think the things will go cheap, and that is a consideration, you know, when the times are so hard. I wonder if Miss Cameron will be present?"

"Yes, to be sure," answered the other, with a sneer upon her lip. "After leaving her grand-mother to die alone, her grief will not keep her from the auction."

"Ha, ha, why really Miss Rollins, you are severe this morning; but between you and I, I always thought Blanche Cameron was too heedless and wild to love any one. She wheedled the old lady out of her fortune, though, and is going to live at the new hotel with that proud Mrs. Merton; do you think the harp will go?"

"No! though Miss Cameron will never play to any of us, you may be sure she will retain that. There is some mystery about that girl, and Miss Lawson told me that there was some story about their having left their country for some debt. I have warned sister Rollins not to let Helen and Jane visit her, especially since she has so cruelly deserted her aged parent!"

"Well, Miss Rollins, we meet this afternoon, so good-bye."

"How shocking!" said Mrs. Manson, as Miss Rollins in turn dropped into the handsome drawing room of that lady, who was one of the aristocracy of the place. "Can it be true Miss Rollins?"

"You may rely upon it, I heard it from their own servant; Miss Cameron expected the great Mrs. Merton, and though the old lady was very ill, left her and went to meet her friends, and did not come back for two or three hours, and then found her dead."

"How unfeeling," returned Mrs. Manson—"I never liked strangers, and this intelligence will essentially alter my manners towards Miss Cameron. She has embroidered me several pieces of work, for which I have paid her handsomely, but in future I shall employ those more deserving; I always thought strange she took in work."

"So did I, and I will tell you a bit of a secret. I watched the girl put a letter in the office one day—it was to Mr. Merton, and there was money in it, but I peeped into it whilst Mrs. Jones, the postmistress, was out, and saw—'Lend,' and 'London,' and 'debts.' Is it not strange?"

"Very," said her companion. "Well, I shall not visit her any more."

Oh! calumny, thou art swift of wing.

Contrary to the expectations of the good inhabitants of P——, Miss Cameron was invisible on the day of the auction. Mr. Merton was there, however, and, the articles in one room were not exposed for sale, and there was much disappointment amongst the coterie of elderly ladies in consequence; but no allusion was made to them.

"Poor Miss Cameron," said Miss Lucy Rollins to Mr. Merton—"what a dreadful loss she has met with!"

"One that she has long been led to expect," replied that gentleman, who understood their characters well—"and in her filial devotion to her she has a rich consolation."

"Yes, but she must feel so lonely here, but she has not mingled much amongst us, and we do not feel as if we could invite her to our houses often, especially since she has taken in work."

"Miss Cameron will henceforth be a member of my family, Madam, and her spirit is too proud to seek kindness from those who in this village know well how to 'wound the stranger's heart.' You are somewhat of a blue, Miss Rollins, and can, therefore, understand quotations," and with this cutting remark, he left her.

P—— was a small village, it is true, but nevertheless its inhabitants prided themselves upon their literary attainments. Miss Rollins and Miss Morris were the heads of the blue stocking club, and as beauty had not bestowed upon either her brilliant cecus, contended which should become the leader of the ton; but on one point they were sure to agree, and for a while would be firm friends; namely, when any tale of slander was on the wing.

Mrs. Merton, with her daughter and Blanche, took possession of their apartments at the new hotel. There was a pleasant company in the house, but the first month Miss Cameron secluded herself, and never appeared in the drawing room in the evening; but her friends were so urgent for her to join them that she agreed at last to mingle with the gayish crowd. Her appearance created somewhat of a sensation amongst the beaux and belles, for her style of beauty was heightened by the mourning garb, and the gracefulness of her mien and her voice of music, so touchingly sweet, gained her an interest in more than one heart. On that very day, in the morning boat had arrived a lady and her daughters from the city, one only had as yet "come out," but the mother was ever on the alert, lest her Sophia, a tall girl, whose only good feature was her eyes, should not engross the attention of the assembled gentlemen, especially the unmarried ones, and the little petty manouvres to which she resorted to claim their notice, were easily seen through by the more enlightened and intelligent. Her claims to family were good to be sure, but her manners were masculine and disagreeable, and she was one who, with many a failing herself, never threw the mantle of charity over those of others. No veil of refinement was cast over the characters or dispositions of her children, and selfishness, hauteur, and ill-temper were in turn displayed, joined to a wildness of manners, and rudeness of conversation, seldom found in the higher circles of life. The extreme beauty of Blanche attracted the eye of the manouvring mother, and seeing that one or two gentlemen, desirable matches, were paying their *devoirs* to her, she immediately felt that she was a dangerous rival. Wealth had not laid

her tribute at Mrs. Almy's feet, and it was enough to make a looker-on smile at the court she would pay to wealth and rank. "They are the first people—be sure and look your best to-day, Sophia"—or, "Lizzy, do practice that air, and play it to Mrs. O——, they are very rich you know;" and as Mrs. Merton was *both*, she sought her acquaintance, though unwilling to have Sophia placed as a foil beside the beautiful stranger; all the while boasting of her disinterestedness, and freedom from fawning.

Dancing was the order of the evening, and there was more than one competitor for the hand of our heroine, but she declined mingling in the giddy round, and some of them preferred the charms of her conversation to seeking a partner elsewhere. Although Mrs. Almy, who always took the lead as mistress of ceremonies wherever she was, was toiling to get up a cotillion, some of her own daughters were already on the floor with gentlemen of their party, but the languishing Sophia was yet unprovided for, but her manouvring failed in this instance, and the neglected one was obliged to stand up in order to complete the sets, with a lady who kindly volunteered her services.

Evening after evening dancing and various plays, and during the day, walking parties and riding parties, seemed to form the sum total of the happiness of Mrs. Almy and her daughters, enlisting all the gentlemen, who chose to be caught by her well thrown out baits; but towards Blanche she made no advances, although she courted the society of Mrs. Merton, and others.

It was a rainy day; and Mrs. De Vere and her friend, Mrs. Woodland, were sitting together in the room of the latter, when Mrs. Almy entered.

"How do you do, ladies? I have come to sit an hour with you," sitting down as she spoke. The weather, company, &c. were duly discussed, and conversation was on the wane, when Mrs. Woodland said, "What a sweet girl Miss Cameron is, I wonder, Mrs. Almy, you do not seek her acquaintance for your daughters. There is an indescribable charm in her conversation and manners."

"I have my reasons," replied she, in somewhat of a scornful tone—"and good ones too."

"What can they possibly be?" asked Mrs. De Vere. "Miss Cameron is as much a stranger to you as to us, and her manners are those of a perfect lady."

Mrs. Almy had long been wanting an opportunity of distilling into the ears of these ladies, who had both formed an acquaintance with Blanche, the venom that she had gathered of her visits to Miss Rollins, with whom she was upon visiting terms. They listened calmly to the recital, and then disavowed their belief of the whole fabrication—but there were others who were not so free from the taint of worldliness, and Blanche Cameron was soon slighted by some of the ladies, and treated with coldness by some of the gentlemen. Every lady was invited to join different excursions—even those whose standing were not amongst the "*élite*," but none was extended to her. She had too

much real dignity to notice the petty manoeuvres by which Mrs. Almy had excluded her; and Adelaide, indignant at the treatment of her friend, declined the invitations they showered upon her. That scandal with her serpent tongue was busy, Blanche felt sure—but what was said, or by whom, she could not ascertain. Mrs. Manson had informed her that she should not in future supply her with delicate work—for she still solicited it—and withdrew her acquaintance, and more than one of the villagers met her with averted looks.

Two months had gone by, and things were in this state, when a letter was one day handed her whilst she was in the drawing room. She opened it with a trembling hand, and glancing at the contents fainted away. She was immediately surrounded by different ladies—and one of them in her haste, gave a chain around her neck a sudden wrench, and a miniature of a young and handsome man was exposed to view, but the glance at it was unsatisfactory, for Adelaide Merton enclosed it in her hand—but both Mrs. Almy and Miss Morris, who had just returned from walking with her, saw it, and exchanged glances. Blanche soon recovered sufficiently to retire to her own room, leaving some of the ladies a prey to curiosity.

The evening boat was in, and Miss Cameron just emerging from a path near, which was secluded from view by overhanging trees, when she attracted the observation of two gentlemen who were wending their way towards the hotel. In a moment they were by her side, and screened from observation, had seized her hands and covered them with kisses. A long and earnest conversation was carried on in a low tone, and they deemed themselves unseen, little knowing that the argus eyes of Miss Anne Rollins had seen the meeting. She was in the habit of walking there in order to scrutinize the different personages who arrived—and a tree behind which she had slipped prevented their noticing her.

A deep blush was on Blanche's cheek as they were leaving her." Remember, "alone," she exclaimed to the taller of the two strangers—incognito is the word. The *denouement* must not be, and bounding away, was soon out of sight.

The next evening a small party was assembled in the parlor of Miss Morris, and Blanche Cameron's name was on every lip. Mrs. Almy made one of the party, and a smile of triumph was perceptible upon her face as she listened to Miss Rollins' statement—but on her return to the hotel she found two strangers of imposing appearance had arrived—and she soon found out by dint of inquiry and the exercise of her diplomatic powers, which were not inconsiderable, that they were foreigners, and had brought letters to the first gentlemen in the city. The spirit of manoeuvring reigned triumphant, and to gain one of them for a suitor to Sophia, the darling wish of her heart, especially as the youngest and most affable, had joined Mrs. Merton's party, and was urging Adelaide to sing.

"Do you not play the harp, Miss Cameron?"

asked Mrs. Woodland. "I accidentally saw a splendid one in your room as I passed the half opened door."

"Its chords have been long unstrung," she replied, and a strange smile flitted for a moment over her face.

"Adelaide will give you music," was just hovering upon Mrs. Merton's lip, who knew Blanche had reasons for not playing, but Mrs. Almy, ever officious, and anxious to direct the attention of the strange gentlemen to her daughter, proposed that Sophia and Lizzy should play a duett.

Rumor was busy with Miss Cameron's name, and it was soon evident that her society was shunned—both in the hotel and village, but she had a clue with which to thread her way out of the labyrinth, and knew that the ordeal would only prove a refiner, and her star would one day rule the ascendant. Even Mrs. Woodland had grown cold in her manner, for on opening the door of Mrs. Merton's parlor, she had accidentally seen Alvar Douglass, one of the strangers, clasping Blanche's hand, whilst her eyes were full of what seemed to be blissful tears. Why this mystery! It was a matter of anxious thought to that lady, who had been won by Blanche's sweetness and beauty.

For three weeks did Mrs. Almy, by smiles and honied words, by innuendoes against the others, and by her officiousness and interference, seek to win either Mr. Douglass, or St. Omer for her simpering Sophia. If she saw either of them conversing with Miss Cameron, she was seen to draw off their attention, and by ridicule and rudeness, prevented a renewal of conversation—never was there a greater marplot—and most heartily did many a one in the P—— hotel wish her visit shortened.

To the astonishment of every one, Mrs. Merton, a day or two before she left for the city, gave a ball at the hotel. The hall was brilliantly lit up, and a fine band procured from the city. Blanche Cameron was not present, and Miss Rollins and others were commenting upon it.

"Mrs. Merton is too wise to admit Miss Cameron in such a scene as this," said Mrs. Almy in a whisper, when to their surprise and consternation, they saw a party composed of Mrs. Merton and her daughter, St. Omer, Douglass, and Blanche Cameron, coming towards the part of the room in which they were congregated.

"Allow me to present my friends to you Mrs. Almy," said Mrs. Merton. "Although you would not bend to seek Miss Cameron's acquaintance, allow me to present her to you in the character of Miss St. Omer."

Imagine the blank dismay of Mrs. Almy. She had been boasting of Sophia's conquest of the handsome St. Omer to her dear friends, and here were all her golden castles thrown to the dust, for in the presence of the brother how had she slighted and treated with contempt the sister.

"Miss Rollins," said Douglass, upon whose arm Blanche was leaning, "you witnessed our meeting, and you and your companions have

maliciously sought to wound one who never did you injury. You stooped from the character of a lady to interrogate a servant, and from words gleaned from an intercepted letter, found a specious tale. Mrs. Merton has given this ball that I may thus publicly inform you, that Miss Cameron toiled day after day, to transmit to an idolized brother, money, with which to retrieve his shattered fortunes—ruined by his own follies. I need not enter into the details of his reformation through the persuasions of his angel sister, or of her leaving a home where a stigma rested upon that brother's name. That stigma is now removed, and a splendid fortune has lately become his own; and he has sought her here to share it. She was betrothed to me in early youth, but refused to enter into my family whilst a shadow of disgrace was on their

house. She will shortly be my bride; and the harp, ladies, and other trifles were prized as gifts of one she could not forget. It is now new strung, and my sweet Blanche will play some of her softest airs for you."

They stayed not to hear them, but soon made their exits, mortified and crest-fallen; and as the last one vanished, Mrs. Merton laughingly said, "A good lesson to the lovers of scandal."

A few months after, Mrs. Almy saw in a morning paper the marriage of Edward St. Omer to Adelaide Merton. Her languishing Sophia was yet by her side, and as she heard from a morning visiter a description of the bridal pharanoia, &c., a pang wrung the heart of the manouvring mother, whose malice had recoiled on her own head.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RANDOM SKETCHES.—No. IV.

BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

JOAB GRISWOLD.

A REMINISCENCE.

It was early twilight; our boat was gliding silently through the quiet village of Herkimer. I was walking along the shore with the captain, an intelligent, interesting man, for my companion. Were you ever acquainted here? said I. "Yes," said the captain: "It was my residence for a number of years." I have a friend at Utica, who hails, if I remember rightly, from this place. Possibly you know him—his name is Griswold! "Griswold—Joab Griswold!"—Ah! "he is dead!" Heavens! the words sunk into my heart like lead; I could only echo the word "*dead! dead!*" My companion sighed heavily; he, too, had lost a friend. We held on our way for a time in unbroken silence, till at last a subject so dear to both of us, called forth an interchange of sentiment, and I learned the particulars of my friend's decease.

I had been absent but three short years, but these years had worked sad changes. My friend, whom I had left in health and happiness, had removed to a distant city, where he had just time to establish himself anew—to bring around him a circle of fond acquaintances—and—to die! All that kindness could do to cheer his sufferings—all that christian sympathy could affect—was freely, gladly done.

"By foreign hands his humble grave adorned,
By strangers honored, and by strangers mourned."

Alas! that such tidings were in store for me! I expected, indeed, that changes, melancholy changes, had transpired! I had learned the sad truth that "friend after friend departs," but *such* a friend I was not prepared to mourn. 'Tis rarely, indeed, that the heart is called to

deplore *such* treasures—for they are scattered but rarely along the rugged path of life, and Nature must be pardoned if she lament them with a peculiar sorrow!

Griswold was a man of no "common mould," no ordinary character! If we should seek to analyze his mind, and discover the charm by which he bound all hearts in thrall, we should doubtless find it, in a great measure to consist in a certain delicacy and almost feminine softness of character, united, in a rare combination, with unusual dignity and manliness. For though all confessed him

"The manliest in his strength,
The noblest of us all,"—

Yet this was not the secret of his power over the *soul*. It might awe—it might command—it might force the respect of a haughty spirit—but it could not *bend to love*. It was the spirit of kindness, of delicate sympathy, which beamed forth in his eyes, which pervaded and gave a character to every action—*this* it was that won all hearts, that came within the sphere of his attraction, and bound them forever, as by a cord, to its possessor.

Griswold was a child of nature; formed and fashioned at her own peculiar will. He did not linger through the sunny hours of boyhood in the favorite bowers of learning—he was not led by fashion through the mazy walks of what is termed "the most refined society." He needed them not. Knowledge he seemed to imbibe almost by intuition: and he who has ever listened to the tones of his melodious voice—who has gazed upon his form of more than manly grace, will not easily forget the

scholar or the gentleman. We repeat it—he was the child of Nature! He had an eye to contemplate the beautiful things of earth—and an ear nicely attuned for the harmonies of God's glorious universe.

More than all—Griswold was a Christian. His spirit had been hallowed and sanctified by the graces of Religion. "God was his Father, and all mankind his brethren." Still the universality of his affection did not preclude the cultivation of particular friendships: and he who had once received the hearty pressure of his warm hand, and shared the favor of his intimate esteem, learned that true friendship was a fervent, a sacred thing!

But we forbear. His history is unsuited to the noisy clamor of the eulogist. The eloquent blush would have mantled his cheek at the thought that his name should have a mention even in our humble memorial. For his was an *uneventful* life: and save in the abundance of *good deeds*, was little else than an exercise of pure virtues, of kind feeling, of active, living loveliness: and his record is in the hearts of all who knew him. The tongue loves not to proclaim his praises: but in silence, in sadness, in the calm hour of night, the mind loves to linger upon the recollection of his virtues. And amid the turmoil, the bustle, the cares of life—his memory will steal upon the grovelling spirit, like gleamings from "the better land," leading it away "from the low and familiar things of earth," to pine for a purer and a holier existence.

TO THE

MEMORY OF MY EARLY FRIEND.

"Cespitem recumbere leniter supra eum sine."

Here sleeps my friend, while aching hearts, forlorn,

Throb wild and sad beneath the cypress' gloom:
Scarce had begun his manhood's early morn,
Ere he was called to seek the silent tomb.

He had his virtues—and his willing hand
Oft to the needy ministered relief;
His was a breast that pity could command,
His was a heart could feel another's grief.

He had his faults—but who would dare disclose
The hidden secrets of the sheltering tomb!
Low may they sleep, in undisturbed repose,
Deep in the solemn grave's forgetful gloom.

Ask ye to know them? Oh disturb him not—
Seek not perfection on Time's sinful shore;
His were the frailties of our common lot—
He was a mortal—mortal, ask no more!

Friend of my youth, thou sleepest sweetly here,
And the light harebell blooms above thy breast;
Oft will I shed, unseen, the sorrowing tear,
And mourn in silence o'er thy lowly rest.

To thee alike the tempest scours the plain.
And the mild zephyr whispers round thy bed:
No earthly sound can wake thine ear again,
Or break the tranquil slumbers of the dead.

Rest thee in peace, my friend—thy work is done—
And the short conflict with the world is past:
Well hast thou fought the fight, the victory won—
And gained for thee a sheltering home at last.

When the last trump shall wake the slumbering
dead,
Commanding dust, re-animate to rise;
Then joyful may'st thou leave thy lowly bed,
To meet thy Saviour in the rapturous skies.

IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

A SHORT SERMON.

"The soul—immortal as its Sire,
Shall never die."—*Montgomery.*

How beautiful the sentiment! though frequently expressed, that man affords the strongest proof of his own immortality. The Maker of the soul would not leave it in entire ignorance of its lofty character, but breathed into it a consciousness of its heavenly alliance. It is true, that all will not heed this internal testimony: guilt may seek to suppress it, and embrace with eagerness the chilling doctrine of annihilation. Yet, still, the fact remains incontrovertible.

Man is never in a state of rest. The man is constantly on the wing, after new pleasures—which, when obtained, are thrown by as hastily as were the former, and again the unwearied search is renewed. And from whence has man these unbounded desires after happier states of existence? And whither do they tend? Are they all to be quenched in the tomb? It cannot be. Indeed, in so far as his hopes are bounded by earth, experience too fully proves that they are doomed to disappointment. But the hope of immortality—it will be swallowed up in fruition.

An all-wise Creator has doubtless designed this important feature of the mind for the wisest of purposes, and over-rules it for the happiest ends. What were life to man without the hope of a better existence? What were the purest and most exalted of this world's enjoyments, unless heightened by the blessed hope of everlasting felicity? Devoid of it, life is but a continuous scene of sorrow, a weary journey through a barren land—and the grave is the solemn termination of all its fancied joys—of all its too real woes. And nothing but the anticipation of a joyful eternity could sustain man under the pressure of present misery, and cheer him through his lonely pilgrimage. From the cradle, he is destined but to misery and disappointment. In infancy and childhood, he looks with fond delight to the days of manhood. He sighs for the noble stature, the dignified deportment, the commanding mien—and he knows no higher ambition than *to become a man*. He arrives at manhood's envied estate, and how are

his expectations realized? He grasps at wealth, and fame, but finds them

—“all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.”

He casts a look of fond regret back to the care-
less days of boyhood, and mourns them fled
forever. Still he looks onward to the tranquil
evening of life; and hope fondly whispers that
he will yet find that enjoyment in repose,
which the cares and business of life have denied
him. But here he is again doomed to disap-
pointment. Old age comes on, and with it
cares and troubles, to which till then he was a
stranger. And in deepest regret he exclaims,
as he looks back upon life's imagined pleasure
—“Vanity of vanities—all is vanity!” and
weeps over the follies of a mis-spent life.

But amid all the chequered scenes to which
he has been subject, he has been cheered and
supported by *one* hope, which has never failed
him, but has been “as an anchor to the soul—
sure and steadfast.” It was the hope of a better
world; where all will be joy and happiness,
even as this has been productive of only woe!
This has consoled him in his darkest hours; it
has never forsaken him: but has glowed with

the brightest lustre when earthly hope was
dead. It has been to him as the beacon light
to the tempest-tossed mariner, betokening a
safe and quiet harbor, where gales and tempests
will be known no more!

Such, then, is man, and such are the hopes of
man! Such is the nature of that high endow-
ment which he possesses. Man pants for im-
mortality, even “as the outworn hart pants
for the cooling water-brooks.” Hope is em-
phatically the food of his spirit—the magic
power which supports his existence. Bereft of
it, he droops and dies.

“Hope springs eternal in the human breast—
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come!”

And will any contend that this is a *fault* of his
nature, and that *this* hope, like all his *earthly*
ones, will prove as the spider's web—born but
to perish? Rather let us yield ourselves to en-
lightened reason, and acknowledge it as it
really is, one of the numberless evidences of
a God's existence, and of the strongest proofs
of the soul's immortality! E.

October 15, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE LOVER'S MEETING.—A SKETCH.

BY JOHN HOWARD WILLIS.

To feel that we adore,
With such refined excess,
That, tho' the heart would break with more,
It could not love with less.—*Moore.*

SHE sees me not—for, silently, my step
Has gain'd the well known window; and I gaze
Upon her beauty with enraptured heart,
Almost as tho' its pulse had never known
Delight like this before.

Calmly, that brow,
Whose snowy pride would fitly grace a queen,
Leans on her fair small hand, whose office thus
Shades from the lamp's soft glare her rich blue
eyes,

Beaming of love's own liquid tenderness,
And fraught with light whose mine is in the soul:
A waving wreath of her dark glossy hair
Has wantonly flung loose, to sport awhile
Upon the marble whiteness of her neck,
Making, in contrast, each more beautiful.
And now, she turns from that spread volume near,
Whose pages bear of poesy's wild spell;
Or storied witchery of deep romance—
One moment in sad thought—for pearly tears
Swell thick and fast from 'neath each drooping lid,
As, with her hands close clasp'd above her head,
She seems to muse upon some fitful dream—
Of sorrow freshly waken'd—Can it be,
That memory makes her feel that even her's
Has been the deep reality of all?
The fictitious picture of devoted love
Has imaged forth, in its dark weight of woe!
She speaks in low faint utterance—

‘Tis my name,
Breathed in affection's sweetest, fondest tone,
Mingled with blessings 'mid those dropping tears—

“Life, love—I hear thee”—and one moment more,
This heart is wildly prest unto her own,
My life is drinking more than heav'n from her's—
And now she weeps no more.

“Soul of my soul!
Treasur'd of all—my beautiful, my own!
While fondly I look on thee, thus entwined
Within these shielding arms, and think that thou
Art lone and cheerless, when I am not near,
In this thy dreary solitude—that all
Of life's bright pageantry and gladsome show,
The mirth and music of its sunny hours,
Are far and veild from thee:

And yet, no plaint
Hath ever met mine ear from thy sweet lip,
No pasing shade has ever dimm'd the light
Of thine eyes' kindling welcome, tho' for me
The world, and all it holds to other hearts,
Was offer'd at the altar of thy love
Unmurmuring and devoted—making me,
In thy soul's trusting to my fervid faith,
Thine own and only world, concentr'ing all
The past and present—yes, and future too:
Love, life—I bless thee, bless thy heart for this!
Nor deem that I have linger'd in the proof
Of mutual truth and love—I have no hope,
Nor joy, nor thought, nor pulse of blissful hue,
That is not born of thy affection's gift,
And all of its rich promise to that soul
Commingled with thine own—

O!M* thou art lov'd
With all of life's most fever'd worship here
Below the arch of heav'n—idolatry so wild,
And deep, and boundless, that it speaks alone
The language of its spell in gushing tears!”
Quebec.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

ELISSA; OR, THE PRESENTIMENT AT THE WELL.

BY E. HOLDEN, ESQ.

It has been often enough said to have been tested, that "truth is stranger than fiction." The brief story we are now to relate, is a true incident of American life, without the least coloring of incident; and not a few among the readers of the *Lady's Book* will recognise its original, at once.

Elissa Waldron was the only daughter of an honest and intelligent farmer, who resided a few miles from one of our largest cities. Their humble, but neat cottage stood a little distance from the principal avenue leading out of the metropolis; and though the small farm of Mr. Waldron did not indicate wealth, it was admired by all who rode out to partake of the sweetness of the country, for the universal indication of thrift and industry that every where prevailed. Mr. Waldron was marked by the excellent qualities which form a good and an admired citizen, and the partner of his life was equally the pride of the rural neighbourhood in which they dwelt. They had, by a life of industry and economy, placed themselves above want, though they never could be called rich. It was their constant care to inculcate correct principles in their only daughter. "If," said Mr. Waldron one day to Elissa, "you learn to be above the world, by knowing how to provide for yourself by your own hands, independence, my girl, will be your inheritance." It was in pursuance of this early implanted principle of self-reliance, we suppose, that induced Elissa to go to the city, when in her teens, in the capacity of domestic service. She lived in the family of an old friend of her father's for about two years, more like a daughter than a servant, for Mrs. Underwood was a good lady, and Elissa filled a large place in her heart. She was ever so attentive, intelligent, and affectionate in the relation in which she occupied.

The estate of Mr. Underwood was situated a little distance from the dense portion of the city. In a large garden which was the pleasure of his home hours, he had a well for the double purpose of supplying the family with water, and sprinkling nutriment to the rare exotics of his hot-houses. Elissa went out one day, as she often did, to draw a pail of water. Mrs. Underwood was passing in a distant part of the garden, and she saw that Elissa was standing gazing in the well for some time, with an almost vacant stare. Her curiosity was excited, and walking towards the well, in a gentle tone she asked, "Why, Elissa, what do you see in the well?"

"Nothing, madam, only I am never going to draw any more water in this garden."

"What do you mean, Elissa, have I not treated you kindly?"

"Most tenderly, like a sister, madam, but I have had a presentiment since I looked into this well, and I am to see better days."

"Elissa, if I did not know you well, I should think you crazy."

"Oh, no, I'm not crazed, but I am to see better days—I've had a presentiment."

And nothing could persuade her to the contrary. That very day she had her trunk packed accompanied by many a little present from the Underwoods, and took the stage for the rural home of her childhood. Not a word, however, did she utter to her parents of her strange presentiment, for she well knew that they would laugh much at her for indulging such a fancy. She kept it to herself; but so strong an impression had it made upon her feelings that she never abandoned the thought, scarcely in her waking or sleeping moments.

CHAPTER II.

The reader will recollect we have mentioned that the cottage of Mr. Waldron was situated but a little distance from the great avenue leading from the metropolis. Multitudes of carriages in the sweet scented season of summer drove out that way that their inmates might inhale the odours of the flowers and the fields. It was not long after the return of Elissa, that, one day a gentle man's carriage was literally broken to atoms, by his horses having taken fright, and he was thrown out opposite the cottage of Mr. Waldron, having one of his hips dislocated, his left arm broken, and being otherwise so badly injured as to remain for a long time in a state of insensibility, after he had been conveyed into the cottage of Mr. Waldron. The physician positively forbade his removal to his own home in the city; and Elissa and her kind-hearted mother struggled to outdo each other in attentive nursing of their accidental patient. By this unremitting kindness, and the best skill of his surgeon, he was restored after a month or two so far as to be in a condition to remove in his carriage without risk to his life; but before leaving the place where his very existence had been preserved, he made a very liberal present to the worthy mother, to reward the constant toils of herself and Elissa towards him.

The family merely learned the name of the gentleman, and that he was very rich; and as they had done their duty to him, and he had begged to be permitted most liberally to reward Mrs. Waldron, they expected in parting with him on the morning of his removal that he would never again be seen by them.

CHAPTER III.

It was well nigh one year from the time we have recorded the departure of the gentleman, that a carriage drove up to the Waldron cottage, and the footman announced the name of him who had been detained there by his

wounds. The family were glad to receive him, that is, Mr. and Mrs. Waldron gave him a most cordial welcome, so gratified were they to find he had been almost entirely restored to health. Elissa had run to her room to re-adjust her toilet, when she heard a carriage approaching the court yard.

"Where is Elissa," asked Mr. Middleton, for that was the name of the gentleman.

"She will be here soon," quickly replied Mrs. Waldron.

"I trust she is well," added Mr. Middleton.

"She is, sir, and has often said she would be most happy to hear how you were after leaving our house."

"I am glad of that, madam, for I this day visit you under very different feelings from those with which I was thrown upon your kindness and hospitality. I have come to ask the hand of your Elissa in marriage, if her love is not pledged to another."

"Sir," said Mr. Waldron, indignantly, "would you insult us after we did all we could to save your life!"

"Not for the world, Mr. Waldron. I am a gentleman of honour, and of fortune. I am somewhat older than your daughter, but if she can forego that disparity, if you will but give me your permission, I will at once offer her my hand and my heart."

"I know not what to think or what to say," replied Mr. Waldron; "but Elissa is of humble birth; and, though she is a dear child to us, she has none of the fine qualifications for a rich man's lady, and I dare not think you serious. If you are not honorable in your"—

"Pray, Mr. Waldron, give yourself no uneasiness on that account. I have not ventured to visit you to-day without preparation, and here, sir, is a letter from your old and intimate friend Granville, which, I trust, will satisfy you as to what right I have as a man of honor to make proposals of marriage to Elissa."

We need only add that the testimony was satisfactory; and that in a few weeks afterwards, Elissa was Mrs. Middleton, fulfilling, as she will have it, (though it always raises a smile on her husband's lips,) the presentiment which she experienced when she was drawing water from the well, in the garden of the Underwoods.

In a little over a year and a half from that incident, she drove to the residence of Mrs. Underwood. The servants rang at the door, but as she alighted from her carriage her girlish feelings came over her, and she walked into the back parlour without ceremony. Mrs. Underwood soon entered and passed the compliments of the morning with much embarrassment, not being able to recollect the face of the lady who had honoured her with a call, which she finally had to confess. "Why, not recollect Elissa—well, I suppose I am in disguise, for the presentiment has been fulfilled, and my husband awaits in the carriage to be introduced to my former mistress."

Mrs. Underwood is now one of the most intimate visitants at the Middleton's, and the latter form one of the most wealthy, respectable, and deservedly esteemed families in the London of America.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO THE COMET.

LONG traveller through the fields of air,
What doth thy presence here portend?
Art come to greet the planets fair,
As friend greets friend?

And dost thou, to the listening spheres,
The wonders of thy path unfold?
A story that to mortal ears
Was never told?

Beyond the palest gleaming star,
Beyond cold Herschel's slow career,
Thy mystic orbit reaches far,
And yet thou'rt here!

But why? Art sent by chaos dread,
To gather from our glorious sun
Some wealth of light and life to shed
O'er worlds begun?

Doest come the messenger of fear,
To warn of ills and woes at hand;
A prophet for the coming year,
To doom our land?

Or 'mid the radiant orbs of light,
As borne on eagle's wings, to prove
There dwells beyond our feeble sight,
Creative love?

And wilt thou, while old Time endures,
Thus ceaselessly thy circuit run?
Or, as the flame the moth allures,
Drawn to the sun,

Nearer and nearer, till like stream,
To ocean's bosom speeding on,
Thou'lt vanish as a restless dream
At morning gone?

Whate'er thy purpose, thou dost teach
Some lessons to the humble soul,
Though far and dim thy pathway reach,
Yet still thy goal

Tends to the fountain of that light,
From whence thy golden beams are won;
So should we turn from earth's dark night,
To God our Sun.

EDITOR.

Boston, Nov. 25, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

PETER JONES.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.—BY MISS LESLIE.

Show his eyes, and grieve his heart:
Come like shadows, so depart.—*Shakespeare.*

IN the early part of the present century, there lived in one of the long streets in the south-eastern section of Philadelphia, a taylor, whom we shall introduce to our readers by the name of Peter Jones. His old-fashioned residence, which (strange to say) is yet standing, was not then put out of countenance by the modern-built structures that have since been run up on each side of it. There were, it is true, three or four new houses nearly opposite, all of them tenanted by genteel families—but Peter's side of the way, (at least for the length of a square) was yet untouched by the hand of improvement, his own domicile being the largest and best in the row, and moreover of three stories—an advantage not possessed by the others. It had a square-topped door lighted by three small square panes—the parlor-window (there was but one) being glazed to match, also with small glass and heavy wood work. The blue-painted wooden door-step was furnished with a very convenient seat denominated the porch, and sheltered above by a moss-grown pent-house. The whole front of the mansion was shaded by an enormous button-wood tree that looked as if it had been spared from the primeval forest by the axe of a companion of William Penn. The house, indeed, might have been the country seat of one of the early colonists. Under this tree stood a pump of excellent water.

Adjoining to the house was a little low blue frame, fronting also the street—and no ground-speculator could pass it without sighing to think that so valuable a lot should be thus wasted. But Peter Jones owned both house and shop—his circumstances were comfortable, his tastes and ideas the reverse of elegant, and he had sense enough to perceive that in attempting a superior style of life he should be out of his element, and therefore less happy. Assisted at times by a journeyman, he continued to work at his trade because he was used to it, and that he might still have the enjoyment of making clothes for three or four veterans of the revolution; and also for two old judges, who had been in congress in those sensible times when that well-chosen body acted more and talked less. All these sexagenarians having been enamored of Peter Jones' cut when he was the Watson of his day, still retained their predilection for it; liking also to feel at ease in their own clothes, and not to wear garments that seemed as if borrowed from "the sons of little men." These gentlemen of the old school never passed without stopping at the shop-window to chat a few words with Peter; sometimes stepping in and taking a seat on his green windsor chair—him-

self always occupying the shop-board, whether he was at work or not.

Our hero, though a taylor, was a tall, stout, ruddy, well-looking old man, having a fine high forehead thinly shaded with gray hair, which was tied behind in a queue, and a clear, lively blue eye. He had acquired something of a martial air while assisting in the war of independence, by making regimental coats—and no doubt this assistance was of considerable importance to the cause, it being an established fact that all men, even Americans, fight the better, nad endure hardships the longer when drest in uniform.

Peter Jones was a very popular man among his neighbors, being frank, good natured and clever at all manner of things. As soon as the new houses opposite were occupied, he made acquaintance with their inhabitants, who all regarded him as what is called a character; and he never abused the degree of familiarity to which they admitted him. He was considered a sort of walking directory—but when applied to by a new settler for the "where-about" of a carpenter who might be wanted for a job, his usual answer was—"I believe I will bring over my saw and plane, and do it myself"—also, if a lock-smith or bell-hanger was inquired for, Peter Jones generally came himself and repaired the lock or re-fixed the bell; just as skilfully as if he had been "to the manner born."

He took several of the opposite gardens under his special protection, and supplied them with seeds and roots from his own stock. He was as proud of their morning-glories, queen margarets, johnny-jump-ups, daffydownillies (for so in primitive parlance he called all these beautiful flowers) as if they had been produced in his own rather extensive ground, which was always in fine order, and to see which he often invited his neighboring fellow citizens. In flower season he was rarely seen without a sprig or two in one of the button-holes of his lengthy waistcoat, for in warm weather he seldom wore a coat except on Sundays and on the Fourth of July, when he appeared in a well-kept, fresh-looking garment of bottle green with large yellow buttons, a very long body, and a broad short skirt.

His wife, Martha, was a plump, notable, quiet, pleasant-faced woman, aged about fifty-five, but very old-fashioned in looks and ideas. During the morning, when she assisted her servant girl, Mrs. Jones wore a calico short gown, a stuff petticoat, and a check-apron, with a close muslin cap—in the afternoon her costume was a calico long gown, a white linen apron, and a thinner muslin cap with brown ribbon; and on Sundays a silk gown, a clean muslin apron, and still thinner and much larger

cap trimmed with white ribbon. Every thing about them had an air of homely comfort, and they lived plainly and substantially. Peter brought home every morning on his arm an amply filled market basket; but on Sundays their girl was always seen, before church-time, carrying to the baker's a waiter containing a large dish that held a piece of meat mounted on a trivet with abundance of potatoes around and beneath, and also a huge pudding in a tin pan.

Peter Jones, who proportioned all his expenses so as to keep an even balance, allowed himself and his wife to go once in the season to the theatre, and that was on the anniversary of their wedding, an event of which he informed his neighbors he had never found cause to repent. This custom had been commenced the first year of their marriage, and continued ever since; and as their plays were few and far between, they enjoyed them with all the zest of novices in the amusement. To them every actor was good, and every play was excellent; the last being generally considered the best. They were not sufficiently familiar with the drama to be fastidious in their taste; and happily for them, they were entirely ignorant of both the theory and practice of criticism. To them a visit to the theatre was a great event; and on the preceding afternoon the neighbours always observed symptoms of restlessness in Peter, and a manifest disinclination to settle himself to any thing. Before going to bed, he regularly on the eve of this important day, went round to the theatre to look at the bills that are displayed in the vestibule a night in advance; being too impatient to wait for the announcement in the morning papers. When the play-day actually came, he shut up his shop at noon, and they had an earlier and better dinner than usual. About three, Peter appeared in full dress with a ruffled shirt and white cravat, wandering up and down the pavement, going in and out at the front-door, singing, whistling, throwing up his stick and catching it, stopping every one he knew to have a talk with them on theatricals, and trying every device to while away the intervening hours. At four, the tea-table was set, that they might get over the repast in good time, and as Mrs. Jones said, "have it off their minds."

The play-day was late in the spring, and near the close of the season; and while the sun was yet far above the horizon, Mr. and Mrs. Jones issued from their door, and walked off arm in arm, with that peculiar gait that people always adopt when going to the theatre: he swinging his clouded cane with its ivory top and buckskin tassel, and she fanning herself already with a huge green fan with black sticks; and ambling along in her best shoes and stockings, and her annual silk gown, which on this occasion she always put on new.

As they went but once a year, they determined on doing the thing respectably, and on having the best possible view of the stage; therefore they always took seats in an upper front box. Arriving so early, they had ample time to witness the gradual filling of the house,

and to conjecture who was coming whenever a box door was thrown open. To be sure, Peter had frequent recourse to his thick, heavy, but unerring silver watch, and when he found that it still wanted three quarters of an hour of the time for the curtain to rise, his wife sagely remarked to him that it was better to be even two hours too early than two minutes too late; and that they might as well get over the time in sitting in the play house as in sitting at home. Their faces always brightened exceedingly when the musicians first began to emerge from the subterranean below, and took their places in the orchestra; Mrs. Jones pitying extremely those that were seated with their backs to the stage, and amusing herself with counting the fiddles, and observing how gradually they diminished in size from the bass viol down; till her husband explained to her that they diminished up rather than down, the smallest fiddle being held by the boss or foreman of the band. Great was their joy, (and particularly that of Peter) when the increasing loudness of the instruments proclaimed that the overture was about to finish; when glimpses of feet appearing below the green curtain, denoted that the actors were taking their places on the stage, when the welcome tingle of the long-wished-for bell turned their eyes exultingly to the upward glide of the barrier that had so long interposed between them and felicity.

Many a listless and fastidious gentleman, having satiated himself with the theatre by the nightly use of a season ticket (that certain destroyer of all relish for dramatic amusements) might have envied in our plain and simple-minded mechanic the freshness of sensation, the unswerving interest, and the unqualified pleasure with which he regarded the wonders of the histrionic world.

To watch Peter Jones at his annual play was as amusing as to look at the performance itself, (and sometimes much more so) such was his earnest attention, and his vivid enjoyment of the whole; as testified by the glee of his laugh, the heartiness of his applause, and the energy with which he joined in an encore. If it chanced to be a tragedy, he consoled his wife in what she called the "fore part of her tears," by reminding her that it was only a play; but as the pathos of the scene increased, he always caught himself first wiping his eyes with the back of his hand, then blowing his nose, trumpet-wise, with his clean bandanna pocket-handkerchief, and then calling himself a fool for crying. Like Addison's trunk maker, he frequently led the clap; and on Peter Jones's night there was certainly more applause than usual. The kindness of his heart, however, would never allow him to join in a hiss, assuring those about him that the actors and the play-writers always did their best, and that if they failed it was their misfortune, and not their fault.

That all the old observances of the theatre might be duly observed, he failed not to produce between the play and farce an ample supply of what children denominate "goodies," as a regale for Mrs. Jones and himself; also pre-

senting them all round to every one within his reach; and if there were any little boys and girls in the vicinity he always provided a double quantity.

It is unnecessary to say that Mr. and Mrs. Jones always stayed to the extreme last; not quitting their seats till the curtain had descended to the very floor, and shut from their view, for another year, the bows and curtsies of the actors at the final of the *finale* in the concluding scene of the after-piece. Then our happy old couple walked leisurely home, and had a supper of cold meat and pickles, and roasted potatoes, and talked of the play over the supper table, and also over the breakfast table next morning, and also to all their acquaintances for a month or two afterwards.

In those days, when Peter Jones found the enjoyment of one play sufficient to last him a twelvemonth, the Philadelphia theatre was in its "high and palmy state." There was an excellent stock company, with a continual succession of new pieces, or judicious revivals of old ones of standard worth. The starring system, as it is called, did not then prevail. The performers, having permanent engagements, were satisfied to do their duty towards an audience with whose tastes they were familiar. Each actor could play an infinite number of parts—each singer could sing an infinity of songs—and all considered it a portion of their business to learn new characters, or new music.

Having seen Mr. Bluster in Hamlet, Pierre, and Romeo, we were not expected, after a short interval, to crowd again to the theatre to applaud Mr. Fluster in Romeo, Pierre, and Hamlet. Having laughed sufficiently at Mr. Skipabout in Young Rapid, Bob Handy, and Rover, we were not then required, in the lapse of a few weeks, to laugh likewise at Mr. Tripabout in Rover, Bob Handy, and Young Rapid. Also, if we had been properly enraptured with Madam Dagolini Dobson in Rosina and Rosetta, we were not compelled almost immediately, to re-prepare our *bravas* and *bravissimas* for Madame Jomellini Jobson in Rosetta and Rosina.

The list of acting plays was not then reduced to about five comedies, and six tragedies; served out night after night, not in the alternate variety of one of each sort successively, but with a course of tragedy for a hero of the buskin, and a course of comedy for the fortunate man that was able to personate a lively gentleman. Neither were the lovers of vocal harmony obliged to content themselves with the perpetual repetition of four musical pieces, regularly produced, "when certain stars shot madly from their spheres," in the brilliant and *recherché* opera-houses of Europe; (where princes and kings pay for a song in diamonds) to waste their glories on yankees, buckeyes, and tuckahoes, whose only idea of pay is in the inelegant form of things called dollars.

It is true that in those days the machinery and decorations of the Philadelphia stage, and the costume of the actors, were far inferior to the *matériel* of the present time; but there was always a regular company of sterling excel-

lence, the pieces were various and well selected, and the audience was satisfied.

Years had passed on, and Peter and Martha Jones were still "keeping the even tenor of their way," and enjoying the anniversary play with all their might, when a house on the other side of the street was taken by a respectable hair-dresser, whose window soon exhibited all the emblems of his profession, arranged with peculiar taste, and among them an unusual assortment of wigs for both sexes.

Now, if Mrs. Jones had a failing, (and who is perfect,) it was in indulging a sort of anti-barber prejudice, very accountable certainly—but so are most prejudices. This induced her rather to discourage all demonstrations of her husband's usual disposition to make acquaintance with the new neighbours, whom she set down in her own mind as "queer people"—a very comprehensive term. To be sure, Mr. Dodcomb's looks and deportment differed not materially from those of any other hair dresser; but Peter Jones could not help agreeing that the appearance of his family were much at variance with the imputed virtues of the numerous beautifying specifics that were set forth in his shop. For instance, notwithstanding the infallibility of his lotions, and emollients, and creams and pastes, the face and neck of Mrs. Dodcomb obstinately persisted in remaining wrinkled, yellow, speckled and spotty. And in spite of Macassar oil, and bear's oil, and other certain promoters of luxuriant, soft, and glossy tresses, her locks continued scanty, stringy, stiff and disorderly. By the bye, though there were "plenty more in the shop," she always wore a comb whose teeth were "few and far between."

Though Mr. Dodcomb professed to cut hair in a style of unrivalled elegance, the hair of his children was sheared to the quick, their heads looking nearly as bald as if shaved with a razor; and this phrenological display was rather unbecoming to the juvenile Dodcombs, as their ears were singularly prominent and donkey-like. Then as to skin, the faces of the boys were sadly freckled, and those of the girls surprisingly coarse and rough.

Mrs. Jones came to a conclusion that their new neighbour must be a remarkably close man, and unwilling to waste any of his stock in trade upon his own family! and Peter thought it would be more politic in Mr. Dodcomb to use his wife and children as pattern cards, exhibiting on their heads and faces the success of his commodities; which Mrs. Jones unamiably suspected to be all trash and tickery, and far inferior to plain soap and water.

Things were in this state, when election day came; and on the following morning, Mr. Dodcomb came over to look at Mr. Jones's newspaper, and see the returns of the city and county; complaining that ever since he had lived in the neighbourhood, his own paper had been shamefully purloined from the handle of the door so early as before the shop was open. To steal a newspaper, appeared to honest Peter the very climax of felony, for, as he said, it was stealing a man's sense and knowledge; and,

being himself the earliest riser in the neighbourhood, he volunteered to watch for the offender. This he did by rising with the first blush of dawn, and promenading the pavement stick in hand. It was not long before he discovered the abstractor in the person of an ever-briefless lawyerling, belonging to the only family in the neighbourhood who professed aristocracy, and discountenanced Peter Jones; and our indignant old hero saw "the young gentleman of rank" issue scarcely half drest from his own door, pounce rapidly upon the newspaper, and carry it off. "Stop thief!—stop thief!"—was loudly vociferated by Peter, who brandishing his stick, made directly across the street, and the astonished culprit immediately dropped the paper and took refuge in his own patrician mansion.

As soon as the Dodcomb house was opened, Peter Jones went over with the trophy of his success. Mr. Dodcomb was profuse of thanks, making some remarkably handsome speeches on the occasion, and Peter went home and assured his wife that, though a barber, their new neighbour was a very clever man and well worth knowing. Mrs. Jones immediately saw things in their proper light, did not perceive that the Dodcombs were at all queerer than other people, concluded that they had a right to look as they pleased, and imputed their indifference to hair and cosmetics to the probability that they were surfeited with the sight of both; as confectioners never eat cakes, and shoemakers families are apt to go barefoot.

The same evening, Mrs. Jones accompanied her husband to make a neighbourly visit to the Dodcombs, whom to their great surprise, they found to be extremely *au-fait* to the theatre; Mr. Dodcomb being barber to that establishment, and his sister-in-law, Miss Sarah Ann Flimbrey, one of the dress-makers.

The progress of the intimacy between the Jones and Dodcomb families now increased rapidly, making prodigious strides every day. By the next week, which was the beginning of January, they had made up a party to go together to the theatre on New Year's night; Peter Jones having been actually and wonderfully over-persuaded to break through his time-honoured custom of going but once a twelve-month. The Dodcombs had an irregular way of seeing the plays from between the scenes, from the flies over the stage, and from all other inconvenient and uncomfortable places where they could slip in "by virtue of their office;" but on New Year's night they always went in form, taking a front box up stairs, that their children might have an uninterrupted view of the whole show; Mr. Dodcomb on that evening employing a deputy to arrange the heads of the performers.

Early on New Year's morning, Peter Jones put into the hands of his neighbour two dollars, to pay for the tickets of himself and wife; and during the remainder of the day (which, fortunately for him, was at this season a very short one) he had his usual difficulty in getting through the time:

It was in vain that the Joneses were drest at

an early hour, and had their usual early tea. The Dodcombs (to whom the theatre was no novelty) did not hurry with *their* preparations, and on Peter going over to see if they were ready, he found them all in their usual dishabille, and their maid just beginning to set the tea-table. That people, under any circumstances, could be so dilatory with a play in prospect, presented to the mind of the astonished Peter a new view of the varieties of the human species. But as all things must have an end, so at last had the tea-drinking of the Dodcombs; and luckily their toilets did not occupy much time, for they only put themselves in full dress from their waists upward, to the great surprise of Mrs. Jones, who was somewhat scandalised at their oldish shoes and dirtyish stockings.

To the utter dismay of the Joneses, the curtain, for the first time in their lives, was up when they arrived; and to this misfortune the Dodcombs did not seem to attach the least consequence, assuring them that in losing the first scene of a play they lost nothing.

The five children were ranged in front, each of the three girls wearing a rose-bud on one side of her closely trimmed head, which rose-bud, as Mrs. Jones afterwards averred to her husband, must have been stuck there and held in its place by some hocus pocus, which no one but a play-house barber could contrive or execute. During the progress of the play, which was a melo-drama of what is called "thrilling interest," Peter Jones, who always himself paid the most exemplary attention to the scene before him, was annoyed to find that his wife was continually drawn in to talk by the example of Mrs. Dodcomb and Miss Flimbrey, one of whom sat on each side of her, and who both kept up a running fire of questions, answers, and remarks during the whole of the performance—plays, as they said, being mere drugs to them.

"How do you like that scarlet and gold dress?" said Mrs. Dodcomb.

"Oh! it's beautiful!" replied Mrs. Jones—"and he's a beautiful man that wears it! What handsome legs he has?—and what a white neck for a man!—and such fine curly hair!"

"You would not say so"—said Mrs. Dodcomb—"if you were to see him in day-light without his paint, and without his chesnut wig—they have all sorts of wigs—even flax, tow, and yarn.—" His face and hair are both of the same clay-colour. As to his neck, it's nothing when it is not coated all over with whitening—and then his stage legs are always padded."

"Mr. Jones, you are a judge of those things—what do you suppose that man's dress is made of?"—asked Mr. Dodcomb.

"Scarlet cloth and gold lace."

"Fudge! it's only red flannel and copper."

"I'm sorry to hear that"—observed Mrs. Jones—and during the remainder of the piece she designated him as "the man in the flannel jacket."

"That's a pretty hat of his sweetheart's"—she remarked—"that gauze hat with the long white feathers—how light and airy it looks."

Miss Flimbrey now giggled—"I made it myself, this morning"—said she—"it's only thin

catgut, with nothing at all outside—but at a distance, it certainly may be taken for a transparent gauze.”

From this time Mrs. Jones distinguished the actress as “the woman with the catgut hat.”

“What beautiful lace cuffs and collars all those gentlemen have, that are gallanting the ladies to the feast!” said Mrs. Jones.

“Cut paper, my dear—only cut paper”—replied Mrs. Dodcomb—“Sally Flimbrey cuts them out herself—don’t you, Sally?”

Miss Flimbrey, (who was not proud) nodded in the affirmative—“You would never guess”—said she—“my dear Mrs. Jones, what odd contrivances they have—did you observe the milk-maid’s pail in the cottage scene?”

“Yes—it was full to the brim of fine frothy new milk—I should like to have taken a drink of it.”

“You would have found it pretty hard to swallow, for it was only raw cotton,” said Miss Flimbrey.

“Well now! if ever I heard the beat of that!” interjected Mrs. Jones.

“How do you like the thunder and lightning?”—said Mr. Dodcomb to Mr. Jones.

“It’s fine”—replied Peter—“and very natural.”

“I’ll tell you what it is”—replied Dodcomb—“the lightning is made by sprinkling a handful of powdered rosin into a ladle heated over a pan of charcoal. A man stands between the scenes and does it whenever a flash is wanted. The thunder is produced by a pair of cannon balls joined across a bar to which is fixed a long wooden handle like the tongue of a child’s basket waggon, and by this the balls are pushed and hauled about the floor behind the back scene.”

“Astonishing!”—exclaimed Mr. Jones—“But the rattling of the rain—that sounds just as if it was real.”

“The rain”—answered Mr. Dodcomb—“Oh! the rain is done by a tall-wooden case, something on the plan of a great hour glass, filled half full with small shot, which when the case is set on end, dribbles gradually down and rattles as it falls.”

“Dear me”—ejaculated Mrs. Jones—“what a wonderful thing is knowledge of the stage! I never *shall* see a thunder-gust again (at the playhouse, I mean) without thinking all the time of rosin and ladles, and cannon balls with long handles, and the dribbling of shot.”

“Then for snow”—pursued Mr. Dodcomb—“they snip up white paper into shreds, and carry it up to the flies or beams and rafters above the stage, and scatter it down by hand-fuls.”

“You don’t say so!” exclaimed Mrs. Jones—

“Well—now the storm is over”—said Mrs. Dodcomb—“and here is a castle scene by moonlight.”

“And a very pretty moon it is”—observed Mrs. Jones—“all solemn and natural.”

“Not very solemn to me”—said Mr. Dodcomb—“as I know it to be a bit of oiled linen let into a round hole in the back scene, with a candle held behind it.”

“Wonders will never cease!”—ejaculated Mrs. Jones.—“And there’s an owl sitting up in that old tumble-down tower—how natural he blinks!”

“Yes”—said Mr. Dodcomb—“his eyes are two doors, with a string to each; and a man climbs up behind, and keeps jerking the doors open and letting them shut again—that’s the way to make an owl blink. But here comes the bleeding ghost, that wanders about the ruins by moonlight.”

The children all drew back a little, and looked somewhat frightened; it happening to be the first ghost they had ever seen.

“Dear me”—said Mrs. Jones—drawing her shawl closely round her—“what an awful sight a ghost is, even when we know it’s only a play-actor. This one seems to have no regular clothes, but only those white fly-away things—how deadly pale it is—and just look at the blood how it keeps streaming down all the time from that great gash in the breast.”

“As to the paleness”—explained Miss Flimbrey—“it’s only that the face is powdered thick all over with flour; and as to what looks to you like blood, it’s nothing but red ribbon, gathered a little full at the top where the wound is, and the ends left long to flow down the white drape.”

“Why this beats all the rest!”—exclaimed Mrs. Jones—“Well—I never *shall* see a bloody ghost again without thinking of meal and red ribbon.”

The after-piece was the Forty Thieves, which Peter and Mrs. Jones had never seen before, and which had extraordinary charms for the old man, who in his youth had been well versed in the Arabian Tales. Giving himself up, as he always did, to the illusion of the scene, he could well have dispensed with the explanations of the Dodcombs, who began by informing Mrs. Jones that the fairy Ardanelle, though in her shell-formed car she seemed to glide through the water, was in reality pulled along by concealed men with concealed ropes.

When the equestrian robbers appeared one by one galloping across the distant mountains, and Mrs. Jones had carefully counted them all to ascertain that there was the full complement of exactly forty, Miss Flimbrey laughed, and assured her that in reality there were only three, one mounted on a black, one on a bay, and one on a white horse, but they passed round and appeared again, till the precise number was accomplished. “And the same thing”—said she—“is always done when an army marches across the stage, by which a few soldiers seem like a great many.”

“You perceive, Mrs. Jones”—said Mr. Dodcomb—“that these robbers that ride over the distant mountains are not the real men; but both man and horse is nothing more than a flat thin piece of wood painted and cut out.”

On Peter remarking that there was certainly a look of life or reality in the near leg of each rider as it was thrown over the saddle, Mr. Dodcomb explained that each of these equestrian figures was carried by a man concealed behind, and that one arm of the man was thrust

through an aperture at the top of the painted saddle; the arm that hung over so as to personate a leg being dressed in a Turkish trowser, with a boot drawn on the hand.

"Do you mean"—said Peter—"that these men run along the ridge, each carrying a horse under his arm."

"Exactly so"—replied Dodcomb—"the horse and rider of painted board being so arranged as to hide the carrier.

"Well—I never did hear any thing so queer"—said Mrs. Jones—"I wonder how they can keep their countenances. But, there are so many queer things about play-acting. Dear me! what a pug-nose that cobbler has. Let me look at the bill and see who he is—why I saw the same man in the play, and his nose was long and strait."

"Oh! when he wants a snub nose"—replied Miss Flimbrey—"he ties up the end with a single horse-hair fastened round his forehead, and the horse hair is too fine to be seen by the audience."

During the scene in which Morgiana destroys the thieves, one at a time, by pouring a few drops of the magic liquid into the jars in which they are hidden, Mrs. Jones found out of her own accord that the jars were only flat pieces of painted board, but Mrs. Dodcomb made her observe that as each of the dying bandits uttered distinctly his own separate groan, the sound was in reality produced from the orchestra, by he of the bass viol giving his bow a hard scrub across the instrument.

"Well"—said Mrs. Jones on her way home—"now that my eyes are opened, I must say there is a great deal of deception in plays."

"To be sure there is"—replied Peter—"and that we knew all along, or might have known if we had thought about it; but people that go to the theatre only once a year are quite willing to take things as they see them; and they have pleasure enough in the play itself and in what passes before their eyes, without wondering or caring about the contrivances behind the scenes. I never supposed their finery to be real, or their handsome looks either; but that was none of our business, as long as they appeared well to us—I said nothing to you, for I know if you were once put on the scent, you would be the whole time trying to find out their shams and trickeries."

Next morning, while talking over the play in Peter's shop, Mr. Dodcomb kindly volunteered to procure for him and Mrs. Jones, bones or orders from the managers or chief performers, that would ensure a gratuitous admission. Peter, much as he liked plays, demurred awhile about availing himself of this neighbourly offer, but the urgency of his wife prevailed on him to consent; and a day or two after, Mr. Dodcomb put into his hand two circular pieces of lettered ivory, which on giving them to the door-keeper admitted Mr. and Mrs. Jones to the house for that evening; and thus, for the first time in their lives, they found themselves at the theatre twice in one week.

In this manner they went again and again; and a visit to the theatre soon ceased to be an

event. It was no longer eagerly anticipated, and minutely remembered. The sight of one play almost effaced the recollection of another. The edge of novelty was fast wearing off, and the sense of enjoyment becoming blunted in proportion. Weariness crept upon them with satiety, and they sometimes even went home before the concluding scene of the farce, and at last they did not even stay to see the first. Often they caught themselves nodding shamefully during the most moral and instructive dialogues of sentimental comedy, and they actually slept a duet through the four first acts of the *Gamester*, in which, however, they were accompanied by a large portion of the audience.

Their friends the Dodcombs, escorted them one afternoon all through the interior of the theatre, so that they obtained a full comprehension of the whole paraphernalia with all its illusions and realities; and of this knowledge Mrs. Jones made ample use in her comments at night during the performance.

As Peter's enjoyment of the drama grew less, he became more fastidious, particularly as to the ways and means that were employed to produce effect. He now saw the ridicule of the armies of the rival roses being represented by half a dozen men, who when they belonged to King Richard were distinguished by white stockings, but clapped on red ones when, in the next scene, they personated the forces of Richmond. The mental vision of our hero being cleared and refined, he ceased to perceive a moving forest when the progress of Birnam Wood to Dunsinane was represented by six or seven men in plaid kilts, each holding up before his face fan-wise, a little bunch of withered pine twigs. He now discovered that the proper place for the ghost of Banquo was a seat at the table of his murderer, in the midst of the company, and not on a modern parlour chair, set conspicuously by itself near one of the stage doors. He also perceived that in Antony's oration over Cæsar, the Roman populace was illy represented by one boyish-looking, smooth-faced young man (plebeians must have been strangely scarce) who at the words, "Good friends—sweet friends—let me not stir you up to sudden mutiny"—always made sundry futile attempts to look mischievous.

To conclude—in the course of that season and the next, Peter Jones and his wife by dint of bones and Dodcombs, became so familiar with theatricals that they ceased entirely to enjoy them; and it finally became a sort of task to go, and a greater task to sit through the play.

Mrs. Jones thought that the old actors had all fallen off, and that the new ones were not so good as the old ones; but her more sagacious husband laid the fault to the right cause, which was, "that plays were now a drug to them."

The Dodcombs removed to New York, and the Joneses gave up without regret the facilities of free admission to the theatre. After a lapse of two years, they determined to resume their old and long-tested custom of seeing one single play at the close of the season, and on

the anniversary of their wedding. But the charm was broken, the illusion was destroyed; the keenness of their relish was palled by satiety, and could revive no more.

In a less humble sphere of life, and in cir-

cumstances of far greater importance than the play-going of Peter Jones, how often is the long-cherished enjoyment of a temperate pleasure destroyed for ever by a short period of over-indulgence.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WESTWARD, HQ!

A NEW SONG.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Arranged to a popular western melody, by Charles E. Horn,
and dedicated to George D. Prentice, Esq.

I.

Droop not, brothers!

As we go

O'er the mountains,

Westward, ho!

Under boughs of misletoe

Log-huts we'll rear,

While herds of deer and buffalo

Furnish the cheer!

File o'er the mountains—steady, boys!

For game afar

We have our rifles ready, boys!

Aha!

Throw care to the winds,

Like chaff, boys!—ha!

And join in the laugh, boys!

Hah—hah—hah!

II.

Cheer up, brothers!

As we go,

O'er the mountains,

Westward, ho!

When we've wood and prairie-land,

Won by our toil,

We'll reign like kings in fairy-land,

Lords of the soil!

Then westward, ho! in legions, boys!

Fair freedom's star,

Points to her sunset regions, boys!

Aha!

Throw care to the winds,

Like chaff, boys!—ha!

And join in the laugh, boys!

Hah—hah—hah!

We are ruined, not by what we really want, but by what we think we do; therefore never go abroad in search of your wants, if they be real wants, they will come home in search of you; for he that buys what he does not want, will soon want what he cannot buy.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES

To Miss [a tall, imperial girl,] for some nuptial cake.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

The scene still linger'd—I was there—

As I had been before—with thee!

And eyes were bright, and forms were fair,

And wine-cups high and sparkling were,

And time went on enchantingly!

II.

Beneath a proud and sculptur'd dome,

Where radiance roll'd its dazzling tide,

We stood. And music-notes did come,

Like seraph strains from Music's home,

Which through the halls of Heaven glide.

III.

It chang'd!—As by enchanter's wand—

Amid the change we stood alone.

Then, as by thunder's stern command,

The dome was cleft—and deep sky shone,

Bowing the fearful chasm through,

With white clouds on its bosom blue!

'Twas still. The thunder-peal had gone—

And light of stars came softly down!

IV.

We rose upon the midnight air,

As though some spirit-wing were there,

To bear us up that boundless sky,

So tranquil—beautiful—and high!

We wander'd through th' ethereal fields,

Where many a silent planet wheels—

And cluster'd pearls of glory lie,

Far through the spangled canopy!

New pinions bore us where the moon

Was sailing at her highest noon—

And pouring on the world below,

A calm and melancholy glow.

Upon her horns light elfins hung,

And through the depths of azure swung!

V.

On we still wander'd. Sudden light

Came o'er and round thee! Splendour bright,

Too brilliant far for mortal eye,

Crown'd thee a being of the sky!

New wonder to thy form was given—

And fairest on the brow of Heaven,

Thou wast a star!—and I, alone!

VI.

But still that eye unshaded shone!

Still didst thou gleam my "guardian star"—

And, as I sank through realms afar,

Thy beam was round me—pure, and bright,

While others lost themselves in night!

High 'mid the spheres, thine eye alone,

Sent out its beam to light me down!

Written for the Lady's Book.

A CHAPTER OF INFERENCES.

When you hear an American citizen lauding the institutions and manners of Europe, and speaking contemptuously of his own country—infer that he will never be President of the United States.

When you hear an old bachelor inveighing against the extravagance of women—infer that he has never calculated the hundreds of dollars he has spent for wines and cigars.

When you hear a maiden lady boasting the many offers of marriage she has rejected—infer that she is a little crazy.

When you hear a young man speaking lightly of family attachments, and ridiculing his odd relations—infer that he is a weak-minded youth, and will make a perverse and uncomfortable companion.

When you hear a young lady express aversion for little children—infer that her heart has been ossified by tight lacing.

When you hear a married man uttering jokes and sarcasms on his own wife—infer that he is a bit of a goose.

When you hear a married woman snubbing her husband—infer that she only lacks talent to become a Trollope.

When you hear a person recommending quack medicine, as an infallible remedy in all diseases—infer that he has the organ of *wonder* largely developed, and the *reflective* faculties very moderate.

When you hear a young lady ridiculing her absent friends and acquaintances—infer that her friends and acquaintance ridicule or despise her.

When you hear a young man boast the many attentions bestowed on him by the ladies—infer that he is a conceited puppy.

When you hear a young lady declare that she hates all men—infer that some particular one has touched her fancy.

When you hear a collegian talk of balls, parties, races, and the theatres—infer that he stands low in his class.

When you hear a boarding-school miss speak disrespectfully to her mother—infer that she has never studied in the school of "Good Manners."

When you hear a young wife constantly complaining of her *help*—infer that she does not understand housekeeping.

When you hear a mother boasting of the beauty and accomplishments of her daughters—infer that she intends they shall secure rich husbands.

When you hear a married man depreciating female intellect, and denouncing female influence—infer that he is not as wise as Sir Thomas More, or that his wife is a simpleton.

When you hear a married woman talking often of female *rights*—infer that she is not very conscientious about performing her *duties*.

When you find a poor man envying and reviling the rich—infer that he is an aristocrat in his heart.

When you find a rich man who despises and oppresses the poor—infer that his grand-children will go out to service.

When you hear an author railing against the stupidity of the age, and declaring that he writes only for posterity—infer that he means the pastry-cook.

When you hear a critic unjustly severe in condemning a literary production—infer that the work has wounded his pride, vanity, or self-interest.

When you hear an editor abusing his brothers of the quill—infer that his genius lies in the scissors.

When you hear a poet often repeating his own rhymes—infer that they are seldom repeated by any other admirers.

When you hear a subscriber for the *Lady's Book*, or any other good periodical, declare that the work is not worth reading—infer that the subscription has not been regularly and punctually *paid*.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE THREE GIFTS.

ADDRESSED TO MY DAUGHTER—BY MRS. C. B. WILSON, OF LONDON,

Editress of *La Belle Assemblée*.

Thou hast the gift of genius!—fatal dower!
Fame's thorny wreath is budding on thy brow;
And thine will be the poet's magic power
Enchantment's chains round other minds to throw;
Would that my watchful care could keep from thee
So sad a lot—so dark a destiny!

Thou hast the gift of beauty! fatal spell!
To man a lure, to woman but a snare,
As many a broken, bruised flower can tell,
Drooping and blighted in the world's parterre;

Strip'd of its early fragrance;—that doth lie,
A ruin amid weeds, to wake the gazer's sigh!

Thou hast the gift of goodness! oh! my child!
May'st thou retain this pearl above all price,
To guide thy footsteps thro' life's dangerous wild,
Where roses hide the treach'rous thorns of vice!
A frontlet 'twixt thine eyes, may it be bound,
An amulet 'gainst ills, that gird earth's pilgrims
round.

Written for the Lady's Book.

"BORN TO GOOD LUCK."

AN OLD GENTLEMAN'S STORY.—BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

Who is there that cannot single out from among those he has known through life, some one by whose course the substance of the homely phrase I have just quoted has been brought before him? Some one, who, from the child that invariably came upon the finest clusters in a strawberry meadow, or the largest share of coppers in a scramble, has grown into the power of realizing the fable of Midas to any degree it may suit his pleasure. It was a perception of this that struck the poor Irishman, when he exclaimed to the brass button he had found—"Away wi' ye!—if I had been my brother Larry, ye'd a'been a goold guinea!" Long and learned might be my poem on this subject, but as I have only a light sketch to give, I must keep it within the bounds that are fitting, and am the more satisfied to do this for knowing that to draw it out would be trouble for nothing, the point being one on which every person has a philosophy of his own.

In my early days, the high-ways and by-ways of my native county of L—— were subject to annual invasions that, among a people less tolerant, would have been resented as an annoyance equalling that of the Scythian irruptions to the nations of old. The invaders were none other than beggars. The poor-house, that terror to vagrants, had not yet reared its salutary presence, and attracted by the far-famed plenty of the country, and hospitality of its inhabitants, they collected from all parts of the state, in troops so large and numerous, that an attempt of giving an idea of them would be a risk of credit. Not such feeble, squalid wretches were they as inhumanity itself would have allowed a right to the calling, but hale, jolly vagabonds, who scorned to offer an excuse for assuming it, and would have tossed aside a penny as a fee beneath the dignity of the profession. Autumn was the season they selected for their appearance, and the farmers, with hearts opened by their own abundance, then rarely refused a carnival to any who might petition for it in consideration of a winter's fast to follow.

Indeed, the juniors of the community, at least, looked forward to these periodical inroads with a pleasure that might have been considered an honour to their kind, had it not been possible to account for it on other motives than those of benevolence; but when the time had come, it required nothing more than a peep into the kitchen of one of the comfortable farm-houses to do this. On almost any evening, a ready-tongued beggar woman might have been seen sitting before the ample fire, and supplying to a young group stealthily gathered round her, food for memory and mirth for months to come. Sometimes it would be furnished from stores inexhaustible of tales and jokes, and

sometimes from developements of the picture over the potent, though rather unclassical accessory of the sybilline art, the dregs of a cup of coffee. The greater the number of facts to be unfolded, the more spirited was the performance of the office, as a supply of the beverage, then more of a luxury than it is now held, was expected as a propitiatory offering for each. But the greatest entertainment was when her "good man" could be bribed by potions of new cider to draw a greasy fiddle from his wallet, and coax it into some faint approaches to "Boyne Water," or "Paddy O'Rafferty;" then "the fun grew fast and furious," till one of the elders, with a grave face, would appear at the room-door, and silence all by ordering off the youngsters to bed.

When this loving tide was at its fullest, it would have been not uninteresting to any one with an eye for the picturesque, and a fancy for human varieties, to pass along one of the public roads, and observe the scenes exhibited in the fence-corners, and the shades of the wayside trees. There would sometimes be four or five groups in view at one time, presenting all sizes, shapes, complexions, and tongues, with costumes of forms and hues innumerable enough to astound even fashion herself. For the passer they generally had smiles, bows, curtsies, and "bless yous" in abundance, and for each other an elaborate graciousness worthy of the fine ladies and pretty gentlemen of the times of Grandison. This was even observed towards rival groups, unless, indeed, when, both parties pressed with hunger, or unprovided with lodgings, they happened to encounter in a gateway or before a barn—in such cases there never failed to be a battle, in which it was the duty of all to engage, without respect to person or sex. The relative positions of husband and wife also justified an exception to the general tranquillity, and according to the proverb, it would have been a dangerous business to attempt producing a different regulation. I remember that once when a boy of about fourteen, having climbed an apple-tree to assist a servant in filling his sacks, we were assailed by a most terrifying shriek from a lane which ran along the the orchard on the side most distant from our station. At the first impulse we sprang to the ground, no trifling exploit, considering our height, and set off for the scene of distress, as fast as our half-sprained limbs would let us, guided ever and anon by a cry of "murder!" When we had gained, it we found a sturdy fellow belaboring his female companion with a cudgel in such a manner as astonished us that she still had power to defend herself so actively, which she did by whisking a switch across his eyes.

"Stop, you villain!" shouted Cato; "stop,

if you don't want to git sent to the *penitention*!" when the lady turned round, and dropping a profound curtsy, inquired, "An' which o'ye won the race?" at the same time flourishing her weapon as a hint that we were safest at a distance.

A favorite resting place with these worthies was an exhausted stone-quarry, pretty well covered with sod, and sheltered from the weather by thickets of thorn, crab, and gum trees. As it was sequestered, and a famous place for bird's nests and ground-squirrels in their season, it was also a favorite resort to the truants from the neighboring school. Thither, one tempting morning, about the time of the above incident, I was despatched in quest of delinquents, but found it untenanted, though some crusts of bread and well-picked bones proved that it had been lately occupied, and indicated the quality of the guests. I was sauntering away, when my eye fell upon what seemed to be a bundle of rags, and giving it a thrust with my foot, none the lightest or most respectful, I rolled it down into the middle of the hollow, while a loud squall came from it at every bound. I hastened after it, and saw peering from one end, the twinkling eyes of a child. I soon released it, and a prettier brat could not have been seen. From its size, it must have been something more than a year old. The case was not so uncommon as to make it doubtful that it had been left by design, but not to be too precipitate, I searched around for owners, shouting in the meanwhile to the extent of my voice, and then shouldering the youngster, I marched off to school.

Never was there a greater hero than I thought myself in defending my new charge from the clamorous little mob that gathered around me; but our old master soon put an end to my importance by refusing to have his province kept in confusion by so unprofitable a cause; and, accordingly, attended by a creditable train of supporters, I set off to consign it to protection less disputable.

The nearest dwelling to the school-house was a tavern, which from time immemorial had been famed throughout the country, under the title of the Old Eagle, for producing the best roast turkeys and mulled wine that had ever cheered a winter's merry making. Equally famed were the host and hostess for their obliging hospitality. They were a venerable couple, who had succeeded to their little establishment on an early marriage, and through their long life had never been known to depart from habits of unobtrusive kindness. Thither we hastened to deposit our charge.

We saw the old lady through the window at her wheel, her usual place when not attending on a guest, and our repeated calls of "Aunt Kelly! Aunt Kelly!" brought her to the door. She pulled off and replaced her spectacles three or four times before she could understand our noisy explanations, and then, with many wonders, she took the baby from us, and after wiping its little dirty face on the long towel that hung at full breadth across the door, with her accustomed thoughtfulness, she began to crumble some bread in a bowl of milk.

"But what's to be done with it, Aunt Kelly!" we all impatiently asked.

"Done with it, children?—law's-a-massy knows, poor little thing! but I suppose we'll have to take care of it 'till it's better provided for;" and she continued stuffing its mouth as fast as it could swallow. It seemed, however, to have been lately fed, for it soon slid from her arms, and looked up at us from the floor, showing its white half-grown teeth and attempting to chatter, with an innocent contentment that was irresistible.

It is needless to say that our visits to the Old Eagle were for several days punctually repeated, and that we were not sorry when we heard, on each occasion, that no claimant had appeared for the child.

"I dare say we'll have to keep it ourselves," said Aunt Kelly at last; "it will be a trouble, for some time, to be sure, but it may come good after a while;" and without further deliberation, she and her husband set about the business of "raising" it.

To give it a name was the next consideration, a privilege to which I as discoverer, was allowed to be the best entitled. Scornfully rejecting the caller of Betsys, Pollys, and Sallys suggested to me, I thought on an odd volume of Sakspeare that had fallen into my hands shortly before, and with infinite taste as it seemed to myself, and infinite want of it as thought every body else, I decreed it to be called Perdita. In vain did even Aunt Kelly remonstrate on a name so outlandish; I was bent upon it, but by way of compromise, I consented that, on ordinary occasions, it might be abridged to Ditty.

"The neighbours" were all amazed at the folly of the benevolent old couple. "To think of their taking charge of a strange yearling, now in their old days, particularly as they had grand children of their own!—it is astonishing!" was the usual comment, with the addition—"well, the brat must have been born to good luck, or it would now be squalling bare-foot on the highways, instead of having Aunt Kelly to knit red woolen stockings for it.

The chief subjects of gossip in the neighbourhood, for a short time preceding the appearance of the little foundling, were the concerns of a stranger, who had purchased one of the most valuable farms in the county, and was now boarding at the old inn, superintending the erection of a house which he intended to make a permanent residence. He was a German of the name of Hertzman, a fine-looking, middle aged person, with manners sufficiently plain to win for him, from the less refined class, the praise of being "a clever man, and no gentleman;" and yet polished enough to insure him a welcome from the most exclusive families that headed our society. He spoke English so well as to escape the undesirable notice that usually falls to a foreigner on account of his tongue, and might at once have been naturalized and undistinguished among the community of his choice, had it not been for a few peculiarities that kept curiosity awake—such as his wearing a cloth cap instead of the beaver

then arbitrarily supported; his smoking a *meerschaum*, a Dresden chef d'œuvre, instead of what was then held the more genteel cigar, and others, of which more anon, that procured for him a title of doctor, as permanent as if it had been conferred by Leyden or Leipsic.

The doctor, as accordingly, I shall call him, attended faithfully to his new undertaking, but though the original plan had been his own, he enlarged, and contracted, and added, requiring what was put up one day to be pulled down the next, till it seemed that, like the castle builder in the Arabian story, he was under a vow that his work should never be finished. But, at last, finished it was; and though rather an odd-looking structure, with its high chimneys and gables, and its balconies, and an observatory crowning all, it was far from unsightly. Having been reared on the site of the former mansion, an old garden and some huge sycamores and cherry trees about it, redeemed it from the cheerless, unhome-like look, which new country-houses with us generally present, and as it possessed every convenience that the most decided lover of ease might have desired, it was agreed to be, on the whole, a very desirable habitation.

As soon as the workman had left it, the doctor set out for a neighbouring city to collect furniture, and after a time a number of waggon loads arrived, which excited no little surprise, as well for its quality as its quantity. There was scarcely a new piece among it—scarcely one that any body else would have thought of buying, and yet, from the richness of many, it was evident that economy had not directed the choice. The owner himself was in ecstasies with its purchases. He could point out in every article some peculiar attraction of convenience, or ingenuity, or antiquity, or singularity, and whole days were spent in disposing it so that these points might appear in the most striking light—an arrangement that bore unfortunately upon the general effect—giving the handsome and pleasant apartments very much the look of well-filled lumber rooms.

Any one given to judging of a person's character from the appearance of his domicile, as I have known some people to be, would have had no difficulty to write down that of Doctor Hertzman, after a view of the room peculiarly appropriated to himself. Not a table nor a chair in it but had been constructed on a plan or an improvement of his own, and these were so numerous and so unlike as to make a marvel of the fertility of the brain which had originated them all. A piano forte stood in one corner, with sundry violins, guitars, flutes and horns, all of which he could use creditably, and which his own instructions had modified; and in another was a large book-case, exhibiting a different language on every shelf. On the walls, in reality, and not for the quotation's sake,

"A tortoise hung,
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes."

And among these were paintings so various in

their styles, that the doctor's assertion, of their all having been produced by his own hand, might have been doubted, if their half-finished state had not given some probability to it. Along one side were ranged shelves supporting boxes of dried plants, bottles of chemical preparations, mortars, tubes, and retorts; (it was his devotion to this department, by the by, that had gained him his degree;) and in the chimney was a small furnace, surrounded by specimens of ores and metals, numerous enough, had romance been more prevalent there, to have raised suspicions of alchemy. In short, it was the sanctum of a votary of the arts and sciences, a universal genius, an oddity, or a mixture of all, just as particular fancy might have taken him.

I became acquainted with the doctor about the time his establishment was opened, and, perhaps from his discovering in me a dawning disposition of the same unprofitable cast as his own, I soon grew greatly into favour with him. I was allowed to daub his canvasses, and to burn my fingers among his fusions, as often as I pleased, and, as the country afforded no such thing as a classical school, he kindly offered to become my instructor in Latin. On the regular visits which my studies required, I frequently had the company of my protégé, little Ditty. She was a good tempered little thing, with beauty and playfulness enough to attach any one in the least degree fond of children, and the doctor from having been so long accustomed to her at the Old Eagle, felt quite a want of her in his own silent domain, and would accordingly often send to borrow her of the good old landlady. He would even pick her up himself from the porch as he was riding by, and come cantering home with her before him, and notwithstanding that before long she broke his best retort, and twisted the head off his finest stuffed marmoset, there was no account brought against her. More than once I noticed his female visitors exchange glances any thing but pleasant, on his evident anxiety to keep their own progeny from among his tulip beds and geranium pots, while, at the same time, he encouraged her to range where she chose; and was often set to speculating, when she exhibited a new wooden alphabet of his carving, or a chintz slip or pair of morocco boots of his presenting, by the unfailing conclusion to their remarks:—"It's very well for the poor brat—as we have always said, she seems to have been born to good luck."

In due time I left home for college, and what with a tedious course there, the study of a profession and some business trips to sea, it was full ten years before I returned for longer than a few days' visits.

Ditty, in the meantime, had grown into girlhood, and was as pretty as faultless features, a complexion of purity and bloom, and an expression of ingenuous sweetness could make her. As the adopted daughter of one of the most respectable families in the neighbourhood, notwithstanding her own unfortunate origin, she was not a person to be openly neglected, and, accordingly, at the early age which cus-

tom then sanctioned, she was allowed to take her place at the sleighings and quiltings, which were held in lieu of the tea-parties and soirees of modern days, seemingly on a level with those whose circumstances were more happy. No matter how rich were the India muslins and spangled coiffures that graced the anniversary balls, the grand galas of the country, her graceful little figure in its dimity gown and pink ribbands might at any time have been seen at the head of the dance. If there happened to be a coveted partner on the floor, some dashing cit, or stray congress-man, he was sure to fall to her lot oftener than the attractions of her companions seemed to justify, and however it might have been accounted for by others, *they* never failed to attribute it to her "good luck."

My friend, the doctor, had changed less than might have been expected either in mind or appearance. On each visit I had recognised a few additional touches to his pictures, and some new specimens in his cabinets, and heard of some new staples for filling mattresses, but excepting one great undertaking, affairs with him were pretty much as formerly. The exception was vine-growing—a business which he entered into with the same spirit as many of his countrymen have done before and since, and with about equal success. Some of his best fields had been planted, but after the caterpillars and birds and boys had been served, and mildew and early frosts had done their work, the wine they afforded was rarely enough to fill more than a specimen cask. The remainder of the farm, however, was sufficient to yield him an ample income, and, in spite of his persisting in a failing project, he remained as well off as his wishes required.

Ditty continued his favourite, and, in some things, his pupil, though not indeed to the extent we now expect a pupil to go. In music, for instance. She had naturally a talent for it, and without taking the trouble to lead her through a course of notes, he encouraged her to thrum his instruments, occasionally setting her right, until she went through some of his best pieces with considerable accuracy, and among people who made no pretensions to connoisseurship, as was the case with those around her, this passed off quite as well as the most profound science could have done.

In German, too, then common enough in that quarter to be practically useful, she had made a creditable progress—enough to enjoy a jest with the doctor at the expense of some phrases of mine, though I had professed myself a scholar in it for several years, and to set me right, with a truly feminine glibness, in words the most unpronounceable.

But I had not been allowed time to make more than these observations when I was again called away, and it was two or three years before I could accomplish a return. I then did it with a belief that my wanderings were at an end.

On once more reaching the Old Eagle, which, according to long habit, I never passed without stopping to shake hands with the friends it contained, I noticed several indications of some-

thing extraordinary going on about it—among them, that the sheds were crowded with horses enough to mount a troop of dragoons, and that the porch was covered with saddles, so closely as to make it a matter of some skill to get at the door. I entered the bar-room and found it half filled up with a table that extended through the door-way, from what on ordinary occasions had always served as an eating-room. The bustling figure of the landlord was not to be seen, and into that next apartment, I penetrated, in search of his wife. She also was missing, so, drawing off my gloves, I took my place at the stove to wait patiently for a chance of learning the reason of the unusual appearance of things around me.

Talk in these degenerate times of a table groaning under the weight of the good things of life! Little idea would such an expression now give of the feast spread out before me. It was almost dusk, which, by the by, accounted for why some of the servants had not known me; but candles were soon brought in, and I had full opportunity for a survey of every supply the kitchen sent forth.

Even then I had never seen any thing to compare with it. Roast pigs, and the pride of the house, turkeys, occupied the places of honour; geese, ducks and chickens, with various kinds of meat, and sausages, coil within coil, held their respective stations, and vegetables, pickles, cakes, sweetmeats and pastry were crowded in between as completely as if the whole had been intended for a mosaic. To complete the ensemble, a large round tray, at each end, exhibited the hereditary garniture of the best cupboard, the nice china tea service, whose cups, small and delicate as egg shells, placed beside some others of the appurtenances of the table, such as pewter dishes, full three feet in diameter, might have suggested the fancy of a bevy of fairies being expected to grace a banquet of giants.

It was easy to form a conjecture: the house had always been in request for wedding suppers, and such must have been the one before me. But before I could find a chance to make an inquiry on the strength of my surmise, a door at the end of the room opened, and Aunt Kelly, in a new cap, holding herself more erect than she had done for years, marshalled a party towards the table, with an air that proved her to be indulging in private hospitality alone. Another glance, and I recognised in the couple that immediately followed her, who but Doctor Hertzman, gallantly leading by the hand Ditty herself, and both in attire that distinguished them as the principal actors on the occasion!

In an instant I had overturned two or three chairs, hardly sparing their intended occupants, but before an apology could have been thought of, half a dozen familiar voices called out "Too late! too late!" and the bridegroom's hand warmly grasped my own.

"What, in the name of wonder, happened to put this into your heads?" whispered I to the bride, after having given to one of her cheeks a salute of congratulation, and the other a tribute to standing friendship, and had taken the

seat, courteously pointed out to me, at her side.

A hearty laugh at my perplexed countenance, which she vainly endeavoured to suppress, was her only answer, and when I came to reflect leisurely, I could find very little to be astonished at. Ditty had not much propensity for thinking, and though she saw every body around her being married, and expected, as a matter of course, that she should sometime be so herself, she had never formed a single idea of what her future partner was to be—a very favourable thing for the Doctor. The first objection that might have been made to him—his age—gave her little hesitation. He was young compared with her venerable guardian, whom she was most used to; and as to his appearance, he was handsome compared with the generality of young men she had seen. He was her grand criterion in mind and manners, and had won her gratitude by uniform kindness, and, in short, when he proposed himself to her, though her amazement was immeasurable, she would have deemed it an unpardonable presumption to reject him.

"I can easily answer for myself," said the doctor, who had overheard my question, and also had enjoyed it with a burst of merriment; I wanted a wife, and she will be one to suit me exactly."

He was right; a more cheerfully obliging, affectionate wife she could not have been, even had she gone through the process of falling over head and ears in love with him. The farm put on quite a different appearance in honour of its new mistress. The vineyard was wisely restored to its original purpose; the orchards were trimmed, the gardens were enlarged, and the house, which had begun to look rather the worse for wear, was completely renovated. The rooms were even dismantled of their dilapidated treasures, and furniture of the most unobjectionable style was substituted in their stead. A smart carriage and pair took the place of the old one-horse chaise, and a beautiful pony, with trappings worthy of it, was presented to the bride as property exclusively her own. Nothing that could have been procured for her gratification was neglected, nor would have been, had she indulged wishes far less moderate; and when she appeared at the public gatherings in her elegant riding-habit of imported broad cloth, while the surrounding belles were fain to content themselves with dresses their own fingers had spun, there seemed a little reason in their reiterated remark, that, surely, she must have been "born to luck."

Ditty's character now began to form rapidly. Finding herself the wife of a man highly respected for his attainments, in spite of his eccentricities; and the mistress of a house which often received guests superior to those of any other in the neighbourhood, she at once seemed to perceive the deficiencies of her education and to wish to remedy them. This was the most creditable to her, as the discovery was entirely her own, mental culture there, being, at a very low stand, particularly among females,

and her husband being too indulgent to regard the want of it in her. Instead now of rummaging his library, and looking over his experiments for mere amusement, she examined his books and listened to his explanations with a real desire for instruction. Her improvement was such as might have been expected from great application and quickness. At the end of two or three years, she had changed from a childish, thoughtless, though lovely girl, to a woman of refinement and intelligence.

An unexpected and urgent message from the doctor one day summoned me to the farm. He had been lying for a day or two seriously ill. When I arrived, I was immediately shown into his room, and was startled by the change that had taken place in his countenance. He told me, with difficulty, that he had caught cold some time before while attending to his agricultural concerns, and was now suffering under a severe pleurisy.

Ditty was sitting at the head of his bed with looks of great distress, and would scarcely be persuaded to leave his room that he might enter upon his business with me. When she had gone he expressed his thanks to me for my readiness to attend him.

"I have more need of you," said he, "than you seem to suspect; my life will not hold out many hours."

I attempted to make light of his fears, but insisted upon sending for a physician.

"It would be of no avail," he answered; "I understand the disease as well as any of them, and am perfectly aware of my situation. However, we will say no more about it now. I have long endeavoured to live like a Christian and will try to die like one. I now ask, as a last favour, that you will take charge of my temporal concerns."

He reached a folded paper from a small writing desk that lay beside him on the bed, and after replacing it, handed me the key. "That," said he, is my will. It is already signed and witnessed, and I look to you to have it executed. My affairs have always been carefully regulated, so that you will have but little difficulty with them; but, above all, let me solemnly charge you to be a friend, as you have been all her life, to that poor child; "pointing to the room into which Ditty had withdrawn; "she will have no one else on whom to depend, and will often much need advice and assistance. I trust to your honour and friendship to supply them to her.

I promised sincerely, and again and again endeavoured to raise his hopes. He made no reply, but requested me to remain with him. I did so, and the next day, I saw him breathe his last.

Poor Ditty! it was a hard task to console her, yet any one listening to her expressions of grief, would have judged them to be those of an affectionate child at the loss of a beloved parent. "I never had any one to love so well!—he was always so kind, so very kind to me!" was her repeated answer to my soothing.

It was several days before I could prevail

upon her to listen to the will. The fortune of the deceased was greater than I had supposed. Besides the farm, to which he had added until its value was about forty thousand dollars, there was a sum of a large amount out on deposit. The half of all was devised to his widow, and the remaining half to the orphan children of a friend in Saxony; "my earliest and best friend, and the founder of my fortune" he was styled among other expressions of warm and manly attachment. In vain did several busy-bodies attempt to cast an imputation on the justice of such a division—as great an allowance to strangers as had been bequeathed to his own wife;—Ditty always repulsed the insinuations with generous displeasure. "It was more than I looked for, much more than I needed;" she constantly replied.

In the doctor's desk I found instructions for conveying intelligence to the foreign heirs, and after waiting a due time for an answer to my despatches, I was called upon to receive a stranger, who announced himself as Ernest Hoffman, the sole surviving member of the family, to whom the bequest had been made, and proved his identity as clearly as the importance of the business demanded.

He was a handsome young fellow, with an intelligent countenance, and a highly graceful address. I took a fancy to him at first sight, and so did every body else—particularly the young ladies, who were all disposed for German lovers, from Werther being the order of the day. It would have required some stretch of imagination however, to regard him as a Werther-like personage, his free, soldier-like bearing, acquired at a military school, a healthy florid complexion, and a pair of laughing eyes, allowing but little grounds for suspicions of a romantic temperament.

As no favorable offers had been made us for the property, it was agreed by all parties that we should wait, at least for a few months, without farther proceedings, rather than hurry it off our hands for less than its real value. Hoffman, indeed, with much delicacy, declined having any voice in the affair, leaving every thing entirely to my own judgment, but at the same time, he expressed a satisfaction, rather than the contrary, at the proposed delay, observing that it would afford him the more opportunity of acquainting himself with the country, and the manners and customs of the people.

On this arrangement, he made several excursions through the country, but after the first six months, his curiosity seemed considerably abated, or at least confined to the district immediately round the farm. At last some sagacious gossip suggested that it would be no undesirable thing to the young foreigner to obtain the other moiety of the Doctor's estate in addition to the one already his own. Though I at once rejected the hint of interested motives in my new friend, for I had discovered him to be as estimable in character as attractive in deportment, it behooved me to have a care for my ward, as the little widow in reality was. Accordingly, I kept my eye on Ernest, and soon perceived in him many symptoms that had

hitherto escaped my notice. I determined not to let the matter rest on conjecture alone, but to broach it was more easy to resolve than to execute. Though on his concerns in general he had always volunteered a confidence very flattering to me, on the present subject he was so reserved that I could scarcely have approached it without seeming intrusion. Chance, however provided for me.

We were one day angling together, an amusement which I had done my best to recommend to him, though with very little success. Few besides the expert like it, and he was but a sorry hand. On the present occasion, he showed even less inclination for it than usual, and was, in addition, provokingly taciturn. At last he wound up his line altogether.

"As you seem to have done baiting your own hook, my good fellow," said I, "I intend you shall help me along. Just pull me off a piece of that worm."

He made some peevish reply about the "*grausenkeit*" of our employment.

"*Cruelty!* a new objection from you, and an odd one for a soldier!" returned I, thinking I had made a capital beginning, and blessing the witty imaginations that had just started the ideas of fishing for hearts, growing tender-hearted through love, and so forth. I made two or three attempts to pursue them, but his knowledge of my language, and mine of his, was too limited to allow the established *jeu de mots* to be very effective, and I felt myself obliged to devise another mode of attack.

"You have not spoken a word of English to-day," I resumed; "a certain sign that you are dissatisfied with something that pertains to it, if I may judge from what I remember of former indications."

No reply.

"It is certainly not our climate," I continued; "the advantage it has given you ought to be held inestimable by as decided a gallant as yourself. I have heard, more than once, from sources very flattering, that your present degree of paleness is a remarkable improvement."

An ejaculation equivalent to "Pshaw!" silenced me for a moment, but I had commenced intending to persevere. Assuming a graver tone, I again began:—

"I ought to have told you before, my dear Ernest, that I have received proposals for the farm so advantageous that I think they ought to be closed with—I will show you the letters on our return. Mrs. Hertzman, whom I have already consulted, agrees with me, and professes to be in readiness to act upon it at any time."

His countenance changed, and after a moment's hesitation he returned; "I'll tell you candidly, my good friend, I don't at all like the part which devolves on me in this matter. I feel it far from pleasant to be the means of depriving that excellent little creature of the home she loves so well, and which she so much graces. It is contrary to my notions of honor and justice that I should receive a share of the property of a man I never saw, even though

my father was his friend, equal to that of his own wife, and such a wife as she was to him. The generous cheerfulness with which she makes the sacrifice, only renders me the more averse to take advantage of it. No one could merit fortune more than she does, for none would use it more worthily—every day convinces me more and more of that. I could have done well enough without it. I might have won my way through the world with my sword, as I always expected to do, and as many a duller fellow has done before me.”

His manner proved his sincerity. “I honor you, my dear Ernest,” I answered warmly; “you are a match in generosity for Ditty herself; “but,” I continued, giving him time to blush at the compliment, “let me beg you to be equally unreserved with me on another point; I have heard it insinuated that you are desirous—that is, that you would not object to giving up your half to her entirely, and yourself along with it;—how is it? I have even imagined so myself; nay, don’t frown!—as your friend, and as Ditty’s protector, I think I have a right to ask, have I not?”

Startled as he was, he frankly returned, offering me his hand; “you have guessed rightly; and I rejoice to see that you do not like others that have suspected it, hold me guilty of mercenary motives. Yet, a man must be a fool to know her, and not think her object enough of herself!—don’t jest, but answer me plainly, do you think I have any reasonable grounds for hope? and have I your good will?”

“I cannot tell, Ernest—I have only studied your side of the case; and as for your other question, my situation, as you are aware, is one of much delicacy, however, I will consider the matter—yet I think I may now go so far as to give you an assurance, that if a word from me could decide in your favour, it should not long be withheld.”

I immediately transferred my attentions to Ditty, and observed that Hoffman’s assiduities, which now became more open, were not unpleasant to her, though she did not, indeed, at first seem to perceive their bent.

In debating within myself the propriety of my favourable wishes for the new lover, my conscience acquitted me of all breach of faith towards my late friend. His trust had been that I would see insured, as far as might be in my power, the happiness of my charge, and I knew not how this could better be done, than by committing her person and fortune to the love and protection of a man every way worthy to receive them, if she herself should feel inclined. Had the doctor expressed a wish, as many a husband, provident towards his own memory, has done, that his widow should spend her life in weeds, I would have held myself bound to make all proper opposition to a step towards the contrary, but nothing of the kind had been ever hinted. On the reverse, he seemed well aware of her situation—that her feelings had expanded with her mind, and that, had not her excellence of heart and her strong sense of duty prevented it, she must sometimes have reflected unpleasantly on her union with one who,

notwithstanding their mutual regard, could not have had the general sympathy with her that their position so much required. Such she could now enjoy from another, even without its interfering with her feelings for himself, founded as they had been on respect and gratitude alone, and from my knowledge of his sentiments, in which there had been no narrowness, I believed that if the probability of her acceptance had been suggested to him, he would have heard it without regret.

Having settled this to my own satisfaction, I watched the progress of the courtship with no little impatience. After waiting a good while, I began to see marks of consciousness in Ditty, and soon after I discovered, from Hoffman’s spirits, that his suit had not been unfavourably received. At length, in short, my ward formally called upon me for my advice, and perceiving that, as sentimental people say, she was feeling all the romance of first love, I expressed myself accordingly.

I was surprised, however, to be told that they had come to the determination of sailing for Europe, immediately after the marriage should have taken place.

“I left the decision entirely to herself,” said Earnest; “I acknowledge to you that I would prefer spending my days in my own country, but I have said nothing to that effect to influence her. She has a strong desire to visit the scenes of which for several years she has been in the habit of reading and hearing so much, and I have as great a wish to gratify her, but I pledge you, as well as herself, my word, that whenever she expresses an inclination to return, it shall be obeyed. I have even proposed to her to allow the farm to remain as it is, but to this she objects. She says she has nothing to attach her to it, except old recollections, you being the only friend she has remaining here, since the death of her foster parents, and that if we return, she will trust to circumstances to regain as much of it as we might require—at the same time hinting, and with some reason, that a life upon it would scarcely be one that I could be satisfied with.

Of course I could not demur.

After a time allowed for preparations, I was summoned to witness the ceremony; and as a last obligation of friendship, I accompanied the happy couple to one of our seaports, and watched their vessel through its first league towards the old world.

Again, like that of Robinson Crusoe, “my head was quite turned with the whimsies of foreign adventures,” and finding an excuse in a South American speculation, I once more set out upon my wanderings. Before I started, however, I received a packet from Hoffman, describing a delightful passage to Marseilles, and containing an affectionate postscript from Ditty. No other ever reached me. My absence was long and my address always changing, and if any were sent, they must have found their way to the general dépôt as dead letters, for I had no friend whom I chose to commission to receive them.

At the end of a dozen years, spent in as

many different parts of the world, I found myself an attaché to one of the most distinguished of my countrymen, and on a visit with him to the capital of one of the minor courts of Germany.

The official rank of my patron procured him the most marked attention from the principal families of the court, and as he assigned to me the equality of a personal friend, I, of course, came in for a share. One evening, before preparing for a fête at the mansion of a person of distinction, I was strolling about the little city with an old acquaintance, a Frenchman, whom I had happened accidentally to meet, when he directed my attention to a handsome equipage that was crossing our way.

"The lady that bowed from it," said he, "is the prettiest woman in the principality—the Baroness L——, but perhaps you have met her?"

I replied in the negative.

"Then," he proceeded, "it will be worth your while to go the Count's this evening, if for nothing else than to see and hear her. She is as much admired for her accomplishments as her beauty, and for excellence of character, which here goes for something, she is held up as an example. She is the same lady who excited some wonder, a few days ago, by declining to direct the education of the juniors of the royal family, on the plea that she had children of her own to whom such services were necessary."

"A sensible woman," returned I; "and yet I don't know that she is particularly entitled to that credit, unless the brains of your royal highnesses are more easy to work upon than those of their subjects. I know many merchants' families who supply fees to their governesses much larger than the privy purse here can afford."

"Bah! you republicans don't know how to look upon such matters!—however, I am a republican myself, rather, and will say nothing. But perhaps you have heard of the *procés* in which this same lady's husband was concerned two or three years ago!"

"Not a word."

"Indeed! nothing was more talked about here, in its time, and it is still often referred to. It took place in consequence of the death of an old baron. As the family seemed to be extinct, the estate which was immensely large, was about to be appropriated according to law, when a magistrate in one of the neighbouring sovereignties, who had formerly been much engaged in the affairs of the deceased, publicly announced that he could bring forth an heir through a remote branch. The gentleman in question, a retired officer of the army, was produced accordingly. A grand display of legal and genealogical lore followed, and for a long time the right seemed doubtful, but at last, the case was decided in favour of the aspirant. That is the outline, if you want particulars enquire some other time. The new baron is a fine fellow, one every way worthy his good fortune, and of, what is more, his admirable wife. I shall have an opportunity of pointing them out to you to-night—perhaps of introdu-

cing you. But, now, let me hurry you off to dress; the hours here are natural enough to please an antediluvian."

According to my friend's advice, I prepared myself for the evening's entertainment, and taking him up by the way, we made our entrée among the guests. After listening to music in one room, looking at waltzing in another, and declining cards in a third, we followed a crowd into an apartment where the elite of the company were amusing themselves with performing *tableaux*, having come in costumes arranged for the purpose.

"Just in good time!" exclaimed my companion; "there, in the frame, is the fair baroness herself! Admirable! could you possibly have believed that any thing but a picture, if you had not been prepared for the deception?—I have heard the subject named—Agrippina, the empress, receiving her assassins;—is not the costume of the lady admirable! exactly what we imagine to have been that of the luxurious and magnificent woman she represents; and look at the countenance! every shade of expression that the subject requires—a natural terror of the fate before her, a mother's horror and grief at the duplicity of her son, and a proud attempt to conceal her emotion—it is perfect!—and the position, too, in such admirable keeping! The other parts also are well done—the woman crouching terrified behind her, very properly in obscurity; and the ruffians, from their attitudes, and their countenances, as much as can be seen of them, are just what they ought to be; but the baroness!—is she not inimitable!—I could scarcely have believed such statue-like immobility possible. Ah!—there—the curtain is down!"

I smiled at his ecstasy, but expressed my admiration of the performance—and of the lady, she was worthy of the highest. A figure of greater dignity I had never seen, yet this attitude depended altogether on her air. In size she was rather small than otherwise. I remarked it to my friend.

"And her face—does it not correspond?" he asked; "did you ever see one like it?"

"Never but one, and that was years ago, on an American."

"Not so fine as this, I would maintain!—the baroness is an Englishwoman, I have heard, but I don't how it is."

He interrupted himself with half a dozen bows, and then resumed:—"For once the adage has failed—madame herself must have overheard us; she was standing close by looking at the new *tableau*. Excuse me—she is beckoning to me, now;—I will go and make my compliments;—there will be nothing more here worth looking at;—that thing is a failure."

He hurried away and did not return. A political conversation occupied me for an hour or two, and finding nothing farther to amuse me, I retired to my lodgings.

The next morning the following line was placed in my hands by a servant in a livery new to me:—"Will Mr. — oblige a friend by following the bearer?" There was no signature, and on questioning the man as to whence

it came, his answer was, "I was ordered, sir, to say from an American."

He showed me into a carriage in waiting, and in a few minutes set me down before one of the handsomest houses in the best part of the town. He then bowed me into an outer room and left me.

"Will you walk this way, sir!" said a child's voice in English. A little girl six or seven years old had presented herself at a door, a very duplicate of what Ditty had been at that age, differing only in the degree of elegance and delicacy that marked a nurture of luxury. A new idea flashed upon me; I made a motion to snatch her from the floor, but adroitly slipping away, she beckoned me into a splendid saloon to which I had been directed. I entered, and there, standing near the door, stood the fair picture whose face had looked so familiar to me the night before. I stopped, speechless.

My friend!—my old, dear friend!—don't you know me!" she exclaimed, and before I could recover my voice, she had seized my hand, and burst into tears.

My eyes, I believe, were as foolish as hers,

and I recollect no answer that I made, but that of clasping her in my arms.

"What! my wife—my good wife!" cried a man's voice near us, and Ditty, herself, pointed to the intruder. Laughing, and with his arm threateningly raised, he advanced towards us, and, in spite of an increased portliness, and an additional supply of whiskers, I recognised my friend Ernest.

It is needless to say how passed the day that followed. Ditty had discovered me through my talkative friend, but had been too much agitated to meet me before strangers, and Hoffman had planned my present surprise. I sometimes half doubted my own memory, when I looked at the fascinating woman who so gracefully pressed her kindness upon me. Surrounded by every elegance that wealth could procure, followed by the respect and admiration of the world, blessed with children the most lovely, and a husband all that could be desired;—"truly," thought I, "so far our gossips have been right!—she seems, indeed, to have been "born to good luck!"

Baltimore.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE NEEDLE.

"From trifling springs events arise
"Of vast importance," says the poet,
A truth each day exemplifies,
And even this little Tale may show it.

A bachelor who long had sought
Among his neighbours fair, a wife,
With cash, and saving knowledge fraught,
To gild his sombre day of life,

Was sometime puzzled to decide
Among three sisters—perfect Graces!
Which he should take to be his bride—
Conceit will often make such cases.

It was not sentiment, or beauty,
Could influence this wary lover,
A housewife active in her duty,
Was worth a beauty ten times over.

He liked to have his wrists and collar
And nice silk stockings well seen after,
And thought a wife not worth a dollar,
Who could look on with careless laughter,

And see her husband *minus* strings,
Buttons, gloves, comforters, cigars,
And twenty other minor things,
Which being *minus* cause grand jars.

"Well, really this is very shocking,"
He said, as looking down he spied,
A failure in his new silk stocking,
Just over where his shoe was tied.

"I'll see the belles," said he, "this day,
"Clara this recreant loop shall take up,
"And if 'tis well performed I may
"Perhaps this day the matter make up."

He went, and briefly then displayed
The loop that had forsook its station,
And softly sighing, begged the aid
Of Clara's powers of reparation.

Clara smiled sweetly—could no doubt
Soon rectify the flaw with ease,
And to her sister, Grace, cried out,
"Send me the needle, if you please."

"The needle! sister," cried Miss Grace,
Coming in hurry from her chamber,
And standing on the landing-place,
"Why, Clara! sure you must remember—"

"When I had done with it, I gave it
"To Sister Bell to mend her shoe;
"I'm certain one of you must have it;
"Look well all round the parlour, do."

"One needle amongst three! by Jove
"The man must be a fool—that's clear,
"Or have his wits deranged by love,
"Who hopes to find a help-mate here"

Thought he, and dryly cried "Don't mind it;
"It can't have vanished under ground,
"Before I call again you'll find it
"I'll wager you a thousand pound."

Alas! he never called again,
But led a lonely, single life,
And frightened all the cautious men
Who thought of Clara for a wife.

M. P.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE HEART OF WOMAN.

"The silver stars may purely shine,
The waters taintless flow,
But they who kneel at woman's shrine
Breathe on it as they bow.
Ye may fling back the gift again,
But the crushed flower will leave a stain.—*Willis.*

And is it thus? Upon the incense shrine
Of the heart's passionate idolatry,
A careless offering flung, a sullied gift,
Does it pollute the fresh and stainless fane
Ev'n as the maimed and vitiate sacrifice,
The dark Jew's olden worship? The deep vow
Pledg'd wildly in the strange and maddened trance
Of fervid feeling—while it casts a spell
Of fairy grace o'er life, oh! does it breathe
Aught of a withering influence? The tide
Of feeling that with scarcely eddying flow
Sweeps gently on its calm and sunny waters—
Is its fair current stained, discoloured aught
When other founts are mingling? And the thread
That the weird sisters spin—oh! does another
Woven amidst its silken tissue, soil
Or tarnish ever the fabric?

When clouds in meekest stillness wait
Around the night-star's birth,
And evening's rest of heaven flings out
A holiness o'er earth—
The moon's cold eye looks into others
Less quiet than her own—
And as a sick child for its mother's
When health and peace have flown,

The fretful gaze of melancholy
Looks for consoling power,
When woman thinks of girlhood's folly,
And many a deed of yore,
To the hushed presence of night's soothing hour.

Why pales the fair bride's cheek of red?
Why throbs her flow'r-wreathed brow?
A canker at the heart is fed,
And thronging memories now
Awake thoughts feverish and intense—
And, 'mid her burning tears
She ne'er may know the innocence
She knew in earlier years.
For other dearer forms are seen
Adown the lapse of time—
And other thoughts than these, I ween
Though "memory be crime"—
Are there, and feelings nursed in girlhood's prime.

Dark images forever wait
Around the couch of death,
And mortal bosom feareth yet
The gasp, the shuddering breath
But oh! when fall those icy fingers
Upon the frail and fair,
While passion burns, and memory lingers,
Imagination, ne'er
Has known the thrill, the sterner death-throe there.
G. F. M.

Bath, (Mc.) Sept. 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A WINTER RHAPSODY.—By J. T. PICKERING.

~~Summer~~, with its beautiful garment of green,
has departed; the feathered tenants of the
forest have migrated to warmer climes, and
the trees from whence they so lately warbled
their "sweet wood-notes wild," until the at-
mosphere quivered with their united harmony,
are now leafless and sere; bowing their heads
before the bleak wind as it whistles fitfully
and in gusts through their naked branches—
moaning, as it were, a requiem for their de-
parted beauty. The same chilling, lifeless
features, extend themselves over the wide land-
scape before me; and from hill-top to hill-top—
woodland, dell, copse and brake, all wear the
same drear and melancholy aspect—all, save
that distant and isolated clump of fir trees,
which, robed in their garbs of perennial green,
and compared with their more naked neighbors
of the forest, look for all the world like a small
straggling band of soldiers, upon a deserted bat-
tle-field, encompassed by wounded companions,
whom the hand of sacrilege has stripped of their
apparel, ere yet the vivifying principle has de-
parted.

The monotony would remain uninterrupted
were it not for the occasional lowings of kine,
or the bleatings of some solitary sheep as they
track the hill-side in search of the scanty her-
bage. Behold how beautifully the blue smoke
ascends from the chimney-top of yonder dark

hamlet, curling itself into fantastic wreaths,
and winding spirally upwards, until it is lost to
the sight in the upper air.

But lo! throned in his canopy of clouds, and
borne on the swift pinions of the gale, hither
comes the beautiful form of the Snow King!
See how profusely he scatters his fleecy mes-
sengers abroad and about to intimate his ap-
proach; and how lightly the flaky particles fall
as seen through the dim twilight of evening.

* * * * *

What a change has passed over the face of
Nature within the last few hours! A carpet
of dazzling whiteness has been spread upon the
meadows; the trees and shrubs are covered
with a gossamer-like substance, resembling a
beautiful blossoming of silvery whiteness; and
the icicles, pendant from the branches, flash
like brilliants in the light of the morning sun.

The cottage before mentioned is now almost
hidden from the sight by a snow-drift, which
rears its hoary head near the door, forming a
seemingly insurmountable barrier to its ap-
proach. But, under the general influence of
the sun's heat, it will soon dissolve; and, even
as though it were conceived of mortal, vanish
into its original elements, to be re-formed when
the fiat of the ALMIGHTY to that effect shall
have gone forth!

HERE'S A HEALTH TO THEE, MARY.

SUNG WITH GREAT APPLAUSE, BY

MR. DEMPSTER AND MR. HORN.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

G. H. RODWELL.



Voce.

Here's a health to thee, Mary, here's a health to thee, My gay friends are gone, and

p

The first system of the song features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo is Andante. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

I am alone, To think of home and thee, Mary, to think of home and thee, There are some who may shine o'er

The second system of the song continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The tempo is Andante.

thee, Mary, and many as frank and free, And a few as fair, But the summer air Is not more sweet to

2d Verse.

me, Mary, is not more sweet to me. I have, &c.

1st. 2nd.

2d Verse.

I have thought of thy last low sigh, Mary, and thy dimm'd and gentle eye: I've

call'd on thy name when the night winds came, And heard my heart re - ply, Ma - ry, and heard my heart re -

ply; Be thou but true to me, Mary, and I'll be true to thee, And at set of sun when my

task is done, Be sure that I'm e - ver with thee, Mary, be sure that I'm e - ver with thee.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE WRITINGS OF JANE TAYLOR.

BY PROFESSOR J. ALDEN.

WE trust that not a few of the readers of the *Ladies' Magazine* are familiar with the writings of Jane Taylor. We do not expect that the remarks we are about to make will lead such persons to a higher appreciation of her character and works. But we have reason to fear that her writings are not as widely known as their intrinsic merits deserve; that there are some sensible persons who would derive pleasure and profit from an acquaintance with them. It is for the benefit of this class that the following article is designed.

The wide field of authorship is open to woman in part only; and we trust that none of our fair readers are such sturdy contenders for "the rights of woman" as to wish it otherwise. Who would wish to see a work on civil engineering or medical jurisprudence from the pen of a woman? When a woman publishes on such unwomanly topics we can no longer conceive of her as woman, as possessing all those qualities which men of pure minds and warm hearts love to associate with the term. But no such feeling of unseemliness arises when she becomes an author in the walks of poetry, criticism, and practical morals. We can contemplate her as an author and a woman at the same time. The idea of the one does not injure the idea of the other. This last remark is emphatically true with respect to Jane Taylor. She has preserved and exhibited all that we admire and love in woman at the same time that she has given unequivocal proof of original genius and fine taste. We know that in the opinions of some that there is an incompatibility between vigorous and discriminating intellectual powers and the more delicate feminine graces. Now, though we may admit that there are facts enough for the formation of this theory, yet we deny that the theory is in accordance with all the facts. Miss Taylor is a striking instance of the union of those endowments. We now proceed to state very briefly some of the prominent excellencies of her works.

Her writings give an accurate exhibition of her character. When we have read her writings we feel as well acquainted with her as if we had associated with her from childhood. We have learned the workings of her mind and heart. We know how she would think and feel in relation to any given subject. Such an acquaintance with a superior mind is of great utility. By applying its power (as it were) to a given subject, we can often achieve that of which we had otherwise been incapable. It has the same effect upon our intellectual, that the presence of a revered superior has upon our moral powers. In both cases, effort and progress are facilitated.

Her writings are characterized by great simplicity. In this respect they are almost inimi-

table. This simplicity of manner was owing to the structure and habits of her mind. She saw things clearly, and felt the emotions they were naturally adapted to awaken: and in writing, she gave utterance to what she saw and felt. Hence her style was clear, simple, and direct. Without the forms of logic, she is logical. Without any parade of originality, she is original. Without any affectation of wisdom, she often affords instruction even to the aged and reflecting. We can name no female writer who in our judgment is as worthy of being regarded as a model in point of simplicity, and we may add beauty of style, by such of her sex as are studying the art of composition.

Miss Taylor possessed great purity and delicacy of feeling. These throw a peculiar charm over her writings. Perhaps more is said about purity than is understood and felt. We fear that by many it is regarded only as the opposite of vice. To such, perhaps, it would be impossible to explain the fulness of its meaning. At any rate, we shall not attempt it. We fear too that there is an incipient heresy prevailing with respect to the term delicacy—that in the apprehensions of some, it indicates an approach, at least, to a morbid and sickly sensibility. We notice this only to warn all such that they are wrong.

Miss Taylor was an ardent lover of the beautiful and the true. She was the true lover, who loves for the object's sake. Her appreciation of beauty in nature and art was fine, and her power of originating its forms by no means small. Truth, too, did not appear to her as a cold abstraction or indifferent reality, but as endowed with a lasting beauty, as worthy of pursuit and possession as the nourisher and beautifier of the soul.

Her writings evince great soundness and discrimination of mind. She never mistook words for things. She never falls into elaborate error, or arrives at truth by a circuitous and difficult path. She looked at all subjects in the most direct and natural point of view and saw intuitively what was true, and instinctively rejected what was specious, affected, mischievous and false. She was emphatically a woman of good sound sense.

Her writings are eminently practical. The uselessly ideal had no place in her mind. All truth in her mind seemed directed towards its original design. But the practical at which she aimed was not the material and vulgar practical now so much lauded. Hers was not a practical that would clip the wings of imagination, or take from poetry aught of its brightness. In her mind the material was always duly subordinate to the spiritual.

Miss Taylor possessed an accurate acquaintance with human nature. Though a poet, she

did not disdain to look at men and women as they are. She was not fond of mingling with the world, and was reserved when constrained to do so, but she was a keen and accurate observer. She had an intuitive perception of the feelings and motives that swayed those around her. She also studied diligently the workings of her own heart, and from this source a large share of her knowledge was derived. The characters she describes are always human characters. The feelings she portrays are always human feelings. The truth that she enforces is always adapted to the wants of the human mind.

Finally, in all her works there is a high moral and religious aim. Her interest in humanity was sincere and strong. The object of her labors was to do good. She has not written a line that has not a directly useful tendency. In her works we find the exhibition of genius, taste, and poetry combined. Religion did not cramp her imagination, or render dull the operations of her reason, or chill the ardor of her affections. On the contrary, all

her powers were strengthened and purified by its hallowed influence.

In reading the works of Miss Taylor one is often reminded of Cowper. She had in a high degree his simplicity, his discrimination, his love of nature, his warmth of affection, and his humble piety. Not that she was the equal of Cowper, but these are the points of resemblance between them. She was free from any tendency to that distressing malady that embittered so large a portion of Cowper's life, and which sometimes detracted from the manliness and force which would otherwise at times have marked his pages.

In conclusion—we strongly recommend that every young lady possess herself of an *elegant* copy of Miss Taylor's works, (all the books of a young lady should be *elegant*, not gaudy) and make them the subject of careful and oft repeated perusal.*

* An elegant edition of Miss Taylor's works was published by Perkins & Marvin, in 1835.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

TALES.

No one can complain that the labors of *novelists* are not duly appreciated;—provided always, that the names of popular publishers are attached to the title page; but it may not have occurred to readers in general that a really passable novel is more frequently met with than a particularly good tale. By the latter term, we intend to signify those abbreviated fictions which usually make their first appearance in periodicals. "Magazine writing," as Captain Marryatt calls it, presents some difficulties unimaginable to the "successful novelist" who has never attempted this by-path of his profession. As in mechanical contrivances, the smaller ones are often more complicated and more ingenious than those of greater dimensions, a watch, for instance, being a much more difficult piece of manufacture than a clock,—so in the labors of human intellect, those which present the least bulk are sometimes the result of superior talent or severer application.

It cannot be denied that "many men, many women, and many children" can write, and have written, tales; and it may not be disputed that any man, woman, or child who has written a tale, might, in favorable circumstances, produce a novel. The only requisites in such case would be sufficient leisure, paper, pens and ink, and a publisher. And we have no reason to doubt that he or she who has written a good tale, might, if possessed of incidental advantages, (paper, pens, ink, &c.) write a good novel. But, on the other hand, it is most evident that many who have written good novels, cannot, or do not, write good tales. Captain Marryatt, whose strictures upon Magazine Writing, show that he believed himself acquainted with the theory of that business—even the Captain himself has made some signal failures in the practice of the said business. And yet we will not suffer ourselves to be greatly amazed at Captain Marryatt's failures, when we discover that Sir Walter Scott has not succeeded much better in the same pursuit. Divesting ourselves of that partiality

which the very name of Scott is likely to produce in his favor, we shall find that his shorter pieces of this kind are rather dull, and had they been written by some others, we might have thought them decidedly *bad*; certainly inferior to many productions of much less celebrated authors. The same observation will apply to most, if not all of our principal novel makers, and the facts once apparent, let the causes be explained by those who are able to do so. Do those eminent authors think a short tale so much unworthy of their attention as not to be worth doing well? If so, why attempt it at all? We cannot suspect them of such bad policy as to compromise their reputations, or at least to injure them, for reasons which are utterly inconceivable.

The fact, we think, may be accounted for thus:—they who are in the practice of inditing voluminous fictions, acquire a diffuse habit of composition which is totally inconsistent with the excellence of Magazine Writing. In a novel of two or three volumes, the author has room to arrange the various portions of his machinery; he knows not what it is to be cramped for space, and when he does find himself subjected to that inconvenience, it is no wonder if he should make some mistakes or omissions that must mar the beauty of his performance.

But, apart from the consideration of any habit of composition previously acquired, we do not hesitate to say that it is generally *easier* to write a good novel than to write a good tale. In ordinary cases, at least one half of the first volume of a novel is perused before the reader begins to be deeply interested in the story; the author often finds the whole book necessary to make a full delineation of a character; and no less space is requisite to place his dramatic personæ in trying situations and to extricate them afterwards. This shows the importance of sufficient sea-room. And even the *novelist* is sometimes obliged to have recourse to summary measures for the sake of brevity, drowning a boat-load of characters, smothering them in the crater of a volcano, projecting one person from the top of a stair-case, making another commit

suicide, or sinking a third in a quicksand. All these things, we know, are done to save paper; and what enormities must the writer be predestined to commit, who finds himself limited to six or eight pages!

Dryden makes a remark, (in the preface to one of his plays) much to the following purpose:—It is easier to slay off the persons of your story than to bring them into great perils and difficulties, and afterwards to deliver them by a natural and probable contrivance. As an illustration of Dryden's remark, we may say that it is easier for a man to be brought within the dynasty of the state's prison or the gallows, than to be released from either predicament.

Now, the novelist has ample opportunities to make his characters suspicious, to augment the proofs of their villainy, and indeed to bring them to the very verge of the platform or to the court-house, (which may be called the vestibule of the penitentiary;) nay, he may even cause the victim to be executed, cut down, and afterwards resuscitated, and advanced to high dignities and great happiness. But, the writer of a tale in five or six pages, must be very ingenious indeed, if he can accomplish the fiftieth part of these, or any other "thrilling adventures." And even in a mere tale of *love*, (which must have its crosses of course,) it is a stupendous effort to comprize, the glances, ogles, sighs, billet-doux, doubts, jealousies, quarrels, regrets, reconciliations, weddings, (or, as the case may be,) the hangings and drownings; all in a narrative written on four sheets of foolscap. *Ergo*, (for it is time to arrive at that point,) it is a great undertaking to write a tale, and immensely creditable to produce a good one.

AMABILITY—MISTAKES CONCERNING IT.

Doubtless it is one of the most desirable objects with young ladies and gentlemen to appear amiable in the eyes of each other; but it is quite as evident that they often mistake the proper course for the attainment of that object. Let us take, for example, those beaus who labor so assiduously to cultivate huge whiskers, Boz-locks, and mustaches. Could the suffrages of the ladies generally be taken, we incline to think that these fancied improvements would be voted quite objectionable. For, besides the immense waste of bear's grease which results from a taste for these ornaments, they so effectually conceal the countenances of the wearers, that young ladies are sometimes unable to distinguish their own brothers and cousins. Persons who carry their faces behind a mask of this sort cannot be supposed to possess clear consciences, for honesty and fair dealing have no motives for any such concealment. Ladies, it is true, are sometimes fond of lap-dogs, cats and kittens, and these have whiskers;—and it may be that this circumstance caused the introduction of these appendages among the beaus. But a *sheep*, notwithstanding all that has been said about its simplicity, is a superior animal to any of those just mentioned, and a sheep wears no whiskers. And, if a sheep had any choice in the matter, it would probably reject every addition of that kind—which might be produced on its visage, by such means as are employed among some of our own species; namely, the application of bear's grease, &c. In short, we may venture to offer it as a general remark that there is no *really valuable animal* whose face is disfigured by such additions, either natural or artificial. And, if our authority is worth any thing,

such ornaments are by no means attractive to the more judicious portion of female observers.

MR. COOPER.

This gentleman, who was once so popular as a writer of fiction, and who has truly produced some admirable works, has, by certain acts of imprudence, called down on his own head a perfect tempest of declamation. If he has really been guilty of one offence charged against him, viz. speaking slightly of American ladies in general, he deserves some demonstration of public feeling more expressive than the declamations of the press. *Silent contempt* is the only penalty which should be vouchsafed to the man who is capable of such an outrage against justice, patriotism, social duties, and every other obligation which a man and a gentleman should regard as most inviolable.

THE PUBLISHER TO HIS PATRONS.

At the commencement of the Eighteenth Volume of the *Lady's Book*, and also of a New Year, the publisher feels that it is a suitable opportunity to renew his thanks to his patrons, for the liberal and unceasing encouragement they have bestowed on his undertaking. During the nine years which have passed since the *Lady's Book* was first issued, the present publisher has had the work under his immediate control, and he believes, that without any improper self-applause, he may assert that he has always, at the least, fulfilled his engagements to his subscribers. It has been his constant aim to make no promises which he had not ample means to perform, and in this spirit he has endeavoured to exceed rather than fall short of realizing whatever he has held out as inducements to patronage. For the past character of the *Lady's Book* he appeals with confidence to its pages; for its future excellence he pledges his undiminished efforts.

The publisher of the *Lady's Book* desires that the merits of his work may be tested by comparison with any similar periodical. In all its mechanical departments he has ever been careful, by the most liberal expenditures, to accomplish the best results, and if he may rely upon the unanimous approbation of the contemporary press, he knows he has been successful. In its literary departments the same policy has been adopted, and in the spirit, variety and merit of the contributions which have graced its pages he believes that it has never been surpassed. Under the able conduct of the distinguished Ladies whose names are associated in its management, with such assistance as he has himself bestowed, the work has acquired a reputation which is not less gratifying than its wide-extended circulation. With the same and other aid for the future, its claims upon public favour will not be lessened, and in his own continued zeal, and his entire devotedness to the work, its subscribers may expect new reasons for their support of it.

With much gratitude for past favours, and an unabated determination to deserve them in the future, the publisher respectfully tends to his numerous friends the compliments of the season, wishing them all the enjoyments which health, uninterrupted prosperity, and undisturbed consciences can bestow.

L. A. GODEY.

Philadelphia, January 1, 1839.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Ball Dresses.—Dress of white *pou de soie*, *broche* in colored silks, the pattern one of the richest and most elegant we have ever seen. The corsage is plain and pointed back and front; the sleeves are very short, and in two small puffs, which sit nearly flat; a frill of blonde falls over the top one, and a second frill is between the puffs (see plate); a double fall of deep blonde goes round the bosom of the dress; the blonde is deep in the shoulders and at the back, but diminishes gradually in depth towards the centre of the front. The skirt appears as if open at the right side; three bouquets of full blown roses, retained by bows of wide white ribbon, being

placed at distances along the skirt. Hair much off the face, and falling low at the sides in full tufts of ringlets; a large bunch of full blown roses is placed amidst the curls at the left side. White satin shoes, white kid gloves, with *ruches* of white ribbon at top, and finished by bows; pearl necklace.

The dress of the sitting figure is nearly similar; it is composed of white *crêpe* or tulle over satin. The back of the coiffure can be distinctly seen; it consists of two *rouleaux a la duchesse*. The *barbes* or lappets (see plate,) are attached by a rosette of blonde at the left side, and a small branch of roses springs from between the two *rouleaux*.

THE

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

FEBRUARY, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SHAKER GIRL.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

It was on a Sunday morning, when Roland Gray entered the village of ———. Though his mind was intent on the object of his journey, he could not but admire the singular neatness and uniformity of the houses, the velvet smoothness of the grass on the way-side, and the even surface of the street, from which every pebble seemed to have been removed. An air of perfect tranquillity reigned over the whole—not a being was seen moving abroad, not a human face beaming through the windows; yet far as the eye could reach, it roamed over a vast, cultivated plain, covered with all the animated hues of vegetation, giving evidence that the spirit of life was there, or had been recently active. "Surely," thought Roland, "I have entered one of those cities, described in the Arabian Nights, where some magician has suddenly converted the inhabitants into stone. I will dismount and explore some of these buildings—perchance I shall find some man, who is only half marble, who can explain this enchantment of silence." He had scarcely dismounted and fastened his horse to a part of the snow-white railing, which guarded every avenue to the dwellings, when he saw a most singular figure emerging from one, and approaching the spot where he stood. It was a boy of about twelve years old, clad in the ancient costume of our forefathers—with large breeches fastened at the knees, with square shining buckles—a coat, whose skirts were of surprising breadth, and a low-crowned hat, whose enormous brim shaded his round and ruddy visage. Roland could not forbear smiling at this extraordinary figure, but habitual politeness checked his mirth. He inquired the name of the village, and found to his surprise he was in the midst of one of those Shaker establishments, of whose existence, and of whose singular doctrines, he was well aware, but which, his own home being remote, he had never had

an opportunity of witnessing. Delighted with the circumstance, for the love of novelty and excitement was predominant in his character, he determined to avail himself of it, to its fullest extent. An old man, dressed in the same obsolete fashion, came up the path and accosted him:

"Are you a traveller," said he, "and seeking refreshments? If so, I am sorry you have chosen this day, but nevertheless we never refuse to perform the rites of hospitality."

Roland confessed he had no claims upon their hospitality, having partaken of a hearty breakfast two hours before in a town not far distant, and he wondered within himself why they had not mentioned the vicinity of this interesting establishment; forgetting that to those who live within the reach of any object of curiosity, it loses its interest. It is said there are some, who live, where the echo of Niagara's eternal thunders are ringing in their ears, who have never gazed upon its foam. "If you come to witness our manner of worship, young man," said the elder, "and come in a sober, godly spirit, I give you welcome. The world's people often visit us, some, I am sorry to say, to scoff and to jest; but you have an honest, comely countenance, and I trust are led by better motives."

Roland was no hypocrite, but the good Shaker opened for him so fair a door of excuse for his intrusion, he was unwilling to deny that he was moved by a laudable desire to behold their peculiar form of worship. Pleased by the sunny openness of his countenance, the Elder led the way to the house set apart for the service of the Most High, exhorting him at the same time to renounce the pomps and vanities of the world, and unite with them in that *oneness* of spirit, which distinguished their society from the children of mankind. No lofty spire marked out the temple of the Lord, nor did its form differ

from that of a common dwelling place. They entered a spacious hall, the floor of which presented such a dazzling expanse of white, the foot of the traveller hesitated before pressing its polished surface. The walls were of the same shining whiteness, chilling the eye by their cold uniformity—and benches arranged with the most exact precision, on each side of the building marked the boundaries of either sex. Roland seated himself at some distance from the prescribed limits, and waited with proper solemnity the entrance of the worshippers. He observed that the men invariably entered at one door, the women at another, and that they had as little intercourse as if they belonged to different worlds. The men were all clothed in the ancient costume we have just described, and the women were dressed in garments as peculiar and unbecoming. A skirt of the purest white, short gown of the same texture, a 'kerchief folded in stiff unbending plaits, a mob cap of linen fastened close around the face, from which every tress of hair was combed carefully back, constituted their chill and ghost-like attire. As one by one these pallid figures glided in, and took their appointed seat, Roland felt as if he were gazing on the phantasmagoria of a dream, so pale and unearthly did they seem. The countenances of the males were generally suffused with a ruddy glow, but cold and colourless as marble were the cheeks of that sex, he had been wont to see adorned with the roses of beauty and health. They arose and arranged themselves in a triangular form, while several of the aged stood in the centre, commencing the worship by a hymn of praise. Their voices were harsh and broken, but the devotion of their manner sanctified the strains, and Roland felt not, as he feared he should, a disposition for mirth. But when they gradually formed into a procession, marching two and two in a regular line, all joining in the wild and dissonant notes, then warming as they continued, changing the solemn march into the liveliest dance, clapping their hands simultaneously and shouting till the cold white walls resounded with the strange hosannas; all the while, those hueless, passionless faces gleaming by him, so still and ghastly mid their shroud-like garments, his brain began to reel, and he almost imagined himself attending the orgies of the dead, of resuscitated bodies, with the motions of life, but without the living soul. Still, over the whole group there was a pervading solemnity and devotion, an apparent abandonment of the whole world—an anticipation of the loneliness and lifelessness of the tomb, that redeemed it from ridicule and inspired emotions kindred to awe. This awe, however, soon melted away in pity at such delusion, and this sensation became at length converted into admiration for an object, at first unnoticed in the general uniformity of the scene, but which grew upon his eye, like the outline of the landscape through the morning mist. There was one young girl moving in this throng of worshippers, whose superior bearing could not long elude the stranger's scrutiny. Her age might be fourteen or fifteen, perhaps younger; it was difficult to decide

through the muffling folds of a dress which levelled every distinction of form and comeliness. As she passed and repassed him, in the evolutions of their dance, he caught occasional glimpses of a face, which though pale, betrayed the fitting colour through the transparent skin; and once or twice the soft, thoughtful grey eyes, were turned towards him, with a wistful and earnest expression, as if claiming sympathy and kindness from some congenial being. Fixing his gaze upon the spot, where he first beheld her, he watched her returning figure with an intensity that at last became visible to the object of it, for the pale rose of her cheek grew deeper and deeper, and her beautiful grey eyes were bent upon the floor. Roland leaned from the window near which he was seated, to see if it was actually the same world he had inhabited that morning, so strangely were his senses affected by the shrill music, growing louder and louder, the shuffling, gliding motions, increasing in velocity, and this sweet apparition so unexpectedly mingling in such an incongruous scene. The breath of summer redolent with a thousand perfumes stole over his brow—the blue sky was arching over his head, never had creation seemed more lovely or glowing, yet the worshippers within, deemed they were offering an acceptable sacrifice on the altar of God, the sacrifice of those social affections, which find such beautiful emblems in the works of nature. Roland became so lost in these reflections, he hardly noticed the closing of the exercise, or heard the monotonous tones of one of the elders, who was exhorting in the peculiar dialect of his sect. When the services were concluded, he left the hall, still watching the motions of the grey-eyed damsel, in the bold resolution of accosting her, and discovering if she were a willing devotee. As she walked along with a light step, in spite of her clumsy, high-heeled shoes, by the side of an ancient dame, Roland unconscious of the extreme audacity of the act, and hardly knowing himself in what manner to address her, crossed her path, and was in the very act of apologizing for the intrusion, when his arm was seized with a sturdy grasp, and he saw the old Shaker who had introduced him into the assembly, standing by his side. "Young man," said he, in a stern voice—"do you come here, a wolf in sheep's clothing, in the very midst of the flock? what is your business with this child, whom our rules forbid you to address?" Roland felt at first very indignant, but a moment's reflection convinced him he had erred, and transgressed their rigid rules. He felt too that he had placed himself in rather a ridiculous situation, and he stood before the rebuking elder with a blush of ingenuous shame, that completely disarmed his wrath. "You are young, very young," said the old man—"and I forgive you—you have been brought up in the midst of the vanities of the world and I pity you; yet my heart cleaves to you, young man, and when you become weary of those vanities, as you shortly will, come to us, and you will find that peace which the world can neither give nor take away."

He shook hands with Roland after he had

spoken, who acknowledged his offence, thanked him for his counsel and kindness, and mounting his horse left him with a sentiment of unfeigned respect; so true it is, that sincerity of faith, gives dignity to the professor of many a creed revolting to human reason. Roland looked back upon the beautiful village, and wondered at what he had just witnessed. He felt a strong disposition to linger, that he might discover something more of the peculiarities of this singular and isolated people. Had he known their incorruptible honesty, their unwearied industry, their trusting hospitality, their kindness and charity—had he seen the pale sisterhood extending their cherishing cares to the children of orphanage and want, he would have been convinced that warm streams of living tenderness were flowing beneath the cold forms of their austere religion.

Roland Gray was very young, and had seen but little of the world. He had led the secluded life of a student, and but lately freed from collegiate restraints, he had been trying his wings, preparatory to a bolder flight across the Atlantic. He was now on the way to his sister, who, with himself, was placed under the guardianship of the excellent Mr. Worthington, for they were orphans, left with an independent fortune, but singularly destitute of kindred, being the last of their race. An invalid gentleman, one of his father's early friends, was about to travel in foreign climes to try the benefit of a milder atmosphere, and he urged Roland to be his companion. Such a proposal was accepted with gratitude, and Roland, with buoyant spirits, returned to his sister, to bid her farewell, before launching on the "deep blue sea." Lucy Grey was older than her brother, and from childhood had exercised over him the influence, with which a few additional years, joined to a strength of mind far beyond her years, invested her. He was the object no less of her love than her pride. She looked upon him as the last representative of a family, honoured among the most honorable, and destined to transmit to posterity his ancestral name, with unblemished and still more exalted lustre. She resolved he should ennoble himself by marriage, and would have scorned, as degrading, the thought that love might make the youth a rebel to her will. She believed the affections entirely under the control of the reason, and looked upon the passions as vassals to be dragged to its chariot wheels. Lucy was not loved by her friends, but she was respected and esteemed for the firmness of her principles, and the strength of her mind. But Roland loved as much as he revered her. His heart was a fountain of warm and generous affections, and it flowed out towards her, his only sister, in the fulness of a current, that found no other legitimate channel. Accustomed to yield his rash and ardent impulses to the direction of her cooler judgment, he looked up to her as the mentor of his follies, rather than as the companion of his youthful amusements, and now after an absence of several months, partly from pleasure and partly from business, he looked forward to meeting her with something of the

feelings of a son, blended with the affection of a brother. His arrival at Mr. Worthington's was hailed with a burst of joy, for Roland had a face of sunshine and a voice of melody, that shed light and music wherever he went. In relating his adventures, he failed not to give due interest to his interview with the Shakers, and laughed over the Quixotism, that exposed him to so stern a rebuke. The pretty little Shakeress did not lose any of her attractions in his romantic description, and he dwelt upon her dove-like eyes, melting beneath the snows of her antiquated cap, her sweet, appealing countenance and spiritual air, till Mr. Worthington's childless heart warmed within him, and Lucy listened with apprehensive pride lest her brother's excited imagination should convert this obscure unknown, into a heroine of romance. It was but a transient alarm, for she knew that the waves of the Atlantic would soon roll between them, and Roland, surrounded by all the glorious associations of an elder world, would cast aside every light and ignoble fancy, and fit himself for the high station in society, she felt he was born to fill. * * * *

After an absence of four years Roland Gray appeared once more in the family circle of Mr. Worthington. His hair had assumed a darker shade, and his cheek a darker glow, but the same sunshiny spirit lighted up his brow and animated his lips; it was Roland Gray still, only the bloom of boyhood was lost in the sunniness of manhood. Lucy's handsome, but severe countenance was so irradiated with joy, it was almost dazzling from the effect of contrast; and as she sat by his side, and gazed in his face, she felt that all her affections and her hopes were so completely centred in him, they could be separated only with the breaking of her heart. Happy as Roland was in being reunited to his sister, his attention was not so engrossed as to forget the kindly greetings due to the other members of Mr. Worthington's household.

"I have an adopted daughter to introduce you to," said Mr. Worthington, drawing forward a young girl who, on the entrance of Roland had retreated behind a stand of geraniums, and busied herself in picking off the faded leaves. Roland had become too familiar with beauty in foreign climes, to be surprised into admiration of a face however fair, but there was a sweetness, a modesty and simplicity diffused over the young face before him, that interested his feelings and disarmed his judgment. He could scarcely tell the color of her eyes, for they were downcast, but there was something in the play of her features, that implied she sympathized in the pleasure his coming had excited. "Roland," continued Mr. Worthington, evidently delighted with the reception he had given his favorite, "this is my daughter Grace, whom Providence has kindly given to cheer a widowed and childless heart. You know I look upon you almost as my son, so you will find in her, I trust, another sister to love." Roland held out his hand with great alacrity to seal this new compact, but the pretty Grace drew back with an embarrassment he was unwilling

to increase, seeing it was entirely unaffected; and there was something in Lucy's glance that told him she resented the idea of such a partnership in his affections. He could not but marvel where good old Mr. Worthington had found such a fairy gift, but believing the mystery would be explained in due time, he promised himself no slight gratification in studying a character, concealed under such a veil of bashfulness and reserve. The twilight hour found the brother and sister walking together towards their accustomed seat under the sycamore boughs, the scene of many of Lucy's former counsels, and Roland's high resolves. She wanted to be alone with him—to guard him against a thousand dangers and snares, visible only to her proud and jealous eye. "Oh! Roland," said she, taking his hand and looking earnestly in his face—"do you return unchanged?—may I still, as wont, presume to counsel, to direct, and to sustain?" "Unchanged in every thing as regards my affection for you, my dear sister," replied he—"be still my mentor and my guide, for I fear with all the worldly wisdom I have acquired, I am often the same impulsive being you have so long tried in vain to bring under the square and compass of reason and right. Now, I feel at this moment an irresistible impulse to know who is this pretty God-send of Mr. Worthington's; did she drop down from the skies, or did she come on the wings of the wind?"

"I am glad you have opened the subject, Roland, for I brought you here to warn you of that girl's influence—do not laugh, for knowing you so well, I feel bound to prevent any imposition on your open, generous nature. I do not know who she is, probably some poor child of shame and desertion, whom Mr. Worthington discovered and educated, for it is but a year since he brought her from school, and introduced her as his adopted daughter. He made a long visit to his relatives, since you left us, and found her, I believe in the family of his brother, in a dependent and perhaps menial situation. Charmed by her beauty and beguiled by her arts, the good man conceived the romantic design of educating her as his own, and now he is felicitating himself with another project, that of securing for this nameless foundling, the heart and the fortune of Roland Gray." Roland had heard too much about gentle blood and honourable parentage, and been too much under the influence of his aristocratic sister, not to shrink from the supposition of such an union, but he protested against the word *arts*, which Lucy had used in reference to Grace, for she looked the most artless of human beings; and he accused her of injustice towards Mr. Worthington, who in his singleness of heart was incapable of making a project of any kind. "You must not think it strange," said Lucy, "that I, a woman, should not be blinded by the beauty of one of my own sex, and I know I am superior to the weakness of any. With an insight into character which has never deceived me, I know that girl to be vain, selfish, and calculating. Mr. Worthington may claim her as his daughter, but he shall never impose her on me,

by the name of *sister*." Those who have witnessed the empire an elder sister of commanding mind and manners is capable of obtaining over a younger brother's judgment, will not be surprised that Roland learned to look upon Grace with distrustful eyes, though he could not believe in the duplicity Lucy ascribed to her character, and he invariably treated her with that consideration due to the situation she held in Mr. Worthington's family. It was impossible, however, to be domesticated with her, to be seated at the same table, parties in the same amusements, near each other in the evening circle, and the moonlight walks, notwithstanding the unsleeping vigilance of Lucy, not to feel the reality of her loveliness, her simplicity and truth. There was something about her that haunted him like a dream, and whenever she turned her eyes towards him, he experienced a sudden thrill of recollection, as if he had seen that fair face before. In the evenings Mr. Worthington often challenged Lucy to a game of chess, for though not a skilful performer, he was extravagantly fond of the game, and Lucy had no rival in the art. She now regretted this accomplishment, as it threw her brother more immediately into companionship with Grace, whose conversation, when unrestrained, was perfectly bewitching, from a mixture of bright intelligence, quick sensibility, and profound ignorance of the vices and customs of the world. It was evident she felt oppressed by Lucy's scrutinizing gaze, for when she was conscious of its withdrawal, her spirits rebounded with an unobtrusive gaiety, that harmonized admirably with the life and vivacity of Roland's disposition. One evening, as Lucy was absorbed in the crisis of the game, Grace was busily plying her needle, making some garments for a poor woman, whose house and wardrobe were completely consumed by fire, the previous night; all the ladies in the neighbourhood were contributing their part towards relieving her wants, and a very pretty little girl, with a basket half-filled with her mother's offerings, was waiting till Grace had put the last stitches into a cap, whose fashion seemed to fix the particular attention of Roland. The child, who was a petted favorite in the family, caught up the cap the moment it was completed, and drawing it over the soft brown locks of Grace, laughingly fastened the linen bands. Roland uttered so sudden an exclamation, it made Lucy start from her seat, upsetting bishop, knight, and royalty itself. The mystery was revealed, the pretty little Shakeress stood before him. The close linen border, under which every lock of hair was concealed, transformed at once the fashionable and elegant young lady into the simple and humble Shaker girl. A scene, which the lapse of years and the crowding events of a transatlantic tour had effaced from his memory, returned vividly to his recollection. He wondered he had not recognized her earlier, but the hue of the soft grey eye was darkened, and its light more warm and shifting, her complexion had a richer colouring, and shadows of bright hair relieved the fairness of a brow where intelligence and sensi-

bility now sat enthroned. Then her figure—now revealed in all the graces of womanhood, was it the same he had seen muffled in the stiff starched skirt and 'kerchief moving on high-heeled shoes with large shining buckles? Grace blushed deeply beneath his riveted gaze, and hastily snatching the cap from her head, folded it with the other garments she had made into the basket, and bade the little girl hasten to her mother. "What is the meaning of all this bustle?" said Lucy, looking at Grace with so much asperity it made her involuntarily draw closer to Mr. Worthington. "It means," said Roland, delighted and excited by the discovery he had made, and forgetting his sister's daily cautions—"it means that I have found my pretty Shakeress at last. Ah! Mr. Worthington, why did not you tell me, that your adopted daughter and my fair unknown were one?" Mr. Worthington laughed, and taking the hand of Grace drew her upon his knee. "Because the world is full of prejudice, and I did not like to expose my girl to its influence. I always wanted to tell *you*, but Grace insisted I should allow you to find it out yourself, for she told me about the bold youth, who almost stared her out of her devotion and her wits. Nay, Grace, I owe him a thousand thanks, for had he not warmed my old heart by a description of your loveliness, I never should have gone so far out of my journey to visit your village, begged you of the good people for my own, nor would I now have such a sweet blossom to shed fragrance over my declining years.

"And how," exclaimed Roland with irresistible curiosity, "how came she amongst them." Before Mr. Worthington could reply, Grace clasped her hands earnestly together, and cried, "I was a stranger, and they took me in; I was an orphan and they clothed me, sheltered and—" Previously much agitated, Grace here entirely lost her self-command, and leaning her head on the shoulder of Mr. Worthington, she wept audibly. Lucy actually trembled and turned pale. She saw that her empire was tottering from its foundation. Accustomed to interpret every change of her brother's countenance, she read with terror the intense expression with which his eyes were fixed on Grace. She was willing he should marry from ambition, but not for love. She had never, for a moment admitted the idea that another should supplant her in his affections—a jealousy far more dark and vindictive than that excited by love, the jealousy of power took possession of her soul, mingled with a bitter hatred towards the innocent cause of these emotions. Through life she had bowed the will of others to her own, and as long as no opposition roused the strength of her passions, she maintained a character of integrity and virtue, that bid defiance to scandal and reproach. She did not know herself, the evil of which she was capable, but now the lion was unchained in her bosom, and oafed and wrestled for its prey. Too politic to attempt checking too suddenly the tide of feeling, yet too angry to hide her own chagrin, she left the room, and meditated in what manner she could

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best arrest the evil she dreaded. She failed not, however, to breathe a warning whisper into her brother's ear as she passed out. Here Mr. Worthington entreated Grace to tell Roland all she knew of herself, assuring her, in his simplicity, that no one next to himself, felt so deep an interest in her, as he did. Roland felt no disposition to contradict this assertion, and joined his own entreaties so earnestly to Mr. Worthington's, Grace hesitated not to relate her simple history. It could be comprised in a few words. She told of her sad and almost desolate childhood, of her dwelling in a little cottage deep in the woods, remote from neighbours or friends; of a dark and cruel man she called father; here Grace's voice grew low and husky—of a pale, sick, and dying, mother, who was found by a good Shaker, on the bed of death, and who committed her orphan child to the care of the kind Samaritan. The man who had deserted her mother, in the extremity of her wants, never appeared to claim his child. She was cherished in the bosom of that benevolent society, where Roland first beheld her, grateful for their kindness, though yearning after freedom and the fellowship of youth, till Mr. Worthington came, and offered her the love and guardianship of a father, if she would occupy a daughter's place in his heart and home. Her father's name was Goldman, which she had willingly resigned for that of Worthington, for the memory she had of him, was like a dark and terrible dream—fearful to remember. The dread that he might appear some day to claim her, often made her shudder in the midst of her happiness, but as so many years had passed away, it was more natural to suppose he had expiated his cruelty with his life.

Had Mr. Worthington conceived the project that Lucy had suggested, and been aware at the same time of Roland's family pride, it is not probable he would have induced her to reveal to him the sad events of her childhood; and had Grace been the artful being described, she would never have told with such straightforward simplicity and deep sensibility of her father's brutality and vices, nor expressed the startling fear, that he might still assert the forfeited rights of nature, and tear her from the arms of her benefactor. Such thoughts as these filled the breast of Roland, as Grace continued her affecting recital, where truth was attested by her blushes and her tears. She unclasped from her neck a golden chain, from which a miniature was suspended, the sole relic of her mother. The chain was beautifully wrought, and indicated that however abject was the condition to which the owner had been reduced, she had once been accustomed to the decorations of wealth. The miniature was that of a gentleman in the prime of life, with a dark, but interesting countenance, and dignified bearing. Grace knew not whether it was her father's picture, for she had but a faint recollection of his features, and the Shaker who discovered it around her mother's neck, after she was speechless in death, could give her no information.

Here was mystery and romance, innocence, beauty, and youth; and Roland felt as if he

would gladly twine them together, and bind them around his heart, as all "he guessed of heaven." But while his imagination was weaving the garland and revelling in its fragrance, the vision of

"A sister's jealous care,
A cruel sister she,"

rose before him, and the wreath faded and the blossoms fell. With a stinging sensation of shame, he admitted the conviction, that he feared his sister. He had long worn her fetters unconsciously, but now, when for the first time they galled and restrained him, his pride and his heart rebelled against the hand that bound him in thralldom. Grace retired that night, with a thousand bright hopes hovering round her pillow. Roland then was her first benefactor. It was he, who had awakened the interest of Mr. Worthington, and directed him to her retreat. He, the handsome and noble looking youth, whose dark piercing eyes had kindled in her such yearnings after the world from which she was excluded, and who for four years had been the morning and evening star on the horizon of her memory. She knew something of this before, but she had never realized it so fully as now; for he had himself confirmed it, by words, which, though simple in themselves, were unutterably eloquent, accompanied by such looks—she blushed even in the darkness, as she caught herself involuntarily repeating, "and have I found my pretty Shakeress at last?" For two or three days, Roland avoided being alone with Lucy, but to his surprise, she did not seem to desire an opportunity to renew her warnings. On the contrary, she was more kind and affectionate towards Grace than she had ever been before, who in the confidingness of innocence, relied on her unwonted testimonies of favour, as the harbingers of her dearest wishes. "Grace," said Lucy—they were alone and secure of interruption, for Mr. Worthington and Roland were both absent on business—"Grace, are you willing to tell me of what you are now thinking?" Grace started—she had fallen into an unconscious reverie, and her work lay idly in her lap; her cheeks glowed painfully, but with that habitual reverence for truth which always distinguished her, she answered, "I was thinking of Roland." Unprepared for such perfect ingenuousness, Lucy hesitated a moment, and conscience upbraided her for the part she was about to act, but again fixing her keen eye on a countenance as transparent as crystal, she continued: "Has Roland ever told you that he loved you?" Grace crimsoned still more deeply from wounded modesty and shame, while she answered in a low voice, "Never!" "Then," said the inquisitor, drawing a relieving breath, "Grace, your task is easy, and I rejoice that he has made it so; you must not think of Roland, you must not love him, for he never can be to you any thing more than he now is." Grace turned deadly pale, but she did not speak, and Lucy went on—"My brother was my father's only son, and is sole heir of a name long conspicuous for its honours. Our parents died

when we were both young; but I, as the elder, became the guardian and guide. To me, on his death bed, my father committed my young brother, charging me with the solemnity of that awful hour, to guard his honour from stain, and his name from degradation. My father was a proud and haughty man, and he has transmitted to his children a portion of his own spirit. Grace, you have told me all the circumstances of your life; you know there is mystery, but you may not know in your extreme simplicity, that there may be disgrace in your birth. The golden chain that wreathes your neck, shows that your mother was not born to poverty. Why then, did she flee from her friends, to bury herself in solitude with the dark and cruel man you called father; and why are you an alien from your kindred? You ought to know these truths, which the mistaken kindness of your friends conceal from you, and I reveal them to you, that you may not encourage hopes that never can be realized; to convince you, you can never be the wife of Roland. For myself, hear me, Grace, to the end—if Roland could forget himself so far as to think of such an union, I would forever disown him as a brother, and load with maledictions the being who had brought such misery on us both." All the strong passions at work in Lucy's bosom, sent their baleful lustre to her eyes, and poor Grace shrunk from their beams as if they were withering her very heart. Brought up in the midst of that gentle and subdued sisterhood, in whose uniform existence the passions seemed cradled into unbroken slumber, she had almost forgotten their existence. The terrible dreams of her childhood were brought back to her. The curses of her father again rung in her ears—the helpless cries of her mother. She clasped her hands despairingly over her eyes—she knew she had been poor and wretched; but benevolence and charity had administered to her wants, and the very remembrance of poverty had faded from her mind; but disgrace—that there was a disgrace attached to her that made it sinful in her to love Roland Gray, that debarred her from an union with the honourable and good—that was the thought that crushed her, that chilled her blood, and turned her cheeks to marble and her lips to ashes. Lucy paused and attempted to soothe the agony she had excited. Cold herself to the softer emotions, she had no faith in the eternity of love. Grace, like a child robbed of its plaything, now wept and refused to be comforted, but she would soon smile animated by some new-born hope. Thus Lucy tried to reason, while she held her chill grasp on the heart of Grace, and bound her still more closely to her will. "Promise me," said she, "that you will not reveal to any one, the conversation of this morning—Mr. Worthington has deceived you, and you would not meanly appeal to the compassion of Roland—promise this, and you shall find in me a friend who will never forsake you in weal or woe. Deny it, and you will create an enemy whose power can make you tremble." Grace, with all her woman's pride rising to her relief, at the idea of appealing to the compassion of Roland,

gave the desired promise and still more—she voluntarily declared she would rather die than think of Roland, after what Lucy had just uttered. Lucy, satisfied with her promise, for she knew her truth, embraced her with commendations which fell heedlessly on poor Grace's paralyzed ears—she withdrew to her chamber, "for her whole head was pained and her whole heart sick;" and when Mr. Worthington and Roland returned, Grace was said to be unable from indisposition, to join the circle, where she was wont to preside an angel of light and joy. The sympathy and sorrow excited by so common an event, reconciled Lucy more than any thing else, to her selfishness and cruelty. But was she happy in the success of her operations? She had planted thorns in the bosom of another—but were there none rankling in her own? Could she, a daughter of this land of republicanism, shelter herself under the cold shadow of family pride, from the reproaches of her own conscience? Ah, no! the heart is its own avenger, and for every drop of sorrow wilfully wrung from the eyes of another, shall be doomed to give only tears of blood.

Roland wondered at the change that had come over Grace, and sought by every means to ascertain the cause, but she seemed wrapped in a cloud of impenetrable reserve. She avoided him, but in so quiet a manner, it appeared to him more the result of sudden indifference or aversion, than unexplained resentment. The sunshine of her smile was gone, and an expression of calm apathy settled on her brow, where the alternations of feeling had lately flitted, like the lights and shadows of a moonlight landscape. Roland sometimes had a painful suspicion of his sister, but she had always been so open in all her actions, so undisguised in her least amiable traits, that notwithstanding all the prejudice she had manifested towards Grace, he believed her incapable of any mean or dark designings. Mr. Worthington was anxious and alarmed. He was sure some incipient and insidious disease was the cause of her pale and dispirited appearance. He was constantly feeling her pulse, and inquiring her symptoms, and insisting upon calling in a physician, till poor Grace, really glad to shelter herself from observation, under the pretext held out, acknowledged herself ill, and passively submitted to a course of medicine, which reduced her soon to a state of real debility and suffering. They applied blisters to her forehead to still its hot throbbings; they drew blood from her veins to reduce her feverish pulse, and Lucy sat by her bedside and administered to her unweariedly, and discussed the nature of her malady, and talked of its different stages; while all the time she knew it was herself who had coldly and deliberately dried up the fountain of hope and joy, and love, which had sent such roses to her cheek and sunbeams to the eye. She sometimes trembled in the darkness of night, at the possibility that Grace might die, under the regimen of this imaginary disease; and then a voice whispered, in hollow murmurs, in her ears, "Thou shalt sleep no more, for thou hast murdered sleep." But in day's broad light, a

witness to Roland's abstraction, anxiety and gloom, she steelled her conscience, in reflecting on the necessity of the act. Let not Grace be condemned, as too weak and yielding, as too blind an instrument in the hands of another. Her education had been peculiar, and her natural disposition was extremely sensitive and timid. The first years of her life had been passed in terror and sorrow—terror for her father's cruelty, and sorrow for her mother's woe. Every thing around her was tumultuous and fearful, and she learned to shudder at the awful manifestations of evil passions, before she knew them by name. Transplanted to a scene, where every thing breathed of peace and silence, where industry, neatness and order were heaven's first laws, where the voice of dissension was unheard, and the storms of passion unfelt, her spirit had been so hushed and subdued, her sensibilities so repressed, and her energies held down, she moved along her daily path a piece of beautiful and exquisite mechanism, but whose most powerful springs had never been touched. It is true she loved the kind and gentle Shakers, but it was with a tranquil feeling of gratitude and trust. The visit of Roland Gray acted as an electrical communication between her and the world to which he belonged. It seemed to her it must be inhabited by angels; and when Mr. Worthington came and induced her benefactor to resign her to his care, she welcomed the change as into the garden of Eden. In the seclusion of a school, her timidity still induced her to shrink within herself; in the companionship of Lucy, she felt awestruck and abashed; but Roland came, and then she realised the paradise of her imagination. Every thing around her was music and beauty and love—flowers sprang up in the waste places, water gushed from the rock, and melody filled the air. To be forbidden to think of him, to be commanded to wrench him from her heart, to be made to think of herself as a low and disgraced being—Grace would have shuddered at the idea of impiety, but when she laid her head on her pillow, willing to be thought sick, rather than wretched, she certainly wished to die. But the strength of youth, though prostrated, rebounded from the pressure. She was not doomed to the *curse of a granted prayer*. The Providence that had so long watched over her destiny, still kept its unseen, but unslumbering vigils. Grace remembered her old friends, the Shakers, and yearned once more for their still and passionless existence. She prayed Mr. Worthington to take her there so earnestly, he did not hesitate to grant her request, believing the journey would invigorate her constitution and change of scene animate her mind. She spoke not of remaining, and the wish was so natural and grateful, it could not excite surprise or censure.

"You see," said Lucy to her brother, the night before Grace's departure, "the influence of early habits. Perhaps all this time Grace has been pining after the Shakers. She has been suffering from a kind of calenture, and when she sees their green plain, and quiet village, she will be happy." "Impossible!" cried

Roland, completely thrown off his guard by Lucy's sudden insinuation. "She is strange and unaccountable, but I never will believe any thing so preposterous. She, that sweet, lovely spiritual creature, to be immured again in their cold walls, and to wish it, and pine after it. By heavens! Lucy, if I could believe such a thing, I would go this moment and prevent the immolation. I will not deceive you; I do not care any longer for pride and empty sounding names, and birth and parentage. It is ridiculous to think of such things in this republican country. Grace is equal to the highest; for she claims her birthright from the Almighty himself, and carries on her brow the signet of heaven." "Stop, Roland, for heaven's sake, and hear me." "I will not stop," continued Roland; a spirit of determination flashing from his eyes, she had never seen in them before, "Shall I sacrifice my happiness to a shadow, a bubble! No! I have hesitated too long; I love Grace; I love her with all my heart and soul, and I will go this moment and tell her so." He laid his hand upon the latch, but Lucy sprang forward like lightning, and seized it in her own—"One moment, Roland, only one moment; I, your only sister, ask it." Roland saw she was very pale, and he felt her hand tremble as it grasped him. She was indeed his only sister, whom he had so much loved, and he felt he had met her prejudices with too much impetuosity; they might yield, perhaps, to softer measures. "What is it you would say, Lucy? you asked for one moment, and I have given you more." "Only promise to wait till her return; that is all I ask; I spoke in jest; you knew she would not remain; Mr. Worthington will never leave her. Promise me this, dear Roland, and I will not oppose my pride to your happiness." Lucy knew that she was uttering a falsehood, for she herself had confirmed Grace in her resolution to remain; but she had begun to weave the tangled web of deceit, and she wound herself deeper and deeper in its folds. All she wanted now was to gain time, and she then felt she should be safe. Roland promised, for delay was not sacrifice, and he was surprised and grateful for Lucy's concession.

"Grace," whispered Lucy, as she embraced and bid her farewell, "you are acting right; you will find peace and happiness in the path you seek. Be assured of my friendship and also my gratitude." Grace was mute, but she gave Lucy a look that might have melted a heart of stone.

"Grace," said Roland, "come back to us soon." He kept his promise to his sister, but his voice trembled, his hand lingered as it pressed hers in parting, and his eyes spoke a language she must have understood, had not her own been blinded with tears. She met a warm reception from the friends of her early days. The kind Susan, who had taken the first charge of her, and acted toward her a mother's part, opened her arms to receive her, and when she saw her faded colour and drooping eyes, she felt as the patriarch did when he took in his weary dove to the ark, for she knew the wanderer brought back no green olive branch of hope and joy. Susan had once known the gai-

ties of the world, and tasted its pleasures, but her heart had been blighted and her hopes betrayed, and finding all was vanity, to use her own expressive language, she had "taken up her cross and followed her Saviour." The seal of silence was placed on the history of her heart, and Grace dreamed not that one of that tranquil tribe had ever known the tumult of human passions. By some mysterious communion however, between soul and soul, Grace felt an assurance of Susan's sympathy, and clung to her with increased affection. It was long before Mr. Worthington would consent to leave her behind. "Only a few months," pleaded she, "and then I shall be well and strong again; all I need is quiet." "The child is right," added Susan; "she is weary of the world and wants rest. She shall dwell in my tabernacle, and share my pillow, and I will nourish and cherish her as my own flesh and blood. She will not be compelled to join our worship, or follow our rites, for we now look upon her as our guest, our daughter in love, but not our sister in the spirit of the Lord." Satisfied with this promise, Mr. Worthington blessed Grace, embraced her, and left her, bidding her be ready to return when the first leaf of autumn fell. She did not sit down and brood over the blighted hopes of her youth. She interested herself in all their neat and regular occupations, assisted them in gathering the leaves of the medicinal plants, in spreading them on pieces of pure white linen, to dry; in collecting the garden seeds and shelling them out of their shrunken capsules, with as much readiness and grace, as if she had never learned to touch the keys of the piano, or to school her steps by the dancing-master's rule. Dressed in the plainest robes the fashions of the world allow, so as not to offend the austerity of their taste, with no other ornament than her shining hair, simply parted on her brow, she looked the incarnation of sweetness and humility; and Susan, seeing her dawning colour, believed she had found peace. "Thus will I live," thought Grace, "till Roland marries, and then if my adopted father claims me, I will try to find happiness in administering to his."

One evening, just as the sun had set, she returned from the garden, her white apron gathered up before her, full of damask rose leaves, while exercise and a bending position had given her cheeks a hue, warm as the twilight's glow, and calling eagerly to Susan, to present her offering for distillation, she crossed the threshold and stood before—Roland Gray. Electrified at the sight, she let go her apron and the leaves fell in a rosy shower around her.—"Grace, dear Grace," exclaimed Roland, and both hands were clasped in his own. Now she had been called dear Grace, and sweet Grace, and pretty Grace, a thousand times in her life, but never in such a tone, and with such eyes looking down into her heart. It is easy to imagine why Roland came, and how eloquently he proved to Grace that he loved her better than all the world beside, and that he could not, and would not live without her. For a moment a flood of rapture, deep and overwhelming,

flowed in upon her heart from the conviction that she was thus believed, the next, a cold and freezing thought shot through it and turned the current to ice. Lucy—her threatened curse, her withering enmity, her own promise of never thinking of Roland, and of never revealing what had passed between Lucy and herself—all was remembered, and suddenly withdrawing her hand from his, she turned away and wept, without the power of self-control.

Roland was amazed—she had met his avowal with such a radiant blush and smile—such love and joy had just lighted up her modest eye, and now he witnessed every demonstration of the most passionate grief. "Oh, no!" she cried, "it never can be—I had forgotten it all; but I must not listen to you—oh, no!" and she repeated the interjection in such a plaintive accent, Roland was convinced there was no deception in her woe. In vain he entreated her for an explanation. She could not give any consistent with her promise to Lucy; she could only declare her unworthiness, her poor and perhaps disgraceful origin; and this only called forth a more impassioned assurance of his disinterested love, and his disdain of such scruples. He endeavoured to soothe and caress, till Grace felt her resolution and her truth fast yielding before his influence. If she could see Lucy, and be released from her rash promise, all might yet be well. Perhaps Lucy herself, finding her brother's pride had yielded to his love, would sanction the union. This idea once admitted, changed despair into hope. "Wait," said she, "till I return, and then, if the obstacle I fear, no longer exists,"—she paused a moment, and her truth-telling lips constrained her to utter—"I shall be the happiest of human beings." Roland, now believing the obstacle to be Lucy, resolved she should not stand any longer in the way of their happiness, pressed for no farther explanation. He had departed unknown to her, for he dreaded her violence. When Mr. Worthington returned alone, he dreaded Grace might sacrifice herself as Lucy insinuated, and determined to bear her away ere it was too late. Grace poured into Susan's calm, but sympathising ear, the story of her love and the obstacles that opposed it. Her single heart was too narrow to contain the fullness of her emotions. Susan applauded her integrity, but trembled at her idolatry. She reminded her of the mutability and uncertainty of all earthly things and strengthened her in the resolution, never to accept the vows of Roland, with the threatened vengeance of Lucy hanging over her love. "Oh, she will relent," cried Grace; "Roland's sister cannot be such a monster." Had the chastened Susan witnessed her parting with Roland, she would have read a still more solemn lesson on the sinfulness of earthly affections; but she only saw the consequent sorrow, which she was too gentle to reprove.

The leaves of autumn soon fell, and then every thing was changed in the destiny of Grace. Mr. Worthington claimed his child, and when Susan resigned her, her last words bid her pray for strength to keep her virtuous resolution.

It would be difficult to describe the passions that struggled for mastery in Lucy's breast, when she learned from her brother the part he had acted. Incapable of concealing them at first, and believing she had lost the affection of Roland, she no longer disguised the bitterness of her heart. She hated Grace still more, since she was conscious she had injured her, and when she, appealing in behalf of Roland's happiness as well as her own, entreated her to free her from her promise, she turned a deaf ear to the prayer, and claimed the fulfilment of her word, renewing the same fearful penalty—"Unless," she added, with a scornful smile, "you can prove your family equal to ours, and that your alliance will bring no disgrace."

Strange paradox of the human heart! Had Lucy taken scorpions into her bosom, she could not have suffered keener pangs than the consciousness of Roland's alienated affection caused her, yet she refused to bend her stubborn pride, and wrapped herself up in the sullenness of self-will, feeling a kind of stern joy that she had made others as wretched as herself. * * * * *

Grace was standing in a lighted saloon, leaning on the arm of Mr. Worthington, and an unwilling partaker of the gay scene. A tall and majestic looking man passed the spot where she stood, whose appearance excited her interest and curiosity, for he was evidently a stranger in the throng of fashion and wealth, then gathered together. The suns of warmer climes had darkened his face and added gloom to features of a fine and noble expression. As Grace lifted her mild grey eyes, his somewhat stern countenance relaxed, and turning round he gazed earnestly in her face. Abashed by his scrutiny, she moved into another part of the room, still the tall stranger followed, with his melancholy eyes, pursuing her figure. Roland, never far from the object of his apparently hopeless devotion, now jealous and irritated, drew to her side.—"Oh, Roland," said she, suddenly agitated by a new emotion, "there is something in that stranger's face, resembling this"—and she drew from her bosom the miniature suspended from the golden chain. There was indeed a resemblance, only the face of the picture was younger, and the sable locks unbleached. The stranger observed the motions of Grace, and pressed forward, while the miniature was still open in her hand. "Pardon me, Madam," said he, earnestly—"I must be pardoned—but allow me to look at that picture." Grace with trembling fingers unloosed the chain, and gave it into the stranger's hand. "It was once my mother's," said she, in a faltering voice—"and her name was Grace Gold-man."—"Was"—said the stranger—"and yet how could it be otherwise!—she was my sister—my only sister—and you"—he became too much agitated to finish the sentence, and entirely forgetting the throng that surrounded them, he clasped Grace to his bosom, as the living representative of his lost and lamented sister. "Yes! in Mr. Maitland, the rich merchant, just returned from the East Indies, Grace had found an uncle, which proved her lineage

to be such, that even the proud Lucy must acknowledge to be equal to her own. His sister, the mother of Grace, had eloped, when very young, with a handsome but profligate man, and being cast off by her parents, she was soon doomed to eat the bread of poverty, in consequence of her husband's excesses. Her brother, as soon as he learned her situation, offered to support her through life, declaring his intention never to marry, if she would leave her unprincipled husband. But she, in the strength of that passion which hopes all, believes all, and endures all, refused to leave the man she still loved, and whom she still trusted she might reclaim. Her brother finding her wedded to her fate, left her with a purse of gold and his own miniature as a parting pledge of love, and departed for a foreign land. Forced to fly from the clamours of his creditors, Goldman carried his wife from place to place, till she was far out of the reach of former friends, when plunging deeper and deeper in the gulf of inebriation, he left her to die as we have described, of a broken heart. For himself, he died a drunkard's death by the way-side, and was buried by the same humane society that protected his orphan child. This circumstance had been concealed from Grace, nor did she learn it, till her subsequent visit to the Shaker village. Mr. Maitland, who had dwelt long in other lands, accumulating wealth, which his generous heart longed to share with the friends of his early youth, returned to mourn over the graves of his parents, and to seek in vain, intelligence of his lost sister; till he saw in the crowd, the lovely form of Grace, such as her ill-fated mother was, in the days of her beauty and youth. Lucy could with sincerity offer her congratulations and welcome as a sister the niece of Mr. Maitland, though she had scorned the alliance of the humble Shaker girl. But she felt she was degraded

in her eyes, and this was a punishment to her proud spirit, keener than the task master's lash. Mr. Maitland's gratitude to Mr. Worthington was boundless, as it was warm; but he longed to see the kind Samaritans, who had soothed his sister's dying hours and guarded her orphan child. It was a happy day for Grace, when as the bride of Roland, she accompanied her husband and her uncle to the home of her early youth. She introduced with pride the noble-looking stranger to all her true and single-hearted friends. "But here," said she, throwing her arms round Susan, "here is my mother and my mother's friend." Mr. Maitland would gladly have lavished wealth upon them, in remuneration for their cares, but they steadfastly refused his gifts, asserting they had only done their duty, and merited no reward. "Do unto others, as we have done towards yours," replied these followers of our Saviour's golden rule. "When you hear us reviled by the world, and our worship scorned, and our rites ridiculed, defend us if you can; and if one of the disciples of our creed should be in need of succor, be unto him as a brother, and we ask no more." "Dear Susan," said Grace, when the parting hour arrived, as she lingered behind to bid her farewell, "am I not the happiest of human beings?" "I bless God that you *are* happy, my child," answered Susan, laying her hand solemnly on her head—"and long, long may you remain so; but forget not, days of darkness may come, that the bridal garments may be changed for sackcloth, and ashes be scattered over the garlands of love. Remember then, O Grace, there is a refuge from the woes and vanities of the world, where the spirit may wait in peace for its everlasting home." Grace wept, but she smiled through her tears, and seated once more at Roland's side, she felt as if darkness and sorrow could never be *her* portion.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DESTRUCTION OF BABYLON.—ISAIAH xxi.

As the whirlwinds that 'tend on the deadly simoom
Are the sounds of the spoiler that ring on my ear,
O'er the queen of Chaldea hangs a dark veil of gloom,
A mantle to shroud her when stretched on her bier.

From the desert it comes—from a terrible land—
The armies of Elam in bristling array,
With the proud hosts of Media approach hand in hand—
Weep Babylon—weep—to the end of thy day.

No more shalt thou raise thy proud standard on high—
No more shall the nations bow down at thy shrine—
The close of thy day dream is fast drawing nigh,
And thy glories shall fade in a rapid decline.

Too long hast thou trod on the rest of the world,
And hoped that thy might would continue the same,
Yet proud queen from thy grandeur thou soon shalt be hurled,
As—high in thy splendour—so—low in thy shame.

The Persian draws on with his spear and his bow,
And the steeds of the Median fret for the fight—
The morning shall view the approach of the foe,
But the city's his spoil at the lone hours of night.

Look down from thy seat in the heavens, oh, moon!
And ye stars turn away your bright eyes from the scene—
From the powers of the earth a proud kingdom is gone,
From the high throne of glory is cast down a queen.

JEREMY JERMAYN.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A DAY IN THE ÆGEAN.

At sunrise this morning all hands were roused from their slumbers by the thrilling cry from the look-out on the fore-topsail yard of Land—O!

Who that has lived for many days upon salt junk, duff puddings, and bilge water, with occasionally a little lime juice mixed with the latter to kill the small creation going on beneath its surface, has not felt his heart leap within him, and at the signal, has not with a cry of exultation, hastened from his sluggard's pillow to gaze upon the shadowy shore that stretched out either like a blue line before him, or that rose from the ocean in blue and snowy mountain peaks which the rays of morning tipped with gold.

Upon reaching the deck, Cape Matapan, the most southern part of the Morea, or Ancient Peloponessus was in sight, and high up in the mid heaven peered a mountain half-way clothed with snow. What sensations were awakened by this slight view of the land where once flourished sages and philosophers, patriots and heroes, gods and goddesses, dragons and satyrs; the same tall mountains stood before me that met the gaze of Ulysses and of the Argonauts, and perhaps old Jason himself took his departure from or corrected his reckoning by an observation of its rugged peak. This was fairy land, and cold and barren as appeared its shores amid the grey of morning, all hands were looking out for temples and columns.

All night I had dreamed of aqueducts, beneath whose mighty arches the cymbals of the Goths and the Vandals clashed to the grand march of the Rodericks, and now with what delight did I hail the rising shores of Greece.

Here too the apostle of Christ, when the winds blew heavily upon his bark, after sailing "under Crete," turned his weary eye and gathered some glimpse of hope from the shepherd's lights that twinkled from the misty hills. So intense were we all in gazing upon the shore that we came very near sailing over a fleet of Genoese Carracks bound to Venice. What a thought—how wonderful—a land that was not known until the Genoese pilot dared to discover it against the supposed laws of Nature, now holding within its bosom a nation less than a century old, as formidable, if not the most so of any in the world, whose single frigate could destroy the fleets of the Venetian Republic, were they as numerous as when she was mistress of the sea!—Had we have met in war, in vain would the bard have exclaimed:

"Oh for an hour with blind old Dandolo."

A strong Levanter now set in, and it was with difficulty that we weathered Cerego, where the English flag was seen floating gaily over the rocky cliffs.

In tacking we saw the blue shores of Crete and Mount Ida's glistening peak towering in majesty above—

'Tis beautiful at close of day
To see the sun 'mid Grecian Isles,
Descend, and with his parting ray
Light up the gorgeous marble pikes,
Which tower as in the days of yore,
On mainland steep and island shore.
Oh have I viewed from purple peaks
The matchless glories of that hour,
When hues unmatched by beauty's cheeks
Bathed sea and sky and hill and tower;
And made the distant isle of brown,
A place where gods might well come down.

Towards evening we passed the Isle, and as we swept slowly along by Cytherea, we stood in too near the coast, and found ourselves at the close of day upon a lee shore—the wind was light, but still our situation was precarious. We were sailing between two half spent thunder storms, with a clear sky ahead—and as my eye fell upon the grand outline of the Morea lit up by a most gorgeous sunset, I could not help whispering those lines which Byron loved so well:

"Slow sinks, more lonely ere its race be run,
Along Morca's hills, the setting sun."

After a vain attempt to sail over a reef, we found that the only way to get out was by the way we came in, and accordingly all hands were called to duty.

Thirteen times we tacked ship in one hour, and the ripple of the man-of-war as she parted the waves where Venus rose to light seemed almost sacriligious.

I looked over the side of the ship, but not one of the poor relations of the immortal goddess could I see sporting her white limbs in the chrysal water, so I even turned to the yellow bluff that rose to a great height alarmingly near us, upon which a pirate's light was burning, to allure us to destruction. This island is fit for any thing rather than the retreat of a goddess, and one of our ship's boys sang out—"Zounds, Jack, isn't that pudding point bluff in Boston harbor?"—The coast resembles that of the straits, both on the Andalusian and African side, seeming bleak and grand and desolate, save when the snow gleamed in the moon-beams, or the watch light danced over the waters from the iron bound coast.

After many ineffectual struggles we got clear of the island, and bidding her goddessship good night, spread out our white wings for Athens, at the rate of six knots per hour.

During the night we past Hydra and Egina, and at sunrise we came in sight of Cape Colonna, where the white pillars of Minerva's Temple gleamed upon the sleeping waters.

In a few hours more, leaving the Bay of Salamis on the left, and the Tomb of Themistocles on the right hand, we swept between the pillars of the gate where the Lions of Saint Marks once rested in their majesty, and anchored in the Pircans.

Long we endeavored to discover the inland city, but at last one of the men cried out "Look there!"—I did so, and at the distance of four miles in the interior, the Acropolis, with its temples towered before me, and Athens slumbered amid her ruins at its feet.

J. E. D.

For the Lady's Book.

HYGIENE.—No. IX.

In infancy and childhood, a careful attention to the diet, is of the highest consideration; for faults in regard to it at this period especially, must produce the most baleful influence, either creating morbid predispositions in the system, or strengthening and exciting such as already exist. The nourishment should be in sufficiency to answer the demands of the economy, but never in excess. If the diet is defective in early life, the organs will not be duly developed, and the body will be feeble, and continue puerile in many of its characteristics—a state intimately associated with a consumptive predisposition. And on the other hand, if it is superabundant and exciting, a plethoric and inflammatory state of the system will be induced, highly incompatible with the equable and healthful play of the different functions, and tending indirectly to waste the energies of life. How often is it, that fat, plethoric, meat-eating children, their faces looking as though the blood was just ready to ooze out, are with the greatest complacency exhibited by their parents as patterns of health! But let it ever be remembered, that that condition of the system, popularly called rude or full health, and the result of high feeding, is too often closely bordering on a state of disease.—*Sweester.*

Nature, the safest of guides, has plainly indicated the diet she has designed for early infancy; and mothers will do a positive wrong to their offspring, by neglecting her dictates. The child, during its early existence, should derive its nourishment exclusively from human milk, and from that of the mother, unless circumstances forbid; when an amiable, temperate, healthy young nurse should be employed. I specify such qualities, because it is well established, that turbulent and evil passions, bad diet, stimulating drinks, and depraved health from any cause, necessarily vitiate the secretions, and among others, that of the milk, rendering it more or less deleterious to the tender being it is designed to nourish. Medicines, introduced into the system of the nurse, act speedily on the infant; and in truth, few secretions are more affected by incidental circumstances than that of the milk. It therefore behooves every nursing mother, who regards the well being of her offspring, and especially if her constitution is feeble and delicate, to pay particular attention to all those circumstances of diet and regimen which tend to insure moral and physical health.—*Idem.*

A cold is generally produced by the individual going from the external cold air into the warm air of a heated room. When a person, in cold weather, goes into the open air, every time he draws in his breath, the cold air passes through his nostrils and windpipe into the lungs, and consequently, diminishes the heat of these parts. As long as the person continues in the cold air, he feels no bad effects from it; but as soon as he returns home, he approaches the fire to warm himself, and very often takes some warm and comfortable drink to keep out

the cold, as it is said. Now this is the very way to fix a cold in the head and chest, because of the sudden transition effected in the temperature of the parts by the incautious use of heat.

The individual who follows this practice soon perceives a glow within his nostrils and breast, as well as over the whole surface of the body, which is succeeded by a disagreeable dryness and huskiness felt in the nostrils and breast. By and by a short dry tickling cough comes on; he feels a shivering, which makes him draw nearer to the fire, but all to no purpose; the more he tries to heat himself the more he becomes chilled.

It should therefore be a rule with every one when they come out of a very cold atmosphere, never to go at first into a room that has a fire in it, or if they cannot avoid that; to keep for a considerable time at the utmost distance from it, and above all, to refrain from taking warm or strong liquors for some time. This rule is founded upon the same principle as the treatment of frost-bitten parts. If they were brought to the fire they would soon mortify; whereas, when they are first rubbed with snow, and brought to their natural heat gradually, no bad consequences follow. Hence, if the following rule were strictly observed, *when the whole body or any part of it, is chilled, bring it to its natural feeling and warmth by degrees*, the frequent colds experienced in winter would, in a great measure, be prevented.—*Anon.*

When you are actually labouring under a cold, don't wrap up in flannel, nor otherwise keep yourself hot, nor drink much hot liquid; for this inevitably makes bad worse. It should be remembered that a cold is a slight fever, and therefore the proper treatment is, to indulge a little in a very moderately warm atmosphere, to live low and on food of a moderate temperature, and to keep the bowels open. Unless the atmosphere be damp, no one with a cold ought to keep within doors the whole of the day.—*Idem.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

On an itinerant Italian Boy, found dead in the snow on the Western Moors of Yorkshire, in 1823.

WRAPT in thy snow-wreath shroud, poor youth!

Far from that soft Italian vale

Where first thy bright eyes saw the light,

Oh! who shall tell thy hapless tale?

Perhaps even last night's sun beheld

Thy mother lingering at her door,

Still living on the latent hope,

Of seeing those bright eyes once more.

If spirits at the mortal hour,

To distant realms like thought can dart,

That thou art gone from this sad world,

How weighs like truth upon her heart.

But thou would'st sooth her fearful dream,

And tell her, tho' thy glowing brow

Is cold—and quench'd thine eye's clear fire—

Thou art a happy spirit now.

London.

F.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO JESSIE, FROM SCOTLAND.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD, LONDON.

Ah! soon again thou'lt gaily tread
Thine own dear land, the fair and free!
The welcome-home will soon be said,
Which I shall envy thee!

Again the breeze and thou wilt meet,
Upon the sunny brae,
Again before thy bounding feet,
The wimpling burn will play:

And thou wilt give the Highland girls,
That bonnie smile of thine,
And gracefully amid thy curls,
The Highland gowans twine!

Ah! such a loving heart thou'lt leave,
'Neath England's glowing sky,
And many a lip will fondly grieve,
To say "Good-bye!" "Good-bye!"

But none within their memory,
That winsome face will shrine,
With warmer interest for thee,
Than I, in mine:

Then, when thine own fair, mountain home,
Thou seek'st, with footsteps free,
Wilt think of one still doomed to roam,
Who envies thee?
London, 1838.

THE TALE OF AN AERONAUT.

AND HIS REFLECTIONS ON THE MORAL CHARACTER OF A BALLOON.

[In a Grave Letter from GILBERT GAS, Esq., to MICO MUNDANUS.]

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

———A boat not rigg'd,
Nor tackle—sail—nor mast.—*Tempest.*

———Say; how came you hither?
Boats.—If I did think, Sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you.—*Ibid.*

A SECRET it must ever remain, my worthy Mike, whether I was among the wise ones who witnessed the ascent of Robertson from Castle Garden during the memorable year of 1825. A disclosure of the fact, in this day of the world, might something affect my future fame; and you know I am as rationally regardless of that matter, as most men are of their health; while, let me tell you, I find increasing reason every day, to keep a sound reputation in regard to the patronizing of sights, adventures, and extravaganzas, at a time when society has grown too wise or too grand to hanker after wonders, and treats as a visionary that mightier creature than Newton, who looks down instead of up, and swears reverently the earth is hollow, and has houses and humanity at its centre.

A word of this man, and then to lighter matters.

The extent of his heresy was a harmless kind of philosophy—which taught, or rather protested, that there was a central power—a sort of *imperium in imperio*—in plain English, a world of living creatures like ourselves, inhabiting the interior of this singular globe. For my own part, I considered the hypothesis of the ingenious gentleman, as entitled to high consideration for the originality of the conception, and the arguments which supported it; and when I saw the system just let loose, and the projector only waiting for the treasury to open, and ships to go, withal—and he would enter at the pole, and sail gloriously in upon them, with a fair breeze, which, unlike that at other caves,

is perpetually rushing, like a continual monsoon, into the excavation. I had little doubt that he was yet to open for this great country channels of wealth and enterprise, of which you and Captain Cook dreamt but little—become the founder of plans and improvements, before which all the artificial avenues to our lakes will appear like streamlets; and finally, my dear knight, show to your unbelieving eyes the practicability of a canal beyond the arctic circle, or of a railway to the nadir.

All this, you will say, is a sad digression to commence with. But it is merely going into the earth, for a few moments, instead of above it. So, now to return.

I am not about to tell you a tale of disaster, like that of Madame Blanchard, whose unfortunate catastrophe is dire proof that a woman in a balloon is either out of her element, or too high in it—nor of disgrace, like that of Monsieur Guillé, who floated, a few years ago, just above the steeples of New York, to show the sovereign people how easy it was to demonstrate Napoleon's maxim of the near relationship of the sublime to the ridiculous, by a rapid movement from "thin air" to the mud of the North River. Such small affairs as these, my dear Mike, will not suit your appetite for the marvellous, nor my system of adventure.

The ascension of Gilbert Gas, Sir—and I am now too old and too philosophic to speak of things vauntingly—was something which history has not seen fit to record, because no one would believe it, entirely, but myself. But I do aver that never was there man who has sailed higher above the earth, under a little globe of silk; never one who has voyaged it over a greater portion of the world, buoyed up by a parcel of hydrogen; and never one who

has staid so long among clouds and ether; all which, to say, you see, requires no moderate share of pretension. But still I do say it, emphatically. If others have measured miles in their career, I have measured degrees. If any have floated with a quick pulse, over pathy rivers, and channels, and cities, I have mounted and sallied away over oceans and mountains and continents. If any have washed their hands in the second layer of vapor, I have bathed over and over in the thin particular mists which constitute the milky way—ridiculously taken for stars by almanack-makers, and short reasoners;—and if any have been so daring as to believe in their approach to the planets, I can very coolly say I have sailed the entire distance between the horns of the moon, and know the sum total in English miles, to a hair. There are many, my dear knight, who will credit little of this. They are men who are not used to believing. There is a kind of infirmity in their faith, and they are really objects of charity. To them I would say, particularly slow—"go—cast a sum in simple addition, and be sure you prove it before you die. That is the great end and object of your existence. I have nothing to do with you." Then there are others, who know what Mr. Hume says—"that in politics two and two do not always make four"—and, more than that, believe it. These are the men for my meridian—and while they live, my stories will have the sanction of wisdom, faith, and good sense, to help them through their editions. Finally, whether they are believed or not, is no vital question with me, who really have no great interest in any body or thing, my dear Mike, save yourself and the next administration; and it is no small consolation to me, in this waste of pen and patience, to reflect, that you will swallow the whole, let the rest of the world act as it pleases.

It was sometime early in June of a year it would be needless to mention, that I prepared for my ascension in one of the mightiest cities of the Union. There was a great deal of excitement at the time, as well on account of the adventure as of myself. Report had made me the most daring, as it had the most mysterious, of men. A few minds, just left fallow of witchcraft, were willing and eager to connect me with all the ungodly and marvellous spirits that held family connection with Beelzebub; and some went so far as to suggest, that—saving the law—I was the devil himself; and that a strange smell of sulphur was observed at the inflation, which in fact was effected without any of the chemical flummery usual at such times, and was certainly done by a sort of gas from Hades, which it would puzzle Sir Humphrey Davy himself to decompose. My dress, moreover, was calculated to attract attention, and inquiry; for I found it as well to encourage this idea of something supernatural, and bold beyond all fame, as it procured more guineas and gazes. And I also thought, very reasonably, that if I afterwards perished in this way, my fall would be considered merely as my passage to the infernal dominions, where I rightfully belonged.

My huge vehicle was meanwhile swaying and beating about in the enclosure, its gay colors glancing in the sun, and the cords that confined it, singing in the tension that was every moment given them by its rolling and heaving motion. The balloon was of uncommon dimensions, and painted with all the grotesque and wild figures of heathen mythology. The car was fanciful and rich. A fine white bear-skin hung over the side, and two flags—one red as blood, and the other black as death, flaunted at either extremity.

To make the matter short, I entered. The lines were cut, and I rose from out the multitude. A wild and incessant roar from beneath came up and broke all around me; and, as I left the earth, I can remember how singularly the volumes of sound seemed to die away on the air below, until it appeared to me there was no such thing as sound in existence; and as I looked down upon the mass of beings, and waved my portentous flags over their upturned faces, I could see a confused heaving of hats and handkerchiefs, until men and women were identified with the earth, or sunk into atoms that the eye could not particularize. I recollect the bursting laughter of some, the rude farewells of others, and the faint shrieks of females, as I stood stretching out my arms over the multitude under me, until noise and sight began to fail, and I found my only world was myself and my balloon. My red ensign was thrown out, after I had attained a comfortable height, and I can remember that it was borne away by a galloping troop of boys; while a pestilent sand-bag which I cast over as a legacy, was seen to fall into the midst of a set of sorry fellows, who had been making me the subject of their mirth.

A sharp wind was blowing out of the west as I ascended, and I was borne rapidly seaward. The sun had long passed his meridian—indeed was already growing fiery upon the horizon. Spires and domes under me caught the last of his light, and glittered like particles of gold in his beams. But they all seemed sunk to one flat dead level with the whole world; and the city itself, which was the last object I turned my straining eyes upon, was no bigger than the vehicle under which I was bounding away into the upper air.

Meanwhile I was cautiously divesting my car of every thing which might possibly delay or weigh upon the speed of my ascent; for, to go higher than any body else had dared or dreamed to go, or should go, after me, was my sensible intention. In short, I was determined to penetrate as far into this matter, as gas and perseverance would allow; to scale the moon, if the attractions would play fair with me; and to travel, withal, at a rate, which even the spirit of steam had not imagined, over as much space as wind and weather would permit. As to my mode of life it is very unnatural for you to ask any questions about it; and if you do, I shall merely refer you to Master Milton, who said of Adam, "the world was all before him;" a convenient mode of providing for an outcast hero, it must be confessed, but which suits my

case extremely well, saying that the world was all *below* me, emphatically, and was becoming more and more so every moment.

Behold me, then, my dear Mike, careering away into the fields of blue—the winds rushing and roaring around me, like the waves, with their noise among the cliffs—and the clouds passing like swift messengers all about me. Sunlight had sunk completely down; and the stars were beginning to break above me, with a brilliancy and glory, of which I never had a vision. The azure was deepening and deepening as I went up, until it took a hue of blackness which you on earth know nothing about; and, to crown the singularity of the scene, night was shutting around me amidst stars, and winds, and clouds. The moon was travelling up from the ocean, and lay right in my path as I floated onward. There was her light, streaming out upon the wilderness of brilliant things on every side of me; while she rode like a queen among her vestals. It was indeed a sight of unsurpassed sublimity, the effulgence of these countless spheres, glancing upon my silken globe; while, to feel that I was still rising upwards, as though to mingle with them in their places, carried with it something of an almost terrific consciousness.

I wrapped me in my wild bear skin, and lay with my face upward, in my little car. A sense of oppression and drowsiness came over me, and I began to fear I had been too presumptuous. Some foolish fellows, like yourself, Mike, have endeavoured to convince me that I lost my reason, and my sensation, indeed, at this period of my voyage; and that to call what I am about to relate any thing more than a palpable dream, is hardly warranted, be the case what it may. But I am not disposed to part company with my reason so easily as some people imagine; and am slow to understand why a man may not visit the stars—so he arrange his conveyance—as well as Rome, or his relations. Be that as it may; as I before suggested, you are enlisted to give unqualified credence to my story, and your belief is the only matter that concerns me.

The wings of all the winds were now fast lifting me into the very provinces of the planets and constellations. Had I, alas! been even a tyro in astronomy, Newton and his Principia would long ere this have been exploded and forgotten, in the startling wonders which were here revealed to me. You may depend on it, my dear knight, that your astrologers are the veriest swindlers under the skies in which they ramble; and that Dr. Herschel never cultivated any particular acquaintance with a balloon. The poets, after all, have come nearer the truth than any sect of those fanciful fellows who have presumed to speculate on these things; and in the pretty but somewhat blasphemous conceit which personifies the “living lustres,” you have a development of the whole mystery. Listen, Mico, and be wise. I should judge it was about midnight when the singular sensation I have mentioned overpowered me. I was then literally as high as the most aspiring and fortunate of my fellows.

My flight must have been somewhat rapid, indeed; but it only proves how mistaken you wise ones are in the matter of heights and distances, when they pretend gravely to discuss the subject of astronomical phenomena. Here I was in the course of a few hours amidst Jupiter and his satellites—keeping company with comets—paying my salutations to the moon—and silently making my way through whole acres of circling flashy creatures, all floating, without an instance of collision, hither and thither, and forming the gayest and most agreeable company imaginable.

They each appeared to me, indeed, noble, spherical personages, of excellent capacity, looking much as they do from my attic—silver bright as ever, and a thousand times more imperial. But the most preposterous of it was, they were the most conversible spheres you would wish to see: and it was no small matter of amazement with me, to hear, as I circulated among and about them, voices as sweet and as musical as the tones of a woman! There were the bright brothers of the constellation Gemini—the twins of Leda, hymning a divine duett, to the tune of Jason and the Argonauts. And there were the seven stars, those beautiful Pleiades, chattering and chaunting, as they sailed along, in purest harmony. And beside them I could hear the faithful satellites, passing the word of command as from sentinel to sentinel, in tones of particular melody. In short, the music of the spheres was no longer a mystery to my tried imagination. The moon, however, with whose mountains and mode of government I have the complacency to think I am sufficiently acquainted, was the chief object of my deep attention. I was apparently passing by her broad-faced majesty, and, being important as an alderman, she moved so slow, that I could hear the suppressed conversation she was carrying on in Alexandrines, with one of Jupiter's attendants, who held a like capacity with herself. And, my dear Mico, I would observe here, as a preliminary—though perhaps not an important one—that I could see no good reason why this luminary of ours should be distinguished by the gender, which astronomers have been pleased to give her.

From all I could gather, I was convinced she was maturing some vengeful affair against our poor planet, which was now glittering under me, like a dollar in the first days of its discount. She seemed to think our valiant republic was too much given to shipping, and too little to science. While all Europe was teeming with observatories, and Dr. Herschel, with his telescope, like the magicians of Thessaly, was literally bringing her down to the Earth in the little island, that vile America was completely absorbed in navigation, tonnage, and gain. She was therefore determined to exert her two-fold influence, with a vengeance; and operating with the full force of her magic upon the ocean and the brain, wind up craniologists at once—make booksellers and publishers the gulls of the day—and authors, poets, and song writers, the only persons recognized as sane in the law, and the only money-getting species of the

whole population. Then, by suddenly withdrawing all water from the coast, by an extraordinary tide, she would leave every ship we could register, in a hopeless dry-dock, our merchants in a melancholy, to which any that an embargo can generate, is a fool—and percentage and patience both below par. Literati and almanack makers alone should prosper. Moon-struck printers should lose the power of calculation, and fine writers should grow rich on the lunacy of the buyers of copy-rights. And all this should be visited upon them, because the country had become a mere market for merchandise; had taken the phenomenon of the tide, as well as time, "by the forelock," and made no investigation of its wonders, while it could realize the harvest of its changes. "They shall learn," said she, "that we are worth looking after, and that I am the supreme regulator of their cotton speculations. They shall cultivate letters, instead of tobacco."

Feeling a reasonable interest in the affairs of my countrymen, and knowing that you, my worthy friend, had some matters at stake, on the salt sea, I was desirous—naturally enough, you will confess—to get out of this ominous atmosphere. Whether it was that I was just discovered—and I wondered, to be honest, that I was not noticed before)—or, that I was considered in the light of an intruder 'mid these menacing disclosures, inasmuch as I might become a traitor to the designs, as I had very religiously determined to be; how these things were, I know not: But I can well remember, that on a signal given by one of these bright-eyed gentry, I and my balloon were assailed by the full slogan of the whole system. "Out of his attraction! out of his attraction!" and, with the word, I became convinced that shooting stars are no miracle in this quarter, and that comets have longer tails than Encke is aware of. It is sufficient for you to know, Mike, and for me to recollect, that I seemed at once precipitated, in a manner that made me very unhappy; and I was brought to full remembrance by an explosion, I presume, of one of these lunar rockets, at a very unenviable distance from my vehicle. I started on my feet at the intonation, and found myself over the outstretched and booming ocean, a storm going loudly and heavily under me, and my car but a few hundred feet above a battleship, that was struggling sublimely with the waves, and firing minute guns, the last smoke of which was just mingling with the foam and the tempest.

There was no time to be lost. I must either rise or perish. The great ship was inevitably going to the bottom. I could see the terror and tumult on board. The decks were crowded. Females were among them, and their robes and long hair were blowing straight in the wind. A confused and terrible cry rose from desolate creatures. I could easily perceive that they discovered me. But my appearance was apparently a new source of horror. My black flag was still streaming from its staff. I was hanging pale and wild over the side of my boat; and though not sinking, my

balloon was tossing like a feather upon the roaring and misty air. I had continued to lighten it all I could, in this extremity; and succeeded in rising once more, as I threw my last glance upon the unfortunate vessel, and saw them on board pointing at me, as at some portentous prodigy, and with a shriek hiding their disbelieved heads in their hands, and hurrying away from my sight. The scene was soon closed. While I was tortured at the idea of merely possible escape, in my own situation, with the certainty, at the same moment, that to save one of those creatures, was an impossibility, she went down! One loud thunder-burst of the waters, and the weltering main swept on as before! * * * *

I drew my shaggy covering over me, and shrunk into my frail tenement. Every thing remained firm. I had hopes that the tempest would spare me; and now that I had lost sight of the bellowing sea, and was moving amidst the storm-clouds above it, I believed I might reach the land of which I had obtained a glimpse in the morning light.

Nor was I mistaken. The tempest did spare me. It evidently abated—and I enjoyed the terrible sublimity of ascending through volumes of driving clouds, assuming forms of every wild description that can be conceived, and this, too, with a comfortable sense of security, and a fair chance of eventual safety. While it was yet morning, I was floating slowly and beautifully over the fields and hills of a foreign land.

Like all unbelieving men, gentle Mico, among whom you sensibly do not allow yourself to be numbered, even you may here feel your faith a trifle staggered. To be sure you have been but a short time reading my tale thus far, and to pass the brave Atlantic within the same period, would seem a little like art or magic. But, my dear knight, you know few things about steam-power and balloons, if you confine your learning on motion and velocities to the antiquated doctrine of Sabbath-day's journeys; besides, the books of bravado upon such subjects, tell you that a day in the moon is equal to thirty of our own! And my own faith is, that I was in that lamentable section of the universe a reasonable portion of a night;—whereby, without any further foolish questioning, it is evident I might very naturally arrive over Holland by day-break. Should you prosecute your pestilent inquiries any further, however, and wonder why, after the lapse of some years, the threats of your mistress moon have not been particularly executed, I can only answer you, that it is doubtless owing to the gender of the creature; and that *she*, who invariably changes once a month, cannot raise better expectations from her promises or her threats, in the minds of sceptics, than she appears to have excited in your own.

For my own part, I am not sure that these protestations of this great personage, so peculiarly interesting to us, are not yet to come to some account; and I would advise our cautious, gold-getting publishers to look shrewdly about them, and do some unquestionable deed of patronage upon the first literary worthy who

may chance to fall within their shadow. After that, let them be hasty to make their last testaments; lest they become the subjects of these tremendous menaces, in the midst of their dinners, their editions, and their intestacies, and walk about among poor books and bailiffs, the veriest "minions of the moon."

As to the threat which brings in jeopardy our national existence, there is too much reason to fear its fulfilment, unless we become rationally scientific before another year passes. The apprehension of something of this sort, indeed, seems to have been a presentiment with a late chief magistrate; and if you turn to the first message with which he saluted us, you will find, that he very sensibly recommended the erection of observatories, that we should do our duty to the constellations and the cause of science. Whether he had any secret interview with our "pale lady," or employed an astrologer to furnish forth a portion of his state paper, it becomes not me to say; but I am free to avow, that if I had been President of the United States—from which calamity all good stars preserve me!) sinking the style, I would have urged the subject to the very brink of my popularity; and if that had not "answered," I would incontinently have built the "light house" myself.

There can, therefore, be little doubt, my dear Mike, that if we insist upon this base system of bargaining, ships and bales—of absolute, unyielding, barefaced business, to the utter exclusion of that lordly patronage which places science beyond the balance of trade, and of that literary enthusiasm which prints for nothing, the very tides will some day or night give us the go by, and the President, and myself, and my balloon, be remembered with gratitude, but at the same time with grief and despair. That other "tide in the affairs of men," alas! will be of no avail to us then; and we shall find, when it is too late, that moonshine is an ingredient of vital importance in the constitution, and a political attribute of the highest rank. You are free to make these things known as far as your influence extends; and I hope we shall both see, before the new moon of six months hence, her power and importance acknowledged, astronomical observatories by scores—science outailing our ships—poets on salaries—and authors gentlemen at large.

Meanwhile I will bring you back to my balloon, which is now balanced, mid air, over the tents of a battle-field. I fear, my dear Mundanus, that these things are in some respects, beyond your comprehension. But you ought to know, that when the Marquis de Landes, who was the first, I believe, who attempted an ascension in Paris, rose before the people, and was so cavalierly waving his hat over their faces, his creditors began to think of their dividends, and the priests to calculate how much Apollyon had given for his soul! Moreover, that when Mr. Lunardi, whose very name proves him to have been a legitimate aeronaut, soared, the first in England, above the metropolis, he and his vehicle were regarded as something absolutely unearthly; as it was only

with much protestation, that the enterprising Roman could find assistance to descend, so determined were the Christians to have nothing to do with "the devil in his house." You will not wonder, materially, then, that my appearance was regarded with interest, especially upon the eve of a conflict which was to shake the world; or even with awe, at *such a crisis*, and with nations, almost, for my spectators. In short, I was over Waterloo; and whatever was the peculiar belief in balloons, of those who saw me, or the prevailing idea about the impertinency of my situation; as to you, who hear me, there is no question at all. Your duty is passive. You are to listen, like a Turk to a storyteller, and more than that, as I said twice before, believe it all, like an ancient and true knight.

I was floating just at that comfortable elevation, which enabled me to enjoy a panorama of the field, and yet not beyond the reach of any boisterous shells or bullets that might come commended to me. But I presume both armies were too much engaged with affairs more terrestrial than myself, to expend their speculations or ammunition, to any extent, upon the vehicle above them. Besides, it is more than probable, that as I lay about midway between the hosts, on the right of the ridge of La Belle Alliance; my appearance, moreover, operating as an omen to either party, and my neutral position leaving a glorious uncertainty with the claims of both—I was regarded as some emissary from the terrible future, whose miraculous presence there was no time or disposition to inquire about or explain; and whose mysterious character was full protection against any wandering sacrilegious rockets and balls.

But though so far above the troubles of the world, still I was not exempt from some of the ills that "flesh is heir to." A source of special difficulty with me was, that if, like iron-handed Jove, over the Greeks and Trojans, it became my imperial duty, as it certainly would be, considering my peculiar location, and the peculiar impressions with which I was regarded, to give the last flourish to the fight, in the form of an "*intonuit lævum*" to the victors, inasmuch as I could boast of no more godlike weapon in my armory than a snapping pocket pistol, and the Kentucky rifle which you insisted upon my taking—"as it was so doubtful," you said, "where you may be cast out, to make your own living, for the time being"—I should enact but sorry thunder at the best; and, worse than all betray my true alliance to mortality, at the moment when my importance as umpire must be unequivocally displayed; and to perfect the tragedy, I should come down, it might be, to my *finaliter*, as the gownsmen have it, before the shot, perchance, of some "flesh'd soldier," who had less reverence than curiosity. You may be assured, my dear Mundanus, these considerations pestered me exceedingly. But while I was casting about how to conduct on the occasion, the blow was struck, the battle begun.

I was by no means at such a height as to throw things into that dead level, which is the

effect of extreme elevation. I was just at that point, from which I could easily scan the arena, with nearly the same particularity that Napoleon did, in his observatory; and throw my gaze over the country around and beyond it. Brussels was in full sight—its spires, sparkling under me, and the great road leading to it swarming with an alarmed and hurrying people. Along Mount St. John, and the hills overlooking Waterloo, the British army lay stretched out in the power of its legions, and the glitter of its arms. The line was finely formed. They had entrenched themselves like men of iron, and waited immovably for the onset. Then there was the plain, of which, some ten years ago, you spoke so irreverently, as being “a very Elysium to vultures and craniologists,” now about to become the scene of slaughter and victory—waving in the promise of harvest—covered with the bounties of God—breathing of life in the very presence of death! And along the summit which bounded it lay the followers of the Destroyer—the man that had won half the world, and had now come to one last desperate struggle for its retention. With his forces all was motion—and glancing of sabres—and rushing of horses—and plunging of cannon. He was evidently bent on opening the drama.

Behind this array of devoted soldiery—swarming, and shifting, and flashing under me, I could discern the points of Quatre Bras and Charleroi, which had so lately been places of rough assault, and as rough repulse; and which I could look down upon, with a few intermediate posts, clustered darkly together, melancholy vestiges of Ney's and Napoleon's advance on the city of lace; for you will remember, my worthy cousin, that this battle was waged no distance at all—balloon measurement—from Brussels itself. The night had been stormy, and a little lingering mist hung weeping over these desolate places, where the war had been busy, and through which the foe had poured his fiery torrents upon the retreating allies. In another quarter, upon the extreme right of the French army, and somewhat in its rear, I could descry the little stations of St. Amands and Lignes, where the emperor had forced the Prussians over the hills, in his daring project of attacking simultaneously two such giant generals as Wellington and Blücher. All these places were now reposing in the stillness of desertion; and along the two heights which I have endeavoured to depict to you, lay the only objects of interest to this, and I may say, all the nations of the continent.

Lord Byron has somewhere said, that the plain of Waterloo seemed to him marked out for the scene of some great action; and though he had seen and duly considered the fields of Marathon and Mantinea, yet he was willing that it should be known as his doctrine, that this “place of skulls” wanted but a few hundred years above its sepulchres, and it would be contemplated with all the interest we assign to points of glory, when viewed from the distance of ages. Now you should be fully aware, Mundanus, that this gentleman, who wove

stanzas of golden texture, and with amazing adroitness, has hymned the fame of this battle in numbers, whose existence alone is the finest epitaph admiration could write for him. It would seem, then, that my opinion should be in waiting upon that of Harold; but the Childe, Mico, rhymed better than he reasoned; and, though he had swam the Hellespont, never enjoyed the classic effect of an ascension. I therefore deem it no heresy to say that this field of the “red burial” was viewed with equal reverence from a balloon, that it may be from the heights of history; and that the vapors of the earth, and the smoke of war, when its “thunder clouds closed over it,” furnished as pertinent and convenient a medium as the mists of antiquity. I shall not stop to explain these philosophical effects to you; for I tell you again, it is not my business, in the course of this story, to render a reason for any thing.

In far less time than I have consumed in endeavouring to describe this scene to you, the French forces had come down upon them, and their left wing was thundering upon the right of the English. The first burst of the cannon was tremendous—the echoes of it rolled under me with an intensity that was wonderful; and ere long, such was the obstinacy of the conflict, and so incessant were the discharge and rattle of the artillery, I seemed to be hanging above a hundred volcanoes, or as if the earth were suffering under some dreadful convulsion. I could see the rush of cavalry—the continuous sheet of fire, belching from the immoveable infantry, which stood like ranks of adamant! And well could I distinguish that gallant band of the “black Brunswickers,” and those little impenetrable dark masses which the British General had so successfully disposed, to deal destruction upon the assaulting enemy. Then, on every side of me, in some brief interval between the roar of guns, or the crackling of balls, there came up the screaming of the fife, the rolling of the drum, and above all, the pealing bugle, piercing the heavens with its wild and mournful sound. I could hear the “war-note of Lochiel”—the “Cameron's gathering”—and, far away, the brazen voice of the trumpet, rising in the swell of command over the billows of the battle. Hougomont, which looked like a very fortress of flame, was soon swept from under me, as a barrier of paper, between such fierce and bitter adversaries.

Along the whole line the conflict now became general, and the devastation horrible. I could distinctly trace the havoc of the shot, in its lightning track through the ranks of either army; and as I cast my straining eyes over the raging and roaring field, now fast becoming dim in the smoke which was eddying widely over it, I could just discern, along the desolated area, objects that looked like little scattered heaps—that were not “so before”—and which I shuddered to think were the mangled bodies of those high-hearted soldiers, whose arteries were that morning thrilling in the dream of glory and conquest! And it was with a feeling I shall not pretend to describe, as the voluminous masses of smoke at last settled along the

battle-ground, stretching from height to height, so as to form an impenetrable canopy above them, I heard the cry, as from a thousand warriors, rising wailingly and feebly from the midst of the fight, only to be answered by another thunder-peal, proclaiming new victims, to swell that terrible requiem!

It was now sunset. I had floated out of the bellowing, uncomfortable atmosphere in which I had breathed gun-powder enough to become a hero, and was sailing loftily over the left wing of the allied army. The struggle still stood doubtfully. On either side were signal determination and signal vengeance. It was no affair to be graduated by the height of the sun, or which darkness should determine. There was something at stake that day, which admitted of no compromise—and which would have kept the parties on the field, and that field a scene of blood to this hour, had not *victory* settled where it did. It was the deadly strife between power and right—between a new-felt principle that was to redeem, and an old one that had enslaved the world; and there was no alternative but desperate effort on the part of the latter, and its annihilation on that of the other. It was well, therefore, that a change came over the prospects of that day in its lateness—well for Europe—and well for its population—for, without it, she would have been still in thralldom! and, for her people, there would have been just enough to serve, and none to enjoy—they would have been a remnant!

These grave observations have little to do with my story, Mico—and you are free to cut them out when you publish it. But I mention them as the natural suggestions of my mind; and if my doctrine is somewhat extensive, you must attribute the matter altogether to my height, and not to unsound thinking. Besides, I intend what I have said shall be a last and definite answer to the question you have pestered me with these twenty years—"What, Gilbert, what if Blücher had'n't come up, as the sun went down!"—and I hope my opinion will be a satisfactory one for you to deliver as your own (as is your usual wont) at the next meeting of the Peace Association, or, as you once emphatically termed it, "The Society for the Suppression of Battles."

Meanwhile my attention was directed to a body of troops, which I could discern struggling through the difficulties of a tedious march, and evidently endeavouring to come into the scene of action. They were, till this moment, hidden in the depths of the forest, which extended on the extreme left of the English forces, and under its protection they had advanced in secrecy, thus far with success, to the junction, until they suddenly issued from the wood, a glittering and well-marshalled host; and poured themselves into the British line, bringing to the allied army all the life-giving exhilaration of a reinforcement, and little else than despair to the astonished and unbelieving enemy. The effect of this movement on the part of Blücher was electrical. Leaving its character of defensive, to become the assailant, the

whole line was immediately in motion. Wellington put himself at the head—and pointing his flaming sword to the heavens, in the direction of my ominous vehicle, turned for an instant the faces of his thousands towards me. I could not resist it—and my black flag waved over his assaulting legions! The omen was upon them—it was with them!—and I saw Waterloo swept before the whirlwind march of victory.

* * * * *

Napoleon threw the last contents of his rich snuff-box into the gore of his countrymen—and, exclaiming, as he saw his invincibles mown down and annihilated before him, "O my guard!—my *old* guard!" rode peevishly back to Paris—laying every thing at the door of his evil destiny, and allowing nothing to Wellington or the Scotch Grays.

I was now soaring over a part of the field comparatively deserted. Silence had succeeded to tumult. The cannon lay half buried in the earth. The standard was fluttering in fragments between the mounds of the slain. The sword was shivered, and lay glittering in the sinking sun. The steed was stretched upon his rider, and the rider in his gore. The trumpet was hushed, and the bugle had died into silence. The smoke had become less dense, as the evening breeze stole over the ground, and it was now settling in the thin dew, over that terrible scene, as though it would shut out from the sight of heaven itself so appalling a picture. As twilight thickened, the stars looked sickly all around me; and I saw flocks of wild dark birds, eddying underneath, and could hear their foreboding screams ringing their death song in the ears of the dying below them!

My situation now became unenviable. I grew impatient under it. I had been wasted about just as I should be, to prove my influence over the destiny of the battle; and I felt that I had personified the dæmon of success long enough for any reasonable man. I had hung over Blücher, just at the moment when his appearance restored the fight, and decided the fortune of the day; and it is natural that I wished to get away in full preservation of my mysterious character, and while belief in my power remained irresistible. My wishes were answered to the letter. Sunlight had not yet faded from the clouds, and the allied chiefs had hardly shaken hands at La Belle Alliance, when the wind, as though jealous of the swift messengers which were hurrying with the issue of the day to England and the western world, began to bear me, with the rapidity of an eagle, towards the Republic. Wrapt in my polar fur, I resigned myself to the cloud-compeller—driving along the sky, through darkness and light—among stars and vapors—through serenity and storm; and long, questionless, before my arrival, Bonaparte had departed on his mission to St. Helena, and Wellington returned to finish his ball with the Duchess of Richmond.

As for myself, I have no hesitation in declaring—(to you, Mundanus)—that it is the secret faith of his lordship, that this balloon was at the *bottom* (notwithstanding its elevation!) of the

whole affair. That my mysterious agency controlled the event; and that my influence was paramount to that of Blucher. In short, that my innocent presence over that field of Mars, must be regarded as the true source of his honors—his income—his popularity—and his plate! And little doubt have I, Mico, that if I should, through some agent, like yourself, prefer my petition to Parliament, backed by the memory of the balloon, I should become a pensioner next in magnificence to the General himself. But I have too much regard for their national debt. * * *

The moral philosopher, my Mundanus, should ever compose his essays under an ascended balloon. There is no place for reflection like the car of an aeronaut. In it, his thoughts are uninfluenced by any thing terrestrial, and the current of his mind partakes of the purity of the air he floats in. He has a becoming contempt for the "earth earthy"—and in the clearing elasticity of the atmosphere he breathes, he naturally falls into the faith of Lord Momboddo, that "men are but monkeys without tails." My own contemplations in the fur of my ursula major, as I shot over the seas, may perhaps be useful to you, in your absurd career of love and ambition; and when I tell you that I became perfectly satisfied during this excursion, that the greatest man on earth was a very small matter to one a few thousand feet above it, if you have a particle of docility left, you will give up fame for the obscurity of a back parlor, and exchange your sins for sackcloth.

And first, Mico, as I know you to be an arrant coward in most things, I would advise you, should you ever become an amateur—in the way of a witness—of such desperate affairs, to take prospect of a battle in a well elevated balloon. Added to the general, complacent feeling of safety that you experience, in calculating the dangers of intimate acquaintance with heated culverins and such animals, there is something of consequence in the kind of supervision you maintain. And there is not a little of that sublime nonchalance, so peculiar to Jove and to governors, which I have so often heard you envy—O foolish gentleman!—as well as deprecate, that they enjoyed alone. To speak soberly, my friend, at such a height, you feel the littleness of man, and the impotence of his passions. You wonder how so small a creature can contain so much venom and black bile. You wonder how he can dare thunder away so bravely on the earth, when a momentary convulsion, in punishment for disturbing its peace, may crush him and his hosts forever. You wonder that he should come gravely to battle it for empire, (which is another name for room,) when the world seems so much larger than he is. You laugh, in derision, at the consummate absurdity of fighting ten years for lines and landmarks, when an upward flight of less than ten minutes will obliterate both, so decidedly. And more than all, do you smile with very particular scorn upon that pious prating about the *divine* character of popes, conquerors, and kings, when a fall from the height you are at, would convince any heavenly viceregent of

them all, that he was unquestionably mortal, and his rights, as well as his ribs, human, to the letter.

Thus far, Mico, the moral character of a balloon is certainly unexceptionable. This compound of gas, silk, and net-work, preaches you as healthy discourses as a Socinian divine. It reasons with you like a master, and gives you lessons like a true and quiet friend. It teaches you to compare; and without the exercise of that faculty of comparison, philosophy tells us you are no better than the ass of Peter Bell, that—

—"On the pivot of his skull
Turn'd round his long left ear"—

and so continued to do till he died. It teaches you that a man has only to exalt his sentiments, and he comes into a better atmosphere, and breathes less poison in his pilgrimage. It teaches you that it is a light thing, after all, to rise above these lower matters. In short, Mike, it teaches you any thing! Napoleon—(thus, thought I, as I got out of the smoke of the contest—thus will I write it down for my simple friend.) Napoleon was the greatest political aeronaut of our time—indeed, I may say, of our species. Egypt, which, as the old records tell us, was whilom somewhat celebrated for its darkness, was sought by him, no doubt, as a convenient place in which to order the nefarious preliminaries of his ascension; and from the pyramids, probably, he drew notions of power and exaltation, which he would never have thought about in Corsica or upon the Seine. He rose from the metropolis of his country; and you well know, Mico, the story of his voyage. The world was in wonder at his daring, and in admiration at the magnificence of his flight. For his own part, he had towered too high above his people, to keep in view sympathy and communion with them, and revelled in the solitary consideration that they were all *below* him. His crime was, that he aimed to become a god. But Heaven smote him in his presumption, and dashed him upon a rock, to revel, in turn, upon the miserable memory of his aspirations. This is the fate of the imperial balloon; and this the folly of being an emperor. The lesson it teaches you is twofold. First, that your childish ambition of becoming a governor is a dangerous attempt; and second, that if the law has got the truth of it, that "kings never die," yet they stand the hazard of a material precipitation,—against which it would be difficult to effect a life-insurance, in spite of majesty and the motto. The aeronaut "towering," like Shakspeare's "falcon, in his pride of place," and like that brave bird, "hawked at and killed" in his sublimest elevation, shadows forth the career of ambition, in lines no less fearful than distinct. (I hope, Mico, you are not asleep, for now comes the moral of my story.)

The world is but a larger Castle Garden; and if you look out over the great theatre, you will find but two classes of creatures upon it—those who are busy inflating its numberless balloons, and those who are rushing forward as

candidates for the cars. The former soon become temporary spectators, and the latter float out from among them, to a high and splendid destruction; sometimes their pride, but oftener the amusement and plaything of their passions.

Here we have one just stepping into the car of greatness. Let us watch him narrowly, and follow, as far as may be instructive, the fashions of his fate. You will observe that the substance which expands his balloon is labelled, popularity—a species of public opinion—and moreover an extremely subtle and singular gas, presenting a curious chemical analysis, and before which all others “hide their diminished heads.” His vehicle—being his own vanity—is of course capacious, and will contain all the unwholesome vapors that can be breathed into it, so they help him to rise, and float imperially before the multitude. The public voice shows impatience for his ascension. But lo! at the moment he is free, his glittering car wavers upon the earth—it is stationary! This equilibrium must be destroyed. The car must be relieved of its weight, or there must be a tenser inflation. The adventurer himself is amazed at his delay, while he knows the secret of his gravity. But there is no alternative. Plaudits await his ascension. Curses and derision shall fall upon his failure. There are some troublesome virtues that keep him down. He divests himself of these appendages—and, behold! the sphere struggles from its moorings, and bursts upon the air! The whole heavens ring with shouts of enthusiasm and admiration! But he must on. He must rise, or he must sink to the level he has done so much to leave; and that were shame worse than the most desolate death! As he rises, fearful only of a relapse, and unconscious that his elevation may be too rapid, or his weight too fearfully diminished, you see how he casts away his richest attributes, and his most valuable properties. His height increases, and the acclamations of his morning friends and followers die as he disappears; and at last he finds himself floating, silently and alone, in the golden regions of place, shivering—he has no bear skin, Mico)—in the nakedness which the original weight of his virtues had compelled him to come to; and sorrowing, most of all, that the atmosphere is so companionless as well as so cold.

Clouds have now intervened. The earth and all he left are veiled from him. The sun is shining gloriously over him; but like the sun in the zone of eternal ice, it glows with all its splendor, but imparts no warmth to that which it emblazons. In the misery of majesty he forgets how he escaped from his former sphere, and what is his destination in his present one. He forgets that he was raised by his fellows, to be an eye for them in the high places, and oversee every thing for their good. To look below is dizziness and destruction. His only hope is something undefinable above him. He looks wearily around. He sees nothing now by which to judge of his elevation, or to measure his progress. His vanity has lifted him beyond the knowledge of friendship; and when he cast away the gems of his nature, the power of sym-

pathy died in him. But as every thing else that is dear in memory, or valuable in enjoyment, continues to grow dull and decay, his aspirations grow intense, and begin to madden around him. This is the dark hour of a darker ambition. He forgets the subtle and attenuated breath that upholds him; and but one despairing conviction sweeps over, and settles upon his soul. Immobility is worse than death. He must go *higher*, though destruction crown the attempt.

He has defied the hazard of the experiment! and you see him dashed along the sky, shrieking as he falls; and to-morrow you may find him a formless mass upon the hills, fled from by his friends, and smiled on with scorn by his enemies.

A balloon, Mico, should be the Magnus Apollo of all travellers. Over your steamboats they hold a decided superiority. Bellow the winds never so roughly—tumble the billows never so roughly—and join all the elements in never so chromatic a chorus, your silken ships keep on ever the same. You never grow weary under that continual tremor, which makes your voyage but a scene of temporary palsy, and your fellow passengers look like a set of paralytics in a prison vessel. You experience none of those profane sensations which steal over you with a “dying, dying fall,” and hold such effectual mastery over your classic emotions. But here, you keep upwards and onwards in philosophic and enviable monotony—unsick—unshaken—sometimes unhappy—often unwise—and with a good chance of being eventually undone. *Sic itur ad astra*—but this is no fault of the balloon.

The sun was near his setting on a still and mellow evening of the “summer time,” when I descried once more the fair hills of the republic. In ecstasy I waved my black flag, as my eye fell upon their golden summits. The sea beneath me was white with the sails of ships, that swung lazily upon the billows; and such was my height as I swept over them, that, had it not been for those weary undulations, I might well have thought those vessels indeed but “painted barks upon a painted ocean.” But they soon sunk behind me, and before the moon had made high breach in heaven, I was gradually sinking over my native land; with the additional consolation of finding, by a stroke of that good fortune which attends him who goes to high adventure, and asks no questions about the issue, that I was descending into my own neighbourhood; as it were, amidst my own particular chimneys and horse-chesnuta.

I reached the earth at midnight, and in my exertion to alight, endeavouring to dissolve connection with my car somewhat too hastily, I received that unhappy twist of the foot, which has only served to confirm the notion of my unhallowed genealogy, and gives but too much reason to the sly boys, for their sometimes definition of me, as “one of the old times people.”

I succeeded, however, in discharging my balloon. Yet I could not but gaze on it in melancholy, as I saw it lose its fair proportions, and at last sink into a shapeless mass at my

feet. As I dismissed this most unimpeachable gas

"To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air,"

I could not see it mingle with the moonlight, without feeling that I was parting with a faithful servant, and as faithful a friend. It was something that had been a long journey with me. It had upheld me like a prince! But then it hissed at me, as it went out, and I can bear any thing in this world, Mico, but to be hissed at. So I bade it God speed. And I could not but personify my airy vehicle, too—and as I saw it every instant losing its comfortable rotundity, it seemed like the dissolution of some tried companion, who has been alike stout and generous to you all his days. But I took good care of its remains.

That night I slept long and soundly. I have no distinct recollection of my dreams; but such they were, as, could I relate them, would make a saint smile, "under the ribs of death." I have a confused remembrance of seeing the great deep evaporate like my balloon; and the moon, in the shape of Falstaff, laughing at us in the midst of our difficulties and dry-docks. Then there were planets racing along a rainbow, and the Great Bear—(represented to the life—that constellation having enveloped itself in my redoubtable fur)—the true *ursa Major* applauding them with growls for their activity. Anon, there was a battle, mid air, with heavy artillery—the soldiery, with hair like comets, cramming the cannon with stars, and discharging upon their enemies whole squadrons of balloons! And then this scene was changed for something about as probable, and nearly as satisfactory. But what troubled me most particularly was that I was about to attempt another ascension, under the impression that I was slain at Waterloo—that my body lay on the field unreclaimed—and that the field lay somewhere between the horns of the moon. The preparations were going on—they were finished! I rose into the air before a shouting multitude—and, on the sudden, woke! under the intolerable anguish of my dislocated extremities. Laugh not, Mico, that I tell thee I was stretching my meagre form out of my attic, waving that ominous black flag, which I deemed I had laid by in the *sanctum* of my closet, for this life—waving it manfully from my window, over a crowd of people, whom doubtless this very rag, thus untimely exposed, had drawn there in the morning sun. To escape was now impossible, for I was effectually discovered. And even if I had been inclined to a retreat, I know not that I should have effected it, for my woman, who long ago set me down as a "strange, free, bold-going sort of a body," was at my back, beseeching me to explain myself to the curious crew, which, according to her tragic tale, had been besieging the house for three hours, and was evidently increasing in noise and numbers every moment. "Speak to them, my good man—speak to them—and convince them that you are the true Gilbert, and my own mortal husband; for they have been all the morning insisting that you be not yourself but your ap-

pearance. They are determined that you are a spiritual. Therefore, speak to them, Gilbert, for else some of the busy and bold among them have threatened to break in, and slay you, for the good of the country, and they will commit burglary over the whole house."

In truth, Mico, the apprehensions of my literal spouse were but too well founded, and I believe, had I not settled the question of my materiality, by an assurance, *viva voce*, that left no room for doubt, there would have been a storm of trespasses upon my premises, to ascertain this troublous point of my identity. But even this was but partial satisfaction. As soon as it was known that I had indeed come back, they were smitten as with a miracle! They *would* see the audacious champion of "thin air." They were bent on knowing where he had been, and why he had been gone so long, and what was the upshot of his admirable adventure. Indeed they were determined to go to the bottom of the whole thing.

What was to be done, Mike! Think of my situation—think of my thrilling ankles!—think—but I will tell you what I *did* do, and that will please you better than to think at all. "For God's sake, my very dear friends," cried I, "do draw off; call at any other time—to-morrow—one by one, or in legions, I care not, so it be another time. I will give you a thousand thanks—a dinner—any thing. If one word will satisfy you, I have been to the moon, and to the battle of Waterloo; two of the most unhappy and undesirable places in the world, for a man in his senses. You shall yet hear every thing about it. I shall write it all down for the good Mr. Mundanus. I have just returned, miserably hurt, and am now under the affliction of bandages. So, if you are Christians, I beseech you, again!"—

I recollect nothing distinctly after this. My black flag dropped from my hand, and I confusedly saw it scrambled for, and torn to pieces by the curious but scattering multitude.

The next day I escaped to my present retirement; and after the lapse of what seems to be almost a *lustrum*, am fulfilling my promise to the sons of liberty by giving you the Story of an Aeronaut. It may, perhaps, be worthy insertion in your "Annals of Curiosity," that my wonderless wife has taken the whole of this air adventure as a matter of course, and has not, to this day, made a solitary inquiry at me about it.

My balloon is in safe keeping. On the next anniversary of my ascension, I design to inflate it once more, for the sake of enforcing a grave lecture on the vanity of ambition, which I intend to deliver to my grand-children on the occasion. I shall then work it up to some profit; and when you next come this way, you may see over my door, at the sign of a **BLACK FLAG**, and in resolute, crimson-coloured characters—

WATERLOO UMBRELLAS FOR SALE HERE!

There are only two things in which the false professors of all religions have agreed; to persecute all other sects, and to plunder their own.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE DAHLIA AND VIOLET.

BY A. M'MAKIN.

In a neat pretty garden where roses were blowing,
And snow-drops and lilies were glittering with dew,
A *Dahlia* of crimson in splendor was growing,
And near it a *Violet*, modest and true.

The gay one, in scorn, had observed the sweet flower,
And sneer'd, as she toss'd her bright crest in disdain,
But a sigh scarcely ruffled the lowly one's bosom,
Yet perfume arose from the wound and the pain.

A parley ensued, and in language unspoken,
The proud one asserted her right to the ground;
And hoped that no more her repose might be broken,
By plebeian menials thus springing around!

With gentler bearing the blossom retorted,
"Sweet sister dismiss from thy brow its sad gloom,—
The same bounteous hand hath our beings assorted,
To thee it gave *splendor*—to me *sweet perfume*!"

The *Dahlia* with anger and pride half demented,
Resolved the audacious intruder to slay,
When a maiden appearing, the foul act prevented,
As thither she wandered to cull a bouquet.

She paused near the spot whence the strife had proceeded,
And gathered the *Dahlia* to garnish a vase,
But the *Violet's* odour in eloquence pleaded,
And gain'd, in *her bosom*, a sweet envied place.

Philadelphia, November, 1838.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE NAMELESS ONE.

BY L. A. WILMER.

"And then there came, efstoones, a namelesse wight,
Withouten country, family or land."—*Spenser*.
"Here rests, without a name."—*Pope*.
"I take no name."—*Ogilvie*.
"——I am a nameless thing."—*Savage*.
"——Unnamed"——"*Anonymous*.

THE young gentleman, having seated himself on one of the green benches in the garden, commenced his story in the following words:—

At the date of my earliest recollections, I was one of the inmates of the founding hospital, the turrets of which are just visible above the tops of yonder trees. In the first stage of infancy, I was deposited at the gate of that humane establishment, with a note for five hundred dollars concealed in my cap, and a letter, desiring the trustees not to give me a name, until I had attained the age of fourteen years, when I might, if I chose, select a suitable appellation for myself. Five hundred dollars might have made a stranger request than this appear reasonable, and the keepers of the hospital were scrupulously exact in their compliance. For my own part, I grew up with a feeling of the most profound veneration and gratitude for that unknown person to whose liberality I was indebted for the rare privilege of choosing my own name. I duly appreciated the compliment which was thus paid to my future judgment and good taste.

As the inmates of the asylum were *numbered*, my nominal deficiency was productive of no inconvenience; for by the title of No. 86 I was called to take my seat at the table—to receive,

daily, the allotted portion of old ropes, which my juvenile dexterity was to convert into oakum—to be flogged for my peccadilloes and omissions of duty—and, in short, for all conceivable purposes, No. 86 was as perfect a piece of nomenclature as I could have wished for at that time.

Thus matters proceeded smoothly enough until the grand epoch arrived;—the day to which, from the first dawning of reason, I had never ceased to look forward with exultation, that day came at last. I trod the floor of the hall with a prouder step—for what boy of fourteen, and indeed what man, is not elevated in his own mind by the consciousness of having an important duty to perform? I was about to rise from the long oaken table, on which our breakfast of brown bread and weak tea was distributed, when a voice from the door summoned No. 86 to the room of the superintendent.

This summons I had been nervously expecting all the morning, and when it came, I absolutely trembled. And why not? It was certainly an awful, as well as a glorious thing, to talk, face to face, with the superintendent—the man whom my early habits and associations had taught me to clothe with something more than imperial dignity. The head of our dynasty was a thin gentleman with a citron coloured face, very small black eyes, and a nose which seemed to have received a severe lateral compression, by means of screws, or some other powerful engines, on purpose to make its length more supernaturally extravagant. He was seated at

a desk on which were placed several large books, in one of which he was writing at the time I entered his *sanctum*.

"No. 86," said he, "I find by a memorandum in this book, (laying his finger on the leaf,) that your friends or relatives who placed you under our care, were desirous of leaving it to your own discretion to select a name by which you may be distinguished in the world you are now about to enter. I hope you do not consider this as a light and unimportant affair, for it is most certain that your success in life will depend, in a great measure, on the choice you shall make. You possess an advantage which is, perhaps, without a precedent—for whereas the generality of men are constrained to submit, in this particular, to the humors of their parents or sponsors, (who, by the way, frequently perform the task in a most slovenly and disgraceful manner;) you, on the contrary, may have the satisfaction of reflecting, hereafter, that your own sagacity has provided you with one of the most certain means of acquiring wealth and celebrity; videlicet, *a good name*. Do not be precipitate. Three days of uninterrupted leisure will be allowed you to make up your mind; at the end of that time you will be placed out to some employment, for the rules of the asylum require that none of its pensioners shall continue in it, after they have attained their fourteenth year."

I made a low obeisance, in return for this lecture, and, retiring from the august presence, I sought the solitude of the neighbouring wood, where, seating myself in a spot most favorable for study, I concentrated all my thoughts on the topic, which, to me, might well be one of engrossing interest. Vulgar minds are easily pleased, but mine was a most fastidious taste. Myriads of names presented themselves for my adoption, and many of those names would have been music to the gross ears of the multitude, but, to my refined organs, the sounds were execrable. To assist my invention, I had provided myself with an old "*Directory*," which was abundantly stored with nominations, and I read over deliberately, pausing to consider each discriminative sound—"Theophilus L. Mooney—Benedict H. Wilkins—George Hopkinson Hughes—Frederic Augustus Jenkinson—B. Franklin Ferguson," &c. &c. Some of these names, I confess, were tolerable, even to my squeamish appetite;—but another difficulty occurred; I aspired after originality; I could not bear to receive a second-handed appellation. For this reason, I would not consent to be called after some of the illustrious dead, who are too often disgraced by their namesakes. And though I had a firm reliance on the great efficacy of a name, I could not but perceive that the man who is kicked under the name of Napoleon Bonaparte, or hanged under the name of William Penn, is, *nevertheless*, kicked or hanged. And I have observed that when a silly fellow is called Solomon, or a puny whipster has been christened Sampson, their defects of mind and body are not a whit less remarkable on account of these designations. I wish I could impress this truth on the minds of some

parents, for the universal appropriation of great men's names has positively become a nuisance.

But let me be less didactic. Time slipped away; hours were passed in the most intense cogitation, and yet I had not chosen a name. When I returned home, at noon, I found an old gentleman waiting to see me. He gave me to understand that he was a very rich widower, without relatives, and having heard my singular history, he came to make me an offer. "If I would consent to take *his* name, I should become his adopted child and inherit the whole of his property."

"And pray, Sir," said I, "what name shall I take?"

"Vanskipington Cranks," answered the old gentleman.

"My dear Sir," replied I, as my eyes were suffused with the tears of disappointment, "I would not be called Vanskipington Cranks for all the wealth of the universe."

He was greatly surprised and offended at my refusal; but the superintendent, who was present, declared I was in the right; "For," added he, "I hold it to be mathematically impossible that a man called Vanskipington Cranks should ever arrive at any distinction or eminence in the world."

The next day, a bookseller of the village came to our asylum in search of a boy to attend in his shop. He saw me and was pleased with the briskness of my appearance. I readily closed with his proposition, which was every way agreeable, and the same afternoon I was installed in my new vocation. It was half a day before my employer thought of asking me for my name.

"I have no name, as yet," answered I;—at which declaration I thought the fish-like eyes of the good man were actually about to start from their sockets.

"Heavens guide us—what a heathen!—I cannot possibly suffer you to remain in my house another minute. Gather up your things and be gone."

My things were soon gathered up, for a little white handkerchief contained all my moveables; but whither should I go? In an hour or two, it would be dark, and the evening was very cold. I was ashamed to go back to the asylum and acknowledge that I had been turned out of doors, and if I had any relations in the village, they were certainly not among my acquaintance.

I remonstrated with Mr. Farris, the bookseller, on the impropriety of discarding me at such short notice, and I assured him that if my nameless condition was the only fault he had found in me, *that* might be remedied, perhaps, within a few days, as I was then in search of the thing wanted. I related my story to him, but, instead of exciting his sympathy, it merely enraged him the more.

"I see," said he, "that your parents were reprobates. In refusing you a name, they have departed from all the usages of the Church, and virtually delivered you over to Satan. As for naming yourself, I doubt if the thing be allowable, for there is no instance of the kind on re-

cord. Your parents must have been desperately wicked people; and, as no evil tree can bring forth good fruit, it follows that you are no better than your parents. Therefore, I cannot suffer my house to be contaminated any longer with your presence."

"But, sir, consider that it is almost dark, and it has begun to snow very fast. Let me stay till morning, and then I will try to find another home."

"Not one instant longer," cried Mr. Farris; "the only way to treat the emissaries of Satan is to hold no terms or composition with them, whatever."

So saying, he conducted me to the door, and giving me a push, bade me go and find my parents, and not intrude myself into any better company. This good advice I would have followed with all my heart, but, like much other good advice, it was not very practicable. My resolution was soon taken; I determined to pass that night at the village hotel, and, the next morning, to set out on my travels.

I called at the "Benevolent Heart," for so was the tavern designated. The landlord was a good-humored looking man enough, and I doubted not that my reception would be cordial. When I expressed my wish to obtain *gratuitous* accommodation for the night, the host's visage changed its expression, as we have sometimes seen pictured countenances changed in a phantasmagorical exhibition. The jovial aspect he had worn at my entrance, became frightfully malignant, and I started back with horror at what seemed a preternatural transformation. But the owner of the "Benevolent Heart" remembered, perhaps, that it might be more than his licence was worth to refuse a night's lodging to a stranger who was able "to give a good account of himself," and he therefore proceeded to put divers searching questions to me; in hopes, probably, that I might not succeed in answering them all satisfactorily. Among these questions, was one which I dreaded with some reason:—

"What is your name?"

"I have no name," I answered despairingly.

"No name!" repeated the host, with a malicious grin; "then let me tell you, my fine young fellow, that there are no accommodations for you here. 'No name, no game,' is the maxim at the Benevolent Heart; and so, Mr. Nameless, allow me to show you the door."

By this time, it was quite dark, except the dim lights from the windows and the reflection of the snow, which now began to lie pretty thickly on the ground. I had gone through the village, looking anxiously at every house, without "feeling free," (as the Quakers say,) to make an application for hospitality. At last, when I had serious thoughts, (and indeed it was a very serious subject to think on,) of betaking myself to a hollow tree, a man on horseback overtook me on the road."

"Who goes there?" cries the horseman, holding in his quadruped.

"I, s.r."

"Very well—and what is your name?"

"I have none."

"Very droll indeed;—pray explain?"

"I should do that with pleasure," said I, "if I were seated with you by the side of a good fire; but, at present, there is too much coolness between us to admit of so much confidence."

"Then get up behind me," said the cavalier; "that will remove the distance from between us, and place us more on an equal footing."

I accepted this invitation gratefully, and was about to begin my story, when my companion interrupted me, and begged me to defer the treat, until my adventures could be told and heard with more comfort. A short ride brought us to a neat farmhouse, which I found to be the dwelling of my new acquaintance. We were welcomed by the mistress of the mansion, and her daughter; the latter, a lovely young girl of thirteen, or thereabouts.

"Mrs. Ringrose," said my entertainer to his wife, "let me introduce my friend, Master ——— Oh, I beg pardon, my poor friend labors under a singular disadvantage, which makes an introduction impossible. But let us have supper, and then be prepared for something extraordinary in the way of a narrative;—something which may even throw '*Norman Leslie*' into the shade."

We were ushered into a handsomely furnished room, where a large fire blazed most cheerily, and a table was spread out and covered with abundance of good things. As soon as we were seated at the board, Mrs. Ringrose said to her husband:—

"William, you should never mention *Norman Leslie* before supper. I sicken at the recollection of that twice-martyred name. When a child, I have often shuddered at the sufferings of Norman Leslie, as recorded by Fox; and I then thought that he could not possibly have got into worse hands; but I was mistaken; his second martyrdom was more intolerable than the first."

"And more inglorious," added Mr. Ringrose.

During supper, notwithstanding my appetite was sharpened by the keen air from which I had recently emerged, I could not avoid pausing sometimes to gaze on the enchanting features of Francina, my host's daughter, as she sat opposite to me at the table. The whole family was strikingly interesting; Mr. Ringrose and his wife were perfectly genteel in their deportment, and were evidently possessed of much good sense and considerable information. But the daughter—well; I was but fourteen years old at the time, and my admiration of a girl of thirteen is scarcely worth mentioning. As soon as the repast was finished, we drew our chairs around the fire, and Mr. Ringrose politely requested me to favour them with the promised narrative. With many blushes, and no little embarrassment, I detailed the few events of my life, from my entrance into the asylum to that present time.

When I had ceased speaking, I observed with some uneasiness that my auditors were a little amused at the difficulty I had met with in attempting to select a name, and my unsuccessful search after one that would suit me.

"This brings to my remembrance," said Mr.

Ringrose, "a fact once related to me by an eminent newspaper publisher. He busied himself two weeks in striving to hit on a suitable title for a new publication, and finally abandoned the enterprise, for no better reason than because he could not find such a title as would strike his fancy."

"Some publishers are more easily pleased," remarked Mrs. Ringrose;—"but," she continued, addressing me, "suppose you take some name merely to answer your present purposes, as you have seen the inconvenience of being without one. Say, for instance, you should be called Jack Wilson, Tom Martin, or Bob Johnson, for a few days; you might find it disagreeable to be so distinguished, (for common-place names are odious,) but it would certainly be the least of two evils."

I shook my head mournfully at this suggestion, which seemed about as much to the purpose as if a man who has no nose should be recommended to wear one of pasteboard.

"But," remarked Mr. Ringrose, "you err in supposing your case to be without a precedent. I knew an instance very similar, in the neighbourhood where I was born. There was thereabouts a family consisting of a man and his wife, with sixteen children. Some of the latter were grown up, and these were always expressing their dissatisfaction with their names. Laura Matilda, the eldest, was very homely, and being a girl of serious disposition, she constantly reproached her father for permitting such a romantic appellation to be engrafted upon her. Mary, the second daughter, aimed at being something uncommon, but her name was the great obstacle; the whole world was stocked with Maries, and all the small poets sung of nothing but Maries;—Mary—Mary—Mary rung in her ears, till she actually drowned herself, one afternoon, to escape from her name. George, the third of this afflicted brood, had been told by the schoolmaster that his name signified a *farmer*, and being above his business, his temper was completely soured by what he considered the bad taste of his sponsors. Sophia, who had also applied to the man of letters for information, thought her name was too arrogant, and was therefore especially careful in her behaviour to convince the world that she made no pretensions to *wisdom*. Samuel and Jane were offended at the rustic vulgarity of their respective titles. In short, the utmost discontent prevailed throughout the family; and, on the birth of the seventeenth child, the father conceived the same design which seems to have influenced your parents, resolving to let the boy rest unnamed until he should acquire sufficient discretion to name himself. His mother, meanwhile, being partial, (as mothers sometimes are,) to the youngest child, was in the practice of calling him '*Beauty*,' a *sobriquet* which by degrees came into general use with the family. '*Beauty*' was, at length, abbreviated into '*Bute*,' and that was again corrupted by his village companions, when the boy began to run about, into '*Boots*,' the etymology of which latter title was, by most persons, referred to a pair of large boots, once the pro-

perty of his father, which the lad constantly wore. The mother was the daughter of a tavern keeper, and having heard the term '*Boots*' applied to that '*colored gentleman*' who presides over the blacking establishment, she was not a little concerned at the unlucky issue of her husband's prudent arrangement. As soon, therefore, as the youth was supposed to possess the requisite judiciary powers, he was urged to exercise that right, which the tenderness and foresight of his parents had committed into his hands. But, to the great surprise and annoyance of the old people, he persisted in desiring to be still called '*Boots*,' for as custom reconciles us to every thing, that name had become endeared by long use; and so *Boots* was he called; and *Boots* he is called, to this day."

After a little more conversation, we retired to rest, and on the following morning, Mr. Ringrose expressed a wish that I should remain in his family, and acquire the art of agriculture. I did remain with these excellent people for four years, and at the end of that time, I had become a tall youth, with an excellent constitution, and, perhaps, not a very unhandsome person, but alas!—I still had no name! My anxiety to adopt one which should be every way unexceptionable had produced a morbid irresolution on the subject, and I still procrastinated, until years had actually flown, and I, a reasonable creature, was yet without that titulary distinction which every dog possesses.

To increase this grievance, I perceived that my affections were powerfully attracted to Francina, my patron's incomparable daughter, who was now in her seventeenth year, and I feared—yes, I really *feared*, that Francina had not beheld me with the eyes of indifference. I felt my present unworthiness, and determined to absent myself from this home, which I had found so agreeable, at least until I could return without that sense of abasement which was consequent to my nameless condition.

In the early part of an autumnal day, I put this resolution in practice. On the preceding evening, Francina had presented to me a pair of gloves, made of floss silk by her own hands. The tear stood in my eye as I accepted this testimonial of her esteem, and then, for the first time, and in an unguarded moment, I spoke of *love*. The manner in which my declaration was received, notwithstanding her unaffected coyness, confirmed the suspicions I had formerly entertained concerning the state of Francina's heart. But soon I repented of my precipitance: for how could I, degraded as I was, from the condition of all other human beings, how could I dare to mention love to Francina?

These reflections determined me on a speedy flight, and long before the rest of the family had left their beds, I was on my way to the city.

It was evening when I arrived at ———, much fatigued by my walk, and, as you may probably conceive, not quite at ease in my mind. Separation from the only friends I had ever known, was a severe trial, but the circumstances of my departure contributed greatly to depress my spirits. During my residence with

Mr. Ringrose, I had many opportunities for study, and with the assistance of that worthy man, my literary acquirements were considerable. I now thought of becoming a student of law and designed to call on some practitioner for advice relative to the best mode of pursuing this object.

In the meanwhile, I began to feel very hungry, and was about to yield to the allurements of a subterranean refectory, when I heard a great noise, as of many voices, approaching me from another part of the street.

"There he is—seize him—down with the scoundrel!" and many similar phrases were repeated in no very musical tones, and at the same moment I found myself in the grasp of half a dozen powerful fellows, who began to pull me about as if they thought the integrity of my bones was but a trifling consideration.

"Is not your name Bungy, the abolition lecturer?" demanded my captors.

"No, gentlemen," I replied, "I am unacquainted with the person you mention, and I never delivered a lecture, on any subject, in my life."

"Tell that to the marines," says one; "Fool who!" cries another, and a third, staring me full in the face, exclaimed;—"Well, sir, what is your name then, if it is not Bungy?"

"Ay, what is your name?" cried a fourth. "Tell a straight tale and we'll let you go."

"Gentlemen," I replied, "I will not be fright-

ened into telling a falsehood, and I hope you will credit my sincerity while I declare that I am no abolitionist, and furthermore, that I have no name."

"That's enough!—on with him!—to the river!—duck him!—No;—tar and feather him first, and then duck him. No, no;—duck him first and then tar and feather him."

The faction in favour of aqueous immersion now separated from the faction which contended for resinous anointment, and a sort of civil warfare was commenced between them. That portion of the mob which had laid violent hands on my person, now, in the true nature of the beast began to bristle up to each other, and the general scuffle that ensued, gave me an opportunity for withdrawing myself from such evil communications. Like the negro's rabbit, I made my escape while my captors were deciding the question how I should be dressed. But, unluckily for me, some of the police officers were on the spot, or rather, not very far off. A squad of these gentlemen had, with their customary prudence, been standing at a convenient distance, to observe the proper time for their interference;—namely, when the mischief should be pretty well over, and the credit of putting an end to the disturbance might be gained with but little risk of personal injury to themselves.

[To be continued.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE HEART.

"Turn then away from life's pageants, turn,
If its deep story thy heart would learn!"

ARK! like a peerless queen she moves
Amid the festal-train,
And richly mid the sunny tress
Is wreathed the gem-lit chain.

A smile is on that bright young lip,
Yet in the dark eye, beams
A deep sad light, that gathered from
Some holier fountain, seems,

Than aught that flings its sparkling spray
Along the lighted hall,
Than aught whose fitful gleamings gush,
On mirthful words to fall.

Still her light tones, and dazzling wiles
The trifling throng enchain,
And from the harp, the gifted touch
Awakes the swiftest strain.

Sweet as some fairy melody,
Her voice in song floats clear,—
Who notes the checking of the sigh
That never met the ear?

What see they in the crimson-light
That burns upon the cheek?—
What doth the spiritual paleness round
The eloquent lip bespeak?

What but the lovely shadowings,
From joy's bright pinion caught—
What but the rare magnificence
By Beauty's pencil wrought!—

Oh! on the soul's rich censor-flame,
From whence such soft tints stream,
Hath the heart laid no treasure-hope?
No fair, 'tho broken-dream?—

Who names the *Heart* in festal hours?
Away! why seek to know
More than the tone of mirth may tell—
The radiant smile may show!

Go, when the shining garland
Is flung from off the brow—
When not a ray from hours like these
May sleep upon its snow.

To read upon its shaded light,
That o'er the revel's wildest swell,
The tones that breathed from buried hours,
Upon its pulses fell,

That dark, and bitter memories—
Hopes cherished long and vain,
The sweet chords hush'd in life's young lyre,
That waken not again—

Burning its core, lay—peace!—that form,
To the vial's silvery swell,
Floats thro' the starry lamps' clear blaze,
Of many eyes the spell!

The *Heart*! why gaze upon the robe
Of gladness round it shed!
But never name Asphaltus-fruit,
Or rose-hues o'er the dead!

W——e, (Me.)

L.

Written for the Lady's Book.

STRONG COFFEE.

A SOUTHERN SKETCH.

"THANK you, mother," said Arthur Pemble, as he received his cup, replenished for the third time from the hissing urn, that by her good care seemed never to be exhausted, "thank you! and methinks the gods after their journey round the world, could hardly have quaffed the ambrosial nectar with a keener relish, from the blooming Hebe, herself, than I, after my ride of thirty miles, do this exhilarating cordial from the hands of a good mother!" Arthur was one of those young men, who had long and strenuously advocated the temperance societies, now rising, like so many blessed bulwarks, throughout the wide extent of our American shores. Compelled, like youthful physicians in general, to avoid the wear-and-tear of purse consequent on waiting for city practice, whose occupants justly prefer silver-browed experience, to the rash and experimental system of the student just fresh from college bondage, he had been for four years, a resident of what is termed "*the lower country*" of South Carolina. Full of intelligence, and eager to take a part in every scheme of public improvement, he often lamented the stagnant dearth of mind, for literature was but scantily disseminated among the uneducated and laborious community, where duty obliged him to set up his household gods, and he was accustomed to look to his annual visits to Charleston, even as a traveller pants for some green oasis in the midst of the desert. On the other hand, his cheerful vivacity caused his sojourn to be hailed as a sort of jubilee, by the younger members of his family, and while by their united efforts, new books, pamphlets, and pictures were piled even to a pyramid, for the scrutiny of his admiring eye and mind, his thoughtful mother always contrived that some unusual dainty should lend an additional charm to the ample board, and the coffee, in particular, was supplied with an unsparing hand, for Arthur's only excess lay in an inordinate love of that stimulant. "By-the-by, girls," added he, turning to his sisters, "did I ever write either of you an account of my ludicrous night visit to Joe Humphrey's, last summer? But another time will do, for Catherine seems perfectly engrossed in yon fresh looking volume, and I can sympathize in the vexatious interruption, which my idle chat must occasion. Besides mother," said he, in an under tone, while he pointed to a cold corner, where his little brother, Will, a lively and inquisitive boy, sat, apparently quite absorbed over a page of the dead Latin, "only observe what an effect a *hint* of a story produces; why Nepos would have challenged me, if he could have seen that late change of countenance from nodding drowsiness to sprightly life." "Come, brother, tell us at once, and don't regard either Will or Catherine," exclaimed his youngest sister, Fanny—"for I do so love to hear your country notions," and even the quiet Catherine turned with some visible

effort from the thrilling page, and languidly inquired, "What was it, brother?" "Well!" said Arthur, as he pushed the empty cup from his further reach, and settled himself, bachelor-like, in the cushioned rocking chair, which had been abdicated, on this particular evening, for his especial use, "I can't tell what has brought that visit to mind, unless it be your excellent coffee, mother! While travelling, last June, on professional business, with no other companion than my old college chum, Howard, who is now chief attorney at law, in our quiet little village of Barnwell, we found about twilight, on turning the fork of a road, that we had taken the wrong track altogether, and that there was no hope of reaching home that night, unless we could hire a winged Pegasus to carry us across the widest corner of a dark and unfathomable swamp. Frank accused me of having proved a bad pioneer, as I had very innocently avowed a perfect knowledge of the route; while I sought to soften down his irritated nerves, by assuring him that the inadvertency lay entirely in the undivided attention with which I had been listening to some half dozen sonnets, fresh from the manufactory of his own brain, and which he seemed to imagine, would have thrown even Petrarch himself into the depths of total oblivion." "Pray what were they about? let us have one of them," exclaimed Fanny. "Ah! sister, that were a vain attempt. For aught I know, they may have been all addressed to his mistress' eye-brow. To be candid, Somnus shared them with me. However, Frank was pacified, and away we went full gallop, when whom should we espy, lying in the midst of the road before us, but a poor traveller, like ourselves, and so completely belpattered were both man and beast, for his jaded steed stood quietly by his side, that we could just distinguish the uncouth figure. We soon reached the spot, and there lay a little, antiquated old fellow, clad in a huge roquelaire and a narrow-brimmed chapeau, who exclaimed on observing our approach. "Ah! *Monsieurs*, dis is one road execrable. But it is sauf! my grand treasure! it is sauf!" And with these words, he clasped in a sort of frenzy to his breast, a huge green bag, which seemed to contain something, the safety of which could compensate for all his other misfortunes. "And pray, what have you in that bag?" asked Frank, as he assisted him to rise, while I led his horse from the terrible rut. "Ah! *Monsieur*, dis is my *mauvaise destinée*. I be a professeur de dance, and I embrace a present, de opportunité, to fill a situation in one of de upper province, where de Charleston print inform me, dat they need, much need un gentilhomme de steady habit, to instruct in dat science of éducation si indispensable." "Very necessary, friend," said Frank, with a look of sly humour, "and this bag contains your violin." "Oui, *Monsieur*, and dat is de grand

charm of mon existence. Il distrair les chagrins et mène a la gaité." "Ah! you are a man after my own heart," exclaimed Howard, laughing heartily. "But tell me, how did your horse make this unfortunate step, for indeed, I feel much interested." "Je vous rend grace," answered the Frenchman, laying his hand on his heart, "votre politesse est touchante. Eh bien! as I advanced slowly, abstrait in de contemplation of de beautiful Nature, and pardonnez moi, Monsieur, if you be one native, but all de men have not one eye propre to discover it, in dis scene," and he waved his arm gracefully towards the flat and uninteresting pine barren, which extended as far as the eye could reach; "I give mon cheval de free rein, and he himself, being abstrait, as I suspect, lost bientot his force, and tout-a-coup, I was précipité into de milieu of dis honteux road." "Well, friend," said Frank, who really felt some sympathy for this philosopher of a fellow, "you must bear us company, for having lost our way, we are now in search of some abode, where we may pass the night." "Wid de most grand plaisir, de proposition est charmante," responded his companion, and seizing Frank's hand he prest it to his lips, exclaiming, "now I feel de truth of dat maxim, 'La peine surmontée est le sel du plaisir.'" "Exactly so!" cried Howard, and particularly when that pleasure consists in a good supper. Arthur," said he, turning back to me, who had been a silent yet not unmused listener to the preceding conversation, "is not that a light glimmering through yonder spectral pines, or is it only a delusive fire fly? No! see it is quite steady." "C'est une lumiere!" ejaculated the Frenchman, "and now we may hope for de gratification of de good society." "And a good supper, I trust," added Francis, setting spurs to his horse, and bidding me follow.

We soon arrived at a solitary log-house, where by the time we had reconnoitred, the dancing master arrived, panting and puffing as he unweariedly encouraged his lazy steed, with "mon cher ami! let us hastons!" The outer appearance of the mansion promised little entertainment to either man or beast, yet the windows showed that some effort at refinement was going on, as they were nearly all sashed, although glazing had been deemed, as yet, totally unnecessary. The open apertures served, however, as receptacles for broken bottles, divers garments, and all those other indispensable to every well regulated establishment. Having fastened our horses to a convenient rail, we approached the house, and observing a faint light within, I introduced my head through the yet unoccupied sash, and probably must have caused some little noise, for a feminine voice from amid the darkness visible, exclaimed, "La! Miley, what's that?" and another jokingly replied, "Why, Peg, I reckon it must be John, for he's been roving like a stray calf about the fence, for the last hour since sundown, and now to be sure, he's jest tapping for you. You mought as well be a leetle civil, and ax him to walk in." and with these words followed a quick giggle, and ere another moment had elapsed, a well-timed push threw the

laughing maiden most uncereemoniously into Frank's arms. "What's all that noise about there?" inquired a shrill weak voice, from within; and the disappointed Peg shyly retired to inform her mother, that some strange folks wanted to be told the whereabouts. A whispering ensued, from which we could only gather the words, "you see nothing 'spicious about 'em, Peggy!" and then in a louder tone, accompanied by a strong, nasal twang, was added, "Hark ye, if you be honest folks, and dont mean no harm, you're right welcome to come in."

Grateful to our unseen hostess, we entered, the Frenchman bowing profoundly to the gaping damsels, who, however, at their mother's bidding, threw several young saplings on the flickering flame, and thus gave us an opportunity of scrutinizing the interior of the dwelling. It consisted of two apartments, both furnished with huge chimney-places, although from the openings between the logs, which formed the mansion, we could easily perceive that its inmates approved of a free circulation of wholesome air. In the inner room, on a bed supplied with sundry blankets, lay the mistress, and from the inquiries which, in my professional character, were made, and which were most gratefully received, I learned that she was suffering from what she termed, a mighty tiresome spell of fever and ague. Anxious to afford some relief, I had recourse to my saddle-bags, and with the assistance of a cup from Miley, soon returned with a nauseous draught, which was hardly swallowed by the sick woman, before she declared that it was doing her a *power* of good; and with yet stronger emphasis, she called to Peg to stir the fire, and give the clever young doctor a picking of every thing in the cup-board. The girl readily assented, and while seemingly quite occupied in the adjoining apartment, which was but partly separated from ours by a slight partition of boards, in the mysterious process of stirring something into a huge pot, that stood on the fire, we amused ourselves from the skin-seated chairs, that utterly disclaimed all elasticity, in watching the movements of the younger sister, Miley. Drawing out a table of most alarming height, she spread over it, what appeared to be a sheet borrowed from her mother's couch, and then returned to the chamber fire, where a long whispering dialogue ensued, accompanied by the frequent dipping of a gourd into the streaming liquid, until at last, Peggy exclaimed—"the coffee's biling over." "Café!" repeated the Frenchman, who had been listening with eager ears, "café, dat is bon. C'est mon favourite liqueur," and smacking his lips, he drew himself up for a moment from his descending position, and then with half-closed lids, sunk back again. "Take care, or those ponies will be burned to cinders," called the old woman from her alcove, as our well-bred companion entitled the apartment, while, according to his mode of expression, we sat in all the verbal dignity of the *salon*:—"draw them out of the ashes this minute." "That's jist what I knew, mammy," cried Miley. "Hold

your tongue, stop talking, and fetch me the pan," vociferated Peggy. A tin vessel was produced, and the long-looked-for ponies were placed with some apparent triumph at the foot of the table, a cold cut of bacon graced the head; and dusting several blown-glass tumblers with the corner of her apron, Miley arranged them in their several places, and begged us to be seated. It was with some effort that we removed both ourselves and our unwieldy chairs to the now furnished board; and you would have laughed to have seen us, Fanny, with our chins at right angles with the edge of the table; and even then we had the advantage over the poor little dancing master, who was obliged to lift himself on both hands, to discover what was going on. But it was not until the gourd was produced, that an indescribable change took possession of his droll visage. Peggy filled each tumbler with the boiling compound; and Monsieur received his with a low inclination of the head, to 'la charmante demoiselle.' But on taking a mouthful, his politeness lost itself for the moment, in the mist of perplexity, and with a serious air he said, "pardonnez moi, si vous plait, but what is dis?" "Coffee," answered the astonished damsel. "Café!" almost shrieked the petrified listener, "you call dis café! I have met wid it ten thousand time befor, but I did not discover it at dis present moment," and sinking back in his chair he was soon lost in a profound reverie. At length starting up, he said, "will you be si obligante as for to explain de proces of preparing *dis*, what *you* call, café." "Sir," drawled out the perplexed Peggy. "This gentleman wants you to let him into the secret of making such coffee as you do," said Frank, in explanation. "Oh! he's right welcome," exclaimed the pleased girl, with a ready smile. "You see as how, you jist take the stuff and burn it finely in a frying pan." "Burn it!" ejaculated the Frenchman, with a deep groan. "Yes, mister, and that's the grand secret. Then you crack it in pieces with may be a smoothing-iron, and that's all." "Pray, what quantity do you use at one drawing?" asked Howard, with an evident struggle over the risible muscles, as he looked at his stupefied neighbour, who sat rolling convulsively, his eyes stretched wide and his mouth open, as if to catch some idea from what seemed to him, the vague obscurity of her explanation. "I should imagine a pound must last some days." "Now to be sure," exclaimed the girl, "in these parts, folks count a pound into twelve drawings; but mammy likes it mighty strong, and aunt Susy keeps a sort of a tavern, so she always reckons it out into as many times as there are days in the week, and as I take it, that's seven."

"Sept fois!" shouted the amazed Frenchman, springing from the chair, and clasping his hands over his head, "Cela est vilain! affreux! It is one ting incroyable. Ah! madame, la povere bete!" and with this unforeseen epithet for the economical landlady, he fell back, and burst into a loud and uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which he was joined by the whole

group. "It does me good to see you all so sociable together," cried the mother of the merry damsels, who, although quite unaware of the cause, had entered most heartily into our noisy glee. "Don't hurry them folks, now they're feeding, girls, but make haste; shake up the beds; and get to your wheels, for there's a power of spinning, and each of you must finish three cuts, before you take a wink of sleep this night."

As we had finished our supper, and complained of fatigue, Miley busied herself in removing the remnants of the meal, while her willing sister speedily robbed a yet unnoticed bedstead, of one of its two feather beds, and throwing it on the floor, soon succeeded in beating it up into a most inviting puff. Aware of the discomforts attending a log-house bedstead, Howard and myself quietly agreed to take a humble station on the floor, and with the assistance of saddle-bags for pillows, we soon reposed in tolerable comfort. Having wished *bon nuit* to the retreating maidens and ourselves, the dancing-master withdrew to his recess, and presently a heavy fall on the rough cords, which supplied the place of laths, followed by a low and suppressed groan, told that this specimen of *la grande nation* had also settled himself in his lonely domain. Too much wearied for sleep, I laid awake for several hours, listening to the never ending music of the spinning-wheel, which was continued till after mid-night, and quietly counting Frank's regular breathings, which were every now-and-then hushed for a moment, by some sudden creak from the corner, as the restless dancing-master tossed from some hidden cause, from side to side, on his feathery couch. At early dawn my companion and self arose, and hastened to saddle our hungry steeds, who after a light supper, had reposed beneath the blue canopy of the sky; and were now snorting, as if impatient at being detained so long from their own well furnished stables. We had hardly finished, before the Frenchman appeared; his long features yet more lengthened by a terrible yawn. "Well, friend, I suppose you are ready to ask quarters, here, for life," exclaimed Frank, "and indeed I began to think that you intended taking your breakfast comfortably in bed." Ah! non, Monsieur, voilà des demoiselles des plus polies, cependant, I speak de truth—not one word of falsehood, but all dis time, I have not found one moment of repose." Just then our hostess appeared, and on offering some compensation for the night's lodging, she refused to accept it, declaring with a hearty shake of the hand, that she would be right glad to see us whenever we came her way, and added that we must not hurry now, as coffee was almost ready. "*La voila! je comprends!*" muttered Monsieur, shrugging his shoulders, while at the same time he bowed profoundly to the smiling landlady, and being anxious to proceed as well as ourselves, asked pardon for not bidding adieu, in person, to her charming daughters, as he termed them, and then mounted his horse. "Ah!" cried my mischievous friend, catching

his words, "I am glad you have discovered what made you so wakeful last night. 'Twas the coffee then!" "Ah! non, mon ami, do not talk of dat; it was pitoyable! detestable!" he answered with a shudder. By this time, we were all in our saddles, and as our routes lay in a different direction, the dancing-master parted from us, with much show of feeling,

while his exclamations of "Monsieur, it was not *dat*! believe me, it was not *dat*!" reverberated through the woods, as Frank unweariedly shouted after him, "Friend, beware of strong coffee, since you say, it kept you awake last night."

Charleston.

M. E. L.

Written for the Lady's Book.

JOSEPHINE.

BY PAUL SOBOLEWSKI, OF POLAND.

I.

If thou shalt ever meet
Spring's sweetest, loveliest rose,
With balmy breezes sweet,
Whose cheek with brightness glows
Like Orion's purest light—
Whose words breathe but delight—
And if she ask with love for me,
'Tis Josephine—be sure 'tis she.

II.

If like the silent stream
When flowing without noise—
Or like the moon's sweet beam
From thoughtless crowds she flies—
To all she knows is kind,
Pure, noble, and refin'd,
And if she ask with love for me,
'Tis Josephine—be sure 'tis she.

III.

If thou shalt see a tear
Roll down her rosy cheek,
And if she doth appear
With feeling pure to speak—

And in her brightest eye,
Thou shalt see modesty,
And if she ask with love for me,
'Tis Josephine—be sure 'tis she.

IV.

If thou shalt ever see,
Some orphans—or the poor—
Who driven by poverty
Enter her welcome door—
And if her heart doth beat
With sympathy replete,
And if she ask with love for me,
'Tis Josephine—be sure 'tis she.

V.

But if thou ere of love,
To her by chance shalt speak,
And if a tear of sorrow
Do not bedew her cheek,
And not a sigh she give—
Her bosom does not heave,
And if she does not ask for me,
My Josephine—it is not she.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO MRS. HEMANS.

Oh well I know that perfect bliss on earth was
never thine,
Too much of grief, heart-withering grief, did with
thy joys entwine,
Too much of shade had darkly passed the sunlight
of thy way,
And tinged with gloom those rainbow hues, which
ever fade away!

I know it by thy spirit's depth of sympathy
unchilled,
By all thy soul of poetry, by lovely thoughts re-
vealed,
By all those saddened thoughts that wring the
gifted heart on earth,
Thoughts, too, which call the soul away far from
its long loved hearth!

'Tis ever thus—earth's loveliest flowers must bow
to the crushing storm,

Aye, more—must nourish in their bud the all-des-
troying worm.

And thou didst hide from all the strife that stirred
thy soul's unrest,
And only in the minstrel strain, was aught of woe
expressed—
And was there none, not one, of all, touched by
that charmed strain,
Might know the hand that swept that lyre could
not on earth remain?

And now—thou'rt gone from us! yet joy, thou'rt
blessed where the tone
Of sorrow midst thy seraph song would be a sound
unknown.

* A WORSHIPPER.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CONVERSATIONS BY THE FIRE-SIDE.

BY THE EDITOR.

"THERE is nothing in nature so charming as a bright wood fire!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvin, as she let down the window curtains, and looked around on her pleasant parlor with a smile of satisfaction, which could not be misunderstood—it said "here is *my home*, and where can there be found such another."

"You mean Art, my dear aunt," said Charles Howard, a young college student, raising his eyes from a volume of his favorite Schiller—"I think Nature could scarcely arrange such a delightful hearth as this."

"But your good Aunt has followed Nature's most perfect model," observed the village school-master, who was spreading his hands to the genial blaze, while his countenance exhibited that peculiarly satisfied expression which betokens physical comfort. "Wood is the natural material for the domestic fire, and I marvel that those who can obtain it, will ever burn that disgusting substitute, coal."

"Oh! I like a coal fire, a good anthracite fire, that will last bright and warm as the summer's sun, through a whole winter's day; and the night too, for that matter," said Ellen Marvin quickly. "Now a wood fire has no constancy of character; it is all blaze one minute, and all ashes the next. You can never leave it with safety, nor trust to its steadiness for an hour."

"I thought your sex were fond of change," said the schoolmaster, quietly seating himself by the centre table.

"In fashions, but not in friends," replied Ellen, "and fire in the winter season, I reckon among my friends."

"I have heard you say, cousin Ellen, that you loved the poetical in all things," observed Charles Howard.

"Yes—and you will say that there is no poetry in a wood fire," returned Ellen.

"Not much in my opinion," said the schoolmaster.

"But such is not my creed," replied Ellen, gaily. "It is not lyrical poetry which coal represents or inspires, I grant you. It does not blaze like a meteor, or fade like a dream. Nor is it favorable to the brown-study habit of mind, which usually is employed on idle fancies, building, as it is called, castles in the air. A coal fire has no such light poetical inspiration; but it images the bright, constant, unconsuming energy of the genius which produces the epic. Milton doubtless wrote his glorious poem by a coal fire."

"Ah!—yes; he has described the appearance of one very truly," said the schoolmaster. "It is in his picture of the infernal regions, when Satan first looked about him and saw

*"A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flame: yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible."*

"I fear you will hardly be able, cousin Ellen,

to prove that the great poet loved a coal fire," said Charles Howard, smiling.

"Why not? If he described it so truly, he must have been familiar with its appearance and effects; it must have made the light and warmth of his hearth; and we cannot surely fail to love that which makes us comfortable," replied Ellen.

"But recollect his descriptions," said the student eagerly, "which make the infernal regions appear so horrible, rest on the art by which he has presented to our minds images of a mineral world in combustion. You remember the lines we were reading the other evening—

*"Then with expanded wings he steers his flight
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,
That felt unusual weight, till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid as the lake with liquid fire."*

"A very good description that of anthracite; a solid fire indeed it makes," put in the schoolmaster.

"I have not quite finished though," said Charles, repeating with emphasis—

*"And such appeared in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill
Torn from Pelorus, or the shatter'd side
Of thundering *Ætna*, whose combustible
And fuel'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a sing'd bottom, all involved
In stench and smoke: such resting found the sole
Of unblest feet."*

"Unblest truly," said Mrs. Marvin, "as I think every body must be who lives in the smoke and dust of soft coal, or the dry, withering heat of the hard. I passed a fortnight in Boston, last winter, and never saw a cheerful, blazing wood fire in all that time; I was quite home-sick."

"But, my dear mother," said Ellen, "I am sure that you acknowledged it was less trouble to keep the rooms warm with coal than wood."

"I said it was not so much care," replied Mrs. Marvin.

"And you are doubtless of the opinion that 'life's cares are comforts;' as the poet, who sung his 'night thoughts' without the inspiration of any fire save that in his own soul, has affirmed," said the schoolmaster.

"I should be sorry to impress the minds of young people with the idea that cares, household cares are troubles," said the thoughtful matron.

"You are right, madam," said the schoolmaster. "If every person was as particular in calling things by their right names we should be spared much uneasiness."

"Then you believe there is an influence in names," said Charles Howard, glad of an opportunity to change the topic of conversation, which he perceived had begun to annoy Ellen a little; like most young ladies, she felt unpleasantly at finding herself on the minority side of the question.

"To be sure I do think there is a great influence in names," replied the schoolmaster, "often producing a serious effect on morals as well as taste, and"—he hesitated a moment as if half irresolute about propounding his theory in full, and then added boldly—"and I believe that names of persons have often a great influence on their character and condition in life."

"Do you think that a man with a low, vulgar name—such as *Tinker*, for instance, would be more likely to become mean and low in his taste and character, than he would if he bore the lordly appellation of Wellington, or the classical one Addison?" inquired the student.

"I think that *Mr. Tinker* would find it more difficult to establish a character for elegance, literature, and dignity than he would if bearing either of the last mentioned names," returned the schoolmaster. "This difficulty might be the pivot on which his success in life turned. A pleasant-sounding name, like a good face, gives the 'open sesame' to a stranger in society, and this favorable opportunity may induce the man to exert his best powers, and thus obtain an advantageous and honorable position which would exempt him from many low and vicious temptations. And thus he might become a better and more intelligent man by the influence of his good name."

"Is the pleasant sound of a name all that is required to make it good?" inquired Ellen.

"By no means, my dear young lady," replied the schoolmaster. "Association has more effect than sound. Some names always awaken low or disagreeable ideas, as for instance *Hog's-mouth*."

"Was there ever a man who bore the disgusting name of *Hog's-mouth*?" exclaimed Ellen.

"To be sure," answered the schoolmaster, "and a somewhat important man too, for he was elected Pope."

"He changed his name I presume, when he ascended the papal throne, did he not?" said Charles Howard.

"Yes—to Sergius the Second. He was the first Pope who did thus change his cognomen, and from his example it is supposed the custom, which still prevails, of assuming a new name when entering on the office of Pope originated," said the schoolmaster.

"Probably his uncouth name suggested to Charles Lamb the idea of his farce of '*Mr. H—*.' You may recollect that his hero's name was *Hog's-flesh*," said the student.

"It might be," returned the schoolmaster, "yet I am never fond of attributing every coincidence of ideas I find in authors to imitation or plagiarism. According to some writers, there never was an original thought, every writer borrows or steals all his best things."

"Do you approve of changing family names?" inquired Mrs. Marvin, whose taste had been shocked with the odious appellation of the Pope.

"I do decidedly," answered the schoolmaster, "if the name is a bad one, unpleasant and mean in association and sound. In our country, where such change is easy, no family need bear a ridiculous surname."

"What if our Washington had been born *Tinker* or *Dubbs*?" said the student.

He would never have become the hero of American history," said the schoolmaster. "He could not have risen with such a name. He would either have changed it, or shrunk from situations which exposed him to public notoriety."

"Such was the feeling and practice of the ancients," observed the student. Dioclesian was plain Diocles before he was emperor; and Plato has expatiated on the importance of beautiful and harmonious names. The Greeks and Romans both admired long names."

"They did so," said the schoolmaster. "And it is worthy of note that no great emperor or hero has borne a monosyllable name. Usually the names of great warriors have been long and grand-sounding, never short, mean or ridiculous."

"But we have many celebrated men with short names," said the student, eagerly—"Pope, Swift, Locke, Hume, Scott, Burns."

"Yes, yes, celebrated in literature, the arts and professions of civil life; not in heroic adventures or military achievements," said the schoolmaster.

"Why there were Captain John Smith, William Penn, and Captain Cooke," observed Ellen, blushing as she spoke.

"Well, well, my dear," said the schoolmaster, smiling kindly, "you have found one exception to my rule about heroes. I really think that Captain John Smith deserved that title. I did not mean to include in my remarks naval commanders; there have been great men on the quarter deck, in spite of their short, odd names."

"I think people often make their children appear ridiculous by giving them pompous or romantic names, which seem quite inappropriate to their surnames. There is our neighbour, Mrs. Winkle, she has called her little red-headed, dumpy boy, Augustus Fitzherbert Sackville," said Ellen.

"Not quite so bad as Polly Dolly Adeline Amelia Agnes Low," said Charles.

"It is a silly vanity in the mother thus to endeavour to make her child conspicuous by his fine names," said the schoolmaster—"But he may, when a man, drop all but the first with more ease than he could change an uncouth one, and Augustus Winkle will sound very well."

"It will at any rate sound better than though both names were unpleasant," said Charles Howard. "I had a classmate by the name of Winkle, who was driven from college by the ridicule his given name excited—it was *Amram*!"

"Parents ought to be subjected to fine if not imprisonment for inflicting such names on their children," said the schoolmaster, warmly. His own name was Zechariah.

"I dare say it was his father's whim," remarked Mrs. Marvin. "Men have, usually, little taste in names, and when they once set their mind on a particular one, are very obstinate. I heard my mother tell of one of her friends who had three daughters, and their fa-

ther, because his name happened to be Job, would call his daughters after those of the man of Uz—Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-happuch."

"Oh mother!" said Ellen, with uplifted hands and eyes, "was there ever a young lady with such a name—Keren-happuch!"

"Yes, and a charming lovely young lady she was; I have heard my mother say she was the belle of the village."

"With such a name!" said Ellen.

"Few ever heard her name, my love," said Mrs. Marvin. "Her mother was one of those sweet-tempered, patient, yet persevering women, who are always active in curing all the ills of life for others which they possibly can reach, and bearing their own share without a murmur or sigh. She tried to persuade her husband to abandon his absurd idea of the names, but finding that impossible, she corrected his folly as far as she could by the dear little diminutives of Mima, Zia, and Kera, so she always called her daughters."

"It was a happy thought," said the schoolmaster, "better than a friend of mine judged. Her husband insisted on calling his daughter *Dolly*, after her grandmother—the wife, bent on a romantic name, added that of *Celestia*; so *Dolly Celestia* she was called. She was their only child, and grew up a beauty and somewhat of a coquette, as very handsome girls are apt to be"—here Ellen looked strait towards the fire, because she knew her cousin Charles was looking at her—"but her name was a dreadful annoyance to her. That of *Dolly* she wholly abjured, and insisted on being called *Celestia*, till she found her discarded beaux had given her the sobriquet of "*Celestial Dolly*." She told me, with tears in her eyes, that her name was the plague of her life, and that she

would we willing to relinquish all the advantages of fortune she possessed, if her father had only given her a pleasant name—such as Ellen or Mary."

"Yes, Ellen is a pleasant name," said Charles Howard—meeting his cousin's playful glance with a smile of affection.

"Our Puritan fathers had some excuse for their practice of giving patriarchal names to their children," resumed the schoolmaster, "because this connected the idea of piety with such reference to Scripture authority. But now we have lost that faith, these names should be left to the Jews. Why should an American mother inflict on her son the name *Ichabod*, unless she believes the glory has departed from her nation. It is absurd."

"I am glad you like romantic names," said Ellen.

"I like them, not because they are romantic, but for their harmonizing sound and pleasant associations," said the schoolmaster. "Novel writers are careful to enlist our feelings in favor of their favorites. I wish that parents would cultivate this taste for the beautiful in that department of their child's destiny over which they have uncontrolled power. It is no small evil to be called by a harsh, disagreeable name a hundred times in a day; as I have known by experience. And then to think that your name will raise a laugh at your expense from the young ladies the moment they hear it;—it is heart withering. I never dared to write a love-letter, nor appear sentimental, nor could I hope that any woman of refinement would ever be induced to call me dear Zechariah!—no wonder I am an old bachelor." The general laugh which greeted this speech was interrupted by the entrance of company.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VOICE OF LOVE.

BY CHARLES M. F. DEEMS.

THERE is a holy language—and it speaks
Softly and low in all the lovely things
God hath created.

Tenderly it breathes
In every melody whose echo wakes
Responsive memory in the heart, and thrills
And sweeps the deep-toned lyre of the affections.
It whispers in the zephyr's breath, and rests
Like softest slumber on the woody bower.
It glitters in the dew-drop, and it lisps
In the low murmur of the little stream
That gurgles o'er its pebbly bed; and plays
On the bright beam that paints the rainbow's arch.
It may be read on the clear lake's expanse;
And God hath written it in characters
Bright as the stars, on the unruffled sky.
The silvery cascade speaks it, and its notes
Are even mingled with the solemn sound
Of the majestic river. Gently breathes
Its voice upon the flowret, and it stirs
The innumerable leaves that deck the forest.

Nature's a volume, on whose every page
'Tis penned and penciled by the Author's hand.

It plays like music round the mother's heart,
In the glad laughter of her cherished child—
It gently beams in Friendship's placid eye,
And gushes warmly from the heart that bows
In adoration at the hallowed shrine
Of Virtue when she holds the fane of Beauty.
The spirits that surround our mundane sphere
Speaks its pure accents; and it sweeps the lyre
Of many a cherub, as the song of praise
Goes thundering up from the whole universe
And shakes the dome of Heaven. That language is
The voice of love.

And why do men so oft
Mar the sweet spirit of harmony which rests
Softer than moonlight on our earth, and fills
The blissful bowers of Heaven? Still the foul tongue
Of Slander will produce discordant notes,
And Envy's hissing drowns "the voice of love!"



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Written for the Lady's Book.

THE GUNSMITH OF PARIS.

BY BORASMUS.

On the afternoon of the 23d of June, 1789, a large mob collected around the blazing palace of the Count St. Almer, and the bludgeoned and obstinately determined, in Paris, all armed, endeavouring to stop the conflagration. Shouts by one, fell in, and as the burning rafters, one building was levelled it was not until the entire dispersed.

In the Rue St. Joseph's, but a few rods from this scene of outrage, was the workshop of a low, tenement, Martel, the Gunsmith of Paris. It was a low, tenement foot building, with nothing remarkable enough in its exterior to recommend it to the eye, save the fact of so mean a building being proud situated so near the princely palace of the Count and haughty Count St. Almer, the favorite of the King. On the afternoon which is related to, heedless of the tumult without, Pierre, and his apprentice Antoine, were quietly at work in the little shop. Government had employed him to furnish a stand of arms within a certain period, and upon this work he was now engaged. Every shout of the mob was distinctly heard by the Gunsmith, still the hammer rang upon the anvil, as if he wished its clinking might drown the uproar; but from the frequent glances which the apprentice cast toward the window, it was evident that he, at least, did rather be at liberty to join the crowd than at work.

"Your mind is absent, boy," said Martel, looking up—"Go if you wish, and learn a lesson Frenchmen never should forget."

Fresh bursts of applause, and shouts of "Vive l'republique" filled the air, and the apprentice of Martel, gladly availing himself of this privilege, took his cap and left the shop. For another hour Martel worked on in silence; he was then interrupted by the entrance of a neighbour.

"Most glorious news, Martel," cried the new courier, "but how is this—why are you at work when all Paris is alive with rejoicing?"

"What has happened, Briel?" inquired Martel, calmly.

"Are you an idiot?" exclaimed Briel. "Do you pretend to say you have not heard the news?"

"Nay, good Briel," replied Martel, "I am but a poor mechanic, and can ill afford to lose my time for every show that comes along."

"Well then, the story is simply this," said Briel.

"Be as brief as possible," interrupted Martel, "my work is at a stand while I am talking with you."

"A mob of citizens," continued Briel, "attacked the palace of the haughty Count St. Almer, the King's favorite, and levelled it with the ground. But what is better, two companies

of the Royal Guards, which were ordered out, refused to fire upon the mob—

"And the Count," exclaimed Martel, eagerly.

"Escaped during the confusion in the disguise of a monk."

"Heaven be praised," said Martel, "he is yet reserved to feel my vengeance!"

"You, Martel?"

"Yes. I've sworn an oath, a horrid oath—the Count shall die a violent death."

"How has he offended you," said Briel.

"Swear by the mother of him who died upon the cross never to divulge without my consent what I may now impart."

"I swear."

"Many years ago," said Martel, "the Count St. Almer, by reason of his enormous crimes, was forced to embrace the Church or perish upon the scaffold. Of course, he chose the first, became a monk, and afterwards confessor. I had a daughter then, a sweet flower just budding into womanhood. She was the very image of her sainted mother, and as I watched her dawning beauties, day by day, I fancied I had a solace for my old age. She was accustomed to confess to St. Almer—a double dealing villain as he was—or as he was styled, Father Jerome, who from the first moment he saw her, laid a plan for her destruction. Too well did he succeed—what means he used—what fiend he summoned to his aid I know not, but my poor girl fell a victim to his infernal arts. She is now dead of a broken heart, and he stalks unharmed a favorite of the King. But a day of retribution is at hand. In less than one short month the anniversary of her death will come round—let the Count look to himself!"

"How happens it," said Briel, "if the Count took the cowl he is still a noble?"

"When the present Louis ascended the throne of France," replied Martel, "he petitioned the See of Rome to restore St. Almer to his titles—it was granted."

"But think, Martel," said Briel, "think of your own fate if you persist in your intention. The Count is rich and powerful—allied to the best blood of France. The King has not a greater favorite."

"Were he the King—were he Louis himself," exclaimed Martel, fiercely, "but hush, here comes Antoine. Well boy, what has brought you back?"

"Come to the window, quickly," cried Antoine—"see—see the mob have discovered the retreat of the Count, and are pressing upon him."

Martel threw open the window, and looking in the direction pointed out by Antoine, saw a single person contending with the mob. He was a man, apparently about thirty years of age,

of a tall form, and well proportioned. Around his left arm was wound the remains of a scarlet roquelaire, trimmed with gold lace, torn and dusty. His white feather hung drooping over his face, and the glittering jewels of his hat were broken, and some entirely destroyed. With his right hand he wielded a shining blade. Retreating slowly, and disputing every inch, he kept them at bay, while at a little distance stood the two companies of the Royal Guards, leaning on their arms and looking tamely on.

"He comes this way," exclaimed Martel—"Antoine give me an axe—throw the door wide open!"

"Martel, what mean you," demanded Briel, "what are you going to do?"

"What I please, Briel," replied Martel.

"You are not going to kill him. By Heavens, you shall not murder him while I stand here."

"Back, Briel—interfere at your peril," shouted Martel. "I act my pleasure—enough, I will not murder him now."

Instantly the Count darted into the shop, and pushing the door to, exclaimed—"Citizen, if you be a man, protect me from the fury of the rabble."

"Umph," said Martel, "does the proud Count St. Almer claim the protection of a poor, despised mechanic—you forget, my lord."

"You will not refuse me?"

"No. Were the murderer of my own mother to cross my threshold and claim the protection of my roof, he should have it, even if my own life was the forfeit."

The door-way and shop was now filled with the excited mob, shouting "down with him—down with the aristocracy—vive l' republique."

"Back—back," shouted Martel, brandishing his ponderous axe—"back—one and all—the man who moves a step toward the Count receives his death. Shame on ye, men of Paris, to attack a single man with such fearful odds. What is his crime?"

"He's the King's favorite," murmured several voices.

"And what of that," retorted Martel, "because the king bestows more love on him than you, are you bound to wreak your spite on him. Shame, citizens! where is your boasted generosity. Go and leave him to me."

There was a whispering for a few minutes among the crowd, and then with a shout of "vive l' Martel," they cleared the shop, leaving Martel alone with the Count.

The French are ever inconsistent—ever acting from the impulse of the moment. A short time before, the infuriated mob would have torn the nobleman in pieces could they have got at him, now there was not one who would have refused to act in his defence if Martel did but say the word.

"Citizen," said St. Almer, "you have my heartfelt thanks."

"You owe me nothing," replied Martel. "I saved your life because it was my pleasure so to do. It would have been to me but poor revenge to let you perish by the mob. I'd see you die a lingering death—you know me not."

"Indeed, you ^{are} right," continued Martel; "Your highness has forgot," continued Martel; "listen where there was once a nobleman of but true tale. Count St. Almer honored with Paris whom the Confidence. This nobleman his friendship and a young and tender girl, had an only child Almer, under the mask of whom the Count St. Almer's arts betrayed, and friendship, by his direction enough, consented then thinking it satisfied injured father. The to cross blades with it in his breast, then the Count fell with a wound and—nobleman was banished;"

"Enough, Victor Morand, you know me now." "Aye, villain, I warrant, per, darting toward "Help, ho!" cried St. Almer, with upon the door.

But the quick hand of the Gunsmith was upon his throat, and dragged him back. "Nice husky

"Monster," said St. Almer, his face white with terror—"would you murder me?"

"No! great Count, not now; your July not yet come. Until the thirteenth, by you are respited, for by the Holy Virgin the Heaven, by the sun, moon and stars, give power that rules above us, you shall not suffer that day."

Saying this he released his prisoner, who horror-stricken, staggered against the forge, and then rushed out of the building.

* * * * *

Night had already cast its shadows for several hours upon the city of Paris, when the Gunsmith, enveloped in the ample fold of a large cloak, issued from his humble dwelling and took his way to the most unfrequented of the city. There was no moon; a faint glimmering of the street lamps, gave light sufficient to show his path. He paused for an instant as he reached the skirts of the city and looked back in the gloom, to see if he was watched; but next his eye save the jagged rough-castings of the poorer classes. Exchanging ties with the guard on duty, he wrapped his cloak closer about and passed into the evening with a quickened step. For an hour he steadily at the same pace, until he suddenly stopped at the entrance of a grave yard; at another look behind, to assure himself not followed, he entered the yard, and gave a peculiar rap upon the face of a tombstone. Instantly the stone sunk into the wall, a bright ray of light darted out, and several voices murmured—"tis he." Passing in, the wall came up, and Martel found himself in the presence of twenty or thirty men, whose knit brows and clenched fists showed they had met together for no common purpose. Martel immediately recognized the faces of Robespierre, Dan Marat and others, and casting his cloak as he took a seat at the table.

"You are late to-night," said Robespierre in a low cautious tone.

"I am," replied Martel—"I had difficulty avoiding the extra patrols which are out to-night. I was obliged to wait until their duty took them to another part of the city."

"What news have you from the gay city?" asked Danton.

"The best, all Paris is ripe for revolt. This very afternoon, the palace of the Count St. Almer was assaulted by the mob, and razed to the ground, and even the military sided with the populace."

"That is indeed the best of news," said Robespierre. "Have you finished the stand of arms?"

"I have; and, to avoid suspicion, have given out that they were for Government."

"Then every thing is ready," continued Robespierre. "A few more riots, such as this day has produced, will revolutionize France, and then farewell to royalty. We must now let actions speak, enough has been wasted in words. When shall we commence?"

"As soon as possible," replied Martel, "but the populace must be armed, and let the first action be the boldest, something which will strike terror to the hearts of the king and his ministry."

"The Bastille," muttered Marat.

"The Bastille," echoed a dozen voices.

"Let the Bastille then be the first attack," said Martel, "but stay—the people must be armed. The Hotel des Invalides contains thirty thousand muskets. Shall we first possess ourselves of them?"

"It were best so to do," said Robespierre, "but when?"

"On the thirteenth of July," replied Martel. "The tocsin shall be sounded exactly at noon, to call together the Parisians, and the conflagration of the Hotel des Invalides shall be the signal to our distant friends."

"Be it so," said Robespierre, "and now before we separate—here in the close neighborhood of the mighty dead—up all, and swear to achieve the liberty of France."

"Every sword flashed in the dim candle-light, as the conspirators answered, 'We swear.'"

Immediately upon leaving the shop of the Gunsmith, St. Almer proceeded, with hasty steps, to the palace of the Tuilleries. There he was never denied admittance; learning the King was in his private closet, he ran through the familiar passages, and with more haste than ceremony, threw the door open, and ushered himself in.

Louis was gazing out of the window, and as the door opened, he turned with an angry rebuke upon his tongue for those who had thus dared to intrude upon his privacy without previous notice; but his anger quickly turned to mirth, when he beheld the wo begone countenance of St. Almer.

"How now, St. Almer," exclaimed he, with a merry laugh, "what has happened to cause you to look so poverty-stricken?"

"Many men would have hung themselves for the loss of such a palace as mine," replied St. Almer.

"And what of that," rejoined Louis, "six million francs from our royal treasury are already yours to assist in restoring your palace to its former beauty. To-morrow we hold a

court, and measures shall then be taken to bring the rioters to justice. Meanwhile, to show you that the loss of wealth has not in the least diminished our love and respect, accept this chain—"

St. Almer knelt, while Louis carelessly threw over his neck a costly string of pearls and diamonds.

"Most gracious Liege," said St. Almer rising, "should you ever stand in need of my poor services, recollect that there is one sword at least which will spring from its scabbard to assert your rights. But to the business which brought me here. Does your majesty remember Victor Morain, Count of Chavoigne, whom the late King banished?"

"Perfectly."

"He has returned unbidden from his banishment. He is now in Paris, in the disguise of a mechanic, and threatens my life."

"For what?"

"An old feud between our families. Would it please your majesty to grant me a file of soldiers to lodge him within the Bastille?"

"Most assuredly, cousin, if your life is in danger," replied Louis, writing a few lines and giving it to St. Almer. "Here is order to that effect."

St. Almer bowed, upon receiving the paper, and drawing his hat over his face, left the apartment. The following morning, just at day-break, the key of the gloomy Bastille was turned upon Pierre Martel.

* * * * *

That day, a grand court was held by the royal family. Upon the throne sat Louis the Sixteenth, of France, and by his side, his consort, the unfortunate Maria Antoinette. The lillies of France, upon silken banners, drooped over their heads, and a body of the faithful Swiss Guard, with fixed bayonets, were drawn in double lines about the base of the throne. Immediately in front, was a table costly decorated, around which were gathered the nobles and peers of the Realm. At the foot of the throne, on the right, stood the Count St. Almer, and upon the left M. de Launay, Governor of the Bastille. The rest of the individuals present consisted of the body guard, household officers and troops, servants and retainers.

"My Lords and Nobles," said Louis, rising, "it is with extreme regret we have learned the depredation that was committed but yesterday upon the property of a good and loyal subject, the Count St. Almer. Sire de Launay, you will see that the rebellious soldiery, who yesterday refused to fire upon the mob according to your orders, are arrested and brought before us. The Count will furnish you with a list of the ringleaders of the riot, you will attend to it."

"May it please your majesty," said Launay.

"What say you," replied Louis.

"It were best to station a few troops at the Bastille, as I fear the next building the mob assault will be that."

"It shall be done," said Louis. "Now bring in the prisoner."

The trumpet sounded. The retainers at the

lower end of the hall divided, and the Gunsmith appeared between a file of soldiers.

"Release him," said Louis.—It was done.

"Are you Pierre Martel?"

"By that name, I am addressed," replied the Gunsmith.

"But Victor Morain, Count of Chavoigne, is your true title, is it not?"

"It is."

"Were you not banished from the Court of France by an edict of the late King?" continued Louis.

"Most true," replied the Gunsmith.

"For what term?"

"Twenty-five years."

"Has it yet expired?"

"Scarce half."

"Why, then, dared you return, without permission?" demanded Louis.

"Because it suited my convenience. If that be not satisfactory, find an answer to content yourself."

"Audacious subject," thundered Louis, but checking himself, said in a calmer tone, "you are accused of meditating violence against the life of the Count St. Almer—nay, you have been heard to declare he should perish by your hand. Call the witnesses.

"It is unnecessary," interrupted Martel, "I deny it not."

"You then acknowledge yourself guilty."

"I have already told yon trembling nobleman, he should not survive the thirteenth of July. I still say it."

"Neither shall you, Victor Morain," interrupted Louis. "We here appoint that day for your execution; and to see the sentence carried into effect, St. Almer, we appoint you officer of the day."

"So please your majesty," said St. Almer, "Pray you excuse me."

"I have said it," replied Louis decisively, "away with the prisoner!"

"Break up the court," continued he—"St. Almer, we would speak with you in private."

* * * * *

Time flies. The scene is changed to the great hall of the Bastille. The time, July thirteenth, 1789. A file of soldiers were drawn out. Upon one side stood the Count St. Almer, Sire de Launay and a Priest, who was performing the last sad offices for a criminal under sentence of death. Upon the other stood an executioner, with his axe and block, and kneeling upon one knee, his neck bared, his head resting upon the block, was Pierre Martel, the Gunsmith of Paris.

"Victor Morain," said St. Almer, as the Priest closed the book.

The Gunsmith looked up.

"The thirteenth of July has arrived."

"But its sun has not yet set," replied Martel with a bitter smile.

"Executioner," said Launay, "raise your axe."

A moment of dread silence followed.—

"Strike!"

At that instant, a distant shout was heard,

followed by the rattling of musquetry, and a strange, unearthly sound—faint indeed, but sufficient to arrest the attention of every one present. It was the *Tocsin*.

"Father of mercies," exclaimed Launay, "what new outrage is about to be perpetrated? Ha! the Hotel des Invalides is enveloped in flames."

A cry escaped from the lips of St. Almer, as the axe hurled by the hands of the Gunsmith whizzed within an inch of his head, and buried itself in the woodwork of the door. Martel was instantly seized by the soldiers, and after a short scuffle, secured. During this, a large mob had collected around the prison, shouting and knocking on the gate.

"Throw open the window of the balcony," said Launay—"what would you have, citizens?"

Another shout arose, and several missiles were thrown toward the balcony. "Silence!" cried a voice above the rest—it was Robespierre's. "We would have you restore to us the person of Pierre Martel, safe and uninjured."

"It cannot be done, without an order from the King. He is a prisoner of State."

"Dare to refuse and we'll burst the gates in."

"Launay drew back in time to escape a bullet which whistled close to his ears.

"They are bringing battering-rams against the gates," exclaimed Launay, as a dead hollow sound echoed through the building. "Heaven help us or we are lost—again—again—it can stand such shocks but a short time longer—the hinges have already started from their sockets—crash—the chains are broke—the bolts give way. Mother of Heaven come to our aid!"

Crash—crash—crash—down fell the gates with a stunning noise—the mob rushed in and a scene of blood and carnage ensued—Launay was assassinated, his head fixed upon a bayonet and carried into the street—one by one was the garrison murdered, and their mangled bodies thrown out into the yard; and then the destruction of the building commenced.

But where was Martel? When the gates gave in, he burst from those who held him and pursued St. Almer through all the turns and windings of the prison until they reached the roof, where St. Almer in despair clung to the railing. With the cry of a fiend, Martel sprang upon him—he lost his balance and fell over the battlements, dragging St. Almer with him. They reached the ground just as a turret tottered and fell upon them, covering them from the sight of every one, and burying their animosities in death.

* * * * *

Some months after, as the workmen were clearing away a part of the ruins of the Bastille, they came across two bodies, with their hands upon each other's throats. They were Pierre Martel, the Gunsmith of Paris, and his victim, the haughty Count St. Almer.

Boston, December, 1838.

Virtue, without talent, is a coat of mail, without a sword; it may indeed defend the wearer, but will not enable him to protect his friend.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LADIES.

THE QUEEN.

BY B. B. THATCHER, OF BOSTON.

Considerations preliminary to a personal sketch.—Feelings excited by her accession.—Some explanation of the causes of it.—Present state of public sentiment.—Notices of her immediate predecessors, her mother, and other members of the family.—Traits of the dynasty.—English loyalty.—Political views of the Queen.—Her general education.—Some traits of her character.—Effect of the popular demonstrations upon her.

It may seem to some of my readers a late hour for an article on the Queen. Most people are done talking and writing of her, I know. The universal enthusiasm which her accession excited, and which was for some time kept alive by many interesting circumstances following in the train of that event, has now in a great measure subsided, as well on the other side of the Atlantic as on this. The constant loyalty with which old John Bull has long been accustomed to welcome the first appearance of his Sovereign, noisy and warm as it usually is, was in this instance heightened by considerations almost peculiar to the case of Victoria;—by her sex, her youth, her unsullied and unsuspected character, her maiden charms:—and yet that generous glow of emotion already exists no more. The accession and the coronation, are old stories; the mass of the people quite at ease in their minds; the visit to Guildhall has gone by, and the worshipful city of London has nothing to say. The levees and drawing-rooms of two seasons have satiated the curiosity of the fashionable world. The expectants of title and notice, have received, if not as much as they looked for, at least as much as they will. The offices are filled up. The painters have had their sittings given them by the score; and the engravings are scattered over the face of the whole earth in like proportion. Medals, addresses, dinners, customs, and ceremonies of every description, in which it pleases Father John to indulge in upon these occasions, all alike have had their day. It is too late even to send in any more straw bonnets, bibles, or shoes. Alas for the pride of imperial glory! Alas for the levity and stupidity of the people! Royalty and loyalty have fallen together as fast even as they arose. The plum-pudding is forgotten. Even the brief truce of the politicians has long since ended. Tories and Radicals, papers and speeches, are just as rancorous, and as riotous as before. Victoria is like any other Sovereign, any other Queen. Nay, must it be acknowledged? Poor human nature! Vain regal splendor that it is! The object of all this worship—this fair, faultless favorite of so many transported millions of admirers—not her measures, her circumstances, her ministers only, but the girl herself has become the butt of personal animadversion, the subject of political attack! They will not allow the poor soul to choose which theatre she will go to. Her private concerts are invaded with insult by the press, because foreigners were invited to lead them; and some of the English singers at the Gloucester festival, in September, publicly declined joining in "God save the Queen," for the same weighty reason. The urchin Radicals of Brighton, ere her first visit to that town was

finished, had begun calling after her when she went out to ride, "*Vich! Vich! does your mother know you're out?*" Her royal Highness herself is not sacred in some eyes. The Times abuses her like any washerwoman, and a Baronet, who has long been the Secretary and intimate of the Duchess, has felt himself compelled to prosecute that print for a libel. So much for a Queen's comfort. The King of Hanover is at ease in comparison. The gentleman who holds her Majesty's stirrup has a range of immunities far wider than she.*

We republicans, distant and disinterested observers as we are, or think ourselves to be, might well take a laugh, or a lesson at least, out of the strange behaviour of the old Old-Countrymen on this occasion, which, be it observed, has been upon all like ones the same. The new Sovereign of England is always an idol for a time. It has not needed youth, nor beauty, nor even virtue, any more than the feminine character, to make him such. No King was ever more popular, for instance, than the last, even without the Reform Bill;—before it; and what could be said in that man's favor, *as a man?* what, even as a monarch? Consider his unmarried life. A fine example, truly, from the highest social authority, for the edification of that numberless multitude (as in England it literally seems to be) who practically apply even to morals the old theory that "the king can do no wrong!" Behold the offices and honors, the public dignities, nay, the money of the people, lavished upon this offspring of a connection sufficient, under other circumstances, to banish the author of it from all decent society. The Reverend Lord Somebody put into the Church! two thousand pounds yearly to Lord Somebody else for commanding the "Royal Yacht!" and so on. The wretched mother is left to shame, to death, after all. Such were the claims of King William to his people's reverence. Talents, or taste, or energy, no one pretended to ascribe to him. A "pig-headed chap," as we used to hear him called by the Radicals—after he lost his popularity—was not very far from a true, though certainly no very respectful description of his merits; the most that his admirers claimed for him was a sort of stupid good nature which made no positive luxury of doing harm. And if such was William, what was George? How should one speak of such a creature if he were *not* a King? And yet what raptures did the people fly into when he came to the throne; how was he deified at the time of his coronation; what bursts of enthusiasm hailed his visits to Scotland and Ireland! The sickening story of the imbecile

* More of this functionary hereafter.

worship paid him by such men as Scott, is but a fair specimen of the miserable infatuation of the public at large. Had the object of this adulation been any thing or done any thing to deserve it—had he possessed claims on British affection, I will not say such as Lafayette possessed in *ours*, but those of a Wellington even, or a Jackson, or a much more common man—had there been, in a word, something chivalrous, energetic, brilliant, or beneficent in his character—then we might have anticipated from a warm-hearted people like the English, and especially the Irish, a costly, a noisy, even a cordial reception, if not the one which they gave him. But it was not so. Nothing was known in his favour. Every thing could be proved against him which disgraces human nature, with the single exception that he happened to be the handsomest man, and had made himself the most elegant gentleman in all his dominions. This and his crown were sufficient. The people fell on their faces before him. They would gladly have kissed his great toe. He was a grand Lama translated into English.

This is no very flattering picture. It is not the best view of Father John's character, but rather an exposure of his weak side. Honesty and honour compel me, at the same time, to give a word of warning to any of my readers who may exult too much in the commonly received notions that our American ideas concerning dignities, titles, kings, aristocrats, and all these things, are a model for the rest of the world. It would be strange indeed, if all our institutions, and all our professions should pass for nothing; strange if we had not learned something from the experience and the follies of the elder world, and especially of the father land. But let us not boast too loudly, nor laugh too much. Not only is the old law too indisputable that human nature is and must be the same with us as with them: the worst of it is that it shows and proves itself to be so. Look at the display of it under a thousand modifications, according to circumstances, in our own country, in the society around us. Rank and title, and royal grandeur, indeed, have as yet obtained no legal settlement among us to any considerable extent. They are not "established" by the State. But is there nothing that answers substantially to these things, under the voluntary original instinctive form—still more decisive of a people's character—in the ten thousand distinctions, official and social—implying more or less popularity in some cases, and more or less notoriety in all, which *do* exist among us? What is this mania for accumulation which so devours us;—this spirit of gambling;—this rage for place and position;—this miserable, haggard, self-tormenting restlessness, even when all these things are obtained? Mere accumulation, locomotion, position, are not the ultimate objects in view; it is for influence, power, admiration, the gratification, in a word, of the same weakness of humanity which, under other circumstances, and especially strengthened by ancient associations and by institutions of the State, gives to British crowns and coronets their value in English eyes. Does an

American require proof that with all the better traits of his ancestors, this weakness has descended also to him? Let him watch its disclosure in some of his countrymen abroad. The Chancellor of the Exchequer is well disposed towards the United States, and has paid us some noble compliments; we can deign to hear him therefore, when he cuts us in the House of Commons, for the "*gaudy array*," in which he says our officers appear before the British sovereign. The Court Journal asserts that the Yankees are "always knocking their brows against the footsteps of a throne;" and that "no London footman, no Irish master of ceremonies, ever banded 'my lady,' or, 'your lordship,' like a dashing New Yorker, or Bostonian." This is too unqualified and too indiscriminate. It is also malicious. It should warn us, however, against laughing too much at John Bull's loyalty. He makes but little more stupid ado, with his Queen, after all, than we do with some other people—and things.

Thus much for a caution. And with this salvo for the conscience, we may venture to discuss his treatment of the Queen, and even to smile at some of the good old gentleman's exhibitions. Here is a sample, from the London Morning Herald:—

"THE QUEEN AND THE MACKINTOSH.—While her Majesty was riding on horseback on Monday, in last week, in Windsor Great Park, she and her party were surprised by a heavy shower of rain, when they were yet at some little distance from the castle. A gentleman of her suite offered her Majesty his Mackintosh as a protection against the elementary attack. This her Majesty, with the most becoming condescension, instantly accepted, and wore all the way home.

"The strongest feeling of personal regard subsists between her Majesty and the Queen Dowager, an instance of which, though slight in itself, we are enabled to give. It is known that Queen Adelaide is passionately fond of flowers, and last year, during her residence at Windsor, she planted some violets of a particular kind in those beautiful gardens near the Castle, called the Slopes. It was only during her Majesty's late visit to Windsor during Easter, that the violets bloomed for the first time this year: and as soon as her Majesty was informed of it, she immediately caused a bouquet to be gathered, and sent it off by express to Marlborough House, in order that Queen Adelaide might receive the first offering of the flowers which she herself had planted."

On the same principle, when her Majesty went to Guildhall to dine with the worshipful authorities of the city of London, it was formally announced, with all the particulars, that having had the misfortune to throw down a China fire screen in one of the receiving rooms provided for her on that occasion, she absolutely turned round at the crash made by the fall; and what is more marvellous still if possible, opened her own mouth and said—"Oh dear! what a pity! what a beautiful screen!" Such were the phenomena, concerning the screen, which the kingdom was treated with daily, by the leading journals, for months. They knew very well, too, the taste which they catered for. They crowded their goods to a market. Every thing

of the sort which was set before him, old John devoutly gave thanks for, and consumed with an inconceivable relish. A paragraph of such gossip was as good as a pint of porter. An opportunity to stare and shout after the poor little lady, as she went out to ride, helped his digestion for a week. What must have been the emotions excited by the appearance of the following item—

"The Queen has been graciously pleased to honour Madame Le Plastin, of 17, William street, Strand, with the appointment of "Stay and Corset Maker to her Majesty."

Think of that—think of a thousand more appointments of like kind. What a ferment the trading world must have been kept in till these distinctions were all bestowed! What exultations in those who succeeded! what struggles, among those who did *not*, to make the best of their disappointment; for, unhappily, many of these honours are conferred only on one individual; even George IV, who did things on the grand scale, had but a single "bug-destroyer and rat-catcher to his Majesty," at any one time. Over a toy-shop in Cheesewell, appeared a board on which was painted, "Sims and Daly, Toy Manufacturers to her Majesty's subjects: a variety of Fancy Dolls and Spring Headed Jacks within." A Scotchman, at Glen-gury, set himself up as her Majesty's "*Distiller of Whiskey*." And a still more delicate compliment was paid her by a Dublin tavern-keeper, who, not to be outdone in either loyalty or gallantry, informed his customers that "the season had commenced for Queen Victoria's celebrated and much admired tripe and cowheels." Enough of this, however. Such reminiscences themselves may be deemed trifling, and yet there is something to be got from them. They must have exceedingly edified even the Queen, when they did not annoy her, and was supremely good-natured at least, when the people made such fools of themselves. It was something like the antics of some anxious old gentleman over a late-born child—more excusable than dignified, no doubt. It was, at all events, better treating her Majesty too well than abusing her, as they have done since.

And now the question properly comes up, what manner of woman is she! How much of this admiration, or of this abuse, has she really deserved. Has she any character—any individuality—and what is it if she has? These questions can be much better answered now, by the way, than they have been before. There has been so much excitement and discussion, the Queen is now beginning to be really known. Some things may be well premised in the way of a *general* answer to these queries, before coming to details. If Victoria has undergone all the processes referred to above, with all the rest of the ordeal which has almost of necessity attached to her situation—the most concentrated notoriety—the most consummate temptations to weakness; if she has gone through this fiery trial with any tolerable decency; if she has apparently lost little or nothing of character by it, the obvious inference is already strong

in her favor, that she must have had no ordinary, certainly no contemptible share, in the outset; and, of course, we are bound to add that a discipline, a purgatory, of this kind, if endured with so much as impunity, cannot but have left her a harder and healthier intellect, and a maturer character altogether, than before. Nothing can be more mistaken than to consider her a mere automaton, as many seem to, capable of going through what she *has* gone through for the last two years, without being essentially affected by it, in one way or another. So far as the general administration of the government is concerned, the theory may apply to some extent. It is true that some English sovereigns have contented themselves, in this department, with occupying, in relation to the State, the same position which the image, commonly called a 'figure head,' occupies in connection with the ship it belongs to; a mere position, that is, a standing-place, according to custom and law. Others might be mentioned who would probably have done better, and fared better, had they been thus contented, and whose subjects especially would have esteemed them far more in the King Log capacity than in any other.

Elizabeth was none of these. Imbecile she has never been called; neither was she without great positive and active merits, with all her faults. At all events, hers is an instance fully to show that the British sovereign's position need be no sinecure; that so far from merely filling a place in the ship, and much less on it, he may at least occupy and operate as an individual instead of an image; if a machine at all, much more like a steam engine, moving the whole system, than a figure-head barely standing before it. Victoria has had another predecessor also, of her own sex, in modern times—Queen Anne; nor is the history of that monarch likely to discourage any ambition *she* may feel to exercise a constitutional influence in the state. I think there will appear in the sequel even of these sketches, some reason to predict that Her Majesty, if the popular prayer of the national song for her long life and reign should be fulfilled, will be found following in this respect rather the example of her grandfather—and of her mother, it may be added, if one may introduce a comparatively private character into such a discussion, than that of either of the other members of the same family who have last preceded her. Both George IV. and William IV. were naturally endowed with *some* share of the stamina of their old-fashioned and obstinate, but yet, on the whole, respectable parent—a man and a monarch of no little character, certainly, (such as it was;) one who oddly enough, considered himself as a being having some interest, and deserving to have some influence in the affairs of his own dominions. The sons, however, were not to be compared with the father. To speak in plain English, or rather in plain *American* (for I fear a dialect so democratic as mine would hardly be countenanced on the other side of the water,) though both the abovementioned gentlemen, George and William, started with

decent constitutions of both body and mind,* and even might be considered promising lads for a time, neither seem to have had vigour enough to resist the ten thousand temptations and trials, the 'discipline,' the 'purgatory,' attached to *their* situations, hardly less than to that of the sovereign. I have the charity to think that the character must have been rather extraordinary which could have done so with success. Both, at all events, had pretty nearly worn themselves out when they came to the throne. Their characters, too, were confirmed, their reputations were established. And, not to go into disagreeable details of their more scandalous habits, they were undeniably and desperately lazy and luxurious, as well as old; quite as fit, in a word, to be coachmen as kings. Victoria, we shall see, is not of this school. She has much apparently of the Georgian stamina; a respectably sensible and perhaps vigorous mind, with a strong instinct of self-respect. This, in the grandfather was developed to an obdurate degree; but in her it shows itself thus far only as an essential aid in sustaining the dignity of her station; in fact, something of a genuine queenly bearing, royal grace, a mixture (not yet malice of courts) of the stateliness of the old system, with the simplicity of better manners and late days; the Elizabethan spirit embodied in modern form. To this is to be added the important item of a good education. Victoria's training is allowed on all sides, to have been—hard as it may be for some of us republicans to think so—really rational, judicious, and even energetic. The aim was, and as far as successful, its end has been to fit her for a station, which, to fill worthily, (whatever may be said to the contrary,) requires no ordinary character or mind. The mere prospect of this station, under such tuition, must have inspired her with a generous ambition to be and to do something worthy of a *Queen*—the Sovereign of the greatest empire on earth. "All appliances and means to boot," of course have been at her command in this process. It has been such on the whole, as could hardly result in an inferior, an insignificant, an indifferent character, whatever the material (within reason) which it wrought on.

Then Victoria is young. She assumed the full powers of royalty at an earlier age than any one of her predecessors. Five only of the British kings have been under the legal period of manhood at their accession, and these were all minors, and therefore in charge of a Regent. Victoria has taken the whole responsibility of her state in one investment, at the tender age

of eighteen. Of her youthfulness the passing remark may be made as of the ordeal of trials peculiar to her position: if it be creditable, as it surely is, for the maturest character to pass through that fiery furnace unscathed—if it be so for a man—for a woman—how much more so for a mere girl. Be this however as it may, her age is still a great point, and that for many reasons, not only is it in itself an object of sympathy and indulgence like her sex, it implies health and strength to endure and do; or implies also a disposition to please—to be greatly popular—to do good. Victoria's reputation, unlike that of her uncle's, was undecided when she came to the throne. She had it to decide for herself. The people had no grudge against her; no suspicion of her; their anticipations were auspicious as far as they went; they are so still. How vast an advantage was this over her predecessors! What a motive it must be, especially in a temper at once ambitious and amiable, as hers is considered to be. Even the foolish fondness of her admiring subjects, exhibited as it has been during the first year of her reign, a character educated as hers has been, could not but move her to virtuous and high resolves. The confidence it showed in her generous nature, and her just intentions, was probably deserved; but at all events nothing could be better calculated to make it so; to create the merit imagined—to inspire the regal mind, in this its most susceptible and tenacious condition, with feelings answering to the affections and aspirations of her people. If sovereigns, especially in free countries, have great trials to encounter, they have also the most powerful incentives to help them on; they may have, at least; and never did a monarch assume the supreme power of a realm under auspices more stimulating than hers. Every thing was on her side. The English had had no Queen for more than a century; the charm of novelty belonged to the new accession. The reigns of the only two who had ruled England during three hundred years, had been among the most brilliant periods of its history; and association and prejudice were enlisted for another specimen of the sex. All that was known at the same time, of the actual disposition, and still more of the training of Victoria, went to sustain these prepossessions. Nobody knew of a pretext for sinister surmises. All must have considered that even if she had bad traits, they might still be reformed. If she was too insensible of her responsibilities, she might be roused. If she manifested for a time something of the irresolution or irregularity of youth, that youth itself was the source of hope. She had at least, the docility and the freshness, with perhaps the vanity and the ambition which belongs to that period. All these could be turned to good account. There was time and faculty enough for improvement on one hand; there were the strongest of human motives for it on the other.

These considerations have not escaped the Queen. These influences have not failed, and will not fail to cherish in her a worthy and noble ambition. The reputation of her royal mo-

* There is something remarkably significant in the history of this family, too much so to need comment. A late writer refers to the subject thus:—"The rapid decline in numbers of the present Royal family of England, is unexampled in history. George III. had fifteen children, and thirteen of them lived to maturity. Seven of them still survive, at ages far beyond the average of any family in the world; and where is the third generation? One young lady, the present Queen, representing the Duke of Kent; one young gentleman, heir of the King of Hanover; and a son and daughter of the Duke of Cambridge—four persons in all, and three of these born in the same year, 1819, when their grandfather was fourscore years old, and one born a couple of years after; these compose all the return. Of what other family, the head of which was born a century ago, could the same be said?"

ther would alone be a sufficient guaranty for this; a woman, by the way, to whom, abused as she has been, and is by the profligate party press of London, the British empire is likely to be under greater obligations than to any other commemorated in their history for ages. The prospect is that Victoria's reign will be one of the longest in English annals. In these times it must be eventful and important in proportion. Great movements, for good or evil, are going on, and must go on, within and without the British dominions, in which the interests of that country are vitally involved. Never was there a more splendid sphere for the highest ambition and the most unwearied energies. The thought of the record which posterity *may* have to make of the reign of Victoria, is enough

to move marble itself into life. It cannot be doubted that more and more, as reflection grows upon her, she will feel the full force of these impressions. She knows that she may so stamp her influence on the period in which she flourishes, that history shall speak of it as her own. It will be the Victorian, as a former one now is the Elizabethan age of its annals; and it will not be difficult for her to imitate the patriotism, the vigour, the integrity, the courage, and all the high heroic qualities which have won for her famous predecessor the name of the "good Queen Bess," without allowing a combination of traits so magnificent and so beneficent to be sullied by any mixture either of the harshness of those days or the effeminacy of her own.

[To be Continued.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

WINTER FLOWERS.

BY MRS. M. ST. L. LOUD.

Lov'd of my heart are the flowers that bloom,
Through the long dark days of the winter's gloom;
Filling the air with their fragrant breath,
When the blossoms of summer are sunk in death.

Oh, summer hath many a sunny hour,
And summer hath many a gentle shower;
To cherish and nurture each delicate thing,
And call into beauty the buds of spring.

But ye are born, amid darkness and storm;
No dews fall on ye—nor sunshine warm;

Ye feel not the breeze of the summer day,
From the sweet southwest, 'mong your leaves at play.

Ye speak to my heart, with the voice of truth:
When vanished, are all the bright dreams of youth;
Cling to the hope, that fades not away,
Which will gild the gloom of life's latest day:

That when age steals on with its moments dark,
And the frame grows stiff like an ice bound bark,
The soul may renew its youthful prime,
Unchill'd by the frosts of life's winter time.

For the Lady's Book.

THE MISSIONARY'S WIFE.

There is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. A soldier's is more so, for she follows him to danger, and, perhaps to death; but glory waits him if he falls, and while she weeps she is proud. Before I went abroad the only missionary I ever knew I despised, for I believed him to be a canting hypocrite; but I saw much of them abroad, and made many warm friends among them; and I repeat it, there is something exceedingly interesting in a missionary's wife. She who had been cherished as a plant which the winds must not breathe on too rudely, recovers from the shock of a separation from her friends to find herself in a land of barbarians, where her loud cry of distress can never reach the ears of those she has left. New ties twine round her heart. The tender and helpless

girl changes her very nature, and becomes the staff and support of the man. In his hours of despondency she raises his drooping spirits; she bathes his aching head; she smooths his pillow of sickness.

It is true, that the path of the missionary is not strewn with roses; but often, in leaving his house at night, and following my guide with a lantern through the narrow streets of a Turkish city, I have run over the troubles incident to every condition of life, not forgetting those of a traveller, and have taken to whistling, and, as I stumbled into the gate of an old convent, have murmured involuntarily, "after all, these missionaries are happy fellows."

DEAR MARY, I LOVE THEE!

A BALLAD, COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY

SYDNEY PEARSON,

OF THE TREMONT THEATRE, BOSTON.

Allegretto scherzando.

The first system of the musical score. It features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The bass staff has a key signature of one flat and an 8/8 time signature. The music is marked *pia.* (piano) and *for.* (forte). The melody in the treble staff is a simple, sweet tune. The bass staff provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

I love the girl whose sunny smile illumines her laughing e'en, Though lit-tle clouds of

The second system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics "I love the girl whose sunny smile illumines her laughing e'en, Though lit-tle clouds of" are written below the treble staff. The music is marked *pia.* and *sempre stacc.* (sempre staccato).

care awhile, Around them must be seen ; whose sun-ny smile il-

The third system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "care awhile, Around them must be seen ; whose sun-ny smile il-" are written below the treble staff. The music is marked *for.* and *pia.*

lumines her laughing e'en, Though lit-tle clouds of care awhile, Around them must be

The fourth system of the musical score. It continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics "lumines her laughing e'en, Though lit-tle clouds of care awhile, Around them must be" are written below the treble staff. The music is marked *sempre stacc.*

seen; I love, yes, how I love to see That storm and sunshine meet; For

8va. *loco*

mf

on her cheek tears soon will be, And oh! such tears are sweet! And oh! such tears are

ad lib.

sweet!

for. *loco* *via.*

II.

I love the girl whose ruby lip
 Can breathe as soft a strain,
 As often from some eastern ship,
 Comes wafted o'er the main!
 The song she sings is strangely wild,
 And oft times passing sad,
 Yet I can listen like a child,
 And oh! it makes me glad!

III.

I love the girl whose heart can beat
 In sympathy with mine,
 I love the voice whose tones are sweet,
 And speak of "auld lang syne!"
 I love the girl whose spirit knows
 Its dreams of love for me!—
 I love—but oh! each symptom shows,
 Dear Mary, I love thee!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Good wishes keep long," said the Arabian sage. We hope, at least, they do not, like the fashions, grow obsolete with the month. We are about to ask a special favour of our kind friends, which we trust will be gladly accorded. It is that they will all step with us upon "Ali's carpet of memory," and go back to New-Year's morning; and then allow us to address them in the sentiments proper for that occasion.

The truth is, that our "Editor's Table" of last month was not furnished seasonably; the distance at which we reside from the place of publication, renders delays and disappointments sometimes unavoidable. But we are loath to enter on the duties of another year, without proffering our good wishes to our readers. So now pray consider the following as read on New-Year's eve.

"There's a new voice at the door,
And a new step on the floor;"—

Yes, New-Year has come, and the Old Year, like an actor retiring from the stage, departed never to return. When a child, we fancied that there actually was a pause in the career of Time while the scenes were shifting, or in other words, that between the death of the Old and the arrival of the happy New-Year, there was an interim in which Nature participated. And the feeling still comes over us, we think it is the same with most people, that we begin a new era of life, with the New-Year. We can hardly believe that the sands are continually flowing; that there is no pause from the cradle to the grave; and no such thing as a holiday in Nature. She, like a good and careful mother, is never at leisure, but urging on and on to the completion of her great work, when "Time will be no longer." Then will her rest come.

Does not this constant progression teach us that we too, if we would succeed in what we undertake, must be constant and true to our purpose, instant "in season and out of season;" hoping always, even when there seems no prospect of attaining? Is there not life in Nature, even when the cold and dark storms of Winter have made her desolate and seemingly dead?—As the gentle Spring revives the verdure, and decks the physical with the beauty of buds and flowers, to be perfected in the rich maturity of Summer, and the bounties of Autumn's wealth, so will our hopes and plans, if in accordance with the holy principles of justice and the earnest desire of doing good to others, be blessed and strengthened by Him who bade us pray that our Father's will might be done on earth as it is in heaven. If God intends that mankind shall attain to the happiness and perfection of knowing and serving him, then will he bless and prosper those who are conscientiously endeavoring to advance this great work of human improvement. And here we rest our cause.

Since the first beginning of our editorial responsibility, till the present time, eleven years, it has been the first wish of our heart, in all our literary exertions, to do good, especially to and for our own sex. And to this single purpose we attribute, more than to the brilliancy of effort with which our work has been sustained, the continued success which has attended us. Other periodicals, numerous as the stars in our national banner, have risen, and shone, some with the bright lustre of genius—but it availed not. There was no great moral purpose to be wrought out, the faith in which would keep them ever true to one and the same course. It is not enough that amusement is provided for the reader. There must be an aim in the fiction and the song, beautiful and perfect as these may be, an aim that corresponds with the character and pursuits of those for whom the work is designed. Is it thought that our sphere is too narrow? Better cultivate a garden with care and taste, than attempt to add field to field, till the whole is wild as a jungle, monotonous as a prairie or barren as a desert. But our field is not a narrow one. Remember that *one half the human race are females*. How grand, how exalting is the thought that we may be giving impetus to the means which are destined to elevate such a multitude in the intellectual and social scale; and more, that the character and condition of men is thus to receive its last and best improvement. Every increase of moral power

over physical might, elevates the condition of woman—because her nature being in consonance with this moral progress, and her influence over the young so sacred and irresistible, her aid will be sought and prized by the good and wise among men. Only allow her intellectual culture, and give to her feminine pursuits the degree of estimation which they really merit, and she will be content. What pursuit or profession among men is more important and honorable than the office which God has bestowed on woman—that of the *first* teacher of every human being? To use the words of Mrs. Sigourney: "In point of precedence, she is next to the Creator; in power over her pupils limitless and without competition; in faculty of teaching, endowed with the prerogative of a transforming love: while the glorious department allotted, is a newly quickened soul, and its immortal destiny."

We have often remarked, and we now repeat, that we do not seek to invite our sex to emulate the pursuits of men. We have a far loftier purpose. We would have our ladies exhibit such an example of intelligence and moral excellence, that men, when they see one of their own sex excel in all that is really noble and great, may say, as was said of the wise As-trippus of old—"he was taught of his mother."

"The best of prophets of the Future is the Past."—What hath the year gone by left us of its power and wisdom? Of its power, that most wonderful result of human genius and mechanical skill, the successful navigation of the Atlantic by steam! Here is a combination of physical energy and human intelligence, the most powerful the world ever witnessed, directed to promote investigation, peace and happiness among the nations of the earth. Hitherto the most grand exhibitions of man's power and energy have been in destructive rather than peaceful enterprises, either on land or water. Thus Alexander crossed the Granicus, and Cesar the Rubicon—Hannibal and Napoleon the mighty Alps. How poor their triumphs, who only sought honors and empire for themselves, compared with the genius of Fulton and Watts, whose inventions were destined to extend, till all nations are linked in one brotherhood of mutual benefit and good will! Every triumph of man's physical power, directed to the arts which promote peace, elevates woman in the scale of society—because the moral faculties, in which lies her superiority, are then required to direct and control the manners of life. The past year has been one of great and important interest to every philanthropist and Christian.

For the wisdom of the past year we can say thus much—it has produced three works worthy to be read this year; each, in its own way, contributing something to the wisdom of the world. By wisdom, as applied to the affairs of men, we mean that just judgment on past events, and present circumstances which shall enlighten the public mind, and make the course more conducive to the general welfare, happiness and improvement of mankind better understood.

The first and most wonderful literary production of the times is "*The French Revolution*,"—A History—by Thomas Carlyle. It might more properly be termed a series of Historical portraits, for its scenes and persons are rather painted to the imagination than described in the detail of narrative. But the power of its writer in showing the reality of that awful spectacle, a nation in its first fierce outbreak from the degradation and misery of ages of slavery and ignorance, and intoxicated with the dream of freedom and happiness, is astonishing. It is a history of man's heart as well as conduct. There is wisdom in its pages which should lesson all men. The style is peculiar, some call it affected, but to us it seems natural and proper, because it evidently is the language of feeling. We will give a short extract from the second volume.

Speaking of Sansculottism, the author says:—

"It was the frightfullest thing ever borne of time! One of the frightfullest. This Convention, now grown anti-Jacobin, did, with an eye to justify and fortify itself, publish lists of what the reign of Terror had perpetrated: lists of the guillotined. The lists, cries splenetic Abbe Montgaillard,

were not complete. They contain the names of—how many persons think the reader?—Two thousand all but a few. There were above four thousand, cries Montgaillard: so many were guillotined, fusilled, done to death; of whom nine hundred were women. It is a horrible sum of human lives, M. L'Abbe; some ten times as many shot rightfully on a field of battle, and one might have a glorious victory with *T. Deumas*. It is not far from the two-hundredth part of what perished in the Seven Years' War!"

"But what if history, somewhere on this planet, were to hear of a nation, the third soul of whom had not for thirty weeks each year as many third-rate potatoes as would sustain him? History, in that case, feels bound to consider that starvation is starvation; that starvation from age to age presupposes much.

Such things were and are, and they go on in silence, peaceably: and Sansculottisms follow."

Here is the summing up of the results of the Revolution:—

"In France, there are now four million landed properties; that black portent of an agrarian law is as it were realized! What is still stranger, we understand all Frenchmen have the 'right of duel,' the hackney coachman with the Peer, if insult be given; such is the law of public opinion. Equality at least in death! The form of government is by citizen King, frequently shot at, not yet shot!"

We wish we had room to give two of his female portraits—Charlotte Corday and Madame Revlant; but those who desire to see these two wonderful women must read the book.

The second work we would commend to our readers is from the pen of a woman—"Letters to Mothers," by Mrs. Sigourney. We named it in our last—we thought to give some extracts in this number; but it should be *all* read—be studied. It does not pretend to any original discovery—it is simply the exposition and application of those eternal principles of Truth and Nature which the experience of man and the revelation of God alike sustains. But it is of the utmost importance that these principles should be rightly understood.

And the third book? It is the work of our young, gifted countryman, William G. Simms—a novel—"Pelago: a Story of the Gosh." The noble sentiments and just principles embodied in this book, claim for it a distinction above the ordinary rank of works of fiction. It is worthy of our *second* position; and we shall be mistaken if the author does not gain by this production a celebrity which the usual hack-nied round of novel-writing could never have given him. He has opened a new mine of moral and political interest for this class of works, an interest which Americans must appreciate. Thus literature, in the three great departments of History, Education and Fiction, are becoming the vehicles of those just sentiments and holy principles which will, finally, make earth the abode of peace, virtue, and love.

We observed, in our last number, that the Lecturer was abroad. We wish to interest our friends particularly in one—the lecturer on Phrenology—George Combe, Esq., of Edinburgh. He has lately come to America, with the intention of travelling through the length and breadth of our land, and when he can find sufficient encouragement, expounding to the people the principles of his philosophy. Whoever has read his eloquent work on the "*Constitution of Man*," will need no other or higher testimonials of his talents, profound knowledge of human nature, and devoted philanthropy. Mr. Combe delivered his first course of lectures at Boston, where he was received with the respect and warm feelings which the pupil and friend of the good and great Spurzheim could not fail to inspire. We have not room this month to enter into the subject of his lectures. Go and hear him, reader, if you have the opportunity. To our sex the importance of his views on education are of the highest moment; and his lectures are intensely interesting. We look to these familiar addresses as a most efficient cause of hope for the future—by these a taste for knowledge, especially philosophy and the sciences, will be widely diffused among the people—and women can share it equally with men.

And now let us see what are our prospects of doing good for this year. We have a large number of popular contribu-

tors engaged; as the writers in the last number showed. In addition to those who have long enjoyed the confidence of our readers, we have several new names, one we are sure will be most welcome—B. B. Thatcher, Esq., who has lately returned from a tour in Europe, will give, if his health permits, a series of Sketches of distinguished females for our Book, comprising "Victoria, the young Queen"—"Miss Baillie"—"Edgeworth"—Mitford, Mrs. Hoffman, and other living writers. There will be also a story from Mrs. H. Smith, author of "A Winter in Washington," &c., besides the usual variety from our best contributors.

We have on our table new publications "too numerous to mention," but we will try in our next to give a report of the best.

Our correspondents will not, we hope, think themselves neglected, if we do not particularize *all* favors received. We shall look over our port-folio and drawer soon. In the mean time we tender our heart-felt thanks to all who show a desire to aid us in our editorial duties; and wish them, with our kind readers, A Happy New Year!

TO CONTRIBUTORS.

It has always been a primary object with the publisher of the Lady's Book, to engage the most talented writers as contributors to this Magazine. In the pursuance of this object, *expense* has been a matter of minor consideration, and without vanity or ostentation, we think it may be said that our list of correspondents will bear a comparison with that of any other periodical in the United States. The publisher congratulates the writers of the Lady's Book generally, on the unequivocal marks of public approbation which have frequently been accorded to their productions.

Having made extensive arrangements for the supply of our pages, and being desirous that this work should comprise as great a *variety* as possible, we would suggest to correspondents that a certain degree of *brevity* in their respective offerings would enable us to carry out our designs more effectually. Five or six pages, (in print of that size used in the Lady's Book) is a convenient length for a tale; and where each article does not *exceed* that amount, it must be evident that more articles can be contained in each No. of the work—that an opportunity is thus afforded for accommodating a greater number of correspondents, and, at the same time, the reader is presented with a greater diversity of compositions.

Contributors will please draw on us for the amount due them, or inform us to whom payment of their respective claims shall be made.

"WORDS—WORDS—WORDS!"

A superabundance of *words* is the great fault of the age; not an *American* fault exclusively, as some persons would insinuate; but, as far as we have been able to observe, a fault universal. Congressional speeches, lectures, orations; nay, sermons and prayers themselves, are sometimes viciously long; and even the *cold* of the present weather, which contracts most substances, seems to have but little effect on speeches, &c. Young *writers* are particularly apt to fall into a habit of prolixity, than which scarcely any defect of style is more distasteful to the reader. Persons who think clearly are always remarkable for using the fewest words. If a man wishes to be *original* in these days, let him be *concise*.

FASHION.

It is related in history that, at the time it was customary for ladies and gentlemen to wear shoes with toes a foot and a half long, and turned up like sleigh runners, the clergy preached a crusade against these ornaments without effect. And this at a time when the clergy could overturn thrones and dispose of kingdoms! From hence we may learn that whatever may be said against *fashion*, it is little more than a waste of time to decry it; at least until the disposition of mankind undergoes a radical alteration. Men may grow more austere religious—each successive generation may be wiser than the last, but we doubt whether the human species in general will ever become too good or too wise to offer sacrifices to this fan-

taste deity. We are still rocked in fashionable cradles, and buried in fashionable coffins—and in all the intermediate scenes of our existence, we feel the influence, and acknowledge the supremacy of the grand enchantress. Sometimes, indeed, we may flatter ourselves that we are not partakers in this species of idolatry;—but let us reflect a little, and our error will be visible. If, for instance, our dress be not made to conform with the mode last imported from Paris, at least we are commonly anxious enough to dress in the mode most approved among our neighbours, our acquaintances, or the religious society to which we may belong. A broad-brimmed hat and a quaker bonnet are *fashionable* in the society of Friends; and those persons who are most remarkable for the plainness of their apparel, are often scrupulously exact in conforming with some standard which they conceive to be most expressive of decorum and good taste. We mention this, to illustrate the fact that, with respect to the love of fashion, men differ more in its modifications than in the thing itself. And be it remembered that pride may sometimes be shown in singularity, as well as in excess of ornament.

Some attention to fashion is not, in itself, unwise nor injudicious; a total neglect of fashion is often the concomitant of a good understanding—but it frequently gives evidence of a mind unskilled in the affairs of this world. By inattention to such small matters, many good men impair their own worldly interests, and, what is worse, diminish that influence which they might exercise for the good of others. But this fault is trifling in comparison with the opposite one of bestowing an undue portion of our time and thoughts on matters which, at best, are excusable frivolities. Some one remarks that “*men* who are excessively attached to fashionable decorations, always hold in contempt the great and good qualities which form the characters of the statesman, the philosopher, and the patriot.” Let not the *ladies* fall into the same error, or their influence will make statesmanship, philosophy, and patriotism out of fashion. An unfashionable mortal is not always despicable, nor is a fashionable one always respectable. “When the Duke of Sully was called upon by Louis the Thirteenth, to give his advice in some great emergency, he observed the favorites and courtiers whispering to one another and smiling at his unfashionable appearance. ‘Whenever your Majesty’s father,’ said the old warrior and statesman, ‘did me the honor to consult me, he ordered the buffoons of his court to retire to the anti-chamber.’”

THE PROGRESS OF SOCIETY.

“Standing wistfully on the safe shore, we will look and see what is of interest to us, and what is adapted to us.”—*Thomas Carlyle.*

True to our principles of sustaining the cause of our own sex, as the best and surest means of improving society, we resume our record of progress. Much has been done during the past year, quietly but efficiently done to advance female education. Schools on a more permanent plan are beginning to be attempted—for instance that at Westchester, under the care of Mrs. A. H. L. Phelps—and public opinion is growing settled and decided in support of these institutions.

Men of the first talents and influence are, by their writings, or in their lectures, lending their aid to enforce the sentiments so finely expressed by the noble French philosopher, (Aime Mustin) when addressing his female readers—“*Youthful wives, tender mothers, upon you, more than upon the laws of man, depends the destiny of Europe and the future civilization of all mankind!*”

The author of the “*Incidents of Travel*,” has, in his notice of Athens, sketched a picture of the beneficial effects of Mrs. Hill’s school for girls, which must take captive every heart. We have only room for a communication from a gentleman who has long been at the head of a Seminary for Young Ladies. And here we would remark, that though we have objected to the placing of young girls, for their tuition, entirely under the care of a man, yet we never objected to the assistance of men in the intellectual part of female education. We think that an establishment, under the care of a married couple, competent to the high trust, where the husband brings for his share the rich fruits of scholarship, and the wife aids his severe task, by her fine tone of moral sentiment, and the

grace of erudition and manners, such a seminary well deserves the popularity which we have been informed attends that of the Rev. Charles H. Alden. But to the letter, for which the writer has our cordial thanks, and our request that he will soon write again.

*Philadelphia, High School for Young Ladies,
6 Portico Square, Oct. 22, 1838.*

My Dear Mrs. Hale—It is true as you say, that “in no nation on earth are there so many male teachers of female youth as in America.” And you may with propriety ask, “Shall we have no aid from this phalanx of educated men, who ought to know and feel the importance of their own profession most deeply, in rousing the public mind of America?”

As to the *quo modo*. How shall we most effectually encourage and strengthen your hands in your noble efforts to elevate the sex? You call us a “*phalanx*,” but how disunited! We certainly are not un corps d’esprit. Do you ask our untiring devotion to the cause of female learning in the ordinary track of our daily duties? We trust that in some creditable degree, you already have such aid. We assure you that we find no difference in the mental structure and capacity for improvement between girls and boys, unless in favor of the former. In docility, in moral susceptibility, in all the benefits that result from a personal attachment to their teachers, we find them superior. We find them as apt to perceive a proposition in science, as prompt to analysis as those of our sex of the same age and advantages. We find them no less alive to the beauties and attractions of literature. But we do find some very disheartening circumstances. We are compelled to dwell forever, and almost exclusively at the very threshold of learning. Our young ladies *finish their education*—what a misnomer!—at the period that the education of our sex efficiently commences. What think you, Mrs. Hale, that of the some three hundred names on my catalogues during the last five years, less than twenty-five have completed my entire course, and that course, as you know, is not frightfully extensive. It is unfortunately the case that our young ladies of the best intellectual properties have too little encouragement to attempt the sublimities of science, or the more critical departments of literature.

“I hear you are studying Mental and Moral Philosophy, Miss —,” said a gentleman of letters; “it may be you can tell me what are Algebra, pure Geometry, and possibly conic sections?” There was not a little of the satirical in the manner of the questioner. Miss —, with that modesty which proper mental discipline and a love of knowledge seldom fail to inspire, replied to her elder friend, with great clearness and simplicity. She confessed that she found the elements of such branches as she had attended to, very simple and of easy comprehension; and that she was not a little surprised to find that the difficulties of study were by no means appalling; nor could she see why the richer returns of liberal knowledge should be withheld from her sex. Instances like this are by no means rare, as you well know; and it is a matter of serious regret, that most men of the learned professions treat our young ladies as infants, rather than as rational beings. Infants they certainly tempt them to remain, in knowledge.

Now if you will be satisfied with our endeavors to cultivate in our pupils habits of decision and independent thought, and to train them for the enduring relations we anticipate, they will hereafter sustain, we cheerfully make this promise. We then will take the consolation, nor a trifling one is it, that when you and I shall have gone to our reward, other generations will reap the inestimable benefits of our exertions.

But, madam, if you desire us to magnify our profession by publications which promise nothing of the romance and spirit-stirring poetry of the marvellous and the beautiful; or if you wish us to obtain the ear of our politicians and statesmen, we must say *prenez garde*. We obtain here little or no sympathy, and find few ears to hear, and fewer heads to contrive, and fewer hands still to execute. It seems to me that the condition of female education here is somewhat analogous to the Pool of Siloam: the motion of the waters must be waited for. We may, it is true, contribute to prevent a calm or stagnation; you, Madam, are doing much in this respect; but we can avail ourselves of these movements, and turn their influence to grand results. Already have we done much. Of our own New-England, the evidences of efficient exertion are known and read of all. The female seminary of Troy, despite of all former discouragements; the institutions in Ohio; the successful labors of the Bishops of New Jersey and of Tennessee; the noble example of Georgia in the establishment at Macon; the flattering promise of the Institute at Westchester and other places in this State, to make no mention of scores of others, are all demonstrative or ominous of good. And when the excitement of political party shall have subsided, our legislatures *dare, possibly, found or foster Institutions for Female Learning.*

I have written, as you see, in a most rambling manner; I seldom have leisure to write at a less rapid rate. Such as it is, I send it. If you honor me by its insertion in your valuable “*Book*,” I shall construe it as an insinuation that I may write again.

With much esteem,

Your friend,

C. H. ALDEN.



THE THREE WOMEN

Illustrated by J. A. M. M. M. M. M.

THE
LADY'S BOOK.

MARCH, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WHO IS HAPPY?

BY MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

"Stones are hard, and cakes of ice are cold, and all who feel them, feel alike; but the good and bad events of life, its joys and sorrows, are felt according to the qualities that we, and not *they* possess."—*Zimmerman*.

"If there be a Providence," says some, "how comes it to pass that good men labour under poverty and affliction, and the wicked enjoy ease and plenty?"

"My answer (says Seneca) is, that God deals with us, as a good father does by his children; he tries us, hardens us, and fits us for himself."

My answer would differ from that of the philosopher; I should say, that the external circumstances of life are matters of indifference in themselves, and can neither give, or take away that peace of mind, and contentedness of temper, which are the constituent elements of human felicity.

The injustice we impute to Providence arises from mistaking the nature of happiness, and in believing it to be inseparably connected with ease and prosperity. But these extrinsic advantages no more make a part of ourselves than the garments in which our bodies are clothed; the mind, the mind alone, is the dwelling place of happiness: but this dwelling being impervious to the scrutiny of a fellow-being, who can decide on the happiness or misery of any individual? Not more effectually can deformity and disease be concealed by our outward garments, than sorrow and discontent by our outward circumstances. Nor can we determine the proportion in which happiness and misery are distributed among men, without penetrating the recesses of the heart.

There is no state of desolateness and poverty, no degree of bodily pain over which mind cannot triumph, and be conscious of a felicity beyond what ease and plenty and society can bestow. This truth has been established by the declarations of exiles, of prisoners, of martyrs. The deprivations of poverty—the sufferings and confinement of disease, far from destroying,

have often increased and invigorated the enjoyments of the mind: while prosperity on the contrary, with all its envied attributes, often leaves its possessor a victim to dissatisfaction and ennui.

As there is no necessary or indissoluble connection between riches and happiness—misery and poverty, which are indiscriminately distributed among men, without reference to virtue or vice, they should not be considered in the light of rewards or punishments, nor Providence be charged with an unjust allotment of the good and evil of life.

That peace of mind, which the smiles of fortune cannot bestow, nor its frowns destroy—that internal wealth, known only to its possessor, is the divine portion which the Creator has inalienably attached to virtue, in whatever situation it may be placed, whether buried in obscurity and depressed by poverty, or exalted by rank and emblazoned by wealth.

I could illustrate this truth by a thousand examples, but at present I will offer only one, drawn from the confessions of a dying friend, and as nearly as possible shall tell the story in her own words.

I was born, said Mrs. de Lacy, in the rank of life which it is the ambition of all to attain. I grew up the darling of my parents, the beloved and admired of a large circle of friends and connections. Every desire of an affectionate disposition, every caprice of a lively fancy, were indulged; while each idle habit, or vicious tendency, was corrected by my fond, but judicious mother. My mind was improved, and my manners polished, by her care and example.

Intellectual pleasures were thus added to those which fortune and affection bestowed. To crown my happy lot, I was allowed to marry the man of my choice; a man of rank, virtue,

and personal beauty. He stood highest in his profession, and soon added to professional eminence, the dignity of official rank.

Such being my situation, tell me if any thing was wanting to my happiness?

You, with the rest of the world, would answer in the negative.

I was indeed the favorite of fortune and of nature, and education yielded me enjoyments beyond those bestowed by nature or by fortune. An expanded intellect, good habits, and virtuous principles. Though the most fashionable in the world of fashion, I was not one of those gay, giddy triflers, whom the world blames while it admires. No, I was respected and esteemed; I was held up as an example, alike of virtue and of happiness.—

—Of happiness!—mistaken mortals.

This sunshine of prosperity, over whose brightness not a cloud seemed to hover, shone on all the surface of existence, while beneath all was darkness, and at times despair. Yes,

*As a beam o'er the face of the waters may glow,
While the tide runs in coldness and darkness below,
So the cheek may be tinged with a warm sunny smile,
'Tis the sad heart to ruin runs darkly the while.*

You look astonished—discover if you can the secret cause that, while I appeared to others the personification of human felicity, made me one of the most wretched of women.

You cannot, you say, even form a conjecture. Well then, to vindicate the ways of Providence, and to prove that happiness is not exclusively annexed to what the world most esteems, nor misery to those the world most commiserates, I will tear away the veil that through life has concealed my heart, and discover to you its most secret recesses.

On a dying bed, that confession may be made, which delicacy, self-respect, and the world's respect, prevented my ever making before. I was not happy with my husband—how you start—I am glad, that even to you who have known me so long and so intimately it seems a thing incredible, since it proves the success with which I have concealed the deplorable secret.

But let not the knowledge of the fact lessen him in your esteem. He was a good man and a great man, but not the kind of man requisite to make me happy.

A cold heart and a warm heart, united by an indissoluble chain.

Was not this, that most cruel of tortures, practised by Mezentius?

Wine is good, and oil is good, yet even the best and purest oil and wine can never mingle; so are there some hearts of equal excellence that can never unite. Endowed as I was by nature with the most ardent and enthusiastic disposition, with the most fond and tender heart, to love and be beloved, fervently, exclusively beloved, was absolutely necessary to my happiness.

Love I did—nay, almost idolized the object of my youthful choice, and in proportion to the strength and intensity of my affection, was the misery of not being equally beloved in return.

To me, he was every thing—to him I was but a part, and a little part of that which gave value to existence.

Patriotism, or ambition, if you will, (no, let it be patriotism, since he identified his own aggrandizement with that of his country,) reigned, to the exclusion of every other passion most despotically over his nature. In this, the lesser charities of life, the tender and social affections of society were absorbed.

It was long ere I yielded to this conviction. During the first months of our marriage, I attributed his almost constant absence from home, his thoughtful, cold, reserved, and abstracted manner, to the imperious calls of public and professional duty, and hoped when the occasion had passed, his thoughts and attentions would naturally revert to me. But month after month passed, and brought no change.

When in society, I was the gayest of the gay—but when left to myself I was overwhelmed with sadness.

Even in the most dissipated life, woman can pass but a small portion of her time in society; in the intervals of social amusements, where wealth precludes the necessity of domestic occupation, listless as lonely must be many of her hours. The fashionable world, with all its variety of diversions and ceaseless round of engagements, leaves the mind vacant, the frame harassed, or oppressed with lassitude, and the affections dormant. The over excitement produced by company, is succeeded by a proportionable exhaustion. Thus a woman of cultivated mind and warm affections, who in the calm of domestic life would never have objects of amusement and occupation, becomes by the irregular hours, the frivolous pursuits, the artificial exhilaration, and heartless society of the beau monde, as much the subject of ennui, as the silliest of the votaries of fashion. In fact, she suffers more, for her gay hours are followed by a dissatisfaction which the vain and ignorant never feel, whose contracted minds and cold hearts find in the frivolities of fashion all they desire.

My time was divided between an uninteresting and promiscuous crowd, or perfect solitude. Oh, the dreariness and weariness of this solitude!—I was not tranquil enough to exercise the various talents I had received from education, and though I was seldom without a book in my hand, wandering thoughts, an aching head, or general listlessness of feeling, prevented my reading with interest or attention even works of amusement; those of solid instruction were out of the question.

The first year of a woman's marriage, is the most trying year of her life. Long as she may have been acquainted with the man to whom she is united, it is not until then that she knows him. The lover and the husband are two different beings. The first, lives but for his mistress; his habits, his occupations, his manners, and conversation are conformed to her taste and inclination. Then indeed she is the mistress; but this brief sovereignty is soon terminated; she must exchange conditions with her humble servant, and in her turn learn to submit her

habits, tastes and feelings to her lord and master. He who lived but for her, now lives for himself, and expects his wife should do so too, and where she is rewarded by confidence and affection, she will find her greatest happiness in so doing. To fulfil the wishes, to anticipate the wants, to conform in all things to the habits, and even caprices, and to obey the will of one we love and who loves us, is a thousand and a thousand times more delightful, than to be left to the uncontrolled guidance of our own will.

But alas, only those who have known it from experience, can realize the coldness that paralyses the affections, when all the tender attentions they prompt—all the solicitude to please that they excite, are rejected or unnoticed. Our conjugal duties lose all their charm, and marriage becomes a slavery. But it was a long while before such convictions forced themselves on my sanguine and hopeful inexperience. To use Wordsworth's comprehensive phrase, "*I was a creature, of happy to-morrows.*"*

I was indeed unhappy, but I loved, and I hoped. After every absence, with what impatience did I await my husband's return—with what a fond and beating heart hasten to meet him. But he participated not in this tender impatience. He seldom reciprocated—nay, sometimes coldly repulsed my caresses, and noticed not the little preparations affection had made for his reception. And yet, he meant no unkindness—it was not in his nature to be unkind—he was only indifferent. Indifferent! I have sometimes thought unkindness would have been less intolerable!

God had given him a strong, clear, and comprehensive mind!—an instinctive love of justice, order, and moderation; a pure and refined taste, sentiments elevated above all that was base or ignoble, and alive to all that was magnanimous and lofty. Rich in intellect, but deficient in affection, nature had raised him above the pains or pleasures of sympathy. In his onward march to greatness, tender feeling and domestic solitudes never impeded his progress, or thwarted his ambition.

The husband and the father were lost in the statesman, verifying an assertion made near two thousand years ago, by the Roman historian, that "a politician had no heart."

Oh, woman—fond, dependant woman! be not misled by the meteoric brightness of rank and fashion—it dazzles, but never warms, and while blazing in the eyes of the world, leaves home chilled and cheerless.

What to me was the extent and splendour of the mansion I inhabited, the object of envy and admiration to others—nothing—to me, nothing, for I was alone. A humble cottage—a mere cabin, with a beloved and loving husband for my companion, would have been preferable to my spacious, but solitary home.

Lonely, most lonely were my hours—desolate, most desolate my bosom, for the gay throng in which I mingled, neither occupied my time, nor satisfied my affections. The solitude of a crowd!—those only who have felt, will believe,

it is of all others, the most insupportable solitude. To feel alone in the midst of fellow beings! This is indeed to be desolate. To me the want of sympathy and confidence were never compensated by flattery or admiration.

Accustomed as I had been, to be the exclusive object of a father and a mother's anxious care—living in a cheerful family—surrounded by young companions, various teachers, and servants who thought only of pleasing me, what a contrast did my maiden present to my married life! But still stronger was the contrast between the scenes my fancy had depicted, and the reality I found. Were I to describe those scenes of imagined felicity—but no, I will not, the experience of every married woman will do it better than any language of mine; for kind and attentive as any husband may be, I will venture to say, that in a greater or less degree, disappointment followed the bright anticipations of the bride. In my case, I suffered more than young hearts usually suffer. The extreme tenderness of my disposition, while it rendered reciprocated affection more necessary, made me less capable of enduring indifference. The love which met no sympathy, fell back on my own heart and corroded it to its inmost core. All that woman could do, did I do, to awaken tenderness in a husband's bosom—but I failed, and hope, which for a long while had sustained, even hope, was about to abandon me; when kind nature revived its expiring ray, and it once more illumined my darkened breast.

Ah! cried I, in a transport, I shall be a mother—he will be a father, and parental affection will excite that sympathy which has as yet lain dormant; this will blend our feelings, and unite our souls.

I softly and tremblingly whispered the glad tidings. Was he asleep—was he deaf? No—he was neither; yet he heard without answering, and I turned away to weep unheeded tears.

Compared to that moment of agony, what were the cruel anxieties, the revulsions of feeling I had hitherto endured.

Words, my friends, cannot convey to you a sense of what I suffered. A cold, death-like sensation overwhelmed me—darkness after light—a sudden extinction of my last hope.

The drowning wretch from whom escapes the plank on which he trusted for his preservation, only can judge of what I felt at that moment.

For a time, even the darling wish of maternity expired within me. It gave no joy to him; therefore it could impart no joy to me. The shock benumbed my heart, my tears ceased to flow, and I felt as if I were turning into marble. This, however, did not last long, this suspension as it were of life; nature soon re-asserted her power, and kindled anew in my torpid bosom a mother's feeling.

The love of offspring, that strongest, purest, tenderest sentiment of the female heart, in which nature with the wisest foresight, has concentrated the strength and ardour of every other passion, can exist, when every other is destroyed.

Here, exclaimed I, my fondness will meet

* *He was a man of happy to-morrows.*

with no repulse—here I may doat to excess—and oh! how dearly will my little darling love me, in return.

Life, again could charm, and a long and precious futurity opened to my view.

The tear of rapture, and the sigh of joy.
Anguish that charms, and transports that destroy.

Things which I had believed impossible, I now found were true; but to moments of such exaltation poor human nature allows not of continuity. The body, (too often the cumbersome companion of the mind) sometimes ruled with despotic power, and changed these fond transports into hours of sickness and pain—sickness, never soothed—pain, never relieved—lassitude, never cheered by sympathy, attention, or tenderness. When I married, I left all to follow a husband, hoping in him to find, father, mother, friends. But in losing them, I lost all that my heart most wanted.

What a contrast between the lonely hours of sickness and languor which I now passed, and those when a fond mother hung over my pillow, watched the live-long night beside my bed, if but the slightest ailment disordered her child. Oh, those looks of affection!—those tender cares!—they more than compensated for any pain I ever felt. The hours, unnecessary hours of confinement to which her anxiety condemned me, and of which I then complained, now appeared to me as the most precious of my life, and could I have lived them over, I would not have exchanged them for those that sparkled with festive gaiety, or were beguiled by gratified vanity.

Often have I wept out of pure pity, for myself, as that dear mother would have wept, had she known the condition of her child. But this, nor she, nor any mortal knew.

My situation afforded me an excuse for withdrawing from that society of which I was now weary, though it had occasionally afforded me some compensation for the want of domestic felicity. Received as I was received in the circles of fashion, you will not wonder, my friend, that my cares were sometimes beguiled, and that with a naturally gay disposition, I yielded to the exhilarating influence of adulation, splendour, and festivity.

Yes, there were hours—there were scenes when my natural vivacity was restored, and the inebriation of gaiety gave to my voice, my looks, my manner, an appearance of enjoyment, that might easily be mistaken by the world for happiness. Yet, night is not more opposite to day, than my dark hours at home to my bright hours abroad.

But now, there were no bright hours. A weary, sinking body, unsupported by affection or kindness—a heart surcharged with unparticipated feelings—a solitude uninterrupted. Oh, how dark would this night have been, had it not been for the one little star, that twinkled through the gloom!—maternal love! This sustained me through weary, lonely hours, and weeks, and months.

At last, the long-looked-for moment arrived—I could clasp my infant in my arms—glue my

lips to its lips—inhalé its balsamic breath, and bathe it in tears of rapture.

My husband came—the father received his child in his arms—looked at it—smiled on it—put his lips to its cheek, and returned it gently to the nurse. Then calmly kissed my cheek, and loosening my arms from around his neck, round which, in a transport of love and joy, I had clasped them, bade me moderate my feelings and take care of myself; and then left the chamber, and returned to his public cares.

Were these the father's transports—the meltings of a husband's heart, which for months my thoughts had dwelt on, and which I promised myself should repay all past indifference!—Oh! no, no, no.

The paroxysm of agony which at this crisis convulsed my whole frame, almost freed my tortured soul from its earthly prison. It was an awful moment. The dreadful conviction fell like an ice-bolt on my heart, that my husband could not love.

I outlived this moment, but the fatal impression which almost extinguished my already chilled affection for the father of my child was never erased. His coldness to me, I could at least excuse, by imputing it to some deficiency in myself. But this coldness to his child—to his first-born!—oh, it was such a destitution of all sensibility and instinctive affection, that it seemed not only an offence to me, but treason to nature! Had he proved himself a fond father, I could have forgiven the indifferent husband, and loved him, dearly loved him for the sake of the little being far dearer to me than life.

When I recovered, I was less unhappy than before the birth of my child, but not as happy as I had hoped to be. I had imagined this dear little creature would have been all sufficient to satisfy the cravings of my heart—it was not so. As Rousseau says of solitude, "it is charming, but in order to feel it so, we must have some one to whom we can say, How charming is solitude." Something like this I felt. I loved my babe, as fondly as ever mother loved; but it understood me not, and could not reply to my fondness, and I longed for one to participate in my feelings, and love it, as I loved it.

This craving for human sympathy, an instinct of our nature, was never satisfied.

Through the day, it was only at the table I met my husband, and then, seldom alone; at those, and solely at those times was I ever separated from my child. Daily inquiries were made after its health; though not required, I sometimes had it brought into the parlour, but I was so painfully affected by its father's want of interest and tenderness, that I seldom obtruded it on his sight, and as he never visited the nursery, weeks would elapse without his seeing his daughter.

A feeling more akin to resentment than any other, now sprang up in my heart, it was at times mingled with a bitterness and indignation, which made me turn with disgust from a man, who seemed so devoid of the natural affections of our nature. Until this period, my own slighted and unreturned tenderness, excited re-

gret and sorrow, rather than anger, and my still fond, though unrequited attachment, prompted continual efforts to re-awaken his dormant affections, nor had I relinquished the hope of success. In spite of his coldness and abstraction, his presence was to me an enjoyment, and though too self-absorbed to notice me, I loved to sit and gaze on him; and though all that was woman in me, shrunk from lavishing caresses on one by whom they were coldly received, yet when he slept, I indulged my fond feelings, and would often imprint a thousand unfelt kisses on his closed eyes, or polished brow.

Whence then this change? Nature must explain the mystery, and she does explain it in all her works, by showing throughout creation, a mother's love to be stronger than selfish enjoyments, or life itself.

I now as carefully shunned, as I had previously sought opportunities of meeting—nor was this difficult, as in the political career in which he had entered, he daily became more engrossed, and more sought after by the interested followers of a successful aspirant, who either hope to share in his acquisition of wealth and honour, or to enjoy the reflected distinction derived from an association with a distinguished personage. He was now the popular favorite—the head of his party. In public he was followed by applauding crowds—in private circles, with smiles and adulation. But what to me were the talents which charmed society, or the eloquence which swayed the Senate, and drew within its walls admiring crowds. The brilliant wit, the animating spirits which gladdened the festive board, what were these to me, who seldom heard the sound of his voice? Yet I must confess my pride was gratified; yes, I was proud of belonging to such a man. But after all, it was a cold, unsatisfying gratification. It was tenderness and sympathy I wanted; and in the solitude to which I had condemned myself, my mind languished for that exercise and communion, which the dearest nursing could not afford.

Thus, though a mother, I was very, very unhappy; a thing I should have deemed impossible, had it been predicted to me.

After two or three months entire seclusion, I felt the social instinct revived. The first, lively, ardent, novel emotions of maternity were gradually weakened by habit, or rather subsided into that calmness which possession and certainty produce. Pity it is, that habit should thus destroy our sense of enjoyment, while it has no power to blunt the sense of pain! But so it is.

My child was strong and healthy, and no longer excited, because it no longer needed (such is the wise provision of nature) that anxious and unceasing care which I felt during the first period of its existence. The minute attentions, that, during their novelty, had sufficed to engross every thought and every moment, had now become familiar, and even monotonous from their regularity and repetition. I suffered from the want of variety in scene and occupation. Books, fond as I was of books,

could not supply the deficiency; my mind longed for communion with mind, for that social intercourse which might amuse, though it could not make me happy; I am certain it was only my anxiety, and not my affection that was diminished, and produced that painful sense of vacuity, which society only could remove.

You smile my friend—I understand that look, it repeats, what you have often said, when you have preached moderation, that violent and strong emotions soon exhaust themselves—true—but this does not alter the case, I did not make myself; my temperament, such as it is, was given me at my birth, and I must submit to its consequent good and evil.

"Nor," said I, "my dear Mrs. de Lacy, did your husband make himself." "I feel," she replied, "the full force of that observation, as you will perceive from my further confessions."

"Go on," said I, "for my whole soul is interested in your narrative."

"Well then, my friend, as I intimated, I yielded to re-awakened desire for society, I re-entered its gay circles, and participated freely in its various amusements. During my seclusion, I had reflected much, had analysed the principles of human nature, and arrived at the conclusion that neither blame or merit could justly be imputed to an individual for dispositions inherited from nature. That to love or not to love, was independent of our own volition; that the *affinities*, of which chemists speak, are as necessary for the union of mind, as for the combination of particles of matter. In my case, the separation which ensued, from the absence of this principle, being produced by the immutable law of nature, might be lamented, but ought not to be condemned. Thus then, although I might deplore, I had no right to blame in my husband that deficiency of tenderness, which in my disposition was too redundant. The excess on my side, was perhaps as detrimental to happiness, as the deficiency on his. As I had failed in all my endeavours to quicken his sensibility, I now determined, if possible, to lessen mine. I was not necessary to his happiness, neither should mine any longer depend on him. I would cherish the esteem his excellence so well deserved, but would conquer every softer, tenderer feeling. By reflections such as these, I subdued my angry and embittered feelings; but alas, never could I subdue that yearning for reciprocated affection, which constituted the chief element of my happiness. Indifference, was my aim; but indifference was unattainable to a disposition like mine. I could love—I could hate, but to be indifferent was beyond my power.

"Why," have I often cried, "should I pine in wretchedness for an affection, which does not, and cannot exist?" 'Tis folly—I will rouse all my energies, and free myself from this yoke—I will be sufficient for myself. Then pressing my child to my bosom, would passionately exclaim, "with this blessing, what else is wanting?" My heart would reply, your child cannot love as you love, and the anguish that followed proved the futility of my philosophy. Nature is stronger than philosophy. Sufficient

for myself!—ah, never was a being formed more dependant for happiness on the supporting love of some kindred soul, than your poor friend.

At the time, however, I deluded myself with the hopes of success, and commenced a scheme of life, separate from, and independent of my husband. For a while my heart was lightened, and I mingled in the gay world, with the blithesome sensations of a bird escaped from its cage.

But how often when returning from some brilliant scene to my still and solitary nursery—my babe and its attendant asleep—no one to greet my return with kindly welcome, have I too severely proved that independence and insensibility were beyond my reach. Then has my imagination pictured the contrast of a fond and tender husband hastening to meet me with open arms and kind looks, or hanging over me in fond delight, while I nurse our child, alternately caressing each.

I have luxuriated in such fancies until they almost became realities, and when awakened from the blissful illusions by the voice of my infant, have sobbed over it in a grief a thousand times more bitter than ever lonely widow felt. Memory might soothe a widow's grief, but poor I, had neither memory or hope to comfort me.

My mind was not tranquil enough for serious or solid reading; I sought in the variety and exaggeration of fiction to lose a sense of irksome reality. Poetry and romance—Byron, Moore, De Stael, Rousseau!—enchancing, but dangerous companions for such a mind—such a heart as mine.

Admired and caressed as I was in the world, unhappy as I was at home, I knew not into what errors my own strong feelings, excited by such reading and such society, might have led me, had I not been restrained by the sentiments of religion, with which my education had early imbued me. I knew little of the abstract doctrines of the church, but a love and veneration of the Supreme Being, derived from the lessons of my pious mother, still survived, though the more minute points of her instruction had faded from my memory. So deeply had she impressed on my infant mind the omnipresence of God, that from my childhood, upwards, this conviction never lost its governing and purifying influence. Oh, how grateful should we be for pious parents and a religious education. The world may wither the branches, and blight the fruit of this divine principle, but when early implanted in the heart, and deeply rooted, it lives through all the pernicious influences of the world, and exerts an invisible but salutary power over our hearts and minds. There is too, something in vice, so abhorrent to a pure mind and refined taste, that I instinctively turned from its very form, however seductively adorned—and adorned it is in the world of fashion, with graces that the young and inexperienced may sometimes mistake for those of virtue. Yet notwithstanding these guards, I must confess I was in a dangerous position. As Eloisa says of herself, "I had a heart too tender to exist without love." But as the Searcher of hearts knows, it was a pure and intellectual sentiment, a communion of soul with

soul, an identity of interest and feeling, for which I yearned, and without which, life was a lingering death.

Dissatisfaction pursued me; finding that society could not give me that which I desired, I again buried myself in my nursery. No mother could love her child more fondly, and yet my heart was not full; ah no, there was an ever aching void. In a kind of despair, I would again go back to the gay bustling world. Vain resource! under the scourge of the feelings that were lacerating my bosom, what was its gaiety to me? Cold as ice, empty as a dream. The mere animal spirits which it excited, when exhausted, left me in still deeper dejection. Gratified vanity could impart a transient glow to my cheek, and lend a flitting brilliancy to my sleepless eyes. And thus was the world deceived.

In receiving and paying visits in company with my husband, he was too polite a man not to treat me with due attention and respect; and any thing beyond this being inconsistent with the usages of society, how was the world to know he was not a tender husband, or that I was not a happy wife?

Basking as it were in the sunshine of prosperity, those who knew me believed nothing wanting to my felicity, and looked on me with envy; alas, I looked on myself with pity.

You will think I was unreasonable; I often thought myself so, and compared my lot with that of other wives, who suffered from the vices, the extravagances, ill temper or inferiority of their husbands, and asked myself if these were not sources of greater misery than any I endured? I had to answer in the affirmative. Yet I was not the less wretched. Such is the perversity of human nature, that difficulty of attainment enhances the value of an object, and possession depreciates it in our estimation. Now that the conflict is past, and my judgment no longer obscured by passion, I see the case in the light that you or any impartial person would view it, and acknowledge, that in a great measure I was the author of much, if not all my unhappiness. But the fact remains unaltered, and proves the truth of Zimmerman's remark, "that the joys and sorrows of life are felt according to the qualities which *we* and not *they* possess."

If this is the fact, our wisest course would be, to look within ourselves for the source of our discontent, and to correct our own tempers, change our own habits, and regulate our own affections, instead of complaining of any extrinsic circumstances.

For many years my condition was such as I have described, when an incident occurred, which changed the gloomy habit of my soul.

[To be continued.]

If the devil ever laughs, it must be at hypocrites; they are the greatest dupes he has; they serve him better than any others, and receive no wages; nay, what is still more extraordinary, they submit to greater mortifications to go to hell, than the sincerest Christian to go to Heaven.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE USES OF AFFLICTION.

THE disposition of the human heart to make to itself treasures is the main spring to all that is sublime and beautiful, or dark and desolating in the human character. Souls overflowing with affection the most gentle; and souls whose sluggish course lies bound 'neath icy fetters, are alike fixed on some treasure which is their "being's end aim." All the energies of our nature, however varied the paths they beat, are either directly, or indirectly employed in accumulating and guarding *heart treasure*. While this treasure is safe, disappointment, with "the thousand ills that flesh is heir to," is beaten back with high and stern resolve; but let the destroyer desecrate the heart's "holiest of holies,"—let its dearest hopes, its treasures be torn thence, and the watch is let down—the glory departs: that nucleus, around which all the hopes and loves had gathered, buries in its ruins the energies and springs of blissful existence! Such is the end of many over whom the leprosy of disappointment settles. Hungering and thirsting for happiness, we learn at every sip, that earthly enjoyment is incomplete, leaving something still to sigh for. But He, who formed the heart and gave it this disposition of intense devotion to something dearer than aught else, mercifully and kindly provided for it a treasure above change, transference or corruption. And blessed, forever blessed, be that Saviour whose love kindles its brightest and purest fires upon the funeral pile of the heart's idols!

It is when our choice hopes are fled, having turned to all for an equivalent, yet finding none, that we rest our hopes on God, and through faith

lay hold on eternal treasures "prepared from the foundation of the world." Then for the first time, the heart, (being its own expositor,) exclaims, "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth."

The first shock of affliction having passed and borne with it the last forlorn hope that lingered around the precious ruins—that for which we prized life most dearly being clear gone forever; waking as from a dream, we are astonished to find that many of the sweetest, fairest, and purest blessings of existence, have been eclipsed by an all-absorbing passion—a passion, in itself and object, as pure perhaps and noble had it taken its proper rank in a rational estimate of life's enjoyments. Motives before dormant or of little force, arouse and invigorate our scattered powers and to our astonishment, we find that affliction removes the bounds of sympathy and sends it far as suffering and joy hold habitations. Alike scouting borrowed troubles and sinking the petty evils and vexations of every day occurrence to the level of their proper insignificance; affliction opens the sources and clears the channels of numberless enjoyments that, like streams filling the mighty ocean, compose an aggregate of happiness as weighty perhaps and more beneficial in its influence than the monopoly it destroys. If we make heaven our home, the storehouse of our heart's treasure we may safely and wisely refresh ourselves on our journey thither, from all the springs and blossoms of the way.

IRENE.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DEATH-BED OF RED JACKET, THE SENECA CHIEF.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"He cometh! Death is here! Leave me alone!—Hence!—Hence!—Ye shall not see me, when I die;

If die I must.—I would not that the men Whom I have led to battle, saw me yield To any conqueror.—Shall my warrior's hear From this undaunted breast, weak gasp, or groan, As when a woman dies?

How cold the dew That bathes my temples! Wipe it not away! Shame on your tears!—Leave me alone with Death! I will deal with him, as a brave man should, Unblenching, and unawed.—Yea, I will break A spear with him; ere he shall pierce my breast.

Ha!—He hath smote the lion!—Was it well Thus to steal on me, in my unarm'd bed, Thou potent enemy? How hast thou cut The nerve of that strong arm, which used to cleave The sturdiest foeman, like the sapling spray.

Oh, friends! the dimness of the grave doth steal Over that eye, that as the eagle dar'd The noon-day sunbeam. Let me hear your voice; Once more!—Once more!

In vain!—These ears are seal'd That caught the slightest rustle of the leaf, Where the dark ambush lay.

Come back! Come back! Do my last bidding, friends!—Lay not my bones Near any white man's! Let not his pale hand Touch my clay-pillow—nor his hated voice Breathe burial-hymns for me. Rather than dwell In Paradise with him, my soul would choose The outer darkness, and the undying worm. —Ho!—Heed my words!—or else my vengeful shade Shall haunt ye with a curse."

And so he died. That pagan Chief—the last, strong banner-staff Of the poor Senecas.—No more the flash Of his wild eloquence, shall fire their ranks To mortal combat.—His distorted brow, And the stern grapple, when he sank in death They sadly grave upon their orphan-hearts, As to their rude homes in the forest glade, Mournful they turn.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DEAF MOLLY.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Through the wide world he only is alone,
Who lives not for another.—*Rogers.*

"Yes, she is as deaf as"—I paused and hesitated for a comparison—but I've supplied it—"as deaf as Molly Stone, you might say," she added.

"Ah, you are right," I answered, "for in truth the sealed ear of the dead was never more impenetrable to earthly sound, than was the insensible organ of deaf Molly. Poor old crone, how well I remember her!"

And as her image thus invoked from its rest, passed before my mind's eye, and I mechanically repeated the name of this unknown and obscure individual, a hidden chord was touched within my soul, a thousand fond and tender reminiscences were awakened, and years long passed away, again rolled back, and gave to view the almost forgotten events, which they had borne afar upon their wings—again I stood among those gently swelling hills and sunny valleys, where in the joyous spirit of childhood, and the untamed buoyancy of youth, I had revelled in delight—that pure and innocent delight, which the sweet influences of nature awaken in the young and happy heart. Again I heard the sound of that Sabbath bell which had so often called me to the house of prayer—within whose consecrated walls, my revered father broke the bread of life, and long, and faithfully ministered to the spiritual wants of his little flock. Once more I threaded the green winding of that embowered lane which led from the village highway to my romantic and sequestered home, and caught, through the drooping branches of the sheltering elms, a glimpse of the white walls of my native dwelling, and of the gray irregular rocks, clothed with locusts, and crowned with a simple summer house, which rose almost perpendicularly from the green valley in which it stood.

And what a lovely view spread itself out from that rustic summer-house, and how many a time have I stood there with the sister of my heart, she, who was then to me but as another self, to gaze with unsatiated delight upon the landscape. I doubt not, there are other scenes as beautiful, more varied, and of wider compass, but it seemed to me then as if in the whole earth there could not one be found to compare with that in beauty;—and even now, as I behold it through the faithful glass of memory, I can find no parallel to it in the wide-stretching scope of imagination or reality. There it lay—the terraced garden sloping downwards with its laden peach trees, and its white espaliers glancing through the broad foliage of the grape, to the simple dwelling at its feet, draped with climbing roses and honeysuckles, and embosomed in protecting elms—while far away the eye roved over the beautiful panorama of hill and dale, streamlet and wood, showing here and

there a quiet cottage amid its orchards and waving cornfields, or the more elegant abode of wealth, with all its appendages of luxury and comfort.—And that beautifully rounded hill opposite?—that is Nonantum, hallowed by the name of Elliot, the venerable, self-denying apostle, whose labours of love first led the savages of our forests, to comprehend the great and glorious truths of Christianity. That green mount was the earliest scene of his labors. Then, it stood a wild and howling wilderness; behold it now, smiling to its summit with the traces of man's toil, crowned with tasteful villas, dotted with forest trees and orchards, bright with various colored grain, rich with luxuriant vegetation. How softly shines the star of evening above that beautiful eminence! how gorgeous the gold and purple clouds that curtain it—how varied, and how exquisite are their swiftly changing hues, saddening by imperceptible degrees, till the dim shadows of evening steal over the fair face of nature, the stars one by one, shine out in the sapphire sky, and the distant outline of the landscape is alone discernible against the gray horizon!

But away with these softening memories of the past, memories "pleasant yet mournful to the soul," and let me sketch the brief outline of her history, whose name, linked with the earliest associations of childhood, awakened them from slumber.

It was at the foot of Nonantum, that almost classic hill, that deaf Molly dwelt, and her image now stands vividly before me, though long years have passed away since the grave closed over her imperfections. But time has not weakened the impression which her singular figure made upon my youthful mind, and I see her at this moment as plainly as though she were still in life, such as she then appeared to me; with her small withered face, her pale blue eyes that snapped, and sparkled with no gentle fires, and her gray hair combed back from her low furrowed brow, beneath a little cap of snowy whiteness. Her diminutive figure was always clad in a coarse petticoat of dark stuff, a clean checked apron, the corner of which she was in the habit of twitching, when more than usually excited, and a striped gown, that descended midway on her person, the sleeves of which, loose and scanty in length, barely reached her wrists, exposing to view a huge bony hand, which when she ventured abroad, usually grasped a basket of tiny dimensions. She wore stout leather shoes, fastened by broad buckles upon her instep, and a scarlet cloak, the hood of which was sometimes drawn over her cap, but more frequently lay idly back upon her shoulders. In this guise she would occasionally steal forth from her lonely dormitory,

before the cock gave warning of approaching day, and cautiously gliding over field and through lane, hasten to pay her customary visit to the few favored individuals, with whom she condescended to hold any intercourse; and well she knew, that after the hospitable entertainment of a day, she should not wend her homeward way at night, without the additional incumbrance of a well filled basket of comforts, with which to replenish her empty larder.

How often when a child have I risen in the morning and found poor Molly quietly ensconced in the ample corner of the kitchen chimney, and how sedulously were we taught by our parents, to make her understand by signs, for words fell unheeded on her ear, that we studied her comfort, and regarded her with kindness and consideration. Molly was one of those unhappy beings, called a misanthrope—with a few individual exceptions, she disliked her whole species—but the *lordly* part of creation, were objects of her utter abhorrence. There were but two only, that ever I could learn, exempt from her bitter curse, and those were, my father, and the clergyman of a neighbouring parish, towards whom she uniformly manifested an affection as intense, as was the hatred she bestowed on others. Every boy in the country, for miles around, knew the peculiarities of deaf Molly's character, and she was consequently an object of their marked persecution; for she never went abroad, but they assailed her with jests and jeers, and even such missiles as came to hand, were cast without scruple at her person. At such times her rage was beyond bounds, for though she could not hear their shouts and vociferations, their actions were too eloquent to be misinterpreted; and after enduring in silence, till nature could endure no longer, at least not her irascible nature, she would stand at bay, like a hunted hyena, and in a paroxysm of rage, that likened her to one of the weird sisters, grasp a handful of turf and stones, and hurl at her pursuers, with curses deep and loud. It was in order to avoid these encounters, that she always stole out on her visits before dawn, and seldom returned till the shadows of evening had fallen—but wo to her, if the sun shone upon her path, for then she could not hope to escape with impunity. The same degree of caution was likewise observed by her at home, for the door of her room was never left unlocked, and if any one signified their wish to enter, by protruding a stick through the key hole, she refused to admit them till she had reconnoitred their persons through that aperture, and satisfied herself that they were friends.

Suspicion and hatred were component parts of her character—the tender charities of life were unknown to her—it was a cold and bitter stream that circled through her veins, and made her a stranger to the gentle and feminine virtues of her sex; and yet with strange inconsistency of character, she, who hated her fellow-beings, loved and pitied all inferior animals, and writhed with inward agony, if she witnessed any act of cruelty inflicted on them. The feline race were her peculiar favorites; and she

cherished always two or more tabby's, that she caressed and fed almost to repletion; yet this extreme indulgence was not without one drawback to the objects of her care, for she compelled them to endure that solitude to which she condemned herself, permitting them to hold no intercourse with the external world, and inflicting on them condign punishment, with a rod kept for that purpose, whenever they eluded her vigilance, and made their escape through the seldom opened door.

Singular and unlovely as she was, I ever regarded deaf Molly with peculiar interest and pity. I commiserated the utter solitude of her feelings and existence, and it was ever, to my sister and myself, a joyful event, when we were permitted on a holiday afternoon, to go, like little Red-ridinghood, "with a pot of butter and a custard," or some equally acceptable dainty, across the green fields to the lone dwelling of poor old Molly. How joyously we went on our way towards the swelling height of beautiful Nonantum—leaping with childish glee across the dancing streams, pausing to gather anemones in every sheltered nook, and climbing many a craggy ledge to pluck the scarlet columbine whose tuft of tasselled flowers hung on the farthest point, perhaps, of a jutting rock above our heads—a prize more coveted, from the very difficulty which stood in the way of its attainment. And then when we reached the remote chamber of our deaf friend, and gave the usual signal of our presence, how impatiently we heard the key turn in the heavy lock, and how gladly leaped our hearts within us, at her kindly greeting, as she cautiously unclosed the door and invited us to enter. But that moment of joy surpassing all the rest, was, when we gave the precious basket into her outstretched hand, and marked the glad sparkle of her eye as she removed the napkin, and beheld its dainty contents. With shrugs, and winks, and strange grimaces, she expressed her thanks, pointing at the same time towards the door with a cautionary gesture, intimating with habitual suspicion, that there were listeners on the other side. And then to testify her hospitable feeling, she would, in her uncouth manner, direct our attention to the various articles, for use or ornament, contained in her apartment, and a singular *melange* it certainly presented to our wondering eyes. Ancient looking utensils were hung against the walls, intermingled with a few of more modern and every-day shape, and on a venerable table, of most strange form, as it then seemed to me, beneath which skulked the frightened cats, stood various articles of old fashioned china, all of different patterns, and such as would now be esteemed by the fashionable admirers of such *bijoux*, of priceless worth. Nearly in the centre of the room, stood a huge chest of drawers, reaching nearly to the ceiling, and looking very much as if it had just walked out of place, for some especial purpose of its own. But the objects which awakened my warmest admiration were a pair of tiny bright scales, polished to almost dazzling brightness, which hung side by side with an iron tripod, invented for what use

I know not. In my childish simplicity I fancied them to be composed of more precious metal, and affixed to them an inordinate value, from the circumstance of their being the only shining articles, among the dusty and rust-eaten valuables which constituted poor Molly's worldly wealth.

When our visit was ended, and we prepared to depart, Molly would bestow upon us a few withered apples, or a handful of decayed nuts, and cautiously unclosing her door, thrust us out, bidding us hasten home, and 'keep out of the wicked boys' way.' And truly a joyous sense of liberty came over our young spirits, when we quitted the singular abode of that strange woman, and bounded on our homeward path with glad and gay hearts, talking of all we had seen, and even there, planning another visit at no distant day, through those pleasant fields, to the solitary home of Deaf Molly.

No kindness or gentleness seemed to have any effect in ameliorating the peculiarities of old Molly. As time wore on, they became even more marked, her antipathies grew stronger, and her suspicious temper more alive to real and fancied wrong. Still she might be seen at early dawn, or when the shades of evening darkened the landscape, stealing along the hill-side with cautious step, and restless eye that glanced from side to side, as if assured some foe lurked in her path. But they who noted her from year to year, could perceive that her gait gradually became less firm, she climbed the hills with a less elastic step, while the basket, which still swung upon her arm, seemed to have grown to her a burdensome appendage. Age with its infirmities was coming fast upon her, relaxing the nerve of iron, and palsying the hand that had seldom done an act of christian love or kindness.

Yet the decay of her physical powers, wrought no change in the callous soul of old Molly. No hope of heaven, no dread of eternity, came over her—but one only fear possessed her—that in her decline she should be thrown upon the parish for support, and when she died her effects would be appropriated to defray the expenses of her burial. This, she resolved, should never be—her pride, and even a worse feeling, her hatred to her race, rendered such a thought unendurable, and with dogged resolution she dictated a will, which though it was neither legally witnessed, signed, nor sealed, she believed, in her ignorance, was to render her property safe from the clutch of unprivileged hands, and bestow it on the few that she really loved. But alas! poor Molly's day-dream proved a vain one, for the parish officers of B. foreseeing probability of a long sickness, and funeral expenses to defray, began to entertain doubts of her claim to their assistance. Whereupon they searched their records, and finding that an adjoining town might claim the honor of giving the disputed person birth, they forthwith consigned her, and her hoarded treasures to the charge of their neighbours, and poor Molly was straitway removed to the almshouse of N. It was a stroke from which she never recovered. In tearing her from the spot where

she had so long vegetated, the charm of her existence was dissolved—if it is possible to suppose any charm connected with an existence useless and unlovely as hers. But so it was. The link which bound her to life was broken—long habits and attachments were destroyed—the few faces that she loved beamed on her no more with kindness, and poor Molly grew weaker and weaker, till in a few months after her removal, she shut her eyes upon a world, that had yielded her few enjoyments, because her own embittered and perverted feelings, taught her to hate and defy it.

* * * * *

Yet it is said that this compound of oddity, ill-nature, and suspicion, who exhibited features so wrinkled and morose, and moved with a pace, each step of which betrayed distrust and jealousy, was once as fair a maid as ever the sun shone upon. I cannot describe her minutely, but tradition says, her hair was dark and soft, her eyes sparkling with joy, her full lips wreathed with smiles, and the glow of youth and health, mantled with changeless beauty on her cheek;—she was beloved too, and by the favorite of the village—one, for whom every maiden sighed, but whom one alone could charm. He was frank and confiding, but she had one fault, which made her such as we have seen—that fatal fault which has poisoned so many streams of happiness. Suspicion was her bane—her lover knew it, for even in the early days of their love, the brightness of many a happy hour had been overcast by its malignant influence, and his companions warned him of the wreck it would finally make of his peace. But he could not renounce her, and he trusted to her better feelings, to his own faithful and devoted love, which though often doubted had never swerved, to subdue this evil and unjust passion. But alas! this hope was based on a false foundation. Prone as she was to jealousy, it was constantly aroused by those around her; yet there was one, her bosom friend, against whom she harbored the most lively but unjust suspicion—suspicion that was confirmed in her mind by a circumstance, which finally determined her fate.

She had been walking towards the noon of a very warm day, and on returning to her home, was surprised to find her lover ensconced in an old fashioned arm chair, in a profound sleep. He had been violently exercising, and overcome by the oppressive heat, had fallen into a slumber as he sat waiting for her return. She moved softly towards him, for he was dreaming, and murmured in his sleep—but her step was arrested, when she heard the name of her suspected rival fall from his lips. She remained motionless, and the color forsook her cheek—when, again it was uttered, and she sprang forward, with a vehement and passionate exclamation. He awoke—but it was to hear himself discarded and denounced, with the look and accent of a maniac. Her lips were bloodless, her eye gleamed with concentrated passion, and her whole frame trembled with emotion. In vain he essayed to speak—she imperiously commanded him to silence, and fearfully adjured

heaven to bear witness to the vow, with which she banished one so faithless, from her heart. He gazed at the distorted visage of one he had thought so beautiful, with astonishment, but he attempted not again to address her—the veil of love had fallen from his eyes, and all the horrors of the union he had escaped, flashed upon his view. He turned and quitted her without a word. He spoke but to one of what had passed, and in two days he departed from the village. Whither he went, no one knew, but it is supposed he sailed for another land, as no tidings were ever after received of him, by the few friends he left.

She heard that he was gone, and for a time she heeded it not; but as the waves of passion ebbed, love returned with added force. She watched and watched, but in vain—he came not—he sent not, and the sickness of hope de-

ferred, rendered still sharper the barbed arrows of remorse that pierced her heart. None pitied her, for the story of the quarrel had got abroad, and all espoused the cause of the injured lover. Years rolled on, and no one again sought her hand, while every unlovely trait, but chiefly suspicion, that darkest one of all, deepened and more strongly marked her character. She was shunned and slighted, and she grew ill-natured and morose. A violent fever deprived her of hearing, and this calamity increased her prominent foible, till she began to hate and suspect all around her, was hated in return, and grew to be the deserted and misanthropic old woman, whose portrait I have just now drawn from life. And from my little sketch may be deduced a very good moral, which, however, shall be left to the sagacity of the reader to extract.

Montreal.

E. L. C.

For the Lady's Book.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM OF A LITTLE STRANGER.

BY CHARLES M. F. DEEMS.

If every kind wish were a rose,
And the rose had not a thorn,
Your path through life with loveliest flowers,
Fair girl, I would adorn.

If every kind wish of the heart
Were a rich and precious gem,
I'd place upon thy placid brow,
A brilliant diadem.

But flowers may fade and gems decay,
And earthly joys depart;
One treasure only will remain—
The peace of the pure in heart!

Follow that star!—and when the night
Of this darksome life shall end,
Its pure beam with the light above
Shall gently, softly blend.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SISTERS.

THE pale stars sparkled in the sky,
And the young moon looked on two gentle beings,
Robed in the light of loveliness; the one,
Fair and fragile as youth's earliest love,
The other, purely beautiful as youth itself.
The first spoke in a gentle tone, the fairy
Words of a sister's tenderness:

"Sister! why is it, that I hear
Thy voice no more in gladness?
Why are the words you utter now,
So filled with thought and sadness?
The flush upon thy cheek,
Gloweth fitfully and bright;
And thine eye, once calmly shining,
Now burns with a fearful light.
The liquid music of thy laugh,
I listen for in vain;
Say, dearest, am I never more
To hear it sound again?"

"Yes, Sister, when the daring dreams
Of my spirit are fulfilled,
When all my restless yearnings
Are gratified and still'd,
When the world's approving eye
Shall sparkle at my name;
And when the laurel wreath is mine,
That genius twines for fame!
Then, will the joyous laugh ring out,
That rarely echoes now,

And the happiness of parted hours
Will brighten on my brow!"

"Nay, dear one, why thus cast aside
The joys of tenderer ties,
To seek the dreamy ecstasy
That in proud ambition lies?
Let others win the crown you deem
Bright as those stars above,
But you should cling to gentler things,
For woman's world is love!"

"Sister, such thoughts and hopes as mine,
Pass not like dew, away;
I worship idols, loftier far
Than earthly gods of clay!
I ask an immortality
That mind alone can give,
A gift, that after I have gone
Will bid my memory live!
I would wield the pen with the mighty power
That in my spirit lies,
And gain at last, the glorious meed,
Of a fame that never dies!"

She had her wish! but her cheek grew pale,
And her eye had a fearful light,
As it gleamed o'er the pages of burning thought,
She traced in the depth of night.
But that was gone, Fame could not save,
And the laurel wreath, was laid on the grave!

J. T. L.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FRIENDSHIP.

THERE are several aspects under which our meditations may be associated in regard to friendship. Upon the theatre of life, man was designed by his Maker for social enjoyment. He was blessed with powers, by which associations of companions, enjoyments, amusements and pleasures might be called back at discretion, and in the raptures of retrospective contemplation, arouse the feelings to renewed vitality. The characteristic features of companionship, impress their lineaments upon the heart; and after the lapse of years, we can call up the portrait of some beloved compeer, and dwell with sweetest contemplation upon the jocund hours of youthful festivity and mirth, that then strewed their happiness upon our path. In the heart of man, selfish as it is, and biased as it may be, by self-adulation, there are all the materials for the most exalted friendship and love. There are faculties there that, dilating and expanding, throw open their portals, and give a most cheerful lodgment to kindred spirits. In the receptacle of our own feelings, we have a home for permanent and lasting enjoyment, where we may luxuriate in bliss ecstatic. The stream that from hence issues forth bears down every impediment; and forces its way through every obstacle. To arrive at this enviable destiny, man must surmount all the embarrassments of distrust or suspicion. While even the apprehension of deception lurks about the heart, the sombre cloud of unhappiness will force itself upon our horizon. For this reason we regard friendship alone a mere name—a fantasy of the imagination.

Such is the constitutional organization of human beings, that *self* holds predominance over every consideration that a mere formal association may suggest. If there were no interests involved, then the term friendship that the inanimate stoic appropriates to himself, heartless as it is, might be our boast of superior enlightenment. But at the name of interest, the heart recoils upon itself—and leaves every other connexion in lone and shameful abandonment. When the storm gathers—when calamities befall—when disasters sweep around, and all unite like the desolating plagues of Egypt to wither, to blight, to destroy; the riven heart is left to brave its fate alone, and, to add pungency to its torturing horrors, may see the feather that its own ardent feelings had nurtured, winging the dart that rankles in the death wound.

Friendship! What is it? A perfect chameleon that suits itself to every phase of society—that accommodates itself to personal aggrandizement alone—a cold civility that shoots its roots into an iceberg and flourishes only in the asperity of its frozen atmosphere. It is love that cements hearts in one—that dissolves under the genial warmth of enlightened affection the adamant of the soul. Yes, it is in this, and this alone, that friendship—true—lasting friendship, has even a name. This, and this alone, is

the soil in which it can grow; every where else it is sickly and dying. But here it springs up—spreads its boughs—and affords a secure shelter to every other feeling of the heart. To change the figure: the child of misfortune can here behold his image reflected as in a mirror, and what is a little remarkable and that most powerfully tests the principle in question, when overpowering calamities arrest, such as drive the fireless friendship of a philosophic world into annihilation, the reflected representation is most beautifully bright, while the enrapturing satisfaction steals over the soul—that though a deceptive world may flatter but to disappoint, and self-interested mortals like the spider may throw a web of protection around us, merely to entangle and destroy, in the heart of affection and love, the name, the image retains all its soul inspiring energies, and lives in all the fondness of indelible and unfading recollections. No sculptor's hand ever engraved more lasting impressions than here stand out in bold relief.

There is much both interesting and instructive in the history of David and Jonathan. The one was a youth raised in obscurity upon the plains of Bethlehem. His mornings were devoted to the arrangement of his flocks—his noons were employed in chanting the favorite airs of Judah's land—his evenings were witnesses of his filial fidelity. Unobtrusive in his manners, he sought not the bustle and hurry of public employ. He contented himself to be little and unknown. But beautiful in person—powerful in body—warlike and undaunted in spirit—victorious in personal rencontre with a giant, his name became celebrated throughout the realm.

The other was the son of a king, and was raised amidst the magnificence of princes—surrounded with the pomp and splendour of state. Sycophantic courtiers crowded to his feet, and obsequious devotees contended with each other in rendering homage unto him.

Circumstances threw them in contact. The fountain of their feelings opened and ran in the same channel; their souls were knit together. Friendship threw its chain around them, and united them in indissoluble ties. What was the issue? In the time of David's calamity, when Saul hunted him like a partridge of the mountains—pursued him with blood-thirsty malice, and with an armed company sought him through the length and breadth of the land; in that hour of exigency and accumulating distresses, Jonathan gave him his mantle, his bow, his sword and his belt—threw himself beneath the vengeance that gathered upon his father's brow—battled with the disappointed fury that raged in the palace, and thus at the imminent hazard of his own life, rescued his friend from the violence of exasperated tyranny.

In what lively contrast do the cases of Jonathan and Saul present themselves to the mind! The one was a friend only so far as personal accommodation was concerned. When the youthful David braved the power of Goliath, and effect-

ed the salvation of the people, then did the heart of Saul rejoice. But the anthems of Salem's choristers who placed the garland upon the brow of Jesse's son, tore friendship from his throne, and dashed its urn in broken fragments at the feet of him whose name should have reverberated with sweetest symphony through his palace chambers. The turbid waters of malice rolled their poisonous streams through all his enjoyments, while green-eyed envy with fiendish fire pursued the object of his hate, until upon Mount Gilboa, driven to desperation by the prevalence of Philistia's fortune over those of Israel, he fell in premature death upon his own sword.

The friendship of Jonathan was the exuberance of an affectionate heart—the overflowing of ardent attachment—where selfish considerations were not recognized even nominally, but where disinterested devotion expanded its excellencies like the golden sun when diffusing his daybeam in bridegroom majesty.

With this delineation of the subject before us, we may give wing to poetic fancy, and sing with the muse of Parnassus :

"When friendship once is rooted fast,
It is a plant no storm can sever;
Transfixed and heedless as the blast,
It blooms and flourishes forever.
Friendship, the name so dear to me,
So warmly felt by those we love,
It still imparts a pleasing hope,
To part on earth and meet above."

This friendship is not subject to the influence of those variable winds, that whirl the passions to and fro. Like a firm pillar it rests securely. It shines not only when fortune smiles—when we are surrounded by the grandeur of an earthly potentate—when all the heart of man could wish is spread out in rich variety before him, when unbounded possessions and territories of unlimited extent acknowledge him to be the rightful owner. It shines not only in the superb palace of the monarch, but seeks a lodgement in adverse circumstances, and its resplendent rays are seen illuminating the mud-patched walls of the cottage, and throwing a halo of contentment around the coy sons of misfortune. It laughs at the violence of the storm. It drives the life-boat over the mountain billows, and rescues from oblivion the confiding associate. It pours the healing balsam into the wounds of the half-butchered traveller, while the disdainful Levite and the supercilious priest, witnesses of the tragedy, may yet pass in cold disregard upon the other side. Yea, vary your circumstances as you may, this companion of our youth—this comforter of our manhood, will bring the anodyne to human sufferings, and open before us the delightful Palmyrine of happiness "in this waste howling wilderness." I marvel not, therefore, that erring heathens apotheosise this virtue—I marvel most that the statue thereof was not a statue of gold.

Emory and Henry College.

J. A. M.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FOLLOWING LINES WERE WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY FROM LOWER CANADA, WHO VISITED THE SOUTH FOR HER HEALTH, WITH HER BROTHER, IN THE SPRING OF 1836.

CAN I forget my native land, that lovely spot of earth,
And call another clime my own, that never gave me birth?
CAN I forget my native land, that gave me friends so dear,
Who sympathized in all my fears, and gave me tear for tear?
CAN I forget my native land, while sisters kind are there,

And brothers, too, who always sought to know my wish and care?
CAN I forget my native land, that dear, enchanting place,
Where, first I felt a father's love, a mother's kind embrace?
And, last of all, can I forget that holy place of God,
Where first I felt my sins forgiven, cleansed by a Saviour's blood?
E. W. S.

Ogechee Shoals, Geo.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

WHAT a delightful employment is building castles in the air! What occupation more pleasant than to pass a leisure hour in inventing some charming illusion which can never be realized, or in raising a castle filled with the bright dreams of hope, and ornamented with pictures of future enjoyment! There are few persons who have not had some experience in the art of raising these imaginary abodes of happiness. The captive in his lonely cell, the invalid on the bed of sickness, and even the school-girl could acknowledge the consolation they have received in the prospect (hopeless or otherwise) of one of these habitations of liberty and happiness.

While real castles of every description re-

quire care, and time, and toil in their erection, all that is necessary here is to give the reins to imagination, and enjoy the fruits of her labours.

As the materials are so easily obtained, and the task such a delightful one, no wonder that so many build castles, when otherwise they could not even have erected a shed; and although objections have been raised against this, and it has been said that they occupy time which could be better employed, and it generally produces feelings of disappointment, yet ærial architecture is so well suited to the taste of mankind, that it has continued in vogue for time immemorial.

Philadelphia.

T. G.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SMUGGLER'S DAUGHTER.

BY MISS M. MILES.

STAR after star had come forth, and the clock of the old church of the village had pealed forth the midnight hour as Roland Cranstoun knelt for his mother's blessing. On the morrow he was to go forth from the familiar scenes of his boyish days, to tempt the wild waste of ocean; and the sweet spell of poesy was on his spirit as he murmured forth

"Pray for me mother, pray that no blight
May come o'er my hopes and prospects bright,
Pray that my days may be long and fair,
Free from the withering touch of care!"—

And most fervently did the mother's prayer go up amidst the deep hush of the midnight.

Roland Cranstoun's step had ever been amidst lordly halls; but his father was dead, leaving him but a younger son's portion and a haughty spirit for an inheritance. The army was open to him, and soon the name of *Capt. Cranstoun* was read in the public papers of the day, and that his regiment was ordered abroad.

"What! though these broad lands are mine, brother, are not our hearts the same as in the days of our boyhood! Is not one home large enough for us both! Stay with your kindred, Roland, stay to witness my happiness, and my sweet Anna shall be to you a sister."

Roland Cranstoun wrung his brother's hand with strong feeling, and there was a slight quiver of his proud lip as he answered: "I know your generous spirit Henry; I know what I sacrifice, but you must have the means of supporting the dignity of our ancient house, and I could not brook dependence. Do not tempt me my brother; I must go forth unshrinkingly."

The mother felt he had chosen the wiser part, and strengthened him with counsel and prayer. It was his last evening in his home; and each loved haunt had been visited again and again. Each old tenant had been up to the Abbey with a tear in the eye, and a kind word for master Roland; and with much emotion had he wrung each toil-worn hand. The evening wore away, and with a kiss upon the cheek of his new sister, and a smothered God bless you, as he returned his brother's embrace, he broke from the family circle, and when all preparations were made for his departure, early the next morning sought his mother's chamber for her parting blessing.

The morning dawned fair and bright, but there was a "vacant seat at board and hearth;" and the inmates of Cranstoun Abbey felt as if one gleam of sunshine had departed from their dwelling:

Speed on, speed on, thou gallant bark!
Thy flag is waving free,
And let the ocean caves give forth,
A fitting minstrelsy!—

And Roland Cranstoun was pacing the deck of the gallant ship with a thoughtful brow but proud step, as the merry shores of England receded from view.

"Whither are those sighs wafted, Cranstoun, my good fellow?" asked a brother officer, upon whose arm leaned a young and beautiful female. "Is there any maiden fair

"Weeping in lonely bower?"

"No! I am free, but my thoughts were homeward bound, Sedley!"

"So would mine be," replied his friend, "but that this foolish girl chose to leave home and kindred to follow a soldier's fortunes;" and the look of fondness that he cast upon the young being beside him, showed how much he felt her devoted love. "Come, I must introduce you to Mrs. Sedley."

Roland turned to greet her, and inwardly wondered that the fragile girl before him should ever have dreamed of tempting the dangers of the sea. A feeling of pity for a moment took possession of his heart, for he as yet knew not woman's strength in her hour of need.

Sedley and he had been friends from their earliest days; but the former's duties the last two years had cast their lots in different places; and it was with all the warmth of kindly feeling that they met previous to their embarkation on board the same ship. He had recently married his cousin, and to Roland she soon became almost as a sister; so confiding was she in her friendship for her husband's friend.

"Do you know who that young girl is, Roland," she asked one day, just as they came in view of their "destined haven;" "I have noticed her earnest gaze more than once, fixed upon you. There is something singularly beautiful about her face."

"I have seen those brilliant eyes before, I am sure, but where I cannot think. There, she has vanished again. They say yon dark browed subaltern is her father, and that he has forbidden her appearing on deck. Her face haunts me like some vision of my childhood."

"Her name is Florence, so I heard them call her," said Sedley joining them, "but her father, Cranstoun, do you know him?" and a shade of anxiety passed over the face of the speaker.

"No! I know no one of the name of Ridgley; why do you ask?"

"Only to bid you be on your guard; I fear he means you some evil."

"Me!" but ere he could give expression to his astonishment, the glad shout of the seamen and soldiers, as they neared the shore, called off their attention and the conversation dropped.

"Spain! sunny Spain! Oh, there is breathing beauty beneath thy skies," murmured the young officer as he was wandering forth one evening. His regiment was stationed not far from —, the then seat of war; though as yet they had seen no actual service. He was alone and sad, for his dreams were of the "ancient Abbey;" and the voices of his kindred seemed blent with the evening wind sighing through orange

groves. The shadows of night were beginning to fall ere he turned towards his quarters. Suddenly a sweet and thrilling voice warbled close to his ear—

"There's danger when the soft win is sigh,
And stars beam out in yon sweet sky—
There's danger in the star-lit path,
The warning comes from one of earth."

Startled, he darted forward to discover the hidden songstress, but he caught only a glimpse of a slight figure as it disappeared amidst the grove of limes. The warning was evidently intended for him; but he was perplexed and amazed. Who in this stranger land could do him injury; and who, for the voice was that of a female, should take this interest in his fate? But he was not long suffered to indulge his meditations. A bright weapon flashed before his eyes, and he found himself attacked by three ruffians. Determined to sell his life as dearly as possible, he drew his sword, and for a few moments kept them at bay. He had received a severe wound in the shoulder, and was fast losing strength from the effusion of blood; a sudden faintness was stealing over him, and he sunk to the ground; but ere the bared knife of the taller ruffian had reached his heart, a shout recalled his fleeting senses, and Sedley and a band of his gallant soldiers burst upon them. One of the ruffians was killed, but the others escaped. The body was recognized as that of a peasant, who was supposed to hold communication with a well known brigand band. Cranstoun's wound was not dangerous, but it was of such a nature as to prevent him from using his arm for many months, and he soon obtained leave of absence; though inwardly murmuring that his proud hopes of distinguishing himself in the approaching strife, were crumbled to the dust. The laurel wreath he coveted was not to grace his brow.

Home! home! was his thought; and all preparations being made, he was to start on the morrow. He was sitting with his friends beneath the sweet moonlight, that was resting on the mouldering ruins of what was once a palace, belonging to some proud grandee, whose very name had died on time's records.

"Would that I too could see the faces of mine own," softly whispered Mrs. Sedley, through her tears. "Mother! sisters! you will see them all, and tell them that their Flora's heart is often with them."

"But still, my Flora would follow me to share my dangers and privations," said Sedley. "Does she now repent? The soldier's bride must give up much, but the soldier's heart feels deeply her devotion."

"Never, Horace! Your lot is mine;" and her eye was lifted to his face, with a look he could not mistake. "But, even you sometimes long for a sight of old England; and Roland will soon see her dear shores."

"Turn! turn! from fair England, there's death in thy path,
Tho' her bowers may smile the fairest of earth;
There's danger around thee,
Its meshes have bound thee,
And mourning shall be in the halls of thy birth."

Every one started up as the words fell their ear, chanted in a low sweet voice.

distinct enough for them to catch each sound. They searched the ruins but could find no trace of any one's having been secreted there.

"Strange!" exclaimed Cranstoun. "That I have some enemy I cannot doubt; but from whom come these mysterious warnings? I will stay and unravel this plot."

"Do not stay, Roland," said Sedley earnestly, "Nor seek England either. Distrust not this second warning; I will endeavour to find some clue to this labyrinth. You must leave to-morrow, but your destination must be a secret, and a chosen band shall guard you beyond the reach of danger. I suspect Ridgely has something to do with these dark doings; for I have seen such a look of scowling hate upon his dark face, when his eye has been bent upon you, as has curdled my very blood."

"But why should he seek my destruction? I know not the man, except as one who holds aloof from all companionship with his fellows. Why should he thus pursue me?"—and his haughty brow darkened as he looked at his disabled arm. "Could I but wield my good sword," he fiercely added, "I would soon call him to a dread account."

Mrs. Sedley laid her hand upon his arm imploringly, "Roland, Roland, beware! there may be more listeners beneath these sweet skies than you wot of now. Hush! for pity's sake, and let us leave this spot."

"Yes!" said her husband, "for you know mine are only conjectures. We can bring forward no proof of this man's villainy. Let us be wending to our own dwelling, and there we can form our plans."

And they left the old ruin, with the sweet moonbeam resting peacefully on the desolate ruins of halls, where mirth and music once had been. Their forms were nearly hid from view by the embowering trees, when a dark figure came forth from behind a ruined arch, and gazed after them with a fiend-like smile upon his face.

"Ah! go forth Roland Cranstoun, with your lofty brow and stately bearing. Go forth with your sage advisers to 'scape me—Ha! ha! my coils are round thee, and I will compass sea and land for revenge. When your heart's blood is red upon my blade, then, only then shall I rest satisfied." And he shook the bared weapon tauntingly in the direction they had taken.

Suddenly a young girl sprung forth, and knelt low at his feet. The shadows of sixteen summers could hardly have touched her fair brow, and there she knelt,

"With head upraised, and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back, and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art!"

but no sound broke the deep silence.

"Lela!" and the tones of the voice were stern and low, "what do you here girl?"

"Father!" and the thrillingly sweet accents came like music on the ear. "Father! by the memory of my sainted mother, abjure this dark deed. Are we not forbidden to take vengeance?"

"Hush, girl, have I not told you that blood

alone can wash out the memory of that hour. And mark me, Lelia, I do distrust you of late. By my faith I believe you entertain some girlish affection for this same youth. Ha! do you dream one of the proud Cranstoun's race would wed a smuggler's daughter. Lelia, he dies by my hand—and you, girl, may wear the willow if you will."

The maiden sprung to her feet: "Beware, father, or you will find your child has some portion of your own spirit. Taunt me again with my deep love, and I will say one word that shall give you to a dungeon and chains. I love you not, father; and but that I promised my gentle mother, on her death bed, to watch your dark course, I would go forth a wanderer through the world. I tell you again, that I will warn Roland Cranstoun—and the knife shall reach the heart of your daughter ere it be stained with his life blood;" and with a light step she bounded away.

"Fool! idiot that I was to trust her," muttered the man as he slowly followed.

Cranstoun was in Venice, and two months went by without bringing any solution of the mystery; the third found him laid low with fever. In his delirious dreams he fancied that the mysterious warnings were again on his ear, and he was conscious that a gentle hand smoothed his pillow, and held the cordial to his parched lip. A long heavy sleep fell upon him; when he awoke, he saw one in the garb of a sister of mercy by his bedside; he was too exhausted for speech; but she held a cooling draught, and put her finger to her lip in token of silence. In a half dreaming state he again sunk back, but not before he was conscious of looking upon a face of exceeding beauty. A heavy step was heard outside of the door—it opened, and the dark-browed figure of the ruined palace softly entered the room. Cautiously he stole towards the table, on which was many a drink and medicine.

"Simpletons!" he muttered, "they are afraid of the fever; and laud me for braving the danger for my friend. Well friend, let it be, this powder will give him short shrift, and 'tis surer than the dagger or knife;" and he turned the contents of a small paper into a small chrystal cup that held some prescribed drink, and hastily left the room. Roland saw the whole, and knew 'twas Ridgley's form and face, but he was too weak to raise his voice or hand. But there was one other watcher, the fair being who was watching his weary couch. She sprang to the table, and with a glance at the contents of the cup dashed it to the ground, where it shivered into a hundred pieces. It was poison.

The stars looked down in their quiet beauty, and the soft air of evening, such an eve as is only met with beneath Italia's skies, was stealing gently into the sick room of Roland Cranstoun. He was reclining on a couch propped by pillows near the open window, and there with an anxious brow was Sister Theresa.

"Tell me your name, sweet lady! It is strange that one so young and fair should keep such fearful virgils by my couch."

"Tis my vocation to soothe the sick and sorrowful," answered she in tones of music.

"Surely I have heard that voice before, and met a face strangely like thine. But my head is weak yet, and I cannot recollect. Surely it was not always Sister Theresa."

A knock at the door interrupted them, and ere she could reply, it was burst hastily open, and the glad greeting of Horace Sedley fell like a tone from home upon the yearning heart of the sufferer.

"Now the blessed virgin be praised," murmured Sister Theresa, and the shade of anxiety passed from her brow.

"Sedley, my dear friend, where do you come from?" exclaimed Roland, as he warmly wrung his hand—"I thought you still in sunny Spain."

"No! my old uncle has departed this life, leaving me heir to his wealth and titles—a good long rent roll mine is too. I immediately sold out, and shall expect you to receive Sir Horace Sedley, and lady, with a deal of form and ceremony."

"What, is Flora with you?"

"Yes! Nothing would do, but the silly girl must see Italy, though she has since confessed that she had a presentiment you were in some danger."

"And so I have been, Horace, from more than one cause—Ridgley has been here, and though this gentle maiden warded off the blow, and from her lips I can gather nothing, yet I am confident he has attempted to remove me by poison."

"Ah! I was just going to say that Ridgley deserted but a few weeks after you left. Can he be taken, his fate is certain."

Sister Theresa laid her cold hand on Sedley's arm—"Guard well your friend—my duty calls me away, there is danger around him—and as he values life let him leave not this room till I bid." And gathering her veil about her, she glided from the apartment.

Sedley started—"Why, Cranstoun, that surely is the same voice that I heard in the old ruin."

Conviction flashed upon Roland's mind. Yes, he was sure he had heard those thrilling tones before, and met that sweet pale face. "Sedley—yon beautiful being is certainly a guardian angel by my side. Is it not strange that fortune should have singled me out as the hero of a romance like this—I would give my good sword to know what the end will be."

A gondola is gliding swiftly o'er the blue waves, and the moonlight is giving a silver gleam, and the soft evening air just curling their surface—strange that evil thoughts should have place in such a scene of loveliness.

"Antonio, I tell you that twice, thrice I have failed; that girl is my bane. I verily believe that there is an evil spirit in that beautiful form to circumvent my designs. Before her only do I quail. Take her off my hands, and gold, ay, gold beyond your thought shall be yours."

"Ridgley, I have told you I love the girl, and I will be kinder to her than her own

father—but she hates me, I read it in his eye”—

“But nevertheless shall wed thee to-morrow, Antonio, she shall be yours. And then, when you have borne her afar, you, boy, shall know the depth of Ridgley's hate.

The gondola glided onward, and those dark spirits formed their plans for the morrow.

Silence was in the streets of Venice, as Ridgely entered his temporary dwelling. A young fair girl had laid her weary head upon her arm by the open window, with only her own clustering ringlets for a screen from the night air. The step roused her from her slumbers, and springing up she stood erect before him.

“Lelia, I have blithe news for you. To-morrow, ere the sun goes down, you will be the bride of Antonio Montoli; am I not a kind father to provide so well for you?”

The beautiful being before him raised her eyes to his face. The rich colour that had tinged her cheek faded away, and gave place to a marble paleness. There was a smile on her father's lip that the maiden too well understood.

In a moment her resolution was taken.

“Father, for naught have I to thank you, save for sending me to the convent where I early learned lessons of Christian love and duty. For the education there received, I do thank you; for it has fitted me to fulfil higher duties than falls to one of my station. But, father! you have reviled and tormented me. You have turned the sweet waters of affection to bitterness. I have borne all in silence, but father, henceforth our destinies are sundered for ever. I will not give my hand to your match—I will die sooner—no force shall compel me. Father, farewell for ever.” And she turned to go forth a wanderer from the home of him who should have shielded her from harm.

But the passions of the parent were roused, and he sprang forward and grasped her fiercely by the hand. There was a glimmer of something in the moonshine—but with a powerful effort she burst away.

Mrs. Sedley was anxiously awaiting her husband's return, when her servant ushered into the apartment a muffled figure. She started up.

“Lady, fear nothing,” said a low sweet tone that thrilled to her heart. “Lady, I claim your protection:” and whilst she held one hand pressed to her side, with the other she flung up the veil, and discovered the features of Florence Ridgley.—Mrs. Sedley uttered an exclamation of wonder.

“Lady, I am alone in the wide world, and throw myself on your protection. My strength is fast failing me—I am wounded, and by my father's hand.”

She sunk upon a couch pale as death, and Mrs. Sedley saw with horror that her hand and dress were stained with the dark current that was oozing from her side. In terror she despatched a servant for her husband and medical attendance, and then applied what means she had within her reach to staunch the wound.

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It was not deep, and after dressing it, the English physician, who had attended Cranstoun, enjoined strict quietness; and having administered an opiate, left them.

Two days went by, and Roland was impatient to breathe the fresh air of heaven. Sister Theresa came not, and the third, in spite of Sedley's remonstrances, he determined to accompany him in his carriage to the — Villa, which he had hired during his stay. His foot was already on the step when the click of a pistol fell on his ear, and a ball whizzed past him. Involuntarily he started back—it saved his life, for in another moment William, his faithful English servant had caught another from the hand of the assassin, and fired it; the man fell with a groan, disclosing the dark features of Ridgley. He was conveyed into the very room in which he had attempted to poison Roland.

A priest was soon sent for, at his own request, to shrive the dying man, and Cranstoun bent above him.

He raised himself up.

“The sands are running low, my son,” said the holy man, crossing himself. “Is there aught on thy conscience?”

He replied not, but turning to Roland with a look of undying hate, hoarsely cried—“Do you remember the smuggler's cave by the sea shore, near the village of A—, in merry England, Roland Cranstoun?—Aye, do you remember when a youth, you wandered to the lone spot one summer eve. One met you and warned you to depart; but you, with your fearless daring, would go on. The man laid a strong hand on you to turn you back, and your fierce spirit was roused, and with the bitter words of ‘dog and smuggler,’ you struck him a blow in the face. The remembrance of that hour has never been washed away, and in it was sworn a deep oath of vengeance. Look at the subaltern Ridgley, and read in his countenance the name of Matteo Levesci; a name at which you have often quailed in days gone by.

“I have followed your footsteps, and vengeance would have been mine, but that, dolt that I was, I trusted a child with the secret. She warned you well—my malison be on her head for it. I hate you with a bitter hatred”—and clenching his teeth he sunk back.

It all came back to Roland Cranstoun's memory. The sunny spot and the dark cave that had beguiled him from his home in the days of his boyhood to see what treasure it contained, and the bounding step, and bright beautiful smile in the fairy-like child who often stole away with him by the sea-shore, when the smuggler's bark was afar; and the moment of passion in which that blow had been struck, and the disappearance of Martin Walters soon after. It all came back to him like some half-forgotten dream. Now he knew where he had heard the voice, and met the eye of the young girl whose kindly warning had so often saved his life; and he turned shuddering away from the dark page of human passions which Walters' life presented. Ridgley waved them all from him, and desired to be alone with his priest. When the old man came forth from

the chamber, it was to say that his soul had gone to its final account.

Gently as possible was the news of his death communicated to his suffering child. A feeling of pity and horror at his impious end was all the emotion it could excite. His own hand had torn asunder the strong ties of filial love,

"No! no! my sweet Lelia, as this is your true name, I cannot so soon part from you. Immure yourself in a convent for life—No! you shall go back with me to England, and be to me a sister."

"But, kind lady"—and her tones were

—"*Musical, but sadly sweet,
Such as when winds and harp strings meet,*"

"I have none to welcome me there. I am poor and alone. Few years may go by ere I shall be as one forgotten, whilst you, and those with whose destiny mine has been so fearfully interwoven, will be in halls of gladness and mirth, surrounded by all you love."

"Never, Lelia, never," exclaimed Cranstoun, who stood now before the astonished girl—"never—I love you, Lelia—nay, turn not away; and it must be as my bride that you again go forth into the world that has so sorely tried your youth."

"But I am not of your faith or country, for my mother was an Italian, and I am poor in wealth and name."

"My kindred shall be thine, Lelia. They owe you a deep debt, it shall be repaid in affection; and though our creeds differ, our hearts worship the same being."

Still she hesitated, and flush after flush was mantling her cheek and brow. She, the smuggler's daughter, to be the bride of the high born Cranstoun, and carry naught of dowry to him. There was woman's strong love, and stronger pride, contending for mastery.

Lady Sedley took her hand—"You are young,

Lelia, to quit the bright world, and pass years of lonely vigils and penances. Think deeply—a happy home, and affection's spells may yet be yours."

The maiden's face was bowed down, but not before one single word had pledged her faith to her lover.

"Why, you all look in sober guise," exclaimed the gay voice of Sedley, about half an hour after as he entered the room. "But cheer up, Cranstoun, there is blythe news from fair England. My old uncle, with the eccentric generosity that characterised him, has left you the pretty estate of Mossville, with sixty thousand pounds to support its dignity, in consideration of the affection he bore you in your childhood—so runs the will, a copy of which has just reached me. I give you joy, Cranstoun, for I have still more than I know well what to do with. So my pretty little Lelia will have almost a fairy house, for Mossside is a little paradise."

Home, home—the "Old Abbaye" is in sight, the gates are thrown open, and Roland Cranstoun is again in the midst of his kindred. The mother blesses her son, the brother grasps his hand, and they turn with deeper blessings upon the head of the beautiful being beside him, whom they greet as his bride. She had saved their Roland from death, she had watched him in sickness in a foreign land, and their hearts yearned towards the stranger. Never was such a joyous peal rung out, or did the old walls resound to such shouts of merriment as shook them that eve, for there were warm hearts to welcome back the wanderer; but, there was a deeper well-spring of happiness in his soul a few months after when his young wife had been converted to his creed, and knelt a humble worshipper at the same shrine of prayer with himself.

Written for the Lady's Book.

OH! I LOVE THE SEA, THE MIGHTY SEA.

Oh! I love the sea, the mighty sea,
When the big waves lash the sky;
If my ship is strong as we bound along,
There's none so merry as I.
Then give me the sea, the boundless sea,
Where I may ever roam,
Afar from the strife of a stifled life,
And I ask no better home.

When the sky is dark, and my gallant bark,
Is bounding o'er the sea;
Let the lightnings flash, and the billows dash,
They cannot frighten me;
Let the thunders roll, and from pole to pole,
Wake air, and sea, and shore,
Secure I sleep, for God will keep
Me safe 'midst the tempest's roar.

But a frightful sight is the blacksome night,
When far away from land,
The shivering sail in the passing gale,
Is torn by an unseen hand.

And all around is an om'nous sound,
That soon the sea may be,
Dashing its waves o'er our floating graves
And we in eternity.

Yet I love to sweep o'er the "vasty deep,"
When the waves run mountain high,
To hear the mast in a fearful blast,
As the winds howl sadly by;
For then I feel, as in prayer I kneel,
That He who reigns on high,
Is able to save from a watery grave,
And will hear our dying cry.

Oh! I love the sea, the mighty sea,
When the big waves lash the sky,
If my ship is strong, as we bound along,
There's none so merry as I.
Then give me the sea, the boundless sea,
Where I may ever roam,
Afar from the strife of a stifled life,
And I ask no better home.
Elizabeth City, N. C.

J. Q. P.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

A STORY.—BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

CAROLINE STAPLES was the only child of her parents. She was an idol of course; and, as is usual, where there is but one child, her parents took every pains to spoil her. It is a strange thing, but still true, that the mere instinct of paternal love leads directly to making its object unamiable and unlovable. Hence there are so many of mamma's and papa's darlings who become insufferable nuisances to every one around them, and so many more who have all nerve and originality melted away by indulgence, and become vapid common-place characters. The affection of Mrs. Staples for her daughter was wholly one of *instinct*; or, according to modern cabala, "a development of pure philoprogenitiveness:" love entirely without regard to character, entirely unguided by reason or calculation.

Mr. Staples was a man of superior mind, and high classical and professional attainments; one, who, if he had given his attention to the subject, might have formed the mind of a child to any thing he pleased. But Mr. Staples was entirely absorbed in law books and newspapers, in electioneering and political dinners, which every body knows are things of far more importance than the education of children. That disinterestedness of the present age by which people become so absorbed in great public and national interests as to sacrifice their own domestic enjoyment, and allow their children to grow up at sixes and sevens, is a virtue whose practical results cannot be sufficiently admired. It is a plan fully equal in wisdom to that of the man who intended to build the roof and upper stories of his house in the first place, and lay the foundation as he found leisure.

Little Caroline was regarded by her father merely as a beautiful play-thing, a musical box, to be wound up and set to playing whenever he was tired and wanted amusement. She was endowed by nature with exceeding beauty: that equivocal fairy gift, so often coveted as a blessing, so often granted as a curse.

She was the most brilliant and graceful little fay that ever prattled and sported by a fire-side; and all her motions and attitudes seemed more like pictures than images of reality.

Alas, how sad a sight is the graceful, beautiful child, with all its sweet confidingness—its fair enquiring eyes, its loving tones, its blessed ignorance of the wicked ways of men, when we see it growing up under an influence that will surely mar and destroy all that is charming about it. How sad, that such perfect specimens of God's workmanship should be given into the hands of the worldly, the selfish, the negligent, to do what they please with.

Now, good reader, do pardon us for having kept you waiting so long with our reflections, we are now going strait on with our story till we come to the end—that is, unless some more

useful remarks insist upon interrupting us perforce.

Mrs. Staples was a pattern wife and house-keeper after the straitest sect of the days of our grand-mothers, and that, my dear ladies of the present, is saying a great deal; for methinks in these times there are few who go through all pertaining to family employments with the pertinacious under-~~stand~~ scrupulosity of some of the paragons of olden time. She was, as we have before said, a woman entirely of habits and instinct, with very little intellectual compass. She was accurate, punctual, methodical, because her mother was so before her. She was exactly up to the line in all that pertained to domestic duty and comfort, and in consequence, every thing in her house moved on with such ease and regularity from year's end to year's end, that one would scarcely imagine there was any thing done in the house. Mr. Staples always found his dinner ready at the moment; always found his slippers ready warmed by the fire just when he wanted them, his clothes were silently bought and made and mended without a word or thought of his, his family accounts kept, and every thing so done up to his hand that he had nothing to do but read his newspaper, smoke his segar, and enjoy himself.

But unluckily for poor Caroline, her mother's instinct was in one thing too strong for her habits. She could not cross her child, and that child alone, of all pertaining to her establishment, was allowed to grow up without rule or law, a little intractable, wandering star in the domestic hemisphere. While every other male or female member of the family must be warned up, at exactly such an hour in the morning, the little Caroline was allowed to lounge in bed at her own pleasure, and if the delinquency was at all noticed by her mother, a ready plea of a little headache, or something equally significant ended the whole matter. If Caroline preferred finishing her game or her story first, as the dinner bell rang, and consequently began dinner when every one else was closing, Mrs. Staples said, "Caroline, my dear, you ought always to be regular at meals;" to which Caroline would reply, "oh mamma, I wanted to read that story." Her father would then pinch her cheek, and ask her "what sort of a house-keeper she would make if she was'n't a better girl;" and so between jest and earnest the thing was passed over.

With the same facility did Caroline escape a knowledge of all the domestic arts and mysteries in which her mother was so skilful.

"Caroline, my dear," her mother would say, "you must learn the marking stitch, it is quite time you understood it."

"Oh, but mamma, it is so horrid puzzling, I can't—indeed I can't."

This "I can't," was a settling clause also, with regard to sitting, and making, and mending of every description—all of which she declared to be "horribly tedious," and to all of which she had some insuperable objection.

Like many another skilful operatist, Mrs. Staples found it more trouble to teach an unwilling learner, than to do things herself, and if ever she brought Caroline to the point of attempting any domestic employment, it was usually taken out of her hands, with "Well, well, child, I'll do it for this time."

"Biddy," Mrs. Staples would say, "you must take the [redacted] Caroline's room. I meant she should [redacted] herself, but she never leaves it fit to be [redacted] of no use to try to make her."

Mrs. Staples often pathetically lamented Caroline's deficiencies in the domestic line, and declared with a sigh, "really that girl does *try* me;" but the lamentation generally concluded with "but, poor thing, she has such fine spirits now—I want her to enjoy herself as she can—now is her time—she will have care and trouble enough after she is married."

Mothers who talk and act in this way, have the best reason in the world to think that such predictions will be verified. One would think, by the way people often speak, that the essence of all enjoyment consists in being of no use, and having nothing to do, and that a situation demanding activity and exertion of mind and body was an eminently unfortunate one.

But the want of a system, induced by this mode of bringing up, was not the worst of its evils. By nature Caroline was endowed with a *quick* if not a deep mind, and a feeling heart. But both these were so entirely grown over by the self-indulgent habits in which she was allowed, that scarce a trace was discernible. As to her heart—it was so much a matter of course to her, that every thing should bend to her wishes, that every want should be anticipated, and every little complaint made matter of serious consideration, that there was little room for gratitude for favors, or appreciation of kindness of any kind: and as for her mind, it was in a state of complete torpor, because, every thing being given, even before desired, there was no room for invention, plan or ingenuity.

At the usual age she was sent to school, or in cant phrase, her *education* was begun.

All that masters and teachers could do in the matter of putting ideas and accomplishments into or on to a subject who made no sort of effort to retain them, was done.

We will give our readers a glimpse into one of Caroline's school epistles as exhibiting an edifying picture of the progress of a young lady's school education.

"Don't you think, my dear E——, that the odious Miss P—— is going to keep me in grammar and geography, the whole of this term—I did hope I had learnt them enough, and all the girls, I know, have gone into chemistry, natural philosophy, and rhetoric—I do wish papa would not insist upon it that I should take the whole course, for if I have to learn mental and moral

philosophy, with the dancing and waltzing, and French and Italian, I never shall get through. Dear me! I shall be so glad when my education is finished off! By the by, what has become of that handsome Mr. P——, that we saw at your aunt's? There is a gentleman of my acquaintance here, that has such whiskers, precisely."

At length, after a suitable time, Miss Caroline had been *into* and *out of* the several sciences announced in the boarding school bill of fare, as the materials of which young ladies are to be constructed, and she had gone into and come out of them with a mind as entirely unawakened and unfurnished as can well be imagined. In all that could be gained by slight of hand or natural taste, or that pertained to personal display, she had made a considerable proficiency. She wrote an easy, fashionable hand, sketched well in all cases where no knowledge of perspective was required, played rapidly, and with some taste, upon the piano, though in incorrect time, and in dancing was pre-eminently accomplished.

As to morals ———. We may as well make a dash here, for where there is no reflection there is no principle—Caroline had no standard of right and wrong. There were some things to be sure, that she considered as wicked, but they were such as are universally set down to be so by the voice of society. But as to the regulation of her daily conduct, she was as far from shaping it by any principles of right as a canary bird or a butterfly.

Her strongest passion was for admiration, and she had every means for its gratification. Nevertheless, Caroline passed in society as a very amiable young lady. She had tact enough to see what would and what would not advance her in society; and the instinct of pleasing, that universal varnisher, stood in the place of many a virtue.

There was, however, one species of literature in which Caroline had made some proficiency, and that was the literature of novels and souvenirs, and there was in consequence one grand subject of speculation always before her mind, and that was the subject of falling in love and being married.

We would not be understood to say that young ladies of the description of Caroline are the only ones who speculate on this subject. It would be affectation in any woman to deny that the probabilities and contingencies attendant on her share in this strange lottery, do not form more or less a subject of reflection. But in the mind of Caroline it was an idea that engrossed every other—marriage being regarded as a sort of grand finale, a triumphal procession that would close her campaign in society.

Our heroine blazed for one winter as the leading star, went through the usual course of flirting, giggling, and reported engagements, incident to the situation of a belle, and at length the beaux of her own circle having become tiresome, she varied her pleasures by projecting an attack on those of a neighboring metropolis, and accordingly accepted the invitation of a young friend to pass a winter with her in New York.

Among the various new swains by whom she was soon surrounded, there was one who more decidedly than any other was "the fashion for the season." This was no other than William Hamilton, a young lawyer recently established in business in the city. Hamilton had neither the recommendation of wealth nor of fashionable impudence, so that his success in society was rather a freak of fortune than a thing to be expected in the ordinary course of events. He was of a family rather distinguished by talent than fortune, his father enjoying deservedly the reputation of being one of the first lawyers of his day. Young Hamilton was gifted with no ordinary powers, and had improved them under the stimulus of no ordinary ambition. Study, close and intense, had absorbed him for years, and it was not till his residence in the city of N—, that society first broke upon him like an enchanted vision, full of new and strange delight. Though well read in law and ripe in classical attainments, he was but a child in knowledge of the world, and like a child was dazzled and pleased by every thing he saw, but particularly the softness of female grace and beauty which seemed to him nothing less than importations directly from Paradise.

The ladies, however, were taken with his handsome person, his expressive eyes, and above all with his genius, for in the view of young belles, genius is a great matter, and regarded with no less consideration than was gunpowder by the untaught natives. There is something delightfully mysterious about it, that creates an agreeable flutter, and gives something to be speculated on, when the pretty creatures have settled all the high points with regard to blonde laces and satins.

Of course, it was essential to Caroline's reputation that she should subdue such a prize. She determined to do it, and the Persian proverb says that "when a woman takes a matter in hand, it is time to put one's trust in Allah." Indeed, poor Hamilton stood a very small chance of escape—for the beauty of Caroline was not that of an every day staring belle. Full, radiant dark eyes, that looked exactly as if they *thought*; Grecian stature, animated by a high flow of natural spirits, and set off by airs half modest, half coquettish, were quite enough to put an innocent young man off from the defensive, and Hamilton surrendered at discretion the second week after Caroline's appearance in society, being full in the faith that he had at last found all the cardinal virtues united in one woman. So one beautiful moonlight evening that seemed made on purpose for the occasion, he gathered courage to breathe his vows, and found himself in the seventh heaven of accepted love.

An extract from a letter to his mother, will give a portrait of the lady with whom he supposed himself in love.

"I have at last," he says, "more than realized the visions of romance, and can call my own a creature so perfect that my only fear is that I may not be able to deserve her.

"She is beautiful, my dear mother, surpassingly so, but her beauty is her least charm—it

is her warm affectionate heart, her loveliness of disposition, that constitutes the chief charm that binds me. It is true, she has been much in the atmosphere of fashion, one so gifted could scarcely avoid it, but she has not lost a love for domestic pleasures, and will be willing to resign all to make me happy. She seems to me to be exactly the woman fitted to understand and to sympathise in my feelings and tastes—it is seldom that I have met with such an entire similarity of views upon all subjects, such complete oneness of feeling."

We advise none of our gentlemen readers to smile at the profound insight into character displayed by this letter, until they are certain they shall not be caught one day saying as much of some pretty creature whom they have never seen except with all the advantages of fine dress, fine spirits, animating society, and fashionable appendages. Many another man has fallen as irrevocably in love with what was *not there* as did Mr. William Hamilton.

For how could Mr. Hamilton think otherwise? Did not Caroline most emphatically say "certainly," and "so I think," to all his opinions? Did she not listen most devoutly when he read poetry to her? did she not say "how beautiful!" in all the proper places, and say it with such a smile?

In fact, it is rather amusing for people in love to talk about exact similarity of tastes, and conformity of sentiment, as the great body of the conversation that passes, is commonly of a nature so complimentary to both parties, that similarity of taste might be expected as a matter of course.

As to Caroline, she was as much in love as a person without much reflection and entirely absorbed in self can be. She was delighted with being the idol of exclusive homage, pleased to have achieved the most fashionable conquest of the day, pleased with the anticipated bustle of a wedding with five bride's maids, wedding cake, dancing, and so on, and under the influence of all these ideas combined, she thought undoubtedly she was in love to a very desperate degree.

Well, married they were, and now if we did after the fashion of story writers, generally, we should, like the clergyman, close the book as soon as the ceremony is over, but it is not our intention so to do, therefore, our readers may, if agreeable, begin with us another chapter.

CHAPTER II.

A WRITER on the manners of our country, has remarked on the wonderful change by which American girls become transmuted into American wives; the former she represents as flirting, giddy, living only for fashion and show, and the latter as dignified, retiring, and devoted to domestic pursuits. Certain it is that such a change every day passes under our eyes, a transformation as entire as when your frisking, frolicsome kitten becomes your decorous chimney corner loving cat. One reason for this is, that salutary strictness of public sentiment

which shuts the married woman up to the duties of her new situation. Her place in society is by common consent declared vacant, she has stepped off the stage, and if she remains in public view, it is as a spectator and not an actor, and what has she to do but set herself about being the grave, orderly, discreet, Mrs. So and So. Accordingly, about two months after all the pride, pomp, and circumstance of the glorious wedding, Mrs. Caroline Hamilton found herself the mistress of a prettily furnished but no way extraordinary house in New York, and the wife of a man of limited income, dependent entirely on his profession for support. Her husband was necessarily obliged to be absent from home all the time during the day, and often in the evening, and Caroline missing the stimulus which had for years been her life, began to find herself getting sadly stupid. In the views which she had entertained of the future, before marriage, she had never thought of her husband in any other light than as the absorbed and attentive lover, who had nothing else to do but read poetry, wait on her to places of amusement, and study her whims and caprices: accustomed as she had been to constant deference and attention, the devotion of her husband to his business, the energy that he put forth to rise in his profession, though the result of affectionate care for her, seemed to be so much taken from her dues, and she began to complain of negligence, want of attention, and with all those predictions of decreasing affection which, sooner or later, always verify themselves. At first, 'tis true, these little breezes and undulations of feeling had rather a graceful and becoming effect than otherwise; for every body knows that a very pretty lady, with dark eyes and long eye lashes, may weep and fret to much better advantage than persons of less natural endowment, and besides, the golden age of love was not yet past.

Even in the happiest marriage there is a morning hour, when novelty hangs like a glittering mist around every object, giving a brightness not intrinsic, and happy are they who when these mists and shadows are gone, lose nothing by being seen under the steady daylight of reality. Happy is the woman who, when no longer regarded as an angel or a fairy, remains

"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd,
To warn, to comfort and command;"

and happy the man who, when no longer regarded as a hero, or a superhuman instance of perfection, can yet be respected and loved as a consistent human being.

We have before stated that William married his wife under the idea that she was in mind and heart not only equal but superior to her person, and his treatment of her, was for a long time grounded on this hypothesis; and when she fretted and complained, he endeavoured to meet it by such appeals to common sense as would have been quite in point if he had been talking to a reasonable woman, and not to a spoiled child. He also undertook to realize some of his domestic visions by making her the companion of his literary recreations; accordingly he was

unwearied in furnishing her with books such as might have interested a woman of cultivated taste, and as often as he could pass an evening at home, would attempt to read to her his favourite authors. But he could not conceal from himself that all this was so much labour lost, and when, after he had poured forth his whole soul in reading or reciting some favourite passage, Caroline merely replied "very pretty," and then went on counting stitches in her lace work, or asked some trivial question. Hamilton felt almost provoked, and wondered how he ever could have thought her mind a companion for his own.

But, in a few weeks, a new cause of domestic anxiety developed itself. Caroline had taken the situation of mistress of a family, without an idea of any thing more being necessary than to get a servant and issue orders. The domestic that she had obtained was one of the first of her order; active, capable, efficient, systematic, and every way well disposed. But, entirely ignorant of all domestic matters, Caroline's plans and directions were such as constantly to perplex and embarrass her, while habitual inattention to her comfort and an entire want of sympathy with the difficulties which came in her way, were an increasing source of irritation. Sometimes Caroline would order such a dinner as no unassisted pair of hands could get up, and in the midst of the most critical part of the preparations give some new direction, and order something before forgotten, till the temper and patience of the poor cook would be quite exhausted.

"Well, Nancy is going away, at last," said Caroline one day to her husband, "and I am glad of it on the whole; these smart girls always take liberties, and Nancy was getting quite too free in her answers."

"Indeed!" said Hamilton, "but was she not a good, efficient girl? I'm afraid we shall find it difficult to fill her place."

"Yes, she was smart enough—but disobliging and quick tempered."

"Ah!" said Hamilton, "she was recommended as very good natured."

"Well, I can't say as to that," said Caroline, "but she has been in a fret about half the time since she has been in my house, and this morning she was so insufferably insolent that I could not hold out any longer, and I told her she might go."

Such was the parlour version of the affair. In the meanwhile, Nancy was giving her story no less volubly to a friend in a neighbouring kitchen.

"As to staying with that Mrs. Hamilton any longer, I a'n't a going to—she knows no more about house work than a baby—if you do a thing well she wont know it, and if you don't, she wont half the time. She has made my work three times as hard as it need to be, because she hadn't any calculation. She'd be just as likely to invite a parcel of company on Monday when I had all my washing about; or if I was ironing and wanted the fire for my flats, why she must have a turkey roasted, and a dozen nic nacks besides. 'Oh,' she'd say, 'you can

do it some how; and now this last Monday, just as I got my starch all ready for the collars and fine clothes, she called me up and kept me fiddling about, till my fire was out, and my starch cold, and then when the things come up from the washing, she scolded because they didn't look clear. I told her that she hindered me. She told me I was saucy, and so it went on, till at last I told her that for all there was only her and Mr. Hamilton, I had rather do the work for twenty, under some women, than for two under her, and so away I came."

In this way, by ignorance and want of consideration, Caroline lost a domestic who might have been a permanent acquisition to her family comfort.

Then came an interregnum of perpetual changes in the kitchen cabinet, with all the varied domestic jars and break downs incident to such a state of things. Here was a continual state of anarchy and irregularity which Caroline readily laid to the charge of servants, who, she said, were the plague and torment of house-keeping. There are some families which seem to be nothing but a thoroughfare for servants—whenever you hear of them, they are in a transition state—it is true, that in many cases this indicates a scarcity of well trained domestic assistance, but may it not also indicate some want of proper management on the part of those who employ them? Such, at least, was the case in this instance. Caroline had not the knowledge to instruct the ignorant, nor the consideration to respect the well taught, nor the self control to govern the wayward, and very speedily her house acquired such a name that no domestic, who could secure a better place, ever thought of applying there. Hamilton found the comforts of home rapidly decreasing. Irregular and ill gotten meals, broken crockery, damaged furniture, and, above all, the constant fretful cloud that hung over the brow of his wife, made his house any thing but a place of repose, and though not naturally an ill tempered man, he found himself rapidly becoming irritable and fretful.

Now, there is no cure for romantic love like jolting and jostling in domestic realities, especially if that jolting be attended with ill temper; a dinner of herbs, where *love* is, may be a very comfortable affair, but a dinner of herbs seasoned with contention and fretting is another thing altogether.

"My dear," said Hamilton, one morning at breakfast, after silently balancing his spoon over the side of his cup for some time, "my dear, I hope you will have dinner precisely at two, to-day, for I have an engagement that I must be ready for at three."

"That will be as Sarah pleases," said Caroline, frowningly. "I'm sure it's no fault of mine that the dinner is late, for I have told her regularly every day that I *must* have it at two—the fact is, Sarah don't know how to do any thing."

"Well, my dear, you ought to see to it that she obeys your directions; go down and attend to it yourself."

"That is to say, I ought to have all the trou-

ble of getting up dinner every day, I suppose—I might as well be a servant at once."

"Every mistress of a family ought to be responsible for having things properly done," said Hamilton; "if Sarah is ignorant, it is your place to teach her."

"My place, Mr. Hamilton! You are ready enough to discover my duties—well, for my part, if this is marriage, I think it a perfect slavery. I wish I had known as much as I do a year ago."

"So do I," rejoined Hamilton.

"What do you mean, sir?"

"Perhaps you might have made better preparation for your duties."

"More probably I should not have been in the place, at all," said Caroline.

"I don't know that I should have been a loser," replied Hamilton.

"I'm sure I should not," responded the lady; and the conversation having arrived at this interesting result, Hamilton rose and walked off to his business, sighing heavily as he closed the door, for he felt himself degraded by the part he had borne in the altercation, and Caroline sat down to think how happy she used to be at home, and what a poor miserable abused creature she was now.

At the close of the first year, the accounts from the various merchants, grocers, &c., came in, for our young people had fallen into the practice of running up accounts, a course dangerous even to the considerate and economical, but fatal to the inexperienced and ignorant, and on casting them up, it was found that they exceeded the sum of their yearly income, by a considerable amount. Caroline knew nothing of prices and qualities, as before marriage, her wardrobe, down to the minutest article, was provided by the care of her mother, and whatever bills she might have contracted, were discharged without any thought of hers. Consequently she had ordered at shops and stores just what struck her eye or suited her fancy, without even a dream of the final amount of her acquisitions, or of her husband's ability to meet them. Here was a new source of vexation. Hamilton had been a young man of accurate habits, and he was mortified and embarrassed to find himself thus unexpectedly involved—his mortification found vent in language. The rebound of the heart from an object it has once over estimated, is in all cases to be dreaded. Hamilton now felt tempted to lower his wife as much as he once did to exalt her. "She is nothing but a selfish, inconsiderate, spoiled child," thought he, and his manner made this opinion quite obvious.

CHAPTER III.

In time, Caroline became a mother, and a new and pure fountain was unsealed in her heart. Till then, she had never really disinterestedly loved. The most selfish, the most worldly, are capable of a transient excitement of fancy and feeling, which may be termed being "in love"—and there is nothing more exacting, more intensely centring in self than

what is called *love* in such persons. But the feeble cry, the soft, helpless hand, the tender infant face of the poor child, who could do nothing for her—who was thrown in utter weakness upon her care and love, stirred within her emotions of self forgetting tenderness such as she had never known before. "Oh, my own mother," she said, as her tears dropped on the soft unconscious face, "how little have I ever felt what I owed you." And a blessed thing it is for woman, that when by common consent the influences of early life tend to make her frivolous and selfish, that Providence has invested with such a redeeming power, the feelings and sorrows of a mother. Many a thoughtless young heart has been taught to know itself, and to thrill with a trembling sense of new responsibilities, by feeling that the present and the eternal good of a helpless and beloved being was committed to its care.

In this softened, chastened state of feeling, Hamilton saw in his wife more than the beauty that had won his youthful fancy, and their softened feelings flowed towards each other in a new channel; and now—now—was the whole trial over? did the sky brighten? did the young pair find an end to all their difficulties?

No—the first step towards better things had been taken—but it was yet necessary to undo the work of years. With returning health, returned to Caroline an increase of difficulties. To the care of a family, before badly managed, was added the care of the little one so lately come into it. Caroline was so far amended that she could not enact the thoughtless or negligent mother, and their limited means did not allow of the relief which might have been gained by the assistance of a nurse, and she who for the greater part of her life had never encountered a difficulty or known a trial, could scarcely be expected to come at once under the severe yoke of nursery cares. Though she dearly loved her little daughter, still, like all of the baby race, she found it extremely unaccommodating and exacting; always waking up when it was most important that it should sleep, and crying when it was essential it should be still, and apparently laying out its whole line of conduct with a view to prevent its mother from attending to any thing but itself. When the first novelty of maternal pride and affection had passed off, Caroline could not but find the daily monotony and confinement of her employments exceedingly irksome, and her unskillfulness in her new duties made them doubly heavy. Discouragement, dependency, and irritability were the result.

"I was always good tempered until I was married," she remarked petulantly one day to her husband.

"You thought you were, because you had nothing to try you," was the severe reply.

"True enough," said Caroline, "young girls are fools for getting married."

"They are so," said Hamilton, "if not prepared for their duties as wives and mothers—they had better live single."

Hamilton was now as far wrong as his wife. He had married from romantic fancy without an inquiry what circumstances such as his own

would require from a wife, or whether the glittering, brilliant creature on whom he had fixed his affection, would sustain and carry out those relations. The discoveries he made of incapacity provoked severe censure and sarcasm;—nor did he suitably allow for the severity of the trial which had been brought upon his wife, or give due credit to the exertions which she had endeavored to make. He had not the forbearance and self possession to point out to Caroline her faults and support her through the painful process of remedy. It is not one friend in a hundred who will make allowances for faults that render *them* uncomfortable, and not one in two hundred who will have the steadiness and moral determination to undertake the task of rectification. It is so much easier to be out of humour with our offending friends and to indulge ourselves in saying so, than to assume a responsibility for their improvement, that the majority of society are partial to the former course. Besides, it is much easier to undertake the cure of one tangible, definite fault, than to build over an entire character which has been constructed wrong in every step of its progress.

It was no single fault that caused the difficulties of Caroline; but a *character* which unfitted her entirely for her situation and duties. So at least it seemed to her, when, brought at length to reflection, she cast her discouraged eye inward, to see what she was, and why she was unhappy. "I see it all," said she to herself, "I have been spoiled by flattery, weakened by indulgence, and have come entirely untaught and unpractised into a place for which I am not fitted, and for which it is too late to fit myself." This last "too late" was the weight that hung upon the destiny of Caroline, preventing that energy by which she might yet have recovered her chance of happiness; and who could blame her for the feeling—when from hour to hour the hands are tied by employment from which there is no escape, while a thousand little things are to be done or attended to every day, in all of which, the hand and mind are entirely unpractised, who can blame a woman for feeling that she did not know where to begin, or what to do first. In the course of four years, Caroline had sunk down into a desponding, discouraged woman. She had learned to reflect indeed—learned bitterly to feel her own incapacity, and had at times, made very commendable efforts to be equal to her duties, efforts remitted and given over in discouragement, as she found she had become mother to another child, and the pecuniary affairs of her husband had become increasingly involved. It is true, Caroline had desired and endeavoured to economize; but economy is a science of difficult acquisition, requiring a practised judgment and a skillful hand, and all that important dexterity, which consists in making a *little* serve the place of much, which extracts substantial comfort and respectability from very limited means, was an entirely sealed book to her. She had only learned that such a faculty did exist in some people, and sighed at the want of it in herself. As to domestic affection between the two, there was very little of it—both were perplexed and embarrassed—both

had been disappointed, and each was conscious of having, at times, failed in temper and duty towards the other, and each willing to find faults in the other, which should excuse their own—yet, of the two, the wife was the most to be pitied. Hamilton found resources in his business, and recreation in classical reading and literary effort; but Caroline, with just knowledge enough to know her own deficiency, with sensibility awakened too late, was confined from day to day to the same round of discouraged unsuccessful exertion. Her health failed, but her husband, who had become familiar with the language of complaint, when the cause was imaginary, neglected it, now that it was real, and many a dejected, wearisome day passed over her, untied and alone, amid the solitary labours of her nursery.

And who was most to be blamed for this unhappy result of what might have been a happy marriage! Was it Caroline, or was it the mother, who had suffered her to grow up in entire ignorance of all that would fit her to be happy in future life! Surely if a mother—who knows, by experience, what is expected of a wife and the mistress of a family—has not forethought enough to control and discipline a child with reference to it, such forethought cannot be expected of the buoyant inexperienced young creature herself.

Caroline might, as many others have done, have availed herself of the comfort of her mother's experience and advice in her domestic difficulties, had not that mother been confined by ill health, for the greater period since they were married. But a friend was raised up from another quarter.

We have once alluded to Hamilton's mother. An invitation had often been urged on her to make them a long visit; but various causes prevented its acceptance. Circumstances, however, occurred which placed her at liberty, not merely to visit, but to make the house of her son a permanent home. Mrs. Hamilton was a woman no less remarkable for superior understanding and attainments than for every day judgment and sense—a woman accustomed to the exertion of influence, one of those buoyant encouraging persons who seem to have impulse and motive enough to carry all around them onward in the path of improvement. She had been but a few days in the family of her son, before her discriminating eye read the entire state of the domestic history, and her warm and true affectionateness gave her power with both parties to interpose.

"Now, mother, you can't but see just what Caroline is," her son pleaded in answer to some remonstrance from her.

"I see one thing that you seem to have forgotten," said Mrs. Hamilton.

"And what is that?"

"That she is your wife—the mother of your children—the woman who, after all, holds your whole domestic happiness in her hands—for all that you might have done to form her mind and fashion her character, you are accountable—and to God and to your children, you must answer it, if you have neglected any means in your power to make your wife what she should

be. If any thing, my son, I think you most blameable."

"I'm sure I can't see why," rejoined Hamilton.

"Because you have the stronger and the more cultivated mind, and a wider range of resources and enjoyments. You ought to exhibit superior self command and patience."

"I'm sure," said Hamilton, "no man ever loved a woman more than I did her, at first."

"Well, my son, you did as many another has done, choose a wife, like a picture from a gallery, as a matter of taste—you find her unfit for her situation—but, do you, therefore, owe her no duties? may you dismiss all responsibility for her improvement! Can you say that you have made one regular systematic effort to correct her faults! Can you be sure that your careless and sarcastic remarks on her deficiencies, have not often discouraged her when she was really endeavouring to improve?"

Hamilton looked thoughtful and was silent. Something in his heart smote him as he remembered the animated, graceful being, that he married, contrasted with the pale, worn, and despondent woman that was his wife now.

"Indeed, poor girl," he replied, "it is not all her fault—she was spoiled by her parents, to begin with—and I have not had the patience that I should, I know."

"Well, my son, you are her husband—her guide—her protector—now see what you can do, if you really and disinterestedly seek her good. Give her credit for every effort; treat her faults with tenderness; encourage and praise whenever you can, and depend upon it you will see another woman in her."

* * * * *

"No, no, my dear mother," said Caroline; "I did not begin right—I never shall be right. My husband does not respect me—he can't, I suppose—and my children will not respect me when they get old enough to find me out. I have no cultivation of mind—and no time for it. I have no capacity for order and system—I have no energy—in short, I am nothing at all."

"No, no, my dear," said Mrs. Hamilton; "you must not make such thorough work with yourself as all that—you need only one thing."

"And what is that?" said Caroline.

"Hope!" replied Mrs. Hamilton.

"Ah! that indeed!" said Caroline, with a sigh. "Well, I am discouraged—and what is worst of all, I see my husband thinks I never shall be any thing, or do any thing. Now, I really think—I *could* have energy—I might do quite well, if he would only believe I should."

"Well, Caroline, indeed I *will* believe," said Hamilton, who had entered the room unperceived, during this sentence.

Caroline started, and the vivid blush of olden times lit up her cheek, while quick tears sprung in her yet beautiful eyes.

"Dear Caroline, I have done you much wrong," said Hamilton, kissing the little hand which she involuntarily gave him.

"No, no, no, it has all been my fault," said Caroline; who, woman like, was ready to unsay any thing and every thing at the first kind word.

"Ah, well," said Hamilton, "we must both put ourselves to school to our good mother here, and brighter days may yet come."

CHAPTER IV.

Our readers must now take a jump of some ten years with us, and then look in for a sociable evening chat by the fire-side of William Hamilton.—William Hamilton is reading aloud, and the soft light of the astral lamp falls upon a circle of young faces, that gather round the centre table. You may trace the brilliant eyes and the warm, bright complexion of Caroline, in the faces of the young girls, that you there see, yet there is more of mind and expression than ever lit up her youthful features. But, that graceful, mature woman, who presides with so much dignity and tenderness in the little circle—can you recognise in her the gay young belle with whom our story begun? But it is Caroline, indeed, surrounded by the children who are her pride—her treasure; and this is their social evening party, when father and mother unite to render home a place so happy that not one young wish shall stray beyond it.

"Do you know, Caroline," said I, in the course of the evening, "what Mrs. Lennox was saying of you, no longer ago than this morning?"

"No, surely—what?"

"Why, she was saying to me—after all this talk about training and teaching girls, I can't see that education makes much difference. If a girl has good sense, it comes out at last, bring her up as you will. Now, there was Caroline Staples, one of the flightiest girls in ———, see how she has settled down into a fine woman; she could not have done better if she had been lectured, and harked, and hewed all the way up, as these very educational people would do."

"Mrs. Lennox does not know the hacking and hewing I have been through," said Caro-

line. "No, indeed; and, for my part, I am determined my daughters shall never suffer what I have done. They shall be early accustomed to exertion and responsibility, and trained to self denial, and they shall have that expertness in domestic management that nothing but early practice can give."

"Well, take care, Caroline," said I, "that you do not go to the extreme, of making your daughters mere housekeepers, and not accomplished women."

"I think," replied Caroline, "that the foundation for intellectual improvement in girls must be laid by cultivating their moral feelings. Bring up a girl to feel that she has a responsible part to bear in promoting the happiness of the family, and you make a reflecting being of her at once, and remove that lightness and frivolity of character which makes her shrink from graver studies. My mind doubled in energy and power of application from the time I became a mother—and why? Because, the responsibility made me think—and having thought on one subject, I found it easy to think on others. So with a young girl—make her responsible in certain respects for the care of her brothers and sisters—the managing household accounts—the providing and care of her own wardrobe, and you daily exercise her judgment and give her the patience, steadiness, and reflection, which she will need in pursuing any course of mental improvement, or gaining any elegant accomplishment."

"Would not she make a pretty public speaker, now?" said Hamilton. "You see that Caroline has not merely learned to *think*, as she says, but has become very apt in oratory."

"Come now, Hamilton!" said Caroline, laughing—and, reader, lest we should bore you with too much wisdom at once, we will put down no more of the evening's conversation, though there was a great deal of instruction in it, we assure you.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ENIGMA.

MAGICIANS we: combined, our sway
Is boundless as the radiant day.
O'er mind we hold supreme control,
And wake, to virtuous thought, the soul;
Or, careless of our holy calling,
We rouse to strife and crime appalling.
Presented to your wond'ring eyes
In proper order, form, and size,
Pleased, to our magic power you yield,
Scan with delight the pictured field,
While half forgetting earthly care,
Fancy's rich stores of thought you share.
Vainly the muses' spell is twined
About young genius' lofty mind—
Buried within his struggling breast,
His glowing thoughts must ever rest,
Unless our silent aid we give,
And bid them burn, and breathe, and live.

Wanderers we are, extending still
Our power for good—sometimes for ill.
O'er all the earth's capacious round,
Where'er the immortal mind is found,
In spite of monk, or despot sway,
Still, still, we force our destined way;
Till time shall be when every zone
Our blessed power shall gladly own.
Would'st thou our famous birth-place know?
To Asia's ancient map then go,
With curious eye each name explore,
You'll find—enough—I'll say no more,
Your smile declares the riddle guess'd,
Nor need the muse unfold the rest.

M. A. F.

Stockbridge, Mass.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE LAST OFFER.

BY MRS. HALE.

"O, love will master all the power of art."

"AND so, Clara, you have rejected Mr. Tineford—I own I do regret it," said Mrs. Crosby to her niece.

"My dear aunt, would you wish me to marry a widower, with as many children as followed John Rogers to the stake? but whether there were nine or ten has always been a puzzle to me. Do you not think Mr. Tineford could solve that question? I wish I had asked him," said the young lady, looking very demure.

"Mr. Tineford has but three children, as you very well know," said Mrs. Crosby.

"But you know, also, my dear aunt, that my imagination always expatiates in the 'Rule of Three'—that is, making three of one, which just brings out the nine, without any remainder."

"Come, Clara, pray leave this trifling; it does not become you, and Mr. Tineford is not a character which should excite ridicule," said Mrs. Crosby, gravely. "You acknowledged yesterday, that you thought him excellent, intelligent, and agreeable."

"I do think him worthy of nearly every good adjective in our language," said Clara Dinsmore, earnestly. "I esteem his character as highly as you do—but I could never, never think of marrying him."

"Oh, Clara!"—

"Spare me, dear aunt. I know all you would urge in his favour, and I know, too, many reasons which your tenderness for my feelings would spare me. I am twenty-nine—O, woe is me, that I have arrived so near the verge of old maidism! My beauty is gone—nay, don't shake your head—Miss Jones says I look positively old, and that she is quite shocked, (you know her benevolent affection for me) to see such a change."

"I do not see it, my dear Clara, nor is it so. Your cheek is not as blooming as it was at nineteen, but there is at times, a more lovely expression in your countenance, a chastened thoughtfulness, which gives promise of that tenderness and goodness which I know was always in your disposition, but which, in the years of your brilliant youth, you did not display."

"Who would blame me for being vain if they knew my aunt flattered me thus?" exclaimed Clara, tears of gratitude and pleasure filling her eyes. "But I must not flatter myself, that others see with your partial affection. I know there is a change; my mirror, as well as Miss Jones, reminds me of it; and the young ladies, those who were in the nursery when I came out, call me old."

"It is a great pity that girls are permitted to come out so young," said Mrs. Crosby.

"There is no use of preventives, in my case, dear aunt," replied Clara, smiling with her usual cheerfulness. "I am twenty-nine, with

little beauty and no money at all. How can I ever expect another offer?"

"My dear child, it is none of these motives which induce me to wish this marriage to take place," said Mrs. Crosby, earnestly. "But I know that Mr. Tineford loves you; and he estimates also your worth of character, or he would not, in the maturity of his judgment, when he has reached such a high eminence in his profession, and acquired such distinguished reputation, he would not thus renew the homage he paid you ten years ago. I do not see how you can have the heart to refuse him a second time."

"Simply because I have no heart to give him," said Clara, with a sigh, and then gaily added, "you know, aunt, that he has been married, and appeared to love his wife most tenderly—he doubtless loves his children, so that between the regret he is bound to cherish for the memory of the one, and the affection he must bestow on the other, there can be little room in his heart for love towards me. This second disappointment will not afflict him; so do not urge the match on his account."

"I wish it on your own, dear Clara. Since the loss of my property, by the failure of the bank, my whole concern has been for you. My annuity will cease with my life, and I feel my strength failing daily. Do not look so sorrowful, my darling, I should welcome the change with joy, were your welfare secured. And to Mr. Tineford I would entrust your earthly destiny with perfect confidence."

"I wonder if there ever was a good mother-in-law," said Clara, striving to turn the conversation from her aunt's ill health, which she never could bear to hear named, although she felt that there was hardly any hope that she could be saved.

"You would make a good one, Clara; I know your heart is overflowing with affections and tender sympathies: you would love those little children dearly—their mother was your intimate friend, and if their father was your husband, studying your happiness and securing to you every rational source of enjoyment, you could not refrain from loving his children, or rather you would feel that they were yours. I cannot bear to think you will finally refuse him, and be left to struggle alone with the hardships, and cares, and sorrows, which a single woman, without relations or fortune, must encounter."

"How careful you are, my dear aunt, for my happiness," said Clara, gratefully. "I wish I could follow your advice; but I should wrong Mr. Tineford's generous heart if I married him when I do not love him."

"You would love him, Clara!"—

"Oh! never attempt to persuade me that love can be awakened after marriage, when

there is no kindling of affection before the ceremony. I should undoubtedly esteem him; I hope, treat him with propriety, but I never should love him, and you know I have always declared that I would not marry except I loved the man to whom I pledged my faith."

Mrs. Crosby looked distressed. "I must then relinquish all hope," said she.

"You think that if I have lived twenty-nine years without being in love, that my heart is ossified, I suppose," said Clara, laughing.

"I think when a young lady has had the number of admirers and offers which I know you have had, and rejected them all, that there is little reason to expect she will receive others. I have made up my mind that this is to be your last offer."

"You said the same, dear aunt, when I rejected Mr. Bellows."

"He was a good man, and is highly prosperous. It would have been an excellent match for you."

"A most wretched one—for I positively disliked him—he was so prosing and particular, he would have driven me crazy with his small fidgetings and solemn reflections. I would rather prefer living like Madame Roland, in a garret on beans, than to have married him, though he had been as rich as Rothschild."

"Then, there was William Hopkins, he was a fine talented young man; I thought for a long time that you liked him."

"I did like him as a child does its rattle, for the amusement he always made me; but I could not respect a man whose manners were so frivolous—so like my own. Is not that a candid admission?"

"But what could you have found to cavil at in the character or manners of that noble young man, Lucius Howard?"

"He was too perfect for me, dear aunt," replied Clara; a blush crimsoned her cheek, and there was a slight tremor in her voice as she added—"He never offered me his hand."

"Clara, I am sure I understood at the time, that you rejected him."

"No, no, aunt—you were deceived;" Clara's voice grew firmer, though her face was deadly pale; while she continued—"I have long wished, long intended to confide my weakness and disappointment to you; but, it is so humiliating to own one has been crossed in love, that I never could find the opportunity when my mind was in a right mood. Now it shall be done, that you may feel convinced I do right in declining to marry Mr. Tineford—you would not wish me to vow at the altar to love him, when my heart is irrevocably devoted to another. Yes, I did, I do love Lucius Howard, and—he—loved me, but thought me unworthy to be his wife." She covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

"Clara, my darling, this cannot be. He never could have thought you unworthy; but he might fear you would reject him," said Mrs. Crosby.

"No, no," replied Clara, in a voice of deep agony; "no, he knew that I loved him, and I believe he had little doubt that I would accept him; but he thought I permitted or rather en-

couraged attentions from others. You know how many admirers I had in those days, when I rejected Mr. Tineford and a dozen others; there was then no shadow on my beauty, and I triumphed in the power it gave me. Fatal power, most foolishly used to vex the noble heart that loved me, and whose love I returned. I trifled, till Lucius Howard thought me a confirmed coquette, and when he acknowledged his deep affection for me, he told me that he did it to prove to me the consistency of his principles; as he knew he had often betrayed his love, he came to make the avowal openly, but at the same time to tell me that he did not seek a return, that he did not ask my hand—he believed our dispositions and tastes were too dissimilar to allow him to hope for happiness with me. He invoked heaven to protect and bless me—and took leave of me—for ever."

Mrs. Crosby was sadly distressed and confounded by this disclosure. She had always thought that her niece remained single because she found no one to suit her fastidious taste.—Never had she dreamed that Clara, the gay Clara Dinsmore, had nursed a secret and hopeless passion. Mr. Howard, she well knew, had left that part of the country entirely; he was settled in the ministry at the South—she had heard that he was one of the shining lights of the age, and she felt almost certain she had heard of his marriage, too—so she could not flatter her dear Clara with the least hope of ever renewing her acquaintance with him. But if she would be persuaded to accept Mr. Tineford, who she doubted not would be too glad to marry her, though she had loved another, the good aunt thought she might still look forward to days of happiness for her niece. So she began her work of comforting, by remarking that no person could expect an unshadowed lot. She reminded Clara of the fortitude with which she had, hitherto, borne this disappointment of the heart—entreated her not to allow the remembrance of a scene so long past to overcome her now—showed her how much of good had already arisen from this disappointment, as doubtless that improvement in Clara's character, which had been remarked by every one, had been effected in consequence of the new reflections awakened by the parting words of Lucius—and in short, the good lady proved, to her own satisfaction, that Clara was a much more estimable person from having been crossed in love, as children, habituated to the practice of self-denial are much more amiable than petted favorites, who have never learned to control their own inclinations. Mrs. Crosby hinted that if Clara would only consent to marry Mr. Tineford, and, as she was well qualified to do, train his motherless children in the way they should go, and make his home the place of happiness to him, as she easily might, that she would be a heroine indeed, as much superior to the common description of those who marry at the end of the fashionable novels, as Rebecca the Jewess was to Rowena.

But poor Clara was resolute to her vow of single blessedness, and really felt that her aunt had almost compromised her dignity, when she

acknowledged that she had invited Mr. Tineford to take tea that evening with them; and furthermore, permitted him to bring a friend who was visiting at his house. "I told him truly the state of my heart," said Clara. "I felt it was due to the disinterested regard he had manifested for me, that he should know why I could not return his affection. And I told him then, that I should, for the future, avoid his society, lest I might be tempted to speak of Lucius Howard. I fear he will think I have no consistency of character."

Mrs. Crosby promised to do the honours of the evening to her guests, but thought Clara must be present; and finally she consented. At the appointed hour, Mr. Tineford and his friend arrived, and were warmly welcomed by Mrs. Crosby. Mr. Tineford inquired, with a smile of much meaning for Miss Dinsmore.

"She will be with us soon," said her aunt.

"She has not been quite well to-day." The friend of Mr. Tineford looked distressed. Just then Clara entered; the excitement of her feelings deepening the colour of her cheeks, till she looked as blooming as she did at nineteen—and more beautiful, Lucius Howard thought, as he stepped forward to greet her.

Poor Clara—she was quite overcome for the moment, as she looked at Mr. Tineford, and thought of the confession she had made to him, and then felt her hand in the clasp of Mr. Howard's. But all was soon happily settled, and good aunt Crosby, as she prepared for the marriage of her beloved niece with Lucius Howard, declared that this last offer was the best which Clara ever had, and she had become convinced that a woman had better live single than to marry one man while her heart was given to another.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE IN THE DECEMBER NUMBER OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

THE ROSTRUM.

EVERY boy that goes to college,
Should never be without the knowledge,
That works on Ornithology,
As well as Ichthyology,
When treating of the snout, or beak,
Will only of the *Rostrum* speak.
The end of a retort, we know,
Is called a beak and *Rostrum*, too,
A scissors, when the points are bent,
In surgery, is *Rostrum* meant.
An instrument in certain schools
Is *Rostrum* called, and music rules.
The Romans took a gallant fleet,
Nor was their victory complete,
Till every noble ship was burned,
And the prows to a platform turned:
This, they upon the Forum laid,
Where it for many centuries staid,

And that the deed might go to fame,
An honour to the Roman name,
It was *The Rostrum* called—where men,
Even of this day—as well as then,
Exert themselves to win applause,
And make the worse, the better cause.

SECOND ANSWER.

In scientific terms to speak,
A *Rostrum* means a snout, or beak,
Scissors, and a retort, a prow,
A ruler, to draw lines—but now
The *Rostrum* means a speaker's stage,
Where he can in debate engage;
It was thus by the Romans named,
For of the prows of ships 'twas framed.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SONNET TO THE STARS.

BY J. ELLIOTT KNIGHT.

YE beauteous STARS that gem the vault of heaven,
Sweeping for ever through your mystic round,
Say, were your soft, your liquid blazing given
To mock us here! to show to what we're bound;
To make us loathe this earth we cannot leave;
To gild the scenes of misery and woe,
And cause our breasts with stifling thoughts to heave

As on them we do gaze? Oh! 'tis not so;
Ye hang as beacons out upon the sky
To guide us on our journey here below;
Ye send your light to catch the wanderer's eye
And show the path in which his steps should go;
Ye turn our thoughts from off this earthly clod,
And lead them upward to the throne of God:
Newburyport, Mass.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

THE NAMELESS ONE.—(CONTINUED.)

BY L. A. WILMER.

SEEING me emerge from the crowd with my dress much disordered, and no person near who would be likely to attempt a rescue, the professional gentlemen stepped forward and arrested me with due solemnity. My accommodations that night are not worth talking about, having but one thing to recommend them, namely, their freedom from expense; and it is a little remarkable that the only hospitality of that kind which a city affords, is *compulsory* hospitality. The next morning, I was brought to the police office to answer the charge of having been "concerned in a riot," which certainly was not far from the truth—I had been *concerned*, and that with some reason.

The presiding magistrate was evidently disposed to be indulgent, and I think I should have been dismissed with a "reprimand," as slight as that which the congressional speaker sometimes bestows on refractory members—but his honour thought proper to ask me my name, and then my case was altered, for, the *nominative* being wanted, I found myself in the *vocative*.

"Young man, I hope you do not think such jests will be tolerated here," said the magistrate, when, in answer to his interrogatory, I modestly confessed my extraordinary want. "I insist on it, sir, that you tell us your name immediately."

"Sir," replied I, "I have been nearly five years engaged in preparing to answer that question, and not having succeeded in that time, it is unreasonable to expect that I should do it at a notice of five minutes. I know the respect which is due to this tribunal; and, otherwise, I am but little disposed for empty jests, (notwithstanding I have eaten nothing for the last twenty-four hours,) and I repeat, sir, with all possible gravity, that I have not, and never had any name."

"I am sorry for that," said the venerable magistrate; "you stand condemned on your own confession. If we often find it necessary to imprison a man for having a *bad* name, what shall be done with one who has no name at all?—A bad hat or coat is better than none, and common sense teaches us that names should be referred to the same rule. The analogy is obvious; and the conclusion is infallible that you are a culprit of the worst class. In ordinary cases of delinquency, the individual may be inspired with a wish to amend his name, be it never so bad; but, with you, that is an impossibility. Nothing cannot be mended;—a cobbler should as well attempt to mend a pair of shoes that never existed. In short, my duty, however painful, is most imperative; and I think you yourself will admit that I shall act with lenity in sending you to the House of Refuge for the term of six months from this date."

At this period, a thin, sharp-faced man, who had been standing within the bar, apparently very intent on what was going forward, ad-

vanced, and taking me by the sleeve, whispered:

"My name is Richard P. Snacks;—I am an attorney, and if you think proper to engage me for your counsel, I can bring you clear of this scrape. Have you ever a five dollar bill?"

I had precisely that amount of money and handed it over to Mr. Snacks; who, while depositing the cash in his pocket-book, commenced discoursing in the following manner:—

"Your honour:—I am retained as counsel for the person who now stands at the bar. I agree with your honour that the case is very suspicious and that this individual is probably a most accomplished villain;—and indeed, his countenance indicates at this moment, as your honour may perceive, that the bad passions are predominant in his bosom. But, sir, with these candid admissions on our part, let me call your attention to one or two facts which should not be lost sight of in our general detestation of this person's character. In the first place, your honour's humane design in sending him to prison, is doubtless to keep him from doing mischief. But, allow me to observe that this kind of preventive justice is like your honour's coat, a little out at the elbows. The only instance in which the principle now holds good is in the case of our city dogs. A dog is proscribed because he might possibly go mad, and being mad, he might possibly bite a human being, and the person so bitten, might possibly die. Thus, on a three-fold supposition or contingency, the dog is executed, without even the form of a trial. But this, sir, is not justice, nor even law;—it is an unconstitutional thing and ought to be abolished. Secondly, it may be noted, in connection with the subject before us, that all reasonable creatures, and even such brutes as are most remarkable for their sagacity, as horses, hounds, &c., have proper names. All reasonable creatures, I say, have names; but this young man has no name—therefore, this young man is not a reasonable creature. It follows, then, that he labors under what is called in law, 'a defect of will,'—which makes it impossible that he should commit a crime—thirdly, and lastly, in having no name, he has no responsibility. Until the person charged is expressly *named*, all charges are but hints or insinuations, and no man is obliged to understand a hint to his own prejudice. It appears, then, that the person now at the bar, cannot be called on to answer an accusation, and this being the case, his detention is illegal. And," continued Mr. Snacks, opening the door of the box in which I was seated, "if he thinks proper to walk out of the room at this moment, you cannot proceed lawfully to call him back; for, without names, all proceedings at law are informal and mere nullities."

The significant motion of Mr. Snacks' head was unnecessary to make this hint intelligible,

and I accordingly walked out without molestation.

I was now penniless, and therefore possessed few requisites for happiness, besides a good appetite, which is acknowledged to be a great blessing, and with me it was likely to be a permanent one; for I had no means of destroying it by sensual indulgence at the table. In this state of things, I thought of betaking myself to a boarding-house, for I doubted not that I should meet with some employment that would enable me to defray the incidental expenses. A boarding-house was soon found, and the agreeable vapours which issued from the basement story, where the kitchen was situated, gave me notice that I had arrived at a very seasonable time.

"Can you receive another boarder?" said I to the pretty landlady, who made her appearance in a muslin cap and calico wrapper.

"Yes, sir;—I expect so!"

"Then I wish to begin with to-day, madam. You will not find me a troublesome boarder; for I have a good stomach, and can eat any thing that comes to hand."

"What is your name, sir?"

The pretty landlady stared at my disconcerted countenance, and when I attempted to evade her vexatious inquiry, it suddenly came into her mind that the only room which she had left was promised to another gentleman, whom she expected to take possession that evening. At the same moment, the negro servant placed the smoking dishes on the table, of which my position commanded a full view.

"Desperation!—must a man be starved for want of a name?" Such was the exclamation I made when I again found myself on the street.

"Certainly not," was an answer which originated near my elbow. Without heeding the glance of mingled shame and resentment which I cast upon him, the speaker proceeded in a tone of civil familiarity, "Named or unnamed, no man of common sense will starve. But come with me, and I'll give you an illustration."

The person who thus accosted me was a gaily dressed young gentleman with a most insinuating air. I had several times observed him walking at some distance behind me, since I had left the police office;—he had evidently followed me, and this piece of rudeness, with his intrusive mode of addressing me, made me little disposed to cultivate his acquaintance. A hungry man is the most irritable thing in existence, (which sufficiently accounts for poets being called the *genus irritabile*.) I was about to make a very ungracious answer to my young gentleman's overly gracious observation, when, as if he perceived the offence I had taken, and sought to allay the acridity of my humour, he said in a much less familiar manner, "Perhaps you may wish for some employment which will furnish you with the means of a decent maintenance."

"I do wish for such employment," said I, somewhat mollified by his apparent benevolence; and, taking me by the arm, my unexpected friend conducted me through several by-streets and alleys, to a tavern which stood in a spot so retired that I wondered how an esta-

blishment of that kind could be supported at such a distance from all places of public resort. My conductor entered with the air of a man who feels himself at home, and seating himself at a table in a recess, he invited me to take the opposite chair. Then, ringing the bell, he gave the waiter, who appeared, orders to bring in some mutton chops, hot coffee, &c. In the interval, before the appearance of the viands, my friend remarked:

"New acquaintances sometimes commence with a mutual inquiry for names. I was present at your examination this morning, and have learned so much of your history as not to trouble you with any inquiries of that kind, and to save you the trouble of questioning me on the subject, I will inform you, in advance, that my name is Samuel Ralston; when we are better acquainted, you may call me Sam;—for it is one vexatious circumstance attending intimate friendships, that one's name must be curtailed and reduced to its simplest elements. You, however, need fear no curtailment or reduction of the kind. In my youth, I acquired the art of engraving, with which I made a bare subsistence for three years after I came of age; and I think, by this time, I should have acquired the additional art of living on air, had not a lucky idea flashed through my intellect; and, by giving that idea due entertainment, I am now on the high road to fortune. If you adopt my views, I think I can offer you a footing on the same turnpike. In other words, I can place you in a lucrative business."

"Any occupation," said I, "would be most agreeable, so that it be honest and tolerably respectable."

My friend Ralston laughed, as if he thought this remark contained something humorous; though I protest, nothing of that kind was intended. By this time, the mutton chops with the accompaniments, had arrived, and it is hardly necessary to add that the mutton chops and my own soon became acquainted. The meal being finished, the conversation was renewed, and notwithstanding my anxiety to know what kind of employment was intended for me, I found it impossible to gain any information on the subject at that time; so adroitly did Ralston, evade my questions. He begged me, however, to make myself at home, then handing me a file of newspapers and telling me that he would see me again in the afternoon, he walked out of the tavern. I found that my wants were not neglected;—I was supplied with dinner and supper at the regular hours; but it was not till after the lamps had been lighted, that Mr. Ralston re-appeared. He beckoned me to follow him, and, leaving the bar-room, he led the way up several long flights of steps until we arrived at the garret of the building. A door having been opened, I found myself in a room which seemed to have been fitted up for some mechanical operations;—a copperplate printing press stood in one corner, and several men were working at a table in the centre of the apartment. I gazed around me, like one bewildered, and Ralston, conducting me to a vacant seat, addressed me thus:—

"It appears to be a prevailing object with every man to *make money*; and in the pursuit of that object, his scruples, if he has any, are usually the scruples of policy. Now, we are engaged in *making money*, according to the most literal interpretation of the words, and if we are more scrupulous than other men, it is because the course we take obliges us to be more politic. Our scruples, however, relate chiefly to our personal security, and this makes it necessary that we should employ every possible means to preserve the strictest secrecy; and as some of our faces are becoming too well known through the city, we have thought it advisable to receive a new member into our little association. You are the fortunate man we have fixed on, and the occupation in which I wish to engage you is that of "taking notes" through the city."

"I do not understand you," said I, very innocently.

"Well, then, here is the explanation," cried Ralston, throwing on the table before me a book containing bank notes of various denominations. "These are the contraband goods we wish you to dispose of."

"In other words," said I, "you are counterfeiters; and wish to engage me in the same business! Pray, sir, what reason have I given you to suppose I am rascal enough to comply with your expectations?"

"Reason enough," said Ralston, very composedly. "In the first place, you were starving, and a man in that state is generally rascal enough for any thing. Besides, I have observed that the strong entrenchment of honesty is the desire to keep a good name;—but what scruples of that kind were to be expected from *you*? We, who have from six to a dozen names apiece, risk the whole of them in our enterprize; and if the disgrace of a name is a thing to be dreaded, we, who have the more at stake, should be the more careful in avoiding every thing discreditable. Like it is with the Spanish Dons, each additional title carries with it an increase of dignity. But what pretensions have you to fear disgrace? you who have not a single appellation on which an evil report could be engrafted?"

In spite of such reasoning, I steadfastly refused to become a member of this Society for the Diffusion of Counterfeit Paper, and after some time spent in persuading me to no purpose, Ralston exclaimed, in a tone very different from his usual manner of speaking:—

"Well, then, comrades, there is but one thing we can do with this scoundrel. If we suffer him to escape, he will betray us. Let us despatch him at once."

"Ay, ay;—despatch him;—despatch him!" was repeated by several of the gang, and I presently found myself held most uneasily by three or four of them, while a terrific knife, gleaming horribly in the light of the lamps, was held to my breast.

"But what shall we do with the body?" said one of the villains.

"Tie it up in a sack and throw it into the dock, about midnight."

"Drag him hither then, and hold him over this tub, to keep the blood from staining the floor."

"Stay," said I, when my astonishment and horror would permit me to speak—"stay;—I will join you."

"No, dog;" answered Ralston, "we will not trust you. We have but one sure method of securing your silence.—Ha!—what have we here!"

In dragging open my vest, the *purse* which I have had occasion to mention formerly, fell from my bosom. On it were these words, done in needle-work:—"Presented by *Francina Ringrose*." Ralston examined it for a few moments, and then said, "Do you know this lady?"

Before I could answer, the door of the room was burst open with a startling crash, and several stout men made their appearance. A scene of utter confusion succeeded. "Put out the lights," exclaimed several of the counterfeiters. This was soon done, and a general rush was made for the door. Favoured by the darkness several of the villains made their escape, and among these, as I afterwards found, Mr. Ralston was so fortunate as to be included. The others were captured by the police officers, (for such the intruders were,) and I, being found in bad company, was in spite of all my protestations, conveyed away with the criminals. We were carried immediately before a neighbouring justice, when it appeared that some of my companions were old acquaintances of the police, and these were committed with very little ceremony. When it came to my turn to be examined, the magistrate commenced an eloquent address much to the following purpose:—

"Ah, there's a rogue for you. Take notice, Mullings, (to a policeman,) whenever you see a fellow who looks down the sides of his nose, with that innocent, lack-a-daisy countenance, score him for a scoundrel of the first water—I could pick him out from among a million. Come hither now and answer for yourself, sir. From what state's prison have you last been discharged, eh? And what is your name?—or, to speak more to the purpose, what are your names?—for, I warrant me, you have a string of them as long as the High street market house."

I sighed deeply to think how far this remark was from the truth.

"May it please your honour," I replied, "so far from being so luxurious as you suppose, I am really one of the most abstemious men alive. If each letter of the alphabet could be divided into forty thousand fractions, I have not a name sufficient to be expressed by one of those minute particles. In short, sir, I have no name whatever."

"Ha—really!—can I have been so much mistaken?" said the magistrate, unbending the awful dignity of his brows;—"well, I find, after all, that there is very little dependence to be placed in *phisegogony*;—*crane-alogy* is the only criterion. Come a little nearer, sir, if you please. Allow me to feel your head;—so.—Observe, Mullings;—this is the organ of *imitativeness*, which in counterfeiters is very large."

You see it is just beginning to be developed here;—just budding, as one might say;—from which I infer that this young man has been but a short time with the gang we have so luckily broken up. Well, here is another point in the case;—we always find that pick-pockets, counterfeiters, and such kind of riff-raff, increase in names as they advance in villany;—therefore, I say, the inference is plain that the fewer names they have, the less is their rascality. Now, if this young man has *no* name, what can we have against him!—I take it on myself to declare that he is innocent; and any one who contradicts me in that shall be committed for a contempt."

His worship looked around to see if any one was bold enough to gainsay his decision, but finding acquiescence in every countenance, he good humouredly dismissed the court, requesting me to remain, however, and saying he had something to communicate to me in private. I was not a little amazed to find that two judicial gentlemen, (both of acknowledged wisdom,) could take such different views of the same case. The magistrate before whom I had made my appearance in the morning, condemned me for the very thing which my present judge regarded as a circumstance highly in my favour.

When the police officer had retired with their prisoners, Mr. Tickler, the magistrate, gave me to understand that he was in want of a clerk, and offered me the "situation," with the liberal salary of five dollars per month, over and above my boarding and lodging. This offer I joyfully accepted, and from that time forth, Mr. Tickler was my very particular friend. Indeed, without vanity, I may say that I deserved Mr. Tickler's friendship, as the services I rendered him were somewhat more onerous than might have been expected from my clerkship. It was customary with my patron, when a case presented unusual difficulties, to postpone the hearing of it, so that he might have an opportunity for consulting with me in private; and he never failed to adopt my views implicitly. I was so much flattered by this condescension on his part, that I believe I would willingly have discharged the duties assigned to me without compensation, could I have lived on the honour which I felt to be attached to my office.

In Mr. Tickler's family, I was treated with equal consideration. His fat lady often graciously employed me in reading tracts and sermons to her of evenings, which agreeable task was diversified by teaching the younger children their letters, and composing occasional acrostics and other pieces of poetry for the two eldest daughters. *Idleness* and *money* are each charged with being "the root of all evil." I remember with gratitude that the charming family, in which I was now domesticated, left me in little danger from either of these pernicious *radices*. My time they found means to occupy entirely, with the exception of six hours of the twenty-four devoted to slumber, and forty minutes to refection. But, not content with appropriating my time, one of them, (Miss Grace Tickler, the second daughter,) had conceived a

design, as I soon found, to appropriate my *heart* also. She was really one of the prettiest girls I have ever met with; having a diminutive figure, which was faultless in its proportions, and a face which wanted nothing but expression to make it transcendent.

On a certain day, when I had been in this family about three months, Miss Grace requested me to imagine myself in love with her, and to write her a letter accordingly. I complied with this childish injunction, and, on submitting my performance to the young lady, she placed her finger on the blank, which was necessarily left in the place of the signature, and remarked with an eloquent sigh:—

"Ah; how fortunate you are in having the power to choose your own name! Do take my advice and call yourself Thaddeus. I could love a man named Thaddeus, if that were his only recommendation. I have always fancied your name to be Thaddeus, and that is the reason why I feel so much interest on your account. *Will* you not call yourself Thaddeus?"

I could not find a heart or tongue to refuse this reasonable request peremptorily; I therefore evaded it, by begging some time for consideration; and Miss Grace, for my encouragement, gave me further hints concerning the high place in her esteem I should gain by acceding to her proposal. Think you that my fealty to Francina was not in some danger? Here was a surpassingly handsome girl—*ay*, and a *rich* one too—who acknowledged, (as plainly as a young lady of sixteen could speak in such a case,) a predilection for me; and where is the man, possessing any soul, but would almost love a girl, even for such an acknowledgment!

About a week after this little occurrence, Mr. Tickler presented his lady, his two eldest daughters and myself each with a ticket to the theatre. I had not been seated in the box, with my companions, more than half an hour, when, directing my eyes to the opposite part of the house, I discovered a female who instantly engrossed my attention; and no wonder;—for no looking-glass could have presented a more exact similitude of Francina Ringrose! The more I gazed on her, the more I was satisfied that it was the veritable object of my earliest love; but when she smiled, I could doubt no longer, That smile could be Francina's only, or an angel's. When I withdrew my eyes for a moment, and caught one glance of Grace, who sat by my side, the latter appeared absolutely *ugly*; so much did she suffer by the comparison. For awhile, the absorbing vision of Francina, prevented me from observing the persons who sat in the same box with her; but judge if my amazement was increased, when I discovered *Ralston* conversing with her, and that with an appearance of familiarity that shocked me. I could see her smile on the villain, and I even fancied that I could discern in her expressive features the indications of confidence and affection. How could Ralston, the base counterfeiter and impostor, dare to approach Francina! I was fired with indignation, and, forgetful of every thing else, I hurried from the theatre,

gave information to the police, and returned with several officers to arrest Ralston. We entered the box where he was sitting, the warrant was served; the delinquent's horror and alarm were visible appearances of his guilt; and Francina exhibited signs of distress and anxiety which excited my compassion, in spite of all my resentment. When she heard the nature of the charge against Ralston, she solemnly averred his innocence, and demanded who was his accuser. One of the officers pointed to me. Regarding me for a few moments, like one bewildered, she exclaimed:

"No; he cannot say so, I am sure he would not accuse the innocent falsely."

"I would not indeed," replied I, "and I am therefore ready to make oath that this man is a criminal. But what chiefly surprises me is that you, Miss Ringrose, should be so deeply interested in behalf of a common swindler."

"He is my brother!" gasped Francina, "and I will not believe he is guilty. Oh, this is surely some unhappy mistake!—why do you not speak!" she continued, addressing Ralston, "why do you not acquit yourself of this charge?"

Ralston's lips moved, but his vindication, if he had any to offer, was inaudible. One of the police officers led him away, and the others required me to follow. Turning my eyes, I saw that Francina had fainted, and at the same time I heard the brutal laugh and jests of some of the spectators. Overcome with grief and remorse, I would fain have returned to the box, but my immediate attendance as a witness was not to be dispensed with. The constables forced me from the spot; and if at any time in my life I have felt unutterably wretched, it was at that moment.

(To be concluded in next No.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE RUINS OF MIND.

THE impartial finger of fate has inscribed "*mutability*" on all things earthly. Even *mind*, from the close connection which it maintains with "these low grounds where sin and sorrows grow," has been subjected to change. Wave follows wave in quick succession, each burying its predecessor, and destined in its turn, to become the grave of that which succeeds it. As one generation bursts into existence, flutters for a moment on the bosom of time, then crowds the one in advance into the tomb, and sinks itself into oblivion, so *all* things of a temporal nature, are doomed to spend their periods of bloom and decay. The proudest monarch that ever wielded the sceptre over oriental millions, has seen the day when he wielded that sceptre for the last time. Nations whose fame has echoed and re-echoed from side to side of the blue vault of heaven, have bid an eternal adieu to all their greatness. But their works of industry and art still declare, by their fragments, what they once were. Yes, *man is great*. His productions manifest his power, even after they have been torn and shattered by the fitful storms of desolation. Antiquity boasts her Carthage and Palmyra, and though the tempests of adverse fortune have howled in fiend-like concert around their massive walls, yet a few scattered ruins still remain to attest their former splendour. Thebes and Balbec too, are still magnificent in the remnants of ancient glory. Upon these hoary monuments the traveller will ever love to dwell in reverential awe, and, as he stoops to catch a still more scrutinizing glance at the records of the past, feel that he moves on hallowed ground, and tremble at the sound of his own footsteps, fearing lest some too incautious tread might perchance awake the spirits of other days. And are the ruins of mere matter thus grand? Are the fragments of material pride worthy the admiration of the wise and

good of every age? Shall this palm be yielded to matter, while Eternal Truth has ordained that matter shall be consumed? To what then, shall it be conceded, if not to matter? Can we confer it on mind? Aye, on mind! And is there such a thing as a ruined mind? Can it be that a spark of Divinity, a fragment of Immortality, should be ruined? Bid humanity unroll her parchment and read thyself the answer. Take a view of that dark catalogue of suicides, which in numbers, as well as in crimes, vies with the very lists of hell. Ask the wretch who dares to plunge the dagger to his own bosom,—“why so daring?” Let his fevered brain reply.—What are the various lunatic hospitals in our country but museums?—cabinets of curiosities?—depositories of the ruins of mind!—of *mental* antiquities of a kind most awfully grand? Startle not at the sound of *madhouse*. It will harm thee not. Fear not its recesses—examine its cells. Thy discoveries may wound thy delicate sensibilities, but then thou wilt return not unprofited. Draw aside that curtain. Oh my soul! How that poor maniac writhes in anguish! How his swollen eye-balls leap within their sockets, while ever and anon his hollow screams fall upon the ear like distant shrieks from the caverns of despair! His foolish smile, his convulsive groan, his fitful threat, but too truly tell that desolation reigns within. There he stands, a victim of transgression, a monument of agony, around whose summit the lightnings of Almighty wrath sport in all the vengeance of Omnipotence. But yet he heeds them not. Even his former regard for the judgments of Deity has followed in the general wreck.

See there the delicate female sitting on that bed of straw, clad in tatters, and shivering in the cold embrace of winter's icy arms. How heart-rending the thought, that her own errors

have doomed her thus to drag out a painful existence in the very dregs of misery! I knew her in youth. Then, hope danced before her captivated vision in the sunshine of coming prosperity, and joyous anticipation painted in glowing colours the veil of futurity. Of excellent parentage, she was the pride of her friends, the boast of her relatives, and the centre of attraction around which revolved the affections of all who had the honour of her acquaintance. If this world ever gave birth to one angelic spirit, it was she. Her form was beauty's self. Her step was light as that of the fairy queen. Her carriage graceful as the movements of Venus, and her smiles as benignant as the blushes of Aurora. If her figure was beauty personified, her intellectual qualifications were perfection almost deified. In these consisted her chief excellence. *Her mind* was the sparkling gem set in a golden coronet. Here the graces loved to meet and hold sweet converse, and to the invocations of her soul, the muses lent their eager ears. At her call they came entranced, and caught new strains from her bewitching lyre. Intelligence beamed from her eyes in all the effulgence of mind itself, while the sweetness of her disposition, joined with the most perfect amiability of character, afforded a shining mark to the keen darts of envy. But in an unlucky moment this noble mind received a shock from which it never recovered. Disappointment stared her full in the face. At the very instant when expectation stood on tip-toe, the idol of her heart eluded her grasp. The blow was too severe. Her well poised mind lost its balance. Confusion usurped the throne of reason. That elegant fabric, rent to its foundations fell, "and great was the fall of

it." I need not repeat her present condition, nor how her frantic soul "raves around its tabernacle of clay" and wails in doleful unison with December's cheerless blast. The very soul sickens at the recital. Let nought be added, save that that mind, once another name for excellence, has been prostrated. It now lies a pile of mouldering ruins, the sublimity of which *may be conceived, but cannot be described.*

But go one step farther. Penetrate the mists of darkness which envelope this little earth of ours. Traverse the boundless plains of intellect. Gaze in silent wonder at the length and breadth and height of Deity. Cast thine eyes beneath, indulge one long, searching look into that prison-house of the universe. Catch one glimpse of that mental structure, whose base is fixed deep down in caves of torment, whose sides are lashed by the waves of eternal woe, and o'er whose top immense clouds of gloom perpetual brood in dreadful grandeur. While the lurid lightning leaps with fearful rapidity athwart the surrounding darkness, seize one view of those surges of living anguish, which, commencing with the shores of Time, spend their fury only on the coasts of Eternity. Reflect that these were once an integral part of that Divinity, at whose immensity thou hast just been overwhelmed, and then say whether there be grandeur in the ruins of mind?

As far as eternity is more lasting than time,—as far as immortality is more durable than mortality,—as far as mind is superior to matter,—so far does the awful sublimity of the ruins of mind, exceed that of the ruins of matter.

J. G. HAMILTON.

Dickinson College.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE TRUE VISION.

BY MRS. HALE.

"And Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes, that he may see."—*II. Kings, vi. 17.*

By countless foes encompass'd round,
The holy prophet stood;
Can he, with his age-palsied arm,
Roll back that raging flood?
Or 'scape when Syria's legions sent,
By tyrant's wrath, pursue?
Who would not join his servant's wail,
"Alas! how shall we do?"
"Give him to see," the prophet pray'd,—
Then roll'd earth's mists away;
And fear, and doubt, and dark despair—
For in that perfect day,
The flaming hosts of heaven, that guard
The prophet's rest, appear—
And thus, to every trusting soul,
Our God is ever near.
And when, like armed and ruthless foes,
Life's cares and sorrows press,
When Time's cold, crushing hand has pluck'd
Each flower of happiness.
"Give us to see"—that prayer preferr'd
In fervent faith above,
Will fill earth's dark and lonely paths
With forms of hope and love.

"Give him to see," yon poor, pale man,
Whose hoards, a wondrous pile,
Like coral insect's, he had won
By unremitting toil,
Are swept, as by the earthquake's might,
That mingles earth and sky—
"Give him to see," that nought is lost
Which made his wealth on high.
And who shall raise yon widow'd form,
Bowed o'er his early bier,
Her sole, her idol son—her all?
Who breathe of comfort here?
"Give her to see," the clouds of doom
That frown'd life's path above;
And she shall smile that *he* is safe,
And bless her Father's love.
Oh! blind to dream the ills of earth
Can o'er the good prevail:
He, who on God his mind has stay'd
Shall never, never fail.
What though, like Lazarus, with pain
And withering want he's striven,
He sees, what Dives never saw,
His home of joy in heaven.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MY COUNTRY.

BY J. E. DOW.

(Composed in a foreign land.)

On, how my heart-strings cleave to thee,
The Pilgrim fathers' glorious home,
Where tower the altars of the Free,
And the oppress'd of empires come.
That hallow'd spot, by Patriots trod,
Where noble exiles weep no more—
Where man, untrammel'd, worships God,
By tinkling rill and sounding shore.

I've trod the vine-clad hills of Gaul,
And wonder'd by Calypso's Isle—
Have paced the Cæsars' empty hall,
And bask'd in Greece's summer smile—
Have roam'd by mosques and minarets—
Have mused in Cintra's courtly vale;
Heard Andalusia's castanets,
And Judah's dark-eyed daughters wail!—

I've rested 'neath the flag of blood,
On Mauritania's mountain strand—
On bold Minorca's heights I've stood,
And roam'd by Egypt's shadowed land;
Have bowed before the Grecian king,
Have braved Bosphorus' golden roll,
Have heard the Lesbian maidens sing
And trod the streets of fair Stamboul.

'Neath Ætna's summit, bathed in fire,
I've watched the midnight hours away;
Have seen the Mirage's towers retire
When morning lit Messina's bay:
Have seen Charybdis' whirlpool boil,
And heard its thunders far below—
Have lingered long by Cyprus' isle,
And watched by Scio's coast of woe.

Pageant and crowd I've seen sweep on,
The noble's train and churchman's throng—
Have seen the man the God put on
And heard him praised in prayer and song;
Have seen the poor made poorer still
By mighty Lords, though little men—
Have heard the few proclaim their will
And heard the many shout amen!

Priest-ridden land, where terror reigns,
And superstition's spell is strong;
Where culture shuns the fruitful plains
And wrong is right, and right is wrong—
Where bandits bathe their hands in blood,
To win the gold the churchmen crave—
Where ruin marks where cities stood
And all things speak the nation's grave;

Oft has my fancy turned from thee,
Though beauty smiled 'mid genial spring,
And sought that wild and rocky lee
Where 'mid the storm the breakers ring:

Where wrapt in gloom the May Flower rock'd,
Two hundred teeming years ago,
While the gaunt wolf the pilgrim mock'd,
And the fierce savage stalked his foe.

In woods, and streams, and mountain peaks,
In swelling prairies vast and fair,
In fruits, and flowers, and rosy cheeks,
What land can with my own compare?
To spend the eve of life in thee,
And taste the joys the free-born know,
Is worth an age beyond the sea,
Amid the forms of human wo.

What though no ruin'd columns stand,
Like markers on the course of time;
No moss-clad temples, rich and grand,
No obelisks rear'd in blood and crime;
The Spirit of the Eternal God
Seems nearer on thy mighty shore—
In forests vast, and mounts untrod,
And leaping cataract's thundering roar.

On ocean's storm-curl'd wave I've hung,
When thunder called from clouds of fire—
When terribly the great deep sung,
And swelled the diapason higher:
And oft amid that hour of doom,
With joy I've hailed the thrilling sight,
When through the midnight tempest's gloom
Came streaming forth thy beacon light.

Land of the Pilgrims!—blest of God!—
Home of the mighty ones of earth,
No storied spot by mortals trod
Can give its sons a nobler birth.
Wide as a continent thy shores,
Free as the winds thy gallant race,
Amid the stars thy Eagle soars
And hails thee Glory's resting-place.

There science rears her hallowed dome,
And golden spires point up to God.
There, wandering kings forget to roam,
And man unshackled tills the sod.
There caste, and sect, and customs join
In one bright chain of virgin gold,
And linked in love, in glory shine,
The lasting cable of the bold.

For ever let her banner float!
For ever let her name be sung!
(While echo has an answering note)
"In every land by every tongue."
But should her sons forget her cost,
Traced out in blood on countless plains,
In death shall Freedom murmur—"Lost!"
And tyrants o'er her clank their chains.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LADIES.

THE QUEEN.

CONTINUED.—BY B. B. THATCHER, OF BOSTON.

Considerations preliminary to a personal sketch.—Feelings excited by her accession.—Some explanation of the causes of it.—Present state of public sentiment.—Notices of her immediate predecessors, her mother, and other members of the family.—Traits of the dynasty.—English loyalty.—Political views of the Queen.—Her general education.—Some traits of her character.—Effect of the popular demonstrations upon her.

So much for what may be expected of her in the political department; for this phase of her character is one which time must be patiently left to determine. Thus far she can have shown nothing more than *symptoms*, and these, if rumors be true, will detract nothing from the argument of the prediction hinted above. It is commonly acknowledged that Victoria has what is called a will of her own. This was to be expected in her as the grand-daughter of George III. The worst of the family indeed have not been lacking in this quality, though some of them have been perversely disposed in its use. The king of Hanover is respected for his decision even by the radicals. Hence, in fact, the fear they have of him. They know him for a thorough-going tory, and they believe he would make a complete despot on the throne, should it please Providence to give him the privilege of having his own way. Ernest is at all events a man of character. So was even George IV. though unfortunately his decision always decided wrong. William was proverbially self-willed. The flattering title of *pig-headed*, applied by certain parties to his late majesty, indicates the estimation in which his obstinacy, as well as his stupidity, was held, at least, by themselves. Many anecdotes are told of Victoria's development of this quality, in a milder but not a spiritless form. The ministry, for example, are naturally very anxious to have her married—well, if convenient—but married, at all events. Some of them have taken occasion to indicate their wishes on this head, it is thought, perhaps as often as good manners would justify. The Queen was never silly enough to be angry about it. To Melbourne, especially, great latitudes are allowed; and yet not all. "Take care, my Lord," she whispered one day in the Premier's ear, when he was "harping on my daughter" again—"take care! I shall certainly marry the *Duke* if you say another word about it." On one of her first formal meetings with her Privy Council, she wished that her mother should attend her. This was not according to etiquette, it was hinted; there was no precedent for such an indulgence. Precedent or not, however, she had a sense of both royal dignity and womanly delicacy, which told her that other things were to be respected as well as the musty maxims of the Courts of Elizabeth and Anne, and to show that she thought so, she quietly left these scrupulous gentlemen to themselves. Such are the rumors—mere gossip, I know; I do not vouch for their truth. It is pretty certain, however, that there must be some foundation for them. Even the great mass of the common people of England are sure to get a tolerably correct no-

tion of their sovereign's character by dint of an acquaintance of a few months. Victoria's nose, they say, is enough to settle her reputation. They see the grandfather in it.

As for the mother—who unquestionably has had and still has, more influence over her (as it is right she should) than any other person—the sternness of her character is thoroughly understood. The Yankees would call her Highness a "right *smart* woman"—"real stuff." There may be possibly a little too much of this about her; certainly too much to suit some of her contemporaries. For one, however, I respect this decision; and that not merely as it ought to be respected in any character, but because in her position it is quite as difficult as it is desirable to sustain. There was an illustration of this in the late case of the Lady de Lisle, the illegitimate daughter and the house-keeper of William IV. Her Ladyship died not long before the king. His Majesty was very fond of her; it is no disgrace to the old gentleman that he had an affection for all this brood; I do not blame him for showing it, neither—in the right time and way. His daughter, for aught I know, deserved this affection, and repaid it. She was generally esteemed, as her surviving sisters are, an amiable, exemplary woman—as the times go. Under these circumstances, it was thought very harsh in the Duchess of Kent that she could not postpone a party, appointed previous to the illness, but which took place soon after the death in question; while the corpse was lying in the palace, it was said—in the very house, it was added, in which the party itself was to be. Certainly this was an extreme case; one more trying to the feelings of the Duchess, as well as the King, could hardly be imagined. Perhaps she decided wrong. It is no business of mine to prove that she did not. But she decided at all events;—decided undoubtedly on principle; decided at once. She had always taken the ground that these children of the King ought not to be recognized as such, in any degree or respect, whereby, what she considered, the indecency of the connexion might be thought to be sanctioned by the authority of the court or the nation. How far she was right or wrong in the details of the application of this principle—whether, having once adopted, she could consistently allow the least deviation from a strict application, or not—of how much importance the maintenance of the principle itself was and is, not merely to the dignity of the sovereign, but to the popular morality of a nation so much influenced as the British nation is by fashionable and aristocratic example; how far she was bound, moreover, as the mother and educator of the young queen

that was to be, to regard *her* reputation, character, interests, and feelings, as well as the King's—and let come what might come with the King's; all these and many more are questions which cannot be discussed here, but which must be settled before the Duchess can be fairly condemned. It is clear enough, without any discussion, what must be the strength of her character—her self-dependence, and self-respect—her Roman decision; and to know thus much of the Duchess, is to know almost as much of the Queen. This is my excuse for an apparent digression.

Thus far then we have made out the case of the Queen. She has a will of her own; no ordinary marvel, all things considered; no trivial merit. A greater one, however, is her plain common sense; a healthy, hardy German mind; not brilliant—none of the family ever was so—but sound. With this accompaniment the “self-esteem” need not be much feared. There is little danger of its growing obstinate, and at present, as I have hinted already, it is all wanted for dignity's sake. Dignity, however, is not hauteur, nor harshness, nor pride. From these things, and from all disagreeable demonstrations of the sort, Victoria is likely to be saved, not by her good sense only—which is not always sufficient for the purpose, and was not especially in Elizabeth—but far more by her third decided quality—her *bon naturel*. The plain fact of the matter is—(*Americane*)—her majesty is a good-hearted girl; a “clever” girl, we Yankees should call her; the English call her ingenuous, benevolent, amiable; and such is the truth. Of this, too, the people had an inkling, even before her accession. Hence their prepossessions were much enhanced. Hence some portion of the enthusiasm with which she was greeted. They imagined her all goodness—perfection—and really were willing to love her. Loyalty, for a time at least, was never more heartfelt; and though this glow *has* subsided, as it could not but do in any case, there is reason to believe that a good share of the elements of it will *not* evaporate. There is a real basis left. It was not *all* curiosity, custom, or contagion, or love of excitement, or thirst for some new thing. The English have a national good sense and good feeling at bottom, after all, and these will instinctively appreciate the same faculties in their sovereign. Her character is not so much one to excite great admiration; (it is chiefly her mere circumstances that have led to the sensations we speak of;) but it is one like *theirs* to “wear”—to wear well. There is, as I said before, a Georgian stamina in it—a stamina of the heart not less than the head.

A thousand anecdotes are told in support of this character, and though many are mere gossip, manufactured at a penny the line, and many more nauseously trivial (which is no fault of the Queen's) it gives one pleasure to be able to believe that quite enough of them are true to sustain our position. There must be, at all events, a general instinctive conviction of their truths in the public mind, and that itself is sufficient proof for the purpose. In ge-

neral impressions of character—after a tolerable time for reflection—the mass of the people—even the *commune vulgus* of England—are quite sure to be right. Even a decent horse always finds out what manner of human being it is that rides him. The London million are quite as wise.

At Kensington I used to hear, among people not so given to gossip, a story about the “gentleman who holds the stirrup,” mentioned above. It was somebody of some merit and claims—needy and modest withal—an old acquaintance probably, who might have thought himself forgotten. Victoria, however, does not forget such things, neither does she overlook little things: she thinks nothing little, indeed, where the heart is concerned. The question arose what could be done for this worthy? There was no place he was fit for, every body said. They thought it a pity—but so it was. “The offices *all* full?” asked the Queen, tapping her impatient little foot on the carpet. “All full, your Majesty!” answered my lord. “Well, then, I must violate the constitution. I'll *make* an office. Make him my *Stirrup-holder*. Give him two hundred a year.” No doubt worse appointments than this have been issued since the accession.

With a temperament of this kind, we can appreciate again, the pleasure the Queen must have had in the affectionate demonstrations of her people, and the effect it may be expected to have on her mind. A well informed Scotch writer, speaking on this head, states that her medical attendant, in whose charge she has been from her infancy, expressed to her Majesty a fear that she was exposed to too much *excitement*, and it might be injurious to her health. “Dismiss your fears, my dear doctor,” was her reply; “you use a wrong expression. I know not what may come, but I have as yet met with so much affection, so much respect, and every act of sovereignty has been made so light, that I have not yet felt the weight of the crown.” The doctor at the same time remarked upon her constant daily public dinners. “Oh,” she exclaimed, “if I had a small party I should then be called upon to exert myself to entertain my guests; but, with a large party, they are called upon to amuse me, and then I become personally acquainted with those who are to surround the throne.”

The mildness of her deportment towards the humble and the poor is still more pleasing.—To multitudes of these, in every variety of circumstances, of distress, and desert, she has of course great opportunities of doing good and giving happiness; and these she improves with an evident relish. Her education as well as her *bon naturel*, has led her to this. Her mother has accustomed her to the luxury of real, practical, personal benevolence; that kind of it which schools the character; not the mere meagre charity of either sentiment or money. Many a time, if reports be true, the two have gone about in the country together—little Victoria with her plain straw bonnet on, and basket in hand, supplying and comforting the destitute and miserable, from cottage to cottage, and from

shed to shed. This was a part of the education I thought of when I called it rational, practical, judicious. It was a training worthy of her who was to be England's Queen. All the grandeur and splendour of station and opulence sink into meanness when we think of the simple spirit of pure humanity which must have been present in scenes like these. Scores of engravings of her Majesty have appeared, and they represent her in every variety of interesting position which memory or flattery could furnish; who would not give them all to see her in the act and attitude of "human gentleness and love" which

"Is mightiest in the mightiest, and becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown."

"Maundy Thursday," as the old books call it, afforded last season an inkling of this disposition in the Queen. The following notice appeared of its royal observance:—

"Thursday last being Maundy Thursday, the royal bounty, consisting of gold and silver coins, fish, &c., was distributed by Mr. Hanby, Deputy Almoner, to as many poor men and women as her Majesty is years old. Only nineteen aged men and women appeared in Whitehall Chapel to receive the bounty, but on inquiry it was ascertained that *orders were given for all those who had been recipients in the last reign to receive a sum of money equal in amount to the royal bounty.*"

This was characteristic. The public saw the Queen's hand in it, as they always manage to discover the spirit of their rulers, even from their manner of doing the most trivial or habitual acts. It was in keeping with the coming out of the poor old state coachman, who, at the age of more than eighty years, performed the duties of his office for the last time on the occasion of the Queen's opening the present Parliament. So great were his infirmities, that he was compelled to be lifted on the box, and the horses afterwards placed in the carriage. She might have had a safer coachman, doubtless—certainly one more active and gay—but a happier one, we venture to say, never held the reins.

We have made out Victoria, then, an independent, intelligent, good-hearted girl, and have intimated that her independence does not go too far. She has credit for another virtue which becomes her not less as a Queen than as a woman—her modesty. This, too, is much to her *special* credit. One would know how to account for it if she had learned the miserable artificial, stupid apathy, which passes for dignity and simplicity in a portion of the fashionable world. Had the extraordinary excitements she has gone through resulted, ere this, in a genuine *sung froid*, however uninteresting, we should indeed have to excuse it. On the contrary, the chief charm which I have personally noticed, after all, is the charm of her public bearing—is the *real* simplicity she shows; her obvious sensibility, and her giving herself up to its impulses; her unaffected freshness of feeling; in fact, the *girl's* graces far more than those of the Queen. Nothing was half so pleasing, amid the parade of her procession to Guildhall, as the emotion with which she responded to the reception given her by the people. Months

afterwards I rejoiced to see the same *weakness*, if weakness it is, exhibited in the presence of all Europe's grandeur, at the imposing pageant of the coronation. At Ascot I saw it again. She attended the royal races, according to custom, and no doubt according to inclination too—for "fond of horses" she certainly is. Her station was in the new grand stand, so called—a temporary showy building, at the edge of the course, in the most conspicuous part of the field. It is designed to give a good sight of every thing worth seeing, including the people; and it follows that the people had the same chance at the Queen, neither was there any escape from her publicity. During the whole of the races, including the intervals, she remained exposed to the general gaze, much of the time at the open windows of the room. I never saw her so well on any occasion; nor did I ever see her *appear* so well. Interested as she was in the animated spectacle around her, and sustained by the presence of her mother and other most intimate friends, (as well as of Melbourne, Wellington, Anglesea, and other male favourites,) it was very clear she had made no progress at all in the accomplishments of a brazen face. She seemed to make an amiable effort to keep herself where the people might have the satisfaction of seeing her: but she could not conceal what it cost her. The crowd who surrounded her was at all times quiet and civil, but the publicity itself shocked her, as one would wish it might. Frequently, when thousands of faces were turned suddenly upon her, or when remarks reached her which she thought she ought not to hear, it was impossible not to notice her embarrassment. It was very undignified, no doubt, for a Queen to blush so much at such trifles; one could never have caught Elizabeth in such awkwardness; I confess I thought her blush, like her benevolence, became her better than her crown.

Speaking of horses reminds me of another trait of the Queen—a good one; something of a ready energy, I mean, of body and mind alike. Her habits of exercise are an illustration of this. It is well known that she rides on horseback habitually; that she continues the practice not only during the warm season but during the cold also; that she minds neither wind nor weather; and that she rides not only with great spirit, but by the hour generally, sometimes three hours or more, at one time. In this kind of energy she excels most of the ladies of the court; and even the gentlemen who are ambitious to attend her, are said to be often rather "hard pushed" upon these occasions. Most of her bodily habits are understood to be in keeping with this. She sleeps on a little mattress which even Dr. Alcott might not object to. She rises early. A strict punctuality not only governs her own movements, but she contrives to see that all concerned with her observe this virtue as well. Something of this regularity, and of her good system of business habits in general, she may probably owe to the influence of the example of one of her favourites, the Duke of Wellington, one of the most consummate business characters in the world. It need not be

hinted how important these habits are in the Queen's situation. As Queen, she has really a good many indispensable engagements—a great deal of drudgery included. Her signature, for example, *must* be given to a vast variety of documents—commissions for the army and navy, among the rest. She has probably commenced her reign with the general determination to take her full measure of all the legitimate responsibilities of her station. She has a conscience and an ambition both, on this point. If she does not discover the masculine salient energy of Elizabeth, as she is not likely, either to have desire or occasion to do, she will not have it said of her that she shrinks from the discharge of her real duty. She knows and feels that there is much for her to do, much to endure, at the best. This she has made up her mind bravely to take as it comes: and to this end, as well as for other reasons, she cultivates the health and hardihood of her whole constitution. Altogether, it is a fine, vigorous spirit, as well as a judicious one, she shows in these matters; and she deserves great credit for it. She deserves the more too, as her personal example is of great influence with the court, the aristocracy, and the nation. This also she knows well. In the shame she has put upon the effeminate and imbecile habits of too many of the town nobility, and the fashionables, she has already rendered the state some service. Perhaps the humbler classes may profit by it, as at least it must increase the respect they feel for her. The English, generally, place an estimate upon real, hardy, wholesome, energetic habits. I cannot but think they are, in this respect, much in advance of ourselves, though it ought not so to be. Many American ladies, even within my limited acquaintance, might take a leaf from the Queen's book, I presume to say: at least they must do her justice, if not themselves. If they could not or would not ride or walk as she does, or live as much in the open air—if they deem it beneath them, or not worth the trouble to cultivate, not health and strength only, but bloom and beauty, and vigour and spirit of character and mind—if they think less than she does of the virtue of good business habits of every kind—at all events they will give no heed hereafter to the silly relation about the Queen's personal qualities which prevails so much among us. We too readily associate royalty, as we do aristocracy, with physical worthlessness. In some countries it may be more just to do so. In the case of many of even her Majesty's predecessors, it has happened to be so. It is not so, however, with either the English nobility or gentry at large. There is a manly sentiment among them in this respect which does them great honour. They are generally above the languishing insignificant cant, and false delicacy, which are sometimes ascribed to them. I make bold to say there is less of this kind of weakness among them, than among what may be considered the corresponding classes of our own population. The Queen's example itself might well put thousands even of those who laugh at her to shame. She is understood to unite independence and firmness

with modesty and grace. She can sustain all the charms of the female character without being an invalid or an imbecile. She knows that she could not sustain them if she *were* either.

The Queen's *marriage* seems to be a matter of importance with the gossiping world at least, on our side of the ocean as well as the other. There are considerations which might in some degree interest most of us who weigh the bearings of the subject in the same speculation. They are to some extent the same which influence the minds of the ministers, and of the English liberal party at large. The decease of Victoria, without offspring, puts the King of Hanover on the throne: and this is no trifle. Were the movement unresisted, the effect would be bad enough, as it would establish Toryism, and that of the worst type, triumphant. Opposition on the other hand, implies revolution at all events, not improbably a furious civil war. These things concern us as well as *them*, not politically alone, but commercially, personally, and in every other way. As to the *on dits* which come to us now by every packet, about negotiations with the Duke de Nemours, partialities for Lord Elphinstone, intentions of Wellington to make a move in parliament on her behalf, the Queen's announcement of her resolution, and so on *ad infinitum*, these of course will impose upon nobody—they are the veriest mercenary humbug in the world; just about on a par with the rumours I heard in Ireland, that the Duchess of Kent was betrothed to O'Connell, while old Melbourne himself was making love to the Queen! Our only plausible speculations on the subject, must be founded on general considerations. Something may be inferred from the political data just referred to above: but more from Victoria's character, even the faint sketch of which now given, may help us to some conclusions. Her good sense and her conscientiousness, aside from all personal inclination, will both induce her to lend an ear to her ministers' arguments. Her natural love of popularity would do the same: for it is only the Tory aristocracy who would not be pleased by her marriage. So would both her amiable temperament, and the vigorous views of an individual, imperial policy, which I have ascribed to her, and which I ascribe to her mother still more, under the name of Elizabethan energy and ambition. The probability, on the whole, is clearly in favour of an early connection. Whom with, is a question we have little or no light upon. As for the Duke de Nemours, or Lord Elphinstone, my worthy friend Mr. John Van Buren, has, in my opinion, much about as good a prospect as either. Some German Prince will, more probably, be the happy man.

I have been often asked, how does the Queen look?—Is she pretty?—Is she handsome?—This is a most momentous point to us Republicans, of course; so much so, and so delicate an affair moreover in itself—this description and discussion of a lady's countenance—nay, of a Queen's—that I must even decline the task. The most I could depose would be, in general terms—“*rather pretty*.” I hope this is no profanation to say. The Queen, it is well known, is quite

short—too much so for dignity; rather *dummy*, as we call it—I beg pardon again; her form not remarkably etherial—more of the substantial style which we might expect from her habits, as well as her lineage, and of which her friends, if not her admirers, will make no complaint. Her features partake a little of the same air. For such a stature they seem rather large, nose, eyes, and lips. The latter have a peculiarity, in being habitually a little open, almost showing the tip of the tongue. This is not very intellectual, but, I cannot help that. The Duchess is said to object always to the painters representing it as it is, while Victoria herself is understood to insist on a strict likeness, and to succeed in having her own way. The best thing in the face, on the whole, is the expression. This is decidedly prepossessing—not imposing at all. It is sincere, frank, warm-hearted. On the strength of this, chiefly, I should describe her as “rather pretty,” and I can conceive of its proving so much so, to those who associate with her, or see her often, or under certain circumstances of excitement, as to make her pass for more than this. Hence I have heard her called even handsome. Some of my readers will better judge of this opinion when I say that she resembles Mrs. Smith, of the Tremont Theatre, more than any other lady I ever saw; and this remark has been made by others who know both. The size and stature are *very* nearly the same; Mrs. Smith’s features seem, however, more petite. Her face is less German. In action, also, she is much more brisk. The Queen’s postures, gait, and general bearing, are as dignified, perhaps, as her diminutive person will allow; of course there is nothing like alertness about her, on public occasions at least. It does very well for a rider to be *spry*, I suppose it will not do for a Queen!

The reader may feel some interest in knowing what were my means of acquaintance with a personage of whom I have said so much. I will mention a few of the occasions of her public appearance at which I was present.

The first of these of any moment, was the visit to Guildhall, to dine with the city authorities. This affair afforded a signal illustration of the justice of some of the remarks made on British character. It would seem as if six months might have sufficed to cool down the raptures of the people about their new Queen, especially in London, where the populace had so many opportunities of watching her habitual and private movements, from day to day. It would seem, too, as if so simple a proceeding as her going out to dine, a distance of two or three miles, from the West End into “The City,” could hardly have been magnified into one of the most stirring events which have roused the mighty metropolis for many a year. Yet so it was. The dinner was to take place on the 9th of November. For weeks beforehand the papers were full of it. Politics, wars, failures, speculations, every thing else was thrown into the back ground; one subject, one sensation, beginning in the heart of the Empire, and flowing outward, extended itself to every extremity of British ground. All eyes were

turned upon London. There is something irresistibly contagious in such a feeling—no matter what one may think of it in the abstract, or in cooler moments;—I confess that I caught something of the disorder myself, and though occupied in a most agreeable tour through the Lake-Land of England, when the alarm reached me, which announced the “coming-off” of this momentous demonstration, I at once began putting my luggage together, and presently found myself moving with “all the world” else “up to London.” I was delayed on the way, but reached there a few days before the festival. Never shall I forget the air of agitation which seemed to pervade the whole of the great city. A foreigner, ignorant of the language, might have thought himself caught “in the midst of a revolution.” One interest only occupied the souls of the Cockney million. Even business was neglected for once. The Queen’s business, rather, assumed precedence even over the demands of traffic. The “nation of shopkeepers” deserted their shops. London for once looked like Paris. The English seemed Frenchified. Men, women, and children, teemed in myriads wherever one walked or rode. Every body was in the open air, “on the *qui vive*.” The streets swarmed like a bee-hive, in the leafy month of June. The universal subject was the Queen—the Queen—the Queen!

Such, at least, were the first impressions. On second examination, it was curious to correct these notions a little. The English were English still, not French. If the visit was a festival to some, it was a speculation to others. The shopkeepers could not all forget themselves. A vast many, in the zeal of their loyalty, applied their attention, with even unwonted spirit, to the consideration of turning a penny on this occasion: it was too good to be lost. Never was a more graphic exhibition of the money-making energies of John Bull, than appeared along the entire line of Her Majesty’s proposed passage, at least, within the trafficking region of the town.

The fronts of the buildings, for miles, were beset with temporary stagings, for setting up the illumination arrangements, and accommodations for seeing the grand exhibition of the day. Not a corner was left unavailed of where a glimpse could be had. Some seats were let for several guineas, and first-rate floors brought fifty pounds, at least. In the house where I was established, a small, quiet place, more than a hundred people were some how or other to be furnished with a *sight*. Stagings were built in three tiers, in the dining parlour, to command all the windows. The upper stories were occupied as densely as this. On the morning of the 9th, some stood even in the cornices running along the outside of the house, between the two lower stories, and stood there for hours before the procession began to move. The roofs, in many cases, were covered with waiters, porters, and “all sorts of people,” peering in thick rows over a parapet at the edge. In like manner, the shops had been cleaned out, and fitted up to their utmost capacity. Such was the state of things along the whole line, and the seats were

mostly taken immediately after an early breakfast. I pressed through some of the streets at that hour, to see the decorations, and the windows, for miles, were crowded even then. So were the porches of the densely occupied churches, and every other space which could be used for the purpose—all filled in with transient tiers of seats, sold for their various prices.

The intense interest to be noticed in every countenance, at this period—the universal thrill of excitement—the buzz of all sorts of expectation and preparation—were singularly stirring. There is something mysteriously moving in such an exhibition of human sensibility, let it bear criticism ill as it may. London, under such circumstances—all abroad and all alive—is greater than the greatest of its own shows. There is no such spectacle on earth, for there is no such congregation of human beings, and the mightiest of man's creations, nay, the most wondrous of all the other displays even of nature, sink into insignificance when compared with himself, as he acts himself out under excitements like these.

The finest point, perhaps, both of the mere pageant, and of the more extraordinary general demonstration I now refer to, occurred as Her Majesty, after passing a mile or two through the Strand and Fleet Street, began to approach St. Paul's. The Cathedral covers a considerable eminence at the extremity of these avenues, and commands an imposing view backward, down the long slope of Ludgate Hill. This situation was well improved. The eastern and southern sides of St. Paul's were lined round at the base, with huge booths, erected for different schools or companies. Some of these were most gorgeously bespread with crimson and purple linings, while multitudes of national, royal, and heraldic flags, and devices of every description, mixed in with green boughs, covered the upper front of the erection, and hung waving and flaming out over the middle of the street. One of these booths alone accommodated about eight hundred children of one ancient school—Christ's Hospital. This was at the east end of the cathedral, looking down the slope just mentioned, up which came the Queen, with all her magnificent array. Here, according to immemorial usage, a short stay was to be made, for "the oldest Grecian" of the boys to address her Majesty. Here the greater part of the long and splendid procession might be seen to the greatest advantage. Here, too, the decorations were most gorgeous; and here, the people, having expected most, had congregated in vast multitudes, whose immensity was almost frightful to behold. Seas of uncovered heads stood level together in all the spaces around the mighty minster, far and wide. The windows in every story, wherever the eye could reach, were alive with fluttering laces and feathers, and faces flushed with enthusiasm. Men, women, and children—rich and poor—noble and ignoble—beggar and peer—all were animated for once by a single feeling—the loyalty which belongs to Englishmen, and the curiosity and the sympathy which are the attributes of the race.

When, finally, pressing through the excited hosts that thronged Ludgate Hill, the first glimpse of the royal cortège in all its grandeur of trappings, and glittering array of attendance began to be had by the crowd about the cathedral, after waiting so many hours as they had, what a sensation indeed it was! What long, loud shouts rose from the mass of humanity crowded together in that huge space; and then the multitudinous music, the singing of the eight hundred boys, the waving of all the flags, the women in the houses ready to fly in flocks out of the windows, the roofs covered, the lanes blocked up, the streets solid with life—all wrought up to the highest pitch—all heads uncovered, all hands up, all voices joining in the shouts of "Welcome the Queen!" "Long live Victoria!" "God save the Queen!" The contagion of such a spectacle was irresistible and overwhelming. More than marble must have been the soul of the creature who could have seen it unmoved.

The subject, the object, of this mighty agitation, of course, could not be expected to be so. If she had anticipated "amusement" on *this* occasion, and not "excitement," she found herself strangely taken by surprise. It was easy to read in her open and honest countenance the deep emotions which thrilled through her inmost being. Her dignity, indeed, was not forgotten. The upright attitude, the graceful posture, the intense attention she paid to all that went on around her, were maintained without a moment's flinching. In this I saw something of the Georgian nerve. I saw something also, not a little for one so young, of the genuine breeding of a *queen*. No movement escaped her notice. Every display of enthusiasm on the part of the people, even the waving of the women's arms from the windows, was acknowledged with the most vigilant courtesy. It seemed to me that the Duchess of Kent, herself a lady of the finest bearing, sitting in the same carriage with her daughter, and watching her every movement with an anxiety which only such a mother at such a time could experience, indulged herself in a glow of self-gratulation and generous patriotic pride, for which she could well be forgiven. The self-possession, ease, and grace, of the little lady, (as Mr. O'Connell has it,) were indeed highly creditable to both parties—it may be hard saying to which it was most so. And yet, as I have before hinted, there was nothing masculine in this hardihood. No suspicion of insensibility or indelicacy could be attached to it. The discipline of her royal training itself was not more apparent than the maiden modesty which gave it its highest gloss, or the genuine youthfulness of feeling which no education, no notions of dignity, no force of habit, no false excitement, had taught her, or could teach her, to suppress. It was doubtless well that the intensity of her interest in observing what went on *around* her, helped her in the struggle which must have been passing *within*. A moment's interruption of that interest, and of the effort and the diversion it implied, would have been sadly fatal to all her dignity, I do believe. Twenty times, I

am quite sure, she came within an ace of a *gauchère* so unqueenly, so un-Elizabethan, at least, that no genuine courtier, I suppose, could ever have excused it. How fortunate that she managed not to throw herself into her mother's arms, and have a good cry over it, like the girl that she was! All Europe would have "rung from side to side."

Six months after this came the coronation. On that subject so much has been said, that I need not go into details. The enthusiasm of the people, if it had ever subsided during the winter preceding, was again at its highest pitch; and the extraordinary phenomenon of excitement which London is wont to exhibit on occasions that interest the great slow-moving mass of its common population, was now awakened more vividly than ever by various causes; not the least of which was the influx into town of a multitude of strangers, still more excited than London itself, and amounting to many hundreds of thousands. These, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say, came together from every quarter of the civilized globe. No such human congregation ever before appeared on earth, in respect to the strange variety of its composition; nor do I know where in the history of nations to look for its rival even in numbers. Imperial, indeed imposing beyond description, was the sight of the countless masses of humanity, rolling and rolling on, through the streets and squares, like an ocean burst from its bounds, and carrying every thing before it:—even such a mere glimpse of them, as a few prominent points of observation afforded. Limited as it was, however, that glimpse was worth all the spectacles that human ingenuity ever devised. The great gorgeous pageant of the day, was as nothing compared with it—a pageant attracting by its fame, as it had done, this monstrous multitude itself from all the ends of the earth. Never again, probably, can this scene be essentially repeated. There were elements of interest in the occasion which no combinations of ages can ever be expected to supply.

How strange was the sensation, under these circumstances, with which the coolest observer must have almost unconsciously regarded the little creature (as it might have seemed,) who was the grand source of agitation, and centre of attraction for the day. It might have seemed so, I said—it did seem so to many: but, my own impressions were different. I thought the Queen exhibited a kind of character on this as on the former occasion, which was hardly to be expected from her years. No situation could be conceived more trying to her discipline and dignity on one hand, or to her sensibility on the other; and her bearing plainly indicated that it was a trial which she deeply appreciated and valued, and which as before also she bravely endured. The same attention to the conventional proprieties of her position, embarrassing as they might well have been to her, was yet apparent. At the same time, it was not a maiden's fashionable brazen countenance she wore, but one of which a better notion is given in the following stanzas, written in the heat of

the impression which her appearance created, by a countrywoman of our own, Mrs. Osgood, of Boston. Passing over my notes of the Queen's appearance at Ascot and at "Eton Montem," I cannot do better than to make amends for these desultory sketches of my own, too much extended already, by closing them with these beautiful lines. Some readers, at this cool distance and this late hour, may deem them enthusiastic. Doubtless they are so. They would have been worse than worthless else. It was in the nature of the scene referred to, to excite such a feeling, in any, I will not say sensitive, but reasonable mind; no matter what the political sentiments we cherished, no matter what our opinion of the mere pageant and parade of the day.

They told me the diamond-tiar' on her head
Gleam'd out like chain-lightning amid her soft
hair,

They told me the many-hued glory it shed
Seem'd a rainbow still playing resplendently
there;

I mark'd not the gem's regal lustre the while,
I saw but her sunny, her soul-illumed smile.

They told me the plume floated over her face,
Like a snowy cloud shading the rose-light of
morn:

I saw not the soft feather's tremulous grace,
I watched but the being by whom it was borne;
I watched her white brow as benignly it bent,
While the million-voiced welcome the air around
rent.

They told me the rich silken robe that she wore
Was of exquisite texture and loveliest dye,
Embroidered with blossoms of silver all o'er,
And clasp'd with pure jewels that dazzled the
eye:

I saw not, I thought not, of clasp, robe, or wreath,
I thought of the timid heart beating beneath.

I was born in a land where they bend not the knee,
Save to One—unto whom even monarchs bow
down:

But, lo! as I gazed, in my breast springing free,
Love knelt to her sweetness, forgetting her
crown;

And my heart might have challenged the myriads
there,

For the warmth of its praise, and the truth of its
prayer.

And to her—to that maiden, young, innocent, gay,
With the wild-rose of childhood yet warm on her
cheek,

And a spirit, scarce calmed from its infantine play
Into woman's deep feeling, devoted and meek;
To her—in the bloom of her shadowless youth—
Proud millions are turning with chivalrous truth.

It is right—the All-judging hath ordered it so;
In the light of His favour the pure maiden stands:
And who, that has gazed on that cheek's modest
glow,

Would not yield without murmur his fate to her
hands?

Trust on, noble Britons! trust freely the while!
I would stake my soul's hope on the truth of that
smile!

THERE IS NO HOME LIKE MY OWN!

TYROLIEN.

THE WORDS FROM THE BIJOU.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY MADAME MALIBRAN.

Allegro Moderato.

In the wild Chamois tract, at the breaking of morn, With a hunter's pride, O'er the

mountain side, We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn: Tra la la la la la la

la. O that voice to me, is a voice of glee, Wher - e - ver my footsteps roam; And I

The musical score for 'The Chamois' is presented on three staves. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). It begins with a tempo marking 'Rall.' and ends with 'a tempo.' The lyrics 'long to bound, When I hear that sound, A - - gain to my mountain home. In the wild Chamois' are written below the notes. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, also with a key signature of one flat. It features a series of chords and eighth notes. The third staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef, also with a key signature of one flat, featuring a series of eighth notes. A tempo marking 'p a tempo.' is placed at the end of the third staff.

track, at the breaking of morn, With a hunter's pride, O'er the mountain side, We are led by the sound of the

Rall.

Alpine horn: Tra la la la la la la la la Tra la la la la la la la la la...

Colla voce.

Musical score for "L'Espresso" by Franz Liszt. The score is in 2/4 time, key of B-flat major. It features a piano introduction with a melody in the right hand and chords in the left hand. The melody includes trills and slurs. Dynamics include *mf*, *f*, and *p*. The tempo is marked "a tempo."

II.

I have cross'd the proud Alps, I have sail'd down the Rhone,
And there is no spot
Like the simple cot,
And the hill and the valley I call my own:
Tra la la la la la la la la la.

There the skies are bright, and our hearts are light,
Our bosoms without a fear;
For our toil is play, and our sport the fray,
With the mountain roe or the forest deer.
Tra la la &c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"Lady wrap thy cloak around,
Pale consumption's in the sky."

This month is positively trying to feeble constitutions. The bleak winds of March wither the hope and destroy the life of many a precious and delicate blossom, which parental love had fondly thought to cherish till the warm breath of summer could give it strength, and freshness of health. Consumption is the Minotaur of our country, which selects the best and brightest of our young men and maidens for its yearly tribute. And no Theseus has yet been able to stay the lot. The labyrinth of fashion seems more difficult of escape than that of Crete, for there is no clue, save the unromantic one of good sense, which few are willing to follow.

While young ladies will walk abroad in winter, wearing thin-soled slippers, and often leaving their delicate throats uncovered to the chill air, they must incur sudden and often violent colds—and then comes the "slight cough," which is never to be cured. The disease is "only a cold"—but its process is consumption, and its end death!

The main source of that predisposition to consumptive complaints, manifested by young men as well as maidens in our country, doubtless arises from the feeble constitution of their mothers, which they inherit. The sex are, in our republic, too delicately reared. Female children are treated like tender exotics, not natives of the climate. We should strenuously protest against females of any station being employed in out-of-door labour, except the care of the garden, or of silk worms. The Creator never imposed on woman the duty of toiling to "subdue the earth"—nor has he endowed her physically for such a work. But females should be accustomed to exercise in the open air; playing abroad when children; and walking and riding in maturer years should be considered a duty as well as pleasure, never to be neglected. And then, in our Northern climate, warm clothing in winter should always be the fashion—and shoes that will, when walking abroad, effectually protect the feet from damp and cold. India-rubbers are odious looking things to be sure, and many a lovely girl has sacrificed her life, rather than wear abroad what would disfigure her beautiful foot. One instance is most painfully impressed on our memory. A few winters ago, a young lady called on us—it was a bitter day, and her feet were only shielded from the cold icy pavement, by thin slippers and silk stockings. The young lady was about eighteen; she looked the personification of health and that enjoyment of life which almost seems to hold exemption from care and disease. How gaily she bid defiance to the winter air, she never felt the cold, and her merry laugh almost persuaded us that over-shoes for her were as unnecessary, as we could not but acknowledge they were disfiguring. And thus brightly passed the vision away forever. That walk was the last the fair girl ever took. The same night she was seized with a brain fever, occasioned by the sudden and severe cold caught in her morning ramble, and in less than a week she was laid in the tomb, a martyr to the vanity of display which fashion has sanctioned.

But we trust these absurd modes are giving place, among our countrywomen, to more rational ideas of the beautiful in fashion, which can only be seen in its best aspect when sustained by the fitting and appropriate. Comfort is essential to grace. A constrained posture, tight lacing, garments unsuited to the season, all detract from that pleasure which youth and beauty are naturally calculated to excite in the beholder. And then the duty of preserving the health and constitution is most imperative on woman. We hope none of our fair readers will neglect the motto we have chosen, and that when another spring is approaching we shall not have to say, on the remembrance of any of our young friends who have perished by that insidious destroyer, the consumption,

"Ye have given the lovely to earth's embrace,
She hath taken the fairest of beauty's race,
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down."

SHORT ARTICLES.

"Our correspondents" will greatly oblige us by attending to the notice of the publisher in the last number. The stories written for our Book are, generally, too long for one number, or too short for a continuance. To know how to abridge well is a capital advantage for a popular writer. We hope our correspondents will have time to shorten their articles, so that not one of their offerings may be rejected for want of room.

"The Missionary's Wife" in the last number of the "Lady's Book" should have been credited to "Stevens' Incidents of Travel."

ERRATA.

There are a few mistakes in the last number. We hope our readers will have the good sense to correct them without particular specifications, and the good nature to excuse the errors which almost necessarily arise from the circumstance of printing the work at such a distance from the residence of the Editor, that *proofs* cannot be transmitted and returned in season. But the Publisher will take the utmost care to insure correctness in future.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, Russia, and Poland.

We read with great pleasure a former work of Travels by the author of the work now before us. If this does not quite equal, in novel and exciting interest the first part of the "Incidents of Travel," we attribute it to the scenes through which the author passed, rather than any falling off in his powers of description. There is more of the grand, mysterious, and solemn in the description of "Egypt, Arabia Petrea and the Holy Land," through which he first told his wanderings, than even Greece, with all its classic associations, can offer; the other countries here named have nothing of uncommon interest. But Mr. Stevens has contrived to give us two pleasant volumes; nothing dull or common place could come from his ingenious fancy, and cheerful temperament. He deserves what he has fairly won, a high place in the esteem of his fellow citizens as well as in the literature of our own language. But we have no design of entering into a formal and critical notice of the work, its few faults and its many excellencies we hope will become familiar to all our readers; in the meantime we shall lay before our friends what to us is the most interesting page of the work, an account of the School at Athens, under the care of Mr. and Mrs. Hill. This establishment was commenced in the summer of 1831, under the sanction of our Episcopal Missionary Society. Mrs. Hill first opened her school for girls in the magazine or cellar of the house in which she resided, with twenty pupils; in two months she had one hundred and sixty-seven. Of the first ninety-six, not more than ten or twelve knew a letter. At the time of Mr. Stevens' visit to the School in 1835, four years after its establishment, the pupils were nearly five hundred. There are twelve native teachers; a number have been sent out to take charge of other schools. What a prospect of improvement is here opened for the women of Greece, and the whole of the Eastern world! But we will give the description of the author of this work.

"The principal and most interesting part of the Missionary School, was the female department, under the direction of Mrs. Hill; the first, and, except at Syria, the only school for females in all Greece; and particularly interesting to me from the fact that it owed its existence to the active benevolence of my own countrymen.

"At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling, that ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an

association of ladies in the little town of Troy, (N. Y.) formed the plan of establishing at Athens, a school exclusively for the education of females; and humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilization and moral and religious improvement of Greece than all which European diplomacy has ever done for her. The girls were distributed into different classes, according to their age and advancement; they had clean faces and hands, a rare thing for Greek children, and were neatly dressed, many of them wearing frocks made by ladies at home, (probably at some of our own sewing societies) and some of them had attained such an age, and had such fine, dark rolling eyes, as to make even a northern temperament feel the powerful influence they would soon exercise over the rising, excitable generation of Greeks, and almost made him bless the hands that were directing their influence aright.

"Before we went away, the whole school rose and gave us a glorious finale in a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women and return to their homes; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities and among the fortresses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers and brothers and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of women in civilized, domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality and of religion, purified from the follies, absurdities and abominations of the Greek faith. I have seen much of the Missionary labours in the East, but I do not know an institution which promises so surely the happiest results. *If the women are educated, the men cannot long remain ignorant*; if the women are enlightened in religion, the men cannot remain debased and degraded Christians."

Is not the above picture one of deep interest to every American who desires the moral and mental improvement of mankind? But how are such innovations received by the men of the East, who have always been accustomed to female degradation? Will they be willing to see their slaves transformed into companions, equals, even teachers? Hear our author on this subject?

"The ex-secretary, Riegos, was greatly affected at the appearance of this female school; and after surveying it attentively for some moments, pointed to the Parthenon on the summit of the Acropolis, and said to Mrs. Hill, with deep emotion, 'Lady, you are erecting in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temple.' And the king was so deeply impressed with its value, that a little time before my arrival, he proposed to Mr. Hill to take into his house girls from different districts and educate them as teachers, with the view of sending them back to their districts to organize new schools and carry out the great work of female education. Mr. Hill acceded to the proposal, and the American Missionary school now stands as the nucleus of a large and growing system of education in Greece."

In justice to our own sex we must say, that the efforts for female education have chiefly been made by them;—besides the devotion of Mrs. Hill, her sister and one or two other ladies from our country, who have gone out as teachers at Athens. The support of the school has been chiefly provided for by contributions from American ladies. Among those most zealous in this good work are Mrs. Willard of Troy, now Mrs. Yates, and her sister Mrs. Lincoln Phelps, who deserve to be mentioned.

Address and Poem delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of the city of Boston.

This Address from the pen of the Hon. Edward Everett, is an eloquent production, and shows with great force and clearness, the beneficial effects of commerce on the prosperity of our country. There is a spirited description of the ancient and modern condition of Boston, which we should like to give if we had room. But we must not omit the concluding advice to young men, for though our periodical is prepared for our own sex, yet what American woman is there, whose heart is unconnected with the prosperity and honourable character of the men of our country? Every mother who has a son en-

gaged in mercantile pursuits, will thank and bless Governor Everett for his inestimable counsel.

"Never let the mere acquisition of wealth be an exclusive pursuit. Consider it of tenfold importance to manifest, in all the transactions of life, that quick sense of honour which feels a stain like a wound,' and that integrity which the mines of Peru could not bend from the path of principle. Let wealth be regarded as the instrument of doing as well as of enjoying good. In a Republican Government, the mercantile class, in the natural course of things, is the only one whose members, generally speaking, can amass fortune: let it be written on your hearts in the morning of life, that wealth is ennobled only in its uses. Form, from the first, a large conception of the character of the liberal and upright merchant. Regard him as one to whom the country looks to sustain her honour in the hour of trial; to uphold her public establishments, to endow her charities, to be the father of her orphans; as one whom no success will make ashamed of his vocation; who will adorn his days of prosperity with moderation and temper, and hold fast his integrity, though fortunes turn to ashes in his grasp. The keys of knowledge are in your hands; the portals of her temple are open to you. On the shelves of her libraries there are stores of information, which, besides contributing to your success in your calling, will give grace to good fortune, and comfort and resource in disaster. Above all, while you pursue the paths of enterprise to the ends of the earth, let a well-instructed conscience be the companion of your way. Her guidance will safely lead you, when calculation is bewildered and prudence is at fault. Though your hope in all else be blasted, fail not, my young friends, to acquire the pearl of great price, that wisdom whose merchandize is better than the merchandize of silver and the gain thereof than fine gold. Let this be the object of your life, and while the guilty glories of war are deprecated by mankind and the weary honours of successful ambition weigh like lead on the wearer, you will enjoy, in the esteem and gratitude of the community, and the peace of your own minds, the happy portion of the *Liberal and Upright Merchant*."

The Poem is by James T. Fields, a frequent contributor to the Lady's Book, and therefore known to our readers. He gives a pleasant and graphic sketch of the progress of commerce, and of the young tyro who is inspired with the merchant's "hope of gain and wealth beyond the seas." And there are some fine touches of humour in his description of the "speculation mania for Eastern lands," which prevailed in Boston two or three years since. The conclusion of the poem, which we give, is spirited and fine, and the compliment at the close to Governor Everett is very happily expressed.

"But brief my lay; the fairy land of song
Holds me a tenant in its maze too long;
Yet chide me not, if lingering on the shore,
I cast one pebble to the ripple more.

"Our yankee ships! in fleet career,
They linger not behind,
Where gallant sails from either lands
Court favouring tide and wind,
With banners on the breeze they leap
As gaily o'er the foam,
As stately barks from prouder seas,
That long have learned to roam.

The Indian wave with luring smiles
Swept round them bright to-day;
And havens to Atlantic isles
Are opening on their way;
Ere yet these evening shadows close,
Or this frail song is o'er,
Full many a straining mast will rise
To greet a foreign shore.

High up the lashing northern deep,
Where glimmering watch-lights beam,
Away in beauty where the stars
In tropic brightness gleam;
Where'er the sea-bird wets her beak,
Or blows the stormy gale;
On to the water's farthest verge
Our ships majestic sail.

They dip their keels in every stream
That swells beneath the sky—
And where old Ocean's billows roll,
Their lofty pennants fly.
They furl their sheets in threat'ning clouds
That float across the main,
To link with love earth's distant lays
In many a golden chain.

They deck our halls with sparkling gems
That shone on orient strands,
And garlands round our hills they bind
From far-off sunny lands—

But Massachusetts asks no wreath
From foreign clime or realm,
While safely glides her ship of State
With Genius at the helm."

Rob of the Bowl, by the author of "Horse Shoe Robinson,"
&c. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

This is generally considered the least successful of Mr. Kennedy's novels. The incidents are meagre, and with one or two striking exceptions, without much interest, and the story has not sufficient point to make a strong impression. The style, also, is loose and slipshod. Notwithstanding these objections the book has much merit. Several of the characters are well conceived and delineated, and the descriptions of character, scenes, and manners, are lively and authentic.

Demonstration of the truth of the Christian Religion, by
Alexander Keith, D.D. New York: Harper & Brothers,
1839.

Dr. Keith is already well known to Christian readers by his elaborate and masterly work on "The evidence of Prophecy," &c. The present production will endear him still more to the affections of those who love the zealous champions of the faith, for in its pages he has done battle for his divine master with a forceful energy that cannot but be triumphant. Profoundly skilled in biblical learning, and deeply imbued with all analogous acquirement, the reverend author has brought to the discussion of his subject a mass of evidence; but remembering that he is writing on a topic of universal interest, he has so simplified its application, that every mind can understand his effort. While the work is from its very nature argumentative, it is also thoroughly plain and practical; and while none can fail to comprehend the views it enforces, few will be able to resist the convictions they afford.

Dr. T. T. Smiley, well known for many years in this city as a successful Teacher, has asked our attention to the "Encyclopedia of Geography" for the use of Schools, &c., lately prepared and published by him. Upon examination we find the work well adapted to the purposes for which it is designed, the arrangement being lucid, and the questions alike simple in their structure, and calculated to impress upon the minds of learners the information intended to be conveyed. The Geography is accompanied by an Atlas, containing fifteen maps, exhibiting the natural and political division of the various countries represented by them.

"The Huguenot" is among the latest English novels reprinted here. The author is zealous in his literary labours, and popular in a great measure, we must think on that account. This last work contains some exquisite sketches of scenery and fine touches of the olden manners; the spirit too, of the faithful Protestant Christian is shown with much power and pathos in the character of the good pastor, Claude de l'Etang. But on the whole, the Book is not very interesting; at least it wants the charms of nature. The hero and the heroine seem fashioned on those perfect patterns which the old romance writers so delighted to display. It is all very fine, but unreal; especially the loyalty of the Count de Morceuil, which we think is too absorbing to appear respectable, even in a courtier of Louis the Great, much less in that of a Protestant nobleman.

The Harmony of Christian Faith and Christian Churches, and the Culture and discipline of the mind, by John Abercrombie, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1839.

This is a small volume, but it contains much that addresses itself to our highest and noblest faculties. The design of the pious author is more particularly to awaken the attention of the labouring classes to the important topics indicated in the title page, though his arguments and exhortations are equally adapted to all others. There is an earnest affectionateness pervading his manner, an obvious sympathy in the wants of his fellow men, and a sincere desire to promote their eternal welfare, which, we have no doubt, will make these pages the means of much good.

The Oriental Annual, 1839. Eastern Legends, by the Rev. Robert Counter, with twenty-two engravings from drawings, by the late William Daniels. R. M. Whittaker & Co. London.

This Annual, which is now in its sixth year, has always been among the most highly esteemed and respectable of the class of productions to which it belongs. We have understood that the issue has sometimes been 6000, and that more than 1600 copies have been disposed of in this country, a circulation which, as we are informed, exceeds that of any other English Annual. The volume for this year is made up of two tales, one a Hindoo legend, based on a popular but very singular superstition; the other a Mahomedan romance. Both, in the Editor's language, "are made vehicles for the representation of Bengal manners, habits, and feelings, and aim at exhibiting a picture of Eastern society;" a design, we may safely add, in which Mr. Counter's long residence and industrious investigations in the country where his scenes are laid, have qualified him eminently to excel. In truth, we think this volume is very valuable for the information it imparts respecting Eastern manners, and this too, given in a most graphic as well as agreeable way. We wish that other publishers may borrow a hint from so good an example, and that our annuals might be made illustrative of some historical event or real scene, rather than to be, as they now are, almost exclusively devoted to fictions in story and song.

The American Phrenological Journal and Miscellany. Philadelphia: A. Waldie, February, 1839.

This periodical, which has now been several months in existence, diligently and efficiently, but without ill temper, labours to advance the cause of Phrenology. It is well conducted, and urges the science it advocates both with zeal and knowledge.

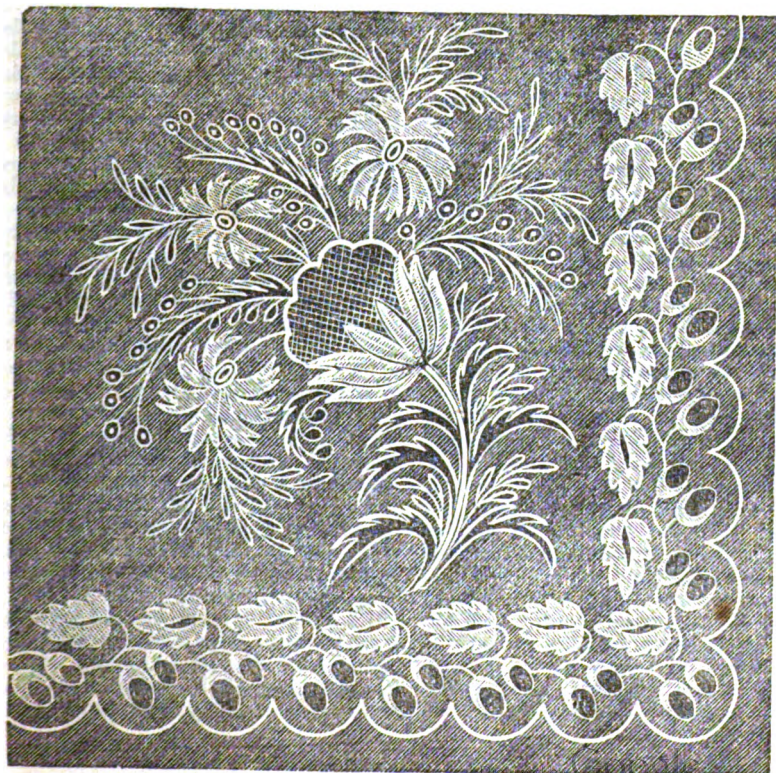
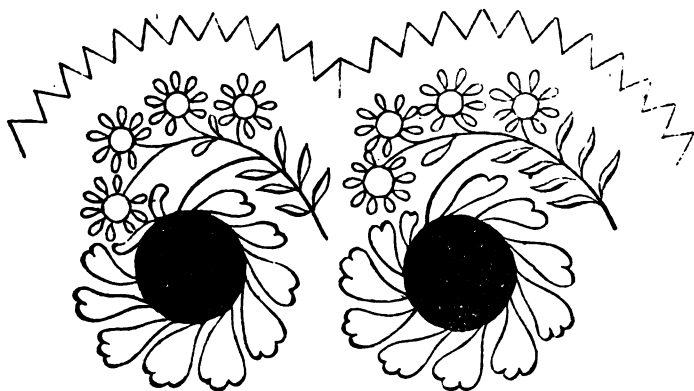
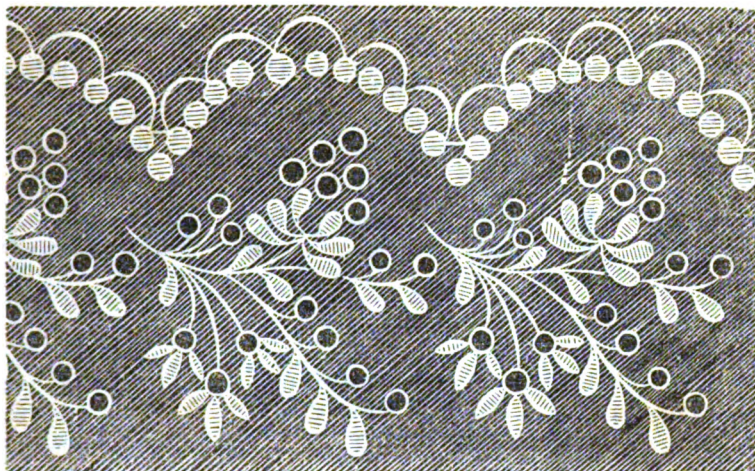
PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

With the present number we furnish no Plate of the Fashions. One reason for the omission, is the fact, that since last month there has been no material change; and another—and we frankly confess the principal—reason is, that we were not able to get it ready in time for this issue. The great and unexpected addition which has been made to our subscription list since the beginning of the year, has kept the persons employed in colouring our plates of fashions constantly busy in supplying the extra demand for the January and February numbers—and they could not on that account prepare the Plate intended for March. We have now made such additional arrangements as will prevent similar difficulties hereafter.

In order to keep pace with our rapidly increasing patronage, we have determined for the future, to issue in every number, besides a coloured plate of the fashions, a beautiful engraving on steel, of some appropriate subject—landscape, historical, or portrait, thus making two plates in every number—in addition to which we shall present to our readers quarterly, a pictorial illustration of fashionable window drapery, brilliantly coloured. The April number, which will be the first of the improved series, will contain a coloured Plate of the Fashions superior to any which has yet been published; an engraving on steel, coloured window drapery, embroidery, music, fac-similes, &c. in the way of embellishments; and the usual quantity of reading matter by the ablest writers of America.

As our new arrangements involve increased expenditure, and money is a scarce commodity here in the City, we respectfully urge upon delinquent subscribers the propriety of remitting us the same respectively due from them.

Persons writing to us upon business, must excuse any seeming neglect in the acknowledgment of their favours. We use every exertion to be prompt in our replies; but though assisted by an efficient corps of clerks, we have lately found all our efforts insufficient. We mean it only as an explanation of any supposed inattention, when we say, that frequently before the orders brought by one mail are one half disposed of, we have the receipts of three or four other mails pressing upon us. Under these circumstances, it is scarcely possible to avoid some delay, but we hope our patrons will excuse it.



THE

LADY'S BOOK.

APRIL, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FARMER'S RETURN.

A TALE.

BY L. A. WILMER.

It was in the season of blossoms, at the close of as fine a day as ever shone on our western hemisphere, that an elderly gentleman was taking a solitary walk in the vicinity of Elmsborough, (an exceedingly small village, whose location may be ascertained by reference to the postmaster's books.) The gentleman we speak of was a stranger thereabouts—if we may judge from the fact that his movements were watched by the inhabitants, with a solicitude which seemed to hint that something wonderful, and even dangerous, might be expected from his presence. The children especially, on observing his approach, would retreat into the little grassy enclosures, which were placed in front of almost every dwelling, and from behind the white palings, would survey the intruder with dilated eyeballs, which plainly indicated their prejudice and suspicion. Alas, that the human heart, even in childhood, should too readily entertain such guests as suspicion and prejudice! The old gentleman smiled, though with some bitterness; he knew what allowances were to be made for human nature, in a village remote from the great thoroughfares, where every stranger is regarded as a prodigy.

The present visitant to Elmsborough certainly had nothing alarming in his appearance; and, in such a community as *ours*, he might have escaped with but little observation. He was a man of about three-score; with a grave and even sad cast of features; a figure slightly bent by age, but by no means decrepit; and his deportment, no less than his garments, bespoke a gentleman of the old school. He was clad in a suit of black cloth; the knees of his small clothes being fastened by large buckles. His coat was cut in a fashion which might be dated six or eight lustrums anterior to that period. His face was furrowed and his complexion sallow. On the whole, he was a person who pre-

sented the rare symptoms of being at the same time wealthy and care-worn. This time-honoured worthy had been deposited at the village hotel by a singular piece of apparatus, called a *stage* in that neighbourhood. He had supped at an early hour, and was now indulging himself with a view of the town; and indeed, Elmsborough was a very beautiful place; and is so to this day, if the reports of travellers may be credited.

Having enjoyed the gaze of admiration, the stare of astonishment and the glance of apprehension, as we hinted above, he arrived, without much fatigue, at the end of *the* street; for Elmsborough, at that time, had but one spacious avenue, which, in excellent rural taste, was much better furnished with trees than with houses. As an hour or more of day light remained, our adventurer thought it advisable to extend his observations somewhat farther. At the distance of half a mile from the village, the road was cut in the side of a steep acclivity; so that, while the view was bounded on the right by a precipitous wall of earth, surmounted by dwarf cedars and various kinds of underwood; on the left was extended a spacious valley, which, by its abundant vegetation and large growth of timber, indicated uncommon fertility. The highway, at this point, might be compared to a gallery; being elevated many feet above the level of the vale, and commanding a prospect, which, for beauty, magnificence, and extent, is seldom equalled. The valley was bounded on its distant extremity by a range of mountains, the deep azure of which made the glowing colours of sunset appear more brilliant and beautiful by the contrast. Numerous elegant mansions, copses, meadows, and fields, the latter in a high state of cultivation, were dispersed through the area; and, to complete the loveliness of the scene, a streamlet of dazzling

brightness traversed the whole extent of the valley.

A sudden bending of the road, as it wound around the hill, brought the pedestrian in full view of a cottage, situated but a few yards from the highway, and constructed of the simplest materials; presenting, indeed, an appearance of rudeness, which, at the first glance, seemed entirely discordant with the scene we have lately described. But another look convinced the beholder that this plain and inartificial dwelling was not without some considerable pretensions to comfort and convenience. At a short distance from the little homestead was a garden, containing a variety of culinary plants; and, still farther off, was an orchard of young apple-trees in full blossom, presenting one of the most pleasing pictures which the vegetable kingdom has to offer. Several bee-hives were placed near the garden gate, and those contributors to rural felicity, domesticated fowls of various denominations, were uniting their voices in a melody which no townsman's ears could have appreciated. While the stranger paused to observe this lowly abode and its appertinent means of happiness, he discovered the approach of one who was indisputably the master of the mansion. There was something in the good-humoured and health-speaking countenance of the rustic which went to the old man's heart. That an old fellow of sixty, in a black coat, and looking through gold spectacles, should conceive a sudden and romantic friendship for a young farmer of thirty, dressed in homespun and exhibiting the signs of corporal fatigue; this, we say, is a circumstance so extraordinary, that we would not have ventured to place it on record, were we not prepared to account for it, hereafter, in a way that will satisfy the most sceptical of our readers.

The farmer had just returned from his daily toil; he was followed by a lad about ten years of age, his eldest son, with the implements of their labour upon his shoulder. As the man approached his cottage, his three younger children were observed hastening to meet him, their eyes glistening with delight and their tongues, equally sincere, expressing those childish welcomes which a parent's heart knows so well how to estimate. The farmer stooped to take up his youngest child, which tottered towards him, supported by its sister, a girl of six years, and as the happy father pressed his infant darling to his bosom, his eye, for the first time, caught a glimpse of the stranger, who, with a sympathizing countenance, had beheld the scene from his elevated position. The countryman bowed with native politeness to the old gentleman, and the latter, having returned the courtesy, was invited by the hospitable farmer to descend and refresh himself in the cottage. The invitation was accepted, and the traveller observed with pleasure that the interior of the dwelling exhibited all that cleanliness and order which the external arrangements might have led him to anticipate.

The aged guest having been seated in the best apartment, the mistress of the house, a neat and very handsome young woman, drew off the

children to the kitchen, where she had been engaged in her domestic associations. She knew, perhaps, that children, though charming little dears, cherubs, &c., are sometimes rather annoying to strangers, and she would not indulge her maternal vanity at the expense of a visitor's comfort. Oh, that all mammas were equally considerate!

In less than half an hour, the traveller discovered his host to be a person of more information than could have been expected from his employment and condition of life. The conversation, therefore, was managed without that mutual constraint which generally exists where the parties are sensible of a great intellectual disparity. In fact, the utmost confidence seemed to have been established between these two persons, who had met that evening for the first time, and whose ages, education, and habits of life were so dissimilar. The farmer related succinctly the history of his courtship and marriage; but the minutes of his narrative have unhappily been mislaid. This we truly regret, for the recital would positively have made one of the best love stories extant.

When the detail of the farmer's amatory adventures was completed, his wife announced that supper was ready, and notwithstanding the stranger had taken his evening meal at the tavern, he was prevailed on to assist at the obsequies of a platter of mush and milk; fearing, perhaps, that a refusal might be misinterpreted by his kind-hearted entertainers. After supper, the guest, having bestowed a small pecuniary gift on each of the children, was about to take leave, when the farmer, remarking that his walk would be lonely, offered to accompany him to the edge of the village. The old man gratefully acceded to this proposal, and having bidden adieu to his amiable hostess, he was assisted by her husband to ascend the steep embankment which bounded the highway. Twilight still lingered on the valley. As they proceeded slowly along the road, the traveller appeared to be involved in thought, which his companion was unwilling to interrupt; and, for some time, the silence was unbroken by a single sentence. At length, the senior addressed the young farmer to the following purpose:

THE OLD MAN'S STORY.

"For the first time in my life, I feel inclined to narrate in the ear of a human being the sorrows which have embittered my existence for the last thirty years. It is true, such an opportunity as this has long been coveted, but never till this evening have I met with one of my species to whose sympathies I could appeal. Alas! how often have I been taught by experience that as intimacy and continued intercourse unveil to our observation the character of a *friend*, we see less and less grounds on which to repose either affection or confidence. If we err, therefore, in confiding the secret of our grief to the bosom of a stranger, we should do no less if he who participates in that secret were bound to us by ties of friendship or consanguinity.

"At the age of twenty-four, I became the husband of a young lady whose only wealth consisted in the charms of her person, joined to an understanding which was naturally good and tolerably well cultivated. Her father had been rich; but, like many others, was ruined by commercial speculations, and died in the extremity of want, about one year before my union with his daughter. After the death of her father, Zerilla resided in the house of a distant relation until the time of her marriage. For eighteen months after this latter event, nothing could exceed the tranquillity and happiness of our domestic scene; perhaps no wedded pair ever loved each other more devotedly. The birth of a child, which usually brings an augmentation of happiness to married life, was to us the signal of calamity. From that time, it appeared to my too watchful observation, that the affections of my wife were engrossed by this new object; and I became jealous—jealous of my own child!—It seemed that all earthly felicity had vanished when I ceased to be the first object of Zerilla's love. On my earliest perception or suspicion of the change which had taken place in her heart, my grief predominated over every other feeling; but the time was to come when grief itself must give way to indignation and resentment. Such was the peculiarity of my disposition, that all my thoughts and apprehensions were confined to my own breast. I would not for the world have revealed my weakness to Zerilla herself. Here then, for the first time, our thoughts, our wishes, and our fears had ceased to flow in the same channel; we were divided in soul, and mutual distrust and suspicion had originated between us.

"It may be that the coldness which my overly vigilant affection had ascribed to Zerilla, was reflected more evidently in my own conduct. She was unsuspecting of the cause, and doubtless thought that my love was really alienated, perhaps transferred to some other object. Unhappily for me I had been bred to no employment, and my fortune was sufficient to make a profession unnecessary; and thus my mind had leisure, not only to ruminate on real misfortunes, but to invent fictitious ones where the others did not exist. The demon Idleness may have tempted me to my ruin. Believing that Zerilla's affections were lost forever, I strove to regard her with equal indifference; but in this I could succeed only so far as *appearances* were concerned. With respect to appearances, however, I overacted my part; for my behaviour indicated aversion and abhorrence. These signs produced a corresponding effect on Zerilla; to sullenness and discontent, quarrels and reproaches succeeded, and thenceforth an hour of domestic peace was never known in our dwelling. So slight are often the beginnings of conjugal infelicity; trifles almost invisible to a third person are magnified into crimes, and the ardor of love itself becomes an incentive to animosity.

"My temper was naturally violent; I could not brook the accents of reproof, and Zerilla's complaints were sometimes answered by taunts and execrations. My anger, when once aroused, was uncontrollable, and it was not before the

emotions of rage had subsided, that I conceived how much I had wronged my companion. I knew then I *had* wronged her, and I could have wept for my fault: but pride, (oh, that accursed principle!) pride would not let me make the acknowledgment. Even when my furious exclamations had moved her to tears, when her spirit was bowed by sorrow and she had no longer a heart to retort my peevish upbraidings; even then, when I longed for reconciliation, when I loved her more than ever and hated myself for the injuries I had done her, I could not seek to be reconciled. Why could I not throw myself at her feet and beg her forgiveness!—Why! Ah, that question is *now* unanswerable, but then I felt how impossible it was to do so.

"Can you believe it—you, whom I have seen evince such strength of attachment to your offspring—can you believe that I hated my own child!—hated him in spite of all his infant beauty and innocent blandishments—hated him because he was dearer than myself to her whose love had constituted all my happiness. I could not endure that my own babe should rival me in the affections of Zerilla. I was covetous of her love, and unsatisfied with less than it all.

"Our son was now two years old, when his mother, one Sabbath, according to her custom, attended a church about six miles distant from our residence.—Oh, how unblest is man in the opportunity to do ill! When occasion invites and inclination urges, feeble is all the resistance which can be offered by the best principles and the kindest emotions. Before the carriage had conveyed Zerilla out of sight, I had conceived the diabolical plan which was to destroy her mental quietude, and mine, forever. The nurse stood in the piazza, endeavouring to pacify the child, which continued fretful for the absence of its mother. I presented a considerable sum of money to the woman and bade her convey the boy where I should never see him again. Too promptly and too scrupulously was I obeyed; the child was carried beyond the reach of my most anxious inquiries, when remorse and returning parental affection would have recalled him from his banishment.

"For several days previous to the unnatural deed I have just related, Zerilla and I, in consequence of a recent quarrel, had not exchanged an accent. We resided in distant apartments of our dwelling, and gave each other reason to believe that a more complete separation was desirable. But this was a calamity that I chiefly dreaded; I could not have survived it, and even the anticipation almost maddened me. And yet, when a word of conciliation might have removed the cause of my apprehensions, I had not the moral courage to speak that word! It was to avert that fearful event, a separation from my wife, that I adopted the desperate scheme of estranging her child; supposing that in his absence, her love would return to its former course. For several hours after the departure of the nurse with her infant charge, I remained almost unconscious of what had taken place, so much was my mind stupified by the extraordinary and atrocious deed I had committed. In this apathetic state I passed the time

until the return of Zerilla; I heard her ascending, with hasty footsteps, to the nursery; I heard her repeatedly call the woman who was then far distant; and, receiving no answer, the tones of the mother's voice became expressive of anxiety and alarm. The only servant who remained at home on this holyday, attended Zerilla's summons, but no information concerning the child could be obtained. The weather being somewhat inclement, Zerilla had charged the nurse, on no pretence, to leave the house with the infant, and the absence of the faithless woman was therefore unaccountable.

"By this time I had become sensible of the enormity of my conduct, and I feared to meet my injured wife, for it seemed that a glance of her eye would exercise a blasting influence. Think then how the trepidation of guilt triumphed over all my motives for concealment, when I heard Zerilla approaching the chamber wherein I was seated. Had I not been fixed to the spot, as if by enchantment, I would have fled from her presence; but no—I could not. It is easier to perpetrate the crime than to avoid the penalty. I covered my face with my hands and trembled almost to dissolution as Zerilla opened the door. To her question 'Where is the child?' I could make no reply. My silence and evident agitation aroused the worst fears of a mother, and throwing herself on her knees before me, she frantically exclaimed: 'Tell me, for the sake of heaven, tell me—where is my child?' 'I know not,' was the answer, and although the words were truth, my tongue was blistered in the utterance.

"The wretched Zerilla left the apartment, uttering the most piercing cries of anguish, each of which went like a venomous dagger to my bosom. I followed her; half resolved at one instant to confess my guilt, and the next moment shuddering at the consequence of a discovery. If her indifference had been intolerable, how should I endure her detestation and contempt!

"With distracted gestures and exclamations, Zerilla rushed through the hall; and not before she had reached the outer door of the building could I overtake her and arrest her flight.

"'Oh, have pity for once,' cried the miserable woman, 'let me seek my child. Do not detain me. See—the storm rises and he will perish!'

"Here she broke from me and flew down the avenue with a speed which seemed supernatural. Alarmed for her safety, I would still have followed, but before I had advanced many paces, a sudden sickness came over me, a mist gathered before my eyes, I tottered and fell to the ground in a state of insensibility. When I recovered from my swoon, it was dark; a heavy rain had saturated my garments, and the skies were still densely covered with black vapours. I returned to the house, doubting the reality of what had occurred, and hastily inquired for Zerilla. The servants had not observed her flight, and having searched every part of the building, they informed me that she was not to be found. Convinced then that the occurrences of that day were not imaginary, I hastened in

pursuit of my wife. How often did the dripping woods resound with the name of Zerilla! and oh, how often did the deep silence which succeeded, agonize me with its still, yet prophetic, response!

"When, regardless of my own peril, I rushed through the swollen streams which would have barred my progress, the sullen murmurs of the waters whispered a fearful tale to my imagination—suggesting thoughts too horrible for endurance, but, (O merciful Creator!) not too horrible to be true.

"One stream, larger than any I had crossed, presented itself as an obstacle in my path. The rude bridge had been swept away by the torrent. The noise of the waves was deafening;—the white, curling foam was the only visible object before me. I knew the danger, but I hesitated not for a moment. When I had advanced some distance into the stream, my foot struck against something which made the blood curdle to my heart. My limbs became as cold and rigid as marble; sense and reflection deserted me for a time. Then, with a convulsive motion, I thrust my arm into the water and felt that it was indeed—the body of a human being! I raised the inanimate form, my strained eyeballs glanced at the flowing drapery;—it was, too truly, the corpse of a female. The features were indiscernible in the darkness. What would I not have bartered?—life, honour, happiness, for the feeblest ray that could have illumined those icy lineaments.

"The nearest habitation was two miles distant; howling with mental agony, I carried the body thither; suspense verged to certainty at every step, and ere the glare of the windows could have revealed the truth, I knew that my wife reposed for the last time on my bosom.

"The people of the house, attracted by my cries of distress, came with lights and carried away the body of the murdered Zerilla. One glance at that pallid countenance was all—but that glance was perdition. My brain is seared now by the remembrance. Through the remainder of that night, I roamed—I rushed through the forest; my sole object to escape from myself; flying I knew not whither—for all places were alike to me. I had persecuted to death the being whom I loved, it may be, as man never loved before. The world thenceforth had nothing to offer which could engage my wishes—time had nothing to threaten, which could excite my fears. My soul desires but one consummation in this life—to discover my son and restore him those possessions which my unparalleled folly has wrested from him. With that object in view, I have traversed a great part of this continent;—but, as yet, to no purpose.

"A few days after the death of my wife, I sold my extensive property in that neighbourhood; and, for the benefit of my son, I placed a great part of the money at interest; since which time it has been twice doubled.

"But it may be through a merciful interposition of Providence that I am not allowed to make the restitution I have so long and ardently desired. Why should I seek to restore my

son to that wealth, which by hardening my own heart, prepared me to become the murderer of Zerilla!"

"Spare yourself that reflection," said the farmer, in a tone of deep feeling. "You are not the murderer of Zerilla; nor did she die at the time you suppose. The bridge, on which she attempted to cross, had fallen but a few minutes before your arrival, and your timely assistance was the means of prolonging her life. She was resuscitated at the house whither you carried her, and—"

Here the old man grasped the farmer's arm, and, trembling violently, whispered:

"Say that she still lives—and I am blest beyond the lot of angels."

"She is dead," answered the farmer mournfully. "She died fifteen years from the time of your disappearance. The next morning after her immersion and recovery from apparent death, you sent to the place a pocket book containing bank bills of great value."

"I did; that money was intended to recompense the people of the house for the trouble and expense of attending to her burial—which I had not a heart to witness."

"Alas! she construed it otherwise. She regarded the transmission of the notes as intimating your wishes for a separation. At the same time, it occurred to her that you had caused the removal of the child, because you were unwilling that it should be left in her guardianship. The nurse, to whose care the boy had been entrusted, with a part of the money you had given her, purchased the little farm which I now occupy. There, when the lad had attained his twelfth year, she died, and on her death-bed, gave him the history of his birth, and the name and residence of his family. He went in search of his parents, and for three years after, in that cottage, he experienced the tenderness of a mother; in those fields, he cheerfully laboured for her support. Often did she speak of her husband—"

"As a tyrant—a brute—a monster?" cried the old man, with a wildness that bordered on phrenzy.

"No;—as all that was good—all that was excellent;—as one whom she had wronged;—as one who had raised her from poverty, advanced her to rank in society, and lavished on her unnumbered instances of his love. She lamented her own ingratitude, her aptitude to give and take offence and her haughtiness in refusing to yield to the infirmities of her husband's temper. In short, she accused herself of causing all his misfortunes and of driving him from the home of his youth. To honour the memory of his father was the chief lesson she laboured to impress on the mind of her son."

"And that son—"

"Is now before you—happy in the opportunity to alleviate a father's grief and to fulfil the last injunctions of a mother. A short time before her decease, she bade me implore your forgiveness for the errors she had committed and the sorrows she had occasioned.—If it were ever my lot to meet with you in this world, she bade me say that, above every earthly impulse, love for you was the cherished sentiment of her heart; the source to which every other feeling and affection must be referred for its origin."

"O, my Zerilla!" cried the father, "soon may we meet where love is unembittered by doubts and misapprehension!—for that divine principle which constitutes the bliss of immortals, is, in this state of being, too often a source of calamity, remorse, and unavailing repentance."

* * * * *

Here our documents are at fault;—but, in the absence of other facts, we may imagine that, in the society of his son, daughter-in-law, and grand children, the evening of our old gentleman's life was passed with as much comfort and satisfaction as circumstances would permit.

Written for the Lady's Book.

OLD SCHOOLS.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

I prefer old things, that is, when I do not like new things better. For this reason I look with sorrow on the gradual decline of old fashioned schools, and the rise of high, eclectic, collegiate, and other schools. Not but that intellectual improvement is in some cases promoted, for in those good old schools, that was the last thing thought of, but I think the sum of juvenile happiness is diminished, and when is man happy if not in youth? Where is the lawyer, congressman, editor, or preacher, who some twenty years ago passed through the process of reading, writing, and ciphering, that does not look back to those as his happiest days—days when the necessity of comprehending things was unfelt, when five hours per diem was the ultimatum of restraint, and when a

goodly portion of that was spent in planning enterprises for execution when the delightful stereotyped expression, "school's dismiss'd," should be uttered.

Who does not recollect his feats at reading, especially after he had arrived at a height and circumference entitling him to a standing with the first class!

"First class read," cries out the pedagogue, opening Scott's Lessons before him, and deliberately persevering in ruling the ink-unsullied sheets, fated ere long, to bear the traces of unearthly characters.

"First class read," and lo! a simultaneous rush to the open space diversified by a few intentional stumbles over the smaller scholars, whose improving employment was to set up

right on backless benches, and avoid whispering, or by a furtive appropriation of some flaxen locks, or by an attempted elongation of some luckless urchin's ear, followed by a solo attracting the attention and eliciting the inquiries of the master, ending in a threat of flogging next time. At length, the line is formed, and the charge commences. The head boy, who, in order to secure that station, has taken a place so near the fire that one side of his person is well nigh in a roasting state, begins at the top of his lungs, and hurries on that he may get through with his paragraph and use his book as a fender for the more sensitive parts of his frame. He is about half through when some rogue at a distance of four or five below him gives a side lurch to his neighbour, who not at all unwilling, communicates the impulse to one above him, and so on till the reader is shoved against the blazing forestick, and there is a pause to adjust matters and find the place.

"Read on," cries the master, "next read."

"Giles hasn't read a verse," cries out half a dozen voices.

"Giles, why don't you read on?"

Giles at length gets through his verse, and forthwith turns to his neighbour, and in a horrible whisper, "Darnation take you, if you don't get it when the boys go out."

"Giles don't stand straight," cries out some ill-natured boy at the foot of the class. Poor Giles had advanced in front of the line in order to avoid crisping. It was an excellent rule of the school that each one should keep the place he took at first.

"Giles stand back in your place," says the inflexible magister. There is no alternative, he must toast till the last lazy boy has blundered through.

The time to take seats at length arrives, and on their way Giles falls in the rear and adds to the momentum of his neighbour by the application of his foot, its weight being increased by *horse points* innumerable.

"Giles' been a kickin' me."

"Ha'n't been a kickin' him nother."

"Who saw Giles kick Ben?"

The parties were about equally divided in popularity, and amid the cries of "I did" and "I didn't," the poor pedagogue found it difficult to discover the truth. At length, all was reconciled and made plain by the testimony of one who cries out, "Master, I see all how it was. Ben just kicked himself, and then tried to lay it to Giles." This explanation seemed satisfactory to all parties; they laughed heartily and were left with an admonition to behave themselves.

There is less incident in the reading of the second and third classes, the first class "tending to written" in the mean time. Scribble, scribble it goes, with occasional shouts of "mend my pen," "John's joggling," &c. In about half an hour one makes a discovery, and cries, "Master, my ink's froze," and away he goes to the fire to thaw it. Pleased with the warmth and conspicuousness of his station, he, with great composure, suffers his ink to boil for another half hour. Not daring to delay longer

for fear of the frown of his master, who has by this time completed the copies of the day, and begins to look around, he guards his face from the flaming embers with one hand, and seizes with the other the inkstand, which is now at a temperature equal to boiling water.

"Gaul darn the inkstand," is the involuntary exclamation of the young writer.

"What is that you said?"

"I said as how the inkstand is hot."

"That is not what you said—come here, give me your hand:" crack, crack, crack goes the ferule, "There, that was for swearing." Crack, crack, crack again, "That was for lying; go to your seat."

After this exploit there is silence for nearly half an hour. At length some urchin breaks the monotony by a dexterous discharge of a bullet of soaked and chewed paper, which takes effect on the nose of one of the opposite side of the house. This is a signal to recommence operations. The whispering becomes louder; the complaints of "crowdin" thicken; till at last an open explosion, it should seem, is prevented by only, "boys may go out," bursting from the lips of the master. Books are closed, inkstands overturned, toes trodden upon, curses not loud but deep, uttered; at last, there is silence in the house and peace for the master; for girls, for the most part, as every pedagogue will testify, are a peaceable, quiet race. By and by the boys must come in, and then there is a glorious time of crowding round the fire. At length there is a degree of quiet till some long-necked fellow is curious to know how it looks up chimney, and while taking the position necessary to determine that important fact, his neighbour gives him a tilt that brings the line of gravity without the base, and to avoid falling on the now quiet embers, he seizes on the coat of his neighbour, when a "darn you, let go," and a jerk in the opposite direction, restores him to his perpendicularity, and at the expense of the coat.

"Jim's been tearin' my coat."

"Master, he tore it himself. I just took hold on him, and he *twicked* and tore it."

"Take your seats, all of you," thunders the magister.

Well, the girls in, and all seated, again the process of instruction recommences. In the first case, the course was from the eldest even unto the least, now the beginning is with the least, and so working upwards to the greatest, spelling only being substituted for reading in the first and second classes.

The youngest toddler comes to read:

"What is that?" No answer.

"It's A—say A."

"A—y," says the toddler, looking at the four points of the compass, and so on to the end of the alphabet.

The remaining exercises are in considerable more order, for when the command, "First class take your places to spell," is uttered, the master is seated, or standing in full view, and there is no opportunity for a repetition of the exploits of the morning. By and by, the joyful sentence "school's dismissed," is heard, and then perfect happiness is felt, if there is any

such thing on earth. Now, as I said before, I grieve at the extinction of those schools, for it will be seen that they were the very nurseries of happiness. It was there I acquired my irresistible propensity to laugh at every thing save old age and religion, and there is no estimating the value of such an acquisition.

If I thought there was any part of the land safe

from the sophisticating invasion of steamboats and railroads and newspapers and orators, I would retire thither and establish a school on the old plan, and thus live over my early days. But the age of chivalry is gone, and that of high-schools, institutes, and practicalities is come. You can scarcely distinguish a schoolmaster now from an ordinary man.

• Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS TO THE MEMORY OF L. E. L.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THE CONFIRMATION OF THE RUMOUR THAT MISS LONDON, OR MRS. M'LEAN, HAD DIED AT CAPE TOWN, AFRICA.

BY MRS. HALE.

And thou art gone! The bridal rose
Fresh on thy laurelled head—
A land of new, wild, wondrous scenes
Before thy fancy spread—
Song on thy lip—it cannot be!
I scarce believe thee dead.

"Bring flowers! pale flowers!"—but who for thee
An offering meet can bring?
Who paint thy Muse, like Huma bright,
Forever on the wing?
Or wake the tones that thrill'd the soul,
Pour'd from thy lyre's full string.

They say thy heart's warm buds of hope
Had never felt a blight;
That 'mid gay throngs, in festive hall,
Thy step was ever light—
At gatherings round the social hearth
None wore a smile more bright.

And yet upon thy world of song
Dark shadows always sleep;
The beings by thy fancy formed,
Seem only born to weep—
Why did thy soul's sweet fountains pour
A tide of grief so deep?

Was the prophetic shadow cast
By Afric's land of gloom,
That thus thy genius ever link'd
The poison with the bloom?

And 'mid the fairest flowers of bliss
Still reared the lonely tomb?

In vain we search for thought's deep source,
Its mystery none may tell;
We only know thy dreams were sad,
And thus it hath befel,
That Love's bright wreath crown'd thee for Death!
Dark fate—and yet "'tis well!"

Ay, well for thee;—thy strength had failed
To bear the exile's chain,
The weary, pining, home-sick lot,
Which withers heart and brain;
And He, who framed thy soul's fine pulse,
In mercy spared the pain.

And while we mourn a "Pleiad lost,"
From out Mind's brilliant sky;
A Lyre unstrung, whose "charmed chords"
Breathed strains that ne'er can die.
Give us, O, God! the faith which sees
The spirit's Home on high.

Sweet Minstrel of the Heart, farewell—
How many grieve for thee!
What kings could ne'er command is thine,
Love's tribute from the Free—
While flowers bloom, stars deck the sky,
And mourners weep and lovers sigh,
Thou wilt remembered be!
Boston.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Is there a leaf can fade or die
Unnoticed by his watchful eye?—*H. K. White.*

Write for your Album! well I may—
To please you is a virtuous aim;
Yet, you will frown on such a lay
As I, unaided, know to frame.
Still, any look from you repays
Severer toil than mine can be;
Then listen to what Wisdom says,
Nor prize it less though spoke by me.
Comprised in two short words they lie—
All council for this mortal state—
No burden to the memory,
And they are these, to Love and Hate.

Love whom? love what? I hear you say—
Love Truth, and Him who is the way;
And life itself—that life divine,
Ah, may its holiness be thine!
No purer flame can warm the breast—
No higher joy possess the blest,
And with that Love associate Hate
Implacable and fixed as fate.
Hate sin in every form it wears,
Nor least when fairest it appears.
And calm thy life, or tempest driven,
Remember this—his love is Heaven. J. A. M.

Written for the Lady's Book.

VITAL STATISTICS.

In the Medico-Chirurgical Review, No. 68, which only very recently attracted my attention, there is a review of a work called "Vital Statistics." In a note, the editor has the following malignant remarks:

"We can add as a fact, that a large and ably conducted Life Assurance Company in London, has met with its greatest losses on female lives. It has had no inducement to lower the rates of insurance on these lives. On the contrary it would willingly reject all insurance on women; and but for the loss of business, and the odium which such a singularity might entail on it, it is far from impossible that such a step would be taken. It is possible that many circumstances contribute to diminish the value of insured female lives. The preliminary examinations of a woman's state of health, can seldom be so searching as that of a man's. *Women do not scruple to deceive, and a practical acquaintance with their habits and their conduct, establishes the conviction, that in all classes, they possess a feebleness of the obligations of truth in the ordinary business of life than men have.* Why this should be, we leave to the casuists to determine. Assurance Companies have discovered that it is so."

I have placed the offensive paragraph in Italics, that it may be seen in connexion with the rest of the remarks. A more brutal attack on women cannot well be imagined. I cannot believe that Dr. Johnson utters this libel in sober earnestness. He must know it to be a grossly malignant falsehood, and of a most cowardly nature. There can be no other way of accounting for it than to suppose it has been his misfortune to associate with women of a low scale of morals. No man with a tender reverence for his mother—a warm, generous affection for a sister, or a spring-like home feeling for the friends of his youth with whom he has danced and sung in early life, and for whom he has held the prayer book in church, could ever have disgraced his manhood by so foul an accusation.

Dr. Johnson speaks without qualification. He distinctly says that "*women do not scruple to deceive.*" He does not confine himself to their conduct when in collision with Life Assurance Companies; had he done so, his remarks might have passed unnoticed. Lest it may be supposed that he makes some reservation, he adds, "*and a practical acquaintance with their habits and their conduct, establishes the conviction, that in all classes they possess a feebleness of the obligations of truth in the ordinary business of life than men have.*"

If the Medico-Chirurgical Review were an ephemeral work, got up for some flimsy politico-economy purpose, I should never have thought it incumbent on me to hold the editor up to public scorn. But it is a work of a grave character, and they who give it publicity are in a high and responsible situation. The moral sense has to be consulted and guarded as well as the phy-

sical, and what is of the greatest importance, the sensibilities of the young are to be carefully awakened and fostered, and this is as much within the province of a medical work of this kind as in a moral essay—hear what Dr. Johnson himself says in the 73d number of his review when noticing a work called "The Reform of Prisons and of Criminals."

"The title of this little pamphlet may induce many of our readers to suppose that the work can have little to do with the practice of medicine. But this supposition would be erroneous. The study and the practice of medicine includes almost every thing that affects the morals and the happiness, as well as the health of the community. All come within the pale of the medical philosopher's contemplation and influence. The medical man mixes with all classes of society; and being considered as a person of education, and well acquainted with human nature, *his opinions are listened to with respect, and treasured up with care.*"

We have therefore Dr. Johnson's warrant in stating, as I have done, that his office is to guard the morals of the young. A medical review is established principally for the instruction of young men—young practitioners. To give these young men such a degrading view of the moral principles of those whom they are bound to reverence, love, and respect, is one of the basest acts of which a man can be guilty, and deserves severe rebuke. If an American reviewer were to give utterance to so foul a libel, against so defenceless a portion of the community as women—a libel which strikes at the root of domestic happiness and public security—he would be universally despised for his cowardice and baseness, whatever might be his talents.

I shall not undertake to prove that women possess as delicate a perception of truth as men have; there is scarcely a man who would require such proof. I feel assured that even in London, where Doctor Johnson has this practical acquaintance with women, there are many men who would spurn the writer of such an unfounded calumny. There is still mainly feeling enough there, to make that particular "Life Assurance Company fear both odium and loss of business," should it be known that they consider all women, of all classes liars, even in the ordinary business of life. Excepting Dr. Johnson, editor of the Medico-Chirurgical Review, and some of the hard characters of that London Life Assurance Company, there is no other writer, nor no other set of men, certainly none within the present century, who would utter such unmerited abuse. No one of the present day, in balancing the moral qualifications of both sexes, would let the scales preponderate on the side of the men, when the subject was that of truth.

But the reviewer is, after all, to be pitied. When we look around and see the great influence that women possess, all owing to high

moral culture, overcoming the difficulties and disabilities under which they laboured for so many centuries, by high minded virtuous endurance—when we see how quietly they conduct themselves, now that they have attained the limits which nature assigned them—for with the wild, unnatural theories of “unsexed females,” they have no communion—when we see all this, and feel that owing to woman’s virtuous influence, man has become more human, and consequently, more moral, we cannot but pity Dr. Johnson that such knowledge comes not to him. By what fatality has he been doomed to live apart from the good and the virtuous, of the fairest and most interesting of God’s creation, and dwell with the depraved!

Perhaps he was an orphan, and fell into mercenary hands—perhaps, which is hard to believe, his mother had but slender notions of maternal obligations. If, according to him, *all women of all classes* are liars, then must *his mother*—but I cannot shock my own feelings to speak thus of the mother, even of Dr. Johnson, sweeping as has been his accusation.

Has the man a sister; was *her* life made up of petty lies in her ordinary intercourse with him? Has he no confidence in his wife—monstrous!—has this man a wife—was *she* a prevaricator? Did she screen herself by falsehood to escape from the doubting, exacting, unreasonable, and tyrannical temper of her husband? Has Dr. Johnson such a character? Does he imbibe this degraded opinion from a knowledge of his own daughters’ habits and conduct; for he speaks of a *practical acquaintance* with women, and he includes *all classes*. Ah, such a slanderer should have no daughters.

Were the Medico-Chirurgical Review to fall into the hands of a man who enjoys in his old age the great happiness of seeing still at his side the same tender and affectionate wife that Heaven blessed him with in his youth; would he not blush with resentment at the base libel that he may, perchance, be reading aloud to her? *Could* he read it aloud? Will he say, that she who has loved him in good report—who encouraged him in his early struggles for independence—who deeply sympathized in all his sorrows and vexations, of which a man has many—who was the friend of *his* friend, and the enemy of *his* enemy—the safe repository of all his thoughts—the careful guardian of his honour—the mother of his children—she, who after so long a term, still sits by him with the same true heart and affectionate smile as in the days of her youth—was *she* to be stigmatized as possessing a feebleness of the obligations of truth in the ordinary business of life than *he* had! Was such a woman to be classed with those unfortunate females with whom Dr. Johnson was compelled to associate—with *his* women!

If the editor of the Medico-Chirurgical Review ever chance to meet with this paper and reads these expressions of honest indignation, he may seek to qualify his remarks. But he cannot do it, he has been too explicit, and in so doing has seriously injured his reputation. The editors of the British and Foreign Medical Re-

view, with whom he has picked a quarrel, could not injure him in the estimation of the public half so much as he has done himself. He shows how unfit he is to inspire the youth of his country with high and chivalrous sentiments towards women. Let me remind him that this is as essential a part of his editorial duty as to instruct them how to preserve the health and strengthen the organic structure of these very women for whom he expresses such unmitigated contempt.

On an attentive consideration of the offensive article, it appears to show on the face of it, that there had been a quarrel between him and the women of his household, and that they got the better of him. He revenges himself, therefore, by slandering the whole sex. Every stroke of his pen shows him to be a man of violent passions, one who can bear no reproof, however gentle and merited. Only look at the intemperate letter to Drs. Forbes and Connolly in the July number of the present year, 1838. But with that quarrel, or rather with his abuse of those gentlemen I have nothing to do; I state it to show how utterly unfit Dr. Johnson is to give a correct, impartial view of any work or system, if his mind is prejudiced against the author. His opinion, on the ordinary topics of the sciences, over which an editor may be said to preside, cannot be received without hesitation, and in the end the review itself will lose the respect of the public. Doctor Johnson you must eat your words.

The time has arrived, happily for the world, when a woman’s voice can be heard in her own defence. She knows that she is entitled to respect, and she will exact it. Is not a woman entrusted with the care of children! All their young life is passed under the care of those who have, according to Dr. Johnson’s creed, but feeble notions of truth. If they are radically liars, why entrust them with so precious a charge—but I am speaking as if there were others in the world who thought so meanly of women as the editor of the Medico-Chirurgical Review.

I say it again, that women are not going to let so prominent a man as Dr. Johnson—prominent as the editor of a respectable review, and prominent (as the programme states) as “physician extraordinary to the King of Great Britain”—they are not going to suffer him to trample them under foot, like a noxious weed. They will not permit him to brand the whole sex as liars, because he is suffering through a want of sound moral culture in his own family.

Sensible women consider themselves as having attained the ultimatum of their wishes. As this does not interfere with a man’s prerogative or privileges, but adds strength to the social compact, they should be protected in their rights and be allowed still further to elevate their moral nature. This will the better enable them to perform their duties—and these duties, what are they? Every man who is a husband and a father knows how arduous their duties are, and that his own labours, whatever may be his occupation, cannot in magnitude compete with them.

As long as women remain quietly within the sphere that nature has pointed out for them, they should be defended from the assaults of the cowardly—cowards, who strike, because they depend on the weakness of those that they attack. The more highly women are educated, intellectually educated, the less do they covet masculine occupations. They view all without their own sphere, as mere drudgery, and better suited to men's stronger and coarser nature.

There, in the quiet of their useful life, I will leave them, trusting that they will never again aspire to be any thing more than good wives, mothers, and humble Christians; and that they will never suffer an attack on the character of their sex to go unrebuked. They may be assured that the harmony of the whole moral system depends on the respectful consideration with which they are regarded. A.
New York.

Written for the Lady's Book.

ON LEAVING LUNDIE-HOUSE,* SCOTLAND.

DEAR land of the rock and the mountain, farewell!
Dear will it be to me while I have breath,
For there, in their bloom and their purity dwell,
The treasures my spirit shall love after death.
And oh, may the germ of each virtue I cherish'd,
Take root in their heart with a vigour divine,
With the pure beams of truth may their spring-
time be nourish'd,

And their summer of life in serene beauty shine.
And when Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter
are past,
When their bloom, and their graces, and energies
wane,
And life's silver chord shall be loosened at last,
May their spirits be summon'd with angels to
reign!

* The seat of Viscount Dunearn.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

"LADY, thy sire's proud halls are bright,
And they call for thee this festive night—
But why in this latticed jessamine bower
Dost thou waste thus alone the evening hour?
The cold, damp winds sigh mournfully here,
And thy pale cheek is wet with sorrow's tear."

"Oh, sweetly the stars in silence look down,
And tell me of heaven with whispering tone—
And reckless of aught, my vigils I'll keep,
Tho' the dews of night on my roses sleep;
My heart has no union with glittering mirth,
And my hopes have faded away from earth."

"Oh, lady, the flowers are not of thy dreams,
Or the stars in their holiest, purest gleams—
Thy heart and thy thoughts in the deep blue
sea
Are wandering far with the faithless and free;
The leaf of the wood—the wave of the main
Will cease to change ere thou meet him again."

"I know—I know that we meet not here,
Yet his memory lives in my heart as dear—
In the clime of the East the waters lave
The rest his country denied him—a grave!"

Would ye wring the fond heart in its deep, dark
grief,
Then say his love, as the rose-reign, was brief!"

"Ay, he told thee when bidding adieu to the Rhine,
That he sought the war field of Palestine—
But in France, sunny France, he lingers yet,
The same happy knight as when first ye met;
Then with thy love be its memory past,
The remembrance as worthless from thee cast;
At the shrine where angels might humbly adore,
I kneel, and thy pure affection implore."

"Would ye seek to win my heart, by speaking
Lightly of him for whom it is breaking?—
Away! I would spurn thee tho' proudly crowned,
And thy name by the heralds echoed round—
Away, and let me weep alone
For my lover lost, and my hopes o'erthrown."

But the knight threw aside his scarf and crest,
And the lady's hand to his lip he pressed—
And he murmured in accents soft, I ween,
"My own—my own dear Geraldine!—
Be unto me ever as at this hour,
And deeply I'll bless thy latticed bower."

CORINNA,

A poetess, was born at Thebes, or according to some writers at Tanagra. She was distinguished for her skill in lyric verse, as well as remarkable for her personal attractions. She was the rival of Pindar, while he was in the prime of his youth and in the zenith of his fame, and gained a victory over him, according to some Greek writers no less than five times, but all agree that she did so once. She wrote in Æolic dialect, which it is said gave her a great advantage over Pindar, who wrote in the Doric,

particularly as she had an Æolic auditory. She was not vain of her success, for she gave Pindar some wholesome criticism upon moderating the ardor of his imagination. Most of her productions have been lost in the lapse of ages; a few fragments only have survived, but enough to show what was the power of her abilities, and of her mastery over rhythm. Even Pindar has been but little more fortunate, for but a small portion of his poetry is extant.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

WHO IS HAPPY?—(CONTINUED.)

BY MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

A young relation of Mr. De Lacy's became an orphan, and by the death of his parents was left destitute and homeless. My husband, rigid in his ideas of duty, determined to adopt and provide for his relative. He became an inmate of our family; he was about my age, and was received in the family as a brother. Placed in this character and situation, I treated him with the kindness and frankness such relationship was calculated to inspire. He was not handsome, but he was interesting. He was not distinguished by intellectual endowments, or personal graces, but his extreme tenderness of disposition, and acuteness of sensibility, gave a refinement and delicacy to his manners, which generally is the result of a highly cultivated mind. A tincture of melancholy, added to his natural diffidence, could not fail of exciting a tenderer interest, than a stronger or more self-sustained character would have done. Gratitude to his benefactor, he felt to a painful degree; and sought by the most assiduous and unremitting attentions to discharge some portion of the obligations which oppressed him. His relative afforded him few opportunities of evincing his grateful feelings; for my husband, sufficient to himself, seemed as little desirous of receiving, as he was attentive in paying, those small, but kind assiduities, which constitute the language of sentiment; he lived apart from, and I may say above others; and, steadily, loftily, and alone, pursued the path he had chosen, with a mind so fixed on higher objects, as to be indifferent to the little pains and pleasures of private life.

It was natural for the young man, thus repelled by the coldness of his relative, to turn those attentions, prompted by gratitude, to the wife and child of his benefactor. But there was no reflection or calculation in this conduct—it was the instinct of a tender heart, full to overflowing.

Domestic in his habits, pure and simple in his tastes, and naturally fond of children, he was never tempted to look abroad for pleasures, since all he desired were found at home. Even had this not been the bias of his disposition, the governing sentiment of his soul would have prompted him to devote his time to the family into which he had been so generously adopted. At any rate, he could not but love my little Clara. This darling child had now become my inseparable companion—no longer confined to the nursery, but the delight and plaything, and I may say, the pride and ornament of the parLOUR—for what was there I was so proud of exhibiting, as my beauteous Clara? Yes, her infantine loveliness made her the admiration, and her good humour and vivacity, the delight of all our visitors.

Even her father used sometimes to be drawn from his abstraction, and would pat her head and kiss her cheek: but, if encouraged by this

degree of notice, she attempted to climb his knee or prattle, he would gently push her back, saying, "Away, little one, you disturb me."—How could he resist her winning ways?—Edward, on the contrary, never entered the room without catching her in his arms, and lavishing on her the fondest caresses. He would play with her for hours together; sugar plums and toys were always in his pockets, which he taught her to search; I should have grown jealous of the dear child's excessive fondness for him, had not my maternal love been so much gratified by his devotion to her.

When I walked, Edward walked with me, while the nurse followed with the child. When at home, his own engagements were given up that he might read to me, or play with Clara.

How often during the long twilight of winter evenings—fire-light, I should rather say—have we both sat on the carpet and amused the dear child, or while I played on the piano, he would dance with her; and when the nurse came to take her to bed, to humour the petted darling, he would himself carry her to the nursery door, or at other times walk her to sleep in his arms. Kindness to a child is the readiest way to a mother's heart, and to such an one as mine, it was a short and easy way.

My home was no longer desolate—affection and sympathy were now its inmates. I suffered not from that aching void which had so long gnawed upon my heart, like hunger on the famished wretch; it was now full to overflowing of kind and gracious feelings. I made another happy. Delightful consciousness! The happiness that beamed from Edward's face, was to my long chilled and darkened soul, like the summer's sun, after a dreary winter.

Every faculty seemed to revive under the animating influence of cordial sympathy. Intellectual pleasures were eagerly pursued, as I ardently desired the improvement of this amiable young man. I had now a motive for selecting and reading the best and most useful works, and soon felt the beneficial effect on my own mind, though the motive of my choice had only been the improvement of his.

Where were now that lassitude, restlessness, and dissatisfaction, that had made my life a burden heavy to be borne? The awakened activity of thought and feeling gave wings to those hours, that hitherto had crept so wearily along.

Ah, my husband, had I been necessary to *your* happiness, there would never have been a deficiency in *my own*. The consciousness of pleasing imparts the power to please, whilst a failure so to do, destroys not only the power, but the motive which impelled endeavour. The moral, is like the material world—warmth expands—cold contracts. The revivifying effects of spring are not more obvious on the earth which it clothes in verdure and flowers, than

the benign influence of affection on my disposition, which it restored to cheerfulness and activity.

But this renovated felicity was not of long duration. My child was seized with a sudden illness which threatened its life. During five nights and five days, I never closed my eyes, or withdrew them from the face of the precious sufferer.

Every morning before my husband went out, every night before he retired to his chamber, he would come and stand beside her, feel her pulse, inquire what prescriptions had been made, then bidding me good night, advise me to be calm and control my feelings. How strange was the contrast offered by Edward's unwearying solicitude and attention. A spectator, ignorant of the truth, would have taken him for the father of the dear little creature. For hours would he kneel by her bedside and soothe her restlessness—administer her medicine, and smooth her pillow.

During her convalescence, she, like all children, was wayward and fretful. With what gentleness, what patience and kindness, did this amiable friend attend on her. For hours and hours would he carry her in his arms, and caress and amuse her. It was not in human nature to resist the influence of such goodness. It was a brother's love—at least, it was with a sister's purity! I will acknowledge that the comparison of his to my husband's conduct at this period, often forced itself on my mind, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter. I should have controlled my thoughts, and not allowed them to dwell on this painful subject. Such a comparison was worse than useless. It excited too much irritation against one—too grateful a tenderness for the other. I struggled against these feelings and argued against my own convictions. But facts were stronger than arguments, and feelings stronger than either.

Let no human being, but woman least of all, depend on their own strength of resolution to resist temptation—especially when it comes clothed in the garb of innocence—assuming the form of friendship, and accompanied with qualities congenial with our own dispositions, or such as we respect and admire. Were vice to appear in its own hideous form, it would never be dangerous. It is, when wearing the semblance of virtue, that we yield to its allurements. With what specious pretences and seductive motives does the deceitful heart excuse its wanderings from the strait and narrow way of duty. The diverging paths are strewn with such fair flowers that we respect not the snares that lurk beneath.

Of all the petitions contained in the prayer taught us by the blessed Jesus, there is none we should oftener repeat than *deliver us from temptation*. He knew our nature, and wherein our greatest danger consisted.

Oh, guard against temptation, however sweet its voice, or lovely its form. In avoidance alone is safety. The strongest are sometimes weak—the bravest have quailed before danger—the most determined, at times, have been irresolute—the most virtuous have erred.

No one knows himself until he is tried.

Peter denied his Lord. With all the fervent zeal, the daring intrepidity, that impelled him to risk his life in his master's defence, he could not resist the imputed shame of being the follower of the insulted and persecuted Jesus. After such an example of frailty, who dare confide in themselves?

For a long while I suspected not that I or my young friend were in any danger; and when the suspicion was awakened, I felt a pride in braving it, recollecting what I had both heard and read, *that no woman could be called virtuous, until her virtue had been tried*. I rejoiced that mine should be put to the test, in order to enjoy the pride of triumph.

Dangerous experiment! Seldom made with impunity, and never without suffering. But I did gain the victory—thanks, most humble thanks to that superintending providence who watched over, and guided me through the perils which I had so rashly dared. Not to me—not to me is the merit due.

In the dreadful conflict between passion and duty, I must have fallen, had not the felt presence of a heart-searching and all-seeing God restrained and governed my most secret actions—governed them, when human laws and human motives had lost their controlling influence.

Yes, I came off conqueror; but it was a conquest that cost me my peace—my health—almost my life—for I was brought to the very verge of the grave.

And my poor, unhappy friend!—But for me he might have been happy and affluent. His sole dependence was on his benefactor, and in leaving him, he sacrificed all his bright prospects, and went forth from a sheltering roof, into a cold, unfriendly world. But duty required the sacrifice, and he did not hesitate to make it.

Would that I could deter others from running the same risk I did. To accomplish such a purpose, I would tear open the wounds that time has long since healed—I would describe the restless hours—the wakeful nights—the dark purposes—the stormy feelings—the acute anguish I endured. I would, in short, describe the conflicts that distracted me, and compared to which, the state in which I had long languished, might have been deemed happiness. Grievances inflicted by the faults of others, are light in comparison with those inflicted by our own errors. Conscious purity and rectitude afford the mind a strong support under the pressure of injustice or unkindness, and diffuse a self-complacency, an inward peace, without which there can be no true enjoyment, however splendid the condition, or luxurious the pleasures, or various the amusements the world can bestow.

There is a bitterness in guilt that mingles with the sweetest draught she ever administers to her votaries—while in that of virtue, there is a sweetness which overpowers the bitterest drop that human sorrow can infuse in the cup of life.

Yea, the indulgence of any dominant passion, though it lead not to actual guilt, is fatal to the bosom's peace. But where there is an accusing

conscience, an internal conviction of error—doubt and dread prevail—a sense of degradation so humiliating and painful, that the esteem and admiration of society afford no relief.

At least, such was my experience. My exterior of life was unchanged—I still possessed the esteem and respect of society; not a cloud obscured the sunshine of fortune. But beneath this brilliant surface, all was dark and stormy. Oh, the torture of covering a breaking heart with a smiling face! This could not be long endured. Yet, I did endure it for almost a year, and had I been called to deal with a less generous nature than my friend's, God only knows how the conflict would have ended. We had reached the verge of a precipice—had either of us advanced a step further, it would have been fatal to both. But we loved virtue—we abhorred vice, and at this trying period, on discovering our danger, we recoiled—yes, with horror recoiled from the precipice on which we stood. In plainer language, we separated. I entreated, with tears and sobs entreated him to seek another home. He yielded, and became a self-banished man, a voluntary exile from all he held dear on earth, and left me innocent—but left me wretched.

For many weeks afterwards, I lay, as it were between life and death. The physicians called my disease by twenty different names. They knew nothing about it; and if they had known, it would have been of no avail, they could have administered no remedy for a heart torn like mine.

Youth, and a good constitution triumphed over this severe attack—I recovered. The raging fever left me, but in a state so languid, cold, and lethargic, as to deprive life of all interest and enjoyment. Yet, crowds of friends—visitants, rather—congratulated me on my restoration to a life that was a burden—an almost unbearable burden. Even my child had lost its power over my affections—they were benumbed, insensible, or buried in one absorbing object. Another sad and fatal effect of the tyranny of irregular and ungoverned feelings.

During this period of listlessness and apathy, I was so incapable of discharging the duties of a mother, that my husband, cruelly, as I then thought, but most judiciously as I now think, insisted on sending my daughter from me. He placed her under the care of his aunt, a most excellent and kind woman. I murmured, but I submitted, and sunk into a state of still deeper despondency.

There is a strong analogy between the moral and material world, and when I looked upon a river swollen by torrents—its dark and perturbed waters rushing furiously along, overflowing and ravaging the banks it had once fertilized, I compared my heart to the scene of desolation.

"Those turbid waters," thought I, "will subside and regain their transparency and gentle course; the ensuing season will restore beauty and fertility to its devastated banks;—will the analogy hold throughout? Shall serenity and cheerfulness return to this wasted bosom? Shall hope and joy ever bloom again?"

Yes, the analogy did hold good. Time, with

its lenient power, restored tranquillity to my mind.

My seclusion from society was attributed to the infirm state of my health, and my languor and dejection to the effects of debility. This repose and reticement, was almost enjoyment, after the storm of contending emotions through which I had passed. But, it was not allowed a long continuance. Every step my husband advanced in the career of ambition, only impelled him onward; he had gained a high ascent, but aimed at a still higher. One mode to effect this purpose was, to mix more with society abroad, and to receive more company at home. I complied with his wishes, as in duty bound, and became a very slave to these new cares and projects. Entertainment followed entertainment—our hitherto select circle was opened to a promiscuous crowd. Our expenses were thus greatly increased without any corresponding enlargement of our income, and my husband was too just a man to live beyond his income: the consequence was, a retrenchment of home comforts in order to make the necessary display. Of course, many cares were added to my management of domestic affairs, and much time unpleasantly consumed. None but those who have made the experiment can imagine how harassing, how irksome and wearisome such a life is—a life in perpetual warfare with our taste and inclination.

Had I felt any interest in my husband's views, had I been solicitous for his success, I should have found some satisfaction in making the exertions and sacrifices necessary to attain the desired object. But power and rank and wealth were equally indifferent to me; I had tasted all the pleasures the great world had to bestow; they had lost their power to charm, and I had formed habits in direct opposition to those a public station would require. The restlessness of a dissatisfied mind, had now subsided into a settled melancholy. I desired solitude, and aimed only at tranquillity. The new scheme destroyed both. However, I had no choice. Entertainments were given at home, and attended abroad.

Indifferent himself to what are called the pleasures of society, Mr. de Lacy, however, well knew their attractive and conciliating power; and that the frivolities he despised, often proved effective means to further the aims of an ambition, built upon popularity, the only basis on which, in our government, ambition can build.

• Good dinners, brilliant parties, flattering attentions, (and all the attentions of persons high in office are flattering,) courteous manners, go much farther than persons remote from the seat of government would imagine, in securing success to a political aspirant. Nor would it more readily be believed, that neglect of the most trifling civilities, such as an omitted invitation, or morning call unreturned, could change zealous partisans into personal enemies, and that the slightest inattention to wives or daughters is as keenly resented, as negligence to themselves. But this is a fact, and the wife of any candidate for office, holds a very responsible place, and may most effectually retard or ad-

vance the interests of her husband. And a most miserable and annoying slavery it is, to be subjected from morning to night to the petty cares and assiduities entailed by such a life. Inensible as my husband himself was to any powers of pleasing I possessed, he was not ignorant of their attractive influence on others, and became desirous that my *popular* manners, as he termed them, should supply the deficiencies of his own, and unequivocally expressed his wish that I should make his house as agreeable as possible, and his entertainments equal, if not superior to those of his competitors.

I will acknowledge that self-love was not averse to this design. I would have preferred retirement; but, forced again to appear on the stage, I could not but desire to appear to advantage—to act a distinguished, not a subordinate part in the great drama, toilsome, and wearisome, and exhausting as it might be.

My dear friend, I am not telling you the story of a life, but making my confessions, and therefore do not conceal the weaknesses and faults of my character. That love of distinction, which in men is called ambition, and in women vanity, in a greater or less degree dwells in every bosom. Who is there who feels not the pleasure of pleasing? Yes, even when the higher and stronger feelings of the heart are dead, self-love may sleep, but never dies. It is an all-pervading principle, and governs even the purest and most generous natures. On some occasion when a person reproached Helvetius for asserting, in his great work, the supremacy of this principle, "Nonsense," exclaimed Madame du Deffand, "he only confesses what all others endeavour to conceal." I attempt no such concealment, but candidly confess that my self-love was gratified, and that the task imposed, was in consonance with my natural disposition—to be loved, admired, esteemed. Alone, these desires seemed extinguished, but social intercourse soon rekindled them, and in spite of all the irksome accompaniments, of which I have complained, my new mode of life was not without its attractions, while the novelty lasted. Think not, however, in these efforts to conciliate good will, and win popularity, that the lofty mind of my husband could ever stoop to any thing base or servile—despising, as he himself did, the frivolities and vanities, "the pomp and circumstance" of high life, he was fully aware of their influence on common minds, and made use of them to govern men, as we use toys to govern children.

Our house now became the resort of foreigners, statesmen, politicians of all parties, and citizens of all classes. *Exclusiveness*, once my pride, was turned out of doors; and the motley crowd admitted. It is a wretched system, but I suppose in a government like ours, an unavoidable one.

I was more sought, more courted and flattered than ever; not because I was more admired or esteemed, but because my husband had attained to a higher and more influential place, and might attain the highest; and those who sought to rise with him, and desired his favour, very naturally supposed they would accelerate

their design by propitiating his wife, from a belief that I had a great influence over him. My pride did not allow me to contradict such an opinion, or to acknowledge to these applicants that the most insignificant among them had more influence than I had. Yes, I was fool enough not to deceive the multitude who hoped success through my interference. I was besieged with applications of all descriptions—from the poor slave who wished for emancipation, the unhappy debtor, lying in prison, the condemned criminal, the broken merchant, or ruined spendthrift, seeking petty places, to the proud aspirant after foreign embassies or high office.

I can truly say, that generally I was the greatest sufferer from the disappointment that ensued. My time was wasted and my spirits harassed, by listening to distress I could not relieve, and to my husband this host of applicants was an indescribable annoyance. Patronage!—proud but empty word;—it promises a thousand times more than it gives. It promises friends, but makes enemies, since where one individual is gratified, hundreds are disappointed, and only patrons know how much louder are the whispers of a hundred, than the acclaim of a solitary individual.

Before one year had passed, I began to weary of this life. I was dazzled awhile by its glare, but the mind, like the eye, becomes soon accustomed to any degree of light. Distinction, power, influence, were gratifying to self-love, but on experiment I found them accompanied by pains and annoyances I had not counted on; the gloss had worn off, and the coarseness of the fabric became visible.

The *duties* of society—duties truly!—viz. the observances of etiquette—the cold conventional forms and ceremonies—the fatigue of visiting and being visited by hundreds, whom we neither know nor care for—the dullness and toil of formal entertainments in which there is as little mind as heart, soon became intolerably irksome; the more so, as my shattered nerves and enfeebled health, suffered extremely from crowds and late hours. To be obliged, sick or well, sad or gay, night after night and day after day, to go into company to which we are more than indifferent—above all, to have the management of an income inadequate to one's station, to make a great appearance on small means, to be expected to be liberal and profuse, when it is scarcely possible to be just—these things, surely these things may be classed among the miseries of life. Yet, with what avidity are such situations sought! with what envy are their possessors looked upon by those ambitious of distinction? Little, ah, little do they know, who repine at being condemned to a humble fireside, and the narrow circle of home comforts, how wearisome and unsatisfactory is the lot they envy.

In truth, it is not all gold that glitters. Could they penetrate into the private hours and private scenes of these envied *great ones*, as they call them, believe me, few would consent to exchange the quiet of a domestic, for the turmoil of a public station.

Often have I watched my husband's countenance, from thence to learn what was passing within his mind, and asked, "is he a happier man?" If his countenance told the truth, it answered in the negative. The placidity that once dwelt there, was now displaced by a careworn expression; his manners were more abrupt, betraying an irritability of temper; his looks no longer open and cheerful, but scrutinizing and dark. His conversation no longer frank and animated, but restrained, cautious, cold. In short, he was a changed man, and I decidedly think, a less happy one than he had been before his accession to office.

In conversation with a friend on the object he then had in view, I heard him say, "It is not *place*, it is *power* I desire." The power which *place*, and talents, and popularity could bestow, he possessed, and yet found himself unable to realize his views and effect his objects, and consequently endured the bitterness of disappointment.

Popularity! what a seductive phantom it is—how hard to win, how easily lost; depending on the caprice of a mob, that as eagerly hurl to the ground, as they have raised to the skies, the idol they worshipped.

Yet, it is for such ephemeral and mutable things that wise men toil. No wonder, then, that weak women are seduced by their specious appearance.

As for me, the dream was over—ambition's spell was broken—my health and spirits were sinking beneath external splendour and internal misery—my daughter, I longed for my daughter. In search of happiness, I had tried the pleasures of the world, the pride of life, amusement, admiration, distinction—all by turns, and found them equally disappointing. Nothing would do without *affection*, for that I pined, for that I longed. My daughter! But I called for her in vain: I was told, and justly too, that it was more for her advantage to remain at school. We had already been separated for years; if years were added, would not all remembrance of her mother be effaced? A poor man's wife would not have suffered what I did on this score. My daughter!—It was the sole anchor on which hope could sustain herself.

I was still young, a long futurity lay before me—with what objects could I occupy that dreary waste of years? I had lost that elasticity of mind which resists the pressure of care and trouble—I had lost the charm of novelty which can lend to the most common-place things a lustre not their own—I had exhausted the interests of life, and I was still young!

But I weary you, my friend. I would not so long have protracted this history of my internal life, had it not been to prove, that the condition in which we are placed, is of little consequence—high or low, rich or poor, if its duties and pleasures are in consonance with our tastes and inclinations, we are happy—if opposed to them, we are miserable.

In the conclusion of my narrative, this truth will be established—I longed for some change. Little did I imagine how soon a change would take place—an overwhelming one, which strip-

ped me at once of every worldly advantage, and left me to widowhood and poverty.

After a short illness, my husband was suddenly snatched from life.

I know not how to describe my feelings—they were of so mixed and contradictory a kind. The shock was dreadful. The tenderness which I thought extinguished, was rekindled, while I supported his dying head on my bosom, and I wept over his lifeless form in an agony which sincere love only could have excited. Feelings of remorse mingled with those of sorrow—his every deficiency was forgotten, and I blamed myself as the cause of the unhappiness I had endured; his virtues and excellencies rose in strong contrast to my own faults, and I almost detested myself for having prized so little, a man so good and great. I felt unworthy of the blessings I had enjoyed, and thought if he could be restored to life, I should be restored to happiness. Such is the waywardness and inconsistency of human nature.

Yet, after the violence of my first emotions had subsided, I felt like one who is suddenly released from prison, and the sensation of *liberty*, one of the most delightful of sensations, soon became the predominate one.

To leave scenes of which I was weary—to leave a crowd in which there were few, if any, for whom I cared—to leave a home, where I had never known the joys of home—to throw off the trammels of form and ceremony—to return to my aged and beloved parents, to the scenes of my happy childhood—to be re-united to my daughter—oh, these were hopes which vanquished all regret.

In losing my husband, I lost my whole support; for his private fortune had been expended in his long course of public service, and I was left absolutely penniless.

"What a wreck," exclaimed those around me; "poor woman, she is sadly to be pitied," said one. "She will never be able to survive such an accumulation of misfortunes," said another. "To lose her husband, her fortune, her rank in society, to be obliged to quit a circle where she has so long shone as a star of the first magnitude, and to be buried in solitude and obscurity, she will certainly sink under such a load of misery."

So thought the misjudging world. They had envied and congratulated me when I deserved commiseration, and now condoled with me when I was content with my destiny.

Here closes that period of my life, whose surface glittered with the sunshine of prosperity, whilst beneath all was dark and dreary—and here commences that portion whose surface was obscured by the clouds of adversity, but whose interior was bright with renovated hope, elastic with recovered liberty, and glowing with warm affections.

Such is the difference between what we are and what we seem to be.

[To be Continued.]

Human foresight often leaves its proudest possessor only a choice of evils.

Written for the Lady's Book.

"THE WIND'S LOW SIGH."

THERE'S a language in the winds that sigh
Through the branches of the trees,
I pause and list as they wander by,
The spirits of the breeze!
And often in my saddest mood,
I turn from the world away,
Alone, in the dim wood's solitude,
Where the wild winds are at play:
And, as they murmur pleasantly,
From the depths of the greenwood lone,
I deem their voices speak to me,
With a low and pleading tone.

It tells of the haunts of my happier hours,
Of the meadows green and fair,
Where the dew-drops glisten upon the flowers,
As they sleep in the cool night air:
I hear the music of the waves,
With their never ceasing flow,
And see where the drooping willow laves
Its boughs in the depths below.
There summer skies the clearest seem,
And dews the softest fall,
The hallow'd spot of life's early dream,
The first, best home of all.

There's sadness in the plaintive moan,
Of the wind in the hush of night,
When the light of beauty's smile has flown,
And the echoes of delight.
Then from the forest's deep recess,
These viewless heralds come,
And speak to the soul in its loneliness,
From their cool, sequestered home.
And there's sadness in the tales they bring,
From memory's silent shore,
Of the blossoms of youth's happy spring,
Whose sweetness now is o'er.

'Tis strange, that over the chords which lie
Within, so deep and still,
The wandering wind as it passes by,
Should waken what notes it will!
The memories that have slept for years—
The hopes save to us unknown—
These—as the present disappears,
Make all the past our own.
Then wanderer—I welcome thee
Who, can'st the past restore,
Which, as it fast recedes from me
I cherish more and more.

P.

Written for the Lady's book.

H O P E .

HOPE lightly sits on mortal brow, and tells
The good, the virtuous, of good to be
Obtained, of pleasure tasted, happiness
Secured, and glory won. She points beyond
The earth to regions fairer, scenes more blest;
Where life, light, love, and beauty dwell alone.
The path of life seems rough, and darkness hides
Its beauty from the sight—then comes sweet Hope,
And all is smooth and fair. Nature herself—
Whether when drest in green and deck'd with flow'rs,
Or robed in garments light and cold, is full

Of Hope, and points to coming good. She says
To man, "Be happy—look beyond the good
Or ill that present is, to fairer scenes;
And beauty made more bright, and light more
fair."

Hope cheers the sorrowful, and lends to grief
Her strong yet silken wings on which to rise.
She gilds the pathway to the tomb, and points
To bliss—to Heaven beyond the skies!

SOPHIA.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Lady's Book.

S O N N E T .

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT, OF ENGLAND.

KIND Cynthia!—on my wakeful bed of care
Burst thou the silvery stream of thy soft light?
Thou'lt find in me no shepherd young and fair
Like him* who sleeping once bewitch'd thy
sight,
And kisses lur'd from thee, so chaste and bright!
I am a wretch, the victim of despair,
* Endymion.

Aged, and wither'd by misfortune's blight;
Of home, of friends, of earthly blessings bare,
Would'st thou to quiet lull my troubled breast,
By gentle spell of thy sweet holy smile?
O! lay me then, in tranced vision blest,
On mountain summit or in desert isle;
Some dreamy spot, in thy pale radiance drest—
From man remote—there ever let me rest!

Written for the Lady's Book.

LITERATURE, LADIES, AND LOVE.

BY J. JONES.

LITERATURE in America—Ladies everywhere—and Love mysterious: but, to treat the three-pronged subject scientifically, each point had better be considered separately, and then all mingled together in confusion. Literature in America!—ay, the soil and climate here, it is contended, are as fit for the growth of authors as any part of Europe; and what is more, (and fatal,) it is the best for the production of cotton and tobacco. It is the nature of the brute (man) to erect for himself a pedestal, on which to stand and overlook his fellows, if possible; and as every one who has a nose, and erect form, to indicate the genus homo, may inherit, or otherwise manœuvre his way into the possession of an estate, so each can build up a platform on his own premises, and exchange signals with all brother nabobs, and easily look with contempt on interloping philosophers and poets, who may be dragging through the miry swamp, in common with the sleek-faced digger of potatoes. They have their carriages, champaign, and ruffled shirts, (alluding exclusively to males,) they have their etiquette, cards, and bowie knives. They ship their cotton and tobacco, get their drafts cashed, and stand the lords of creation. Five hundred in every thousand may, in some measure, attain this distinction: whereas, in literature, not more than one in two thousand can work his way to eminence. Therefore, the rich planter and opulent merchant, prefer horticulture, and adventure, to literature. The world is a raree show, as well as a stage: the strife is not only for conspicuous parts, but grand displays. Any fool may get enough to eat, and all the rest is for exhibition. Of course, then, every one embraces the best chance of success that offers: and he who would cast away the gold which the labour of his hands has acquired, to contend for the palm of literature, for which he has no brains, would be a double fool. Americans have more sense.

Philip was a fair faced fellow, fancy struck, and poor. He had no wine to drink, and he read the poets: no carriage and servants, and he trudged along the margin of the Schuylkill, on foot, meditating mighty things and scribbling poetry. He printed, but still found himself on foot, and what was worse, a hole in his boot. Yet his dreams were bright, he laughed at his rags, and might long have remained well pleased, had it not been for a hint from his host, that his board must be paid. Phil thought it not only disagreeable, but absolutely degrading to be dunned; still the heartless host pertinaciously persisted, and poor Phil perceived that his condition was really perplexing, inasmuch as he had no stock in pocket, howsoever much fancy teemed in his head. He threw his promethean pen in the fire, and took up a mercantile one: his master was a millionaire, a legitimate aristocrat, as things go; his niche was furrowed round with beavers, and his badge, a badger's tail. Phil

sorrowed over his humiliating predicament, and with a sigh, commenced posting the books.

One sultry afternoon, Mr. Otter returned earlier than usual from his daily peregrinations on 'change, whence he was wont to repair, to glean intelligence; and the twinkle of his little opossum eyes, indicated that he had learned something of more than ordinary import. Phil heeded it not, but ever looked up to him, and down on his occupation, with utter, though concealed contempt. Phil pored over the ledger, and checked off the entries on the ponderous journal, with something like an indignant frown on his brow. Otter walked softly up behind him, and stood looking over his shoulder.

"Oh, that such a fate should be mine!" sighed Phil.

"What's that?" demanded Otter.

"Hem!—hem! I have a cough—and was thinking I might be doomed to the consumption," Phil replied, trembling, for on turning, he perceived a displeased expression on the swarthy features of Otter.

"You *do* look rather pale," said Otter.

"True, sir; see how nervous I am—see how my pen shakes."

"I see—and keeping my books might soon kill you."

"Oh, no! I was ever so—I have been with you a week to-morrow, and I assure you I feel none the worse for it!"

"But I have observed a change in your complexion, and thought to speak to you this very day on the subject. No doubt you can do much better than keeping my books. I think I know a friend who will give you an easier employment—"

"Do you? I should be glad—when will he want me?"

"He is not positively certain about it—he will know in a few weeks."

"His name?"

"He does not wish his name mentioned until he concludes to take you."

"Oh, it's all an uncertainty, then! Never mind it, Mr. Otter, I'll make up my mind to be content where I am. Though I am pale, and have a slight cough, there is no pain in my my breast, but one—"

"What one's that?"

"I'll tell you in confidence—but I don't wish the boys about the store to know it. It's this: I have a consciousness within, that I was designed for better things—"

"Designed for better things!" iterated Mr. Otter, in tones of thunder. "I was told this very morning by Mr. Sligg, over the way, that you are in the habit of writing *poetry*! Now, sir—look at that ledger! Do you think I'll have my books kept in that manner? You don't write a business hand! it might do for sonnets—a lady's album!—Get out, sir—go."—And poor Phil found himself standing on the pavement—and

thus, soliloquized he: "Is literature encouraged in America. Though Otter can't dictate an intelligible sentence himself, yet he is rich, and thus spurns a poet! Farewell to your coon peltry, and muskrat odour! I shall not contaminate myself in any of your counting rooms! No—I will leave the city—I will sojourn in the country villages, as Goldsmith did. Ha, ha, ha! I have it—yes, I'll instantly pawn my watch, pay my board, and set out, without receiving a cent from Otter for my week's labour." And the flighty fellow kept his word.

Phil next found himself tramping along the margin of a bright bay—the green leaves of the forest trees quivering in the fresh breeze, and the happy birds pealing out their inspiring notes from every bough. Phil resolved to become a country schoolmaster: his education was good, and he bore with him a few letters of introduction to the most influential farmers. He chuckled with the thoughts of a rural life, and determined to write poetry every Saturday.

"I'm glad to see you, young man," said Colonel —, after glancing over his letter, "but my friend states that you have a decided taste for literature—"

"Yes; 'and every one to his taste,' as the saying goes," responded Phil.

"But," continued the Colonel, shaking his head, "writing is a poor business—all poets are poor—"

"What of that, my dear sir! Wealth is not heaven, nor poverty hell. You are the lord of these broad lands, and that swarm of negroes singing in the barn yard, and in these consist your happiness: now, I am of a different caste, and enjoy more exquisite pleasure, in the contemplation of the beautiful wild flower in yon umbrageous dell, through which I just passed, than all your wealth could—"

"Stop, sir!" interrupted the Colonel, "you are an impertinent fool! Go, then, into the dell, and enjoy your pretty blossom! We want no crack brained scribblers in our neighbourhood!"—Phil slept in the barn that night, his only companion a brindle cur, which wagged his tail, and laid down beside him.

Now for the ladies. A lady will scream the loudest when a house is on fire: but she will rush the farthest into the flames to save a darling child. A lady goes not to battle herself, but she sends many a gallant hero there: if she braves not the carnage of the field, yet her delicate fingers fashion the silken banner, and her smiles inspire the soldier to defend it. Be the cause what it will, if the ladies espouse it, triumph is its destiny. As the oxen on the tread wheel is to the miller, so is man obedient to the sex. A secret spring is but touched, and they go, or stand still, as required. When the monster man is enraged, invoking direst imprecations on all around, the soft silver tones of woman is a talisman, and his wrathful denunciations end with, "The ladies—heaven bless them!" In the darkest hour of distress, they will endure the most, and hope the longest. When our country was endangered, it was a matron who fired her own mansion in its cause; and it inspired more confidence in the drooping

soldiery, than an ordinary battle gained. A lady saved Rome, when—Ay, when Phil found himself turned into the street, and yet standing before Mr. Otter's door, his eye caught the glitter of a ring on his finger, and as he unconsciously put his hand in his pocket in search of coin, the cuff of his sleeve turned up, and he beheld a braid of hair on his wrist: these were keepsakes, from the hands of fair ladies, and he was cheered, and resolved never to immolate his genius on the altar of mammon. Here was another instance of the power of the sex: Phil despised old Otter, and all his thousands lent out and in bank, and cheerfully set off on foot, with a bundle on his back, thinking all the while of the approving smiles of the dear creatures. If he was weary at eve, and somewhat hungry, yet his slumber was peaceful on the sweet straw, and his faithful sentinel kept his feet warm. Heroines, in the vicissitudes of literature! In future, it will justly be said that America owes more to the exertions of the ladies for the advancement of letters, than commerce does to all the Otters in the world!—Zealous in the cause they espouse, (two or three females excepted) happy success is certain. Whilst plodding merchants are making money, and ranting politicians striving to bamboozle them out of it, ye are erecting a monument in the Republic of Letters, more durable than the granite one in this city. A time will come, when husbands, brothers, and sons, will read the papers, and pay for them: will admire the works of native minds, and appreciate the moral of a well written tale—or they may look to have their heads incontinently broken, if there are any broomsticks in the land! And ye will do it! And when their eyes are open to duty and patriotism, and they shall prefer a song to a cigar, they will thank the sex for their reformation. When—ay, when the sun rose the next morning, Phil was roused by the tinkling of a guitar, and the beautiful Virginia, the Colonel's lovely daughter, was sitting beside him, like another Miranda.

"Is this a vision! Am I on earth! That song!"—exclaimed Phil, sitting upright, and rubbing his eyes.

"I am your old boarding-school acquaintance—you are on the barn straw, and the song is in this magazine, written by yourself," replied the blushing girl, and her fingers again wandered over the strings.

"Then you are yet my friend—even in adversity!" and Phil kissed her hand in spite of resistance.

"Alas!" said she, "my father has ordered the servants not to permit you to come on the premises, and written to the neighbours requesting that you may not be employed to teach their children!"

"Fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Phil, in a lively tone, "what care I for his enmity, or the frowns of all the world, so you but smile approvingly! Lady, if you have any command to be executed—any thing whatever you wish to be done—tell me—with pleasure, I can even die—"

"Die! you look weak and pale!" said she, and continued, unrolling her kerchief, "I have

brought you this."—And the provident Virginia handed him a leg of chicken, and a large biscuit. Tears came into Phil's eyes, as he partook of the repast, and thought of his humiliating condition. When his breakfast was over, he rose abruptly, kissed the lady's hand once more, and turned away in silence—for his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Will you thus depart, without even saying farewell?" inquired the gentle Virginia, in meek tones, her blushes giving way to livid paleness.

Phil *did* depart without bidding her adieu—but *she accompanied him*—and the next week the papers gave a long account of a romantic runaway match.

Virginia was the Colonel's only daughter, and there was no one to play the piano, in her absence. Therefore, after storming a little, and laughing with his fox-hunting companions, at the odd affair, he became reconciled, and called the lovers home.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES, BY DR. CLINTON OF VIRGINIA,

TO WHOMSOEVER MAY UNDERSTAND THEM.

FAREWELL, dearest Chesnut, I leave thee to-morrow,
row,

In all the romance of my last promenade,
Far hence to the sunny south—yet I would borrow
One little day more for "my beautiful maid."

Tho' as strangers we passed and as strangers we parted,

Each glance of my eye was a charm-draught to me,

And her look that I caught was so sweet, so warm-hearted,

I feel I could love her, who e'er she may be.

But to-morrow must come—and for me thou must greet her,

If that "Eastern" eye seek the Southerner more,
And breathe his lament that he cannot more meet her,

Yet leaves her and thee as he ne'er left before.

Oh! bid her remember me—I will remember

These days and these hours of the heart half waylaid,

When these *negligée* saunters of lovely November,
Gave a maiden elect to my last promenade.

For the warm blood is rushing thro' head and thro' bosom,

And bright thoughts are teeming I may not repeat,

That I've caught at in dreams, yet thus find but to lose 'em,

For high-born and lovely is she whom I greet.

So be it—a dream—a romance—let it slumber,

Perchance we may meet where "my meteor" played,

One more, (and a queen,) to my "Houris" I number,

'Tis the maiden elect of my last promenade,

Written for the Lady's Book.

FRIENDSHIP, OR THE HOUSE ON THE HEATH.

BY MRS. THAYER.

In early youth, when hope is new,
The heart expands with love and joy.
Each object wears a brighter hue,
And pleasure seems without alloy.

But soon, alas! too soon, 'tis past—
And hope gives way to dark despair;
For friends, deceitful friends, have cast
Aside, the veil they used to wear.

E. M. B.

SOME years ago, a traveller, upon the turnpike, between Montreal and Lachine, might have observed at an equal distance from each, an old building, situated in the midst of a wild and dreary tract of land, presenting to the eye a scene of unmitigated desolation. The curse of nature seemed to rest upon that spot; vegetation was at a stand; for, save a few stunted pine trees, the earth presented nothing but a meagre covering of short, dry, sun-burnt grass. The house itself was in a most dilapidated state; one end indeed, had partly crumbled to the earth; the shattered window frames swayed with every blast. The other end, though not equally ruinous, was still, the last place which any one, who had ever expe-

rienced the sensation conveyed by the word comfort, would have chosen for a place of residence. It was inhabited, however, and that too, by beings of the gentler sex. For many years "the house on the heath" (so it was called) had been untenanted. There was a traditionary legend respecting its having once belonged to a very wealthy man, who had inhabited it for a short time, with a lovely young creature, whom he called his wife. They lived a very secluded life; never visiting, or receiving visitors; and seldom seen beyond their own precincts. It became a subject of wonder, that they should have chosen such a gloomy place of residence; the feeling was soon converted into curiosity as to the why and wherefore of the manner of living, of people, who, evidently did not lack for this world's goods. But as there appeared no way, by which the mystery could be solved, Mr. Auley, so was the gentleman called, keeping no servants, it is probable that the whole affair would have been entirely forgotten, had not

accident recalled them to the minds of their neighbours.

One cold, stormy evening in November, about a year after Mr. Auley took possession of the isolated dwelling above described, a peasant having been belated in his return from market, thinking to shorten the distance to his home, directed his course through Mr. Auley's premises. He noticed a light burning in one of the upper chambers, but it was not late enough in the night for that to cause any surprise. He hastened on, and had just turned the corner of the house, when his steps were arrested by a faint scream, succeeded by sobs, and, what seemed to him, supplications for mercy. He listened in breathless silence, but no other sound reached his ear. The next morning it was discovered, that "the house on the heath" was empty. A diligent search was made throughout the premises, but no light was thrown upon the mysterious affair. Mr. Auley and his young wife had disappeared, none knew how. It was the generally received opinion, that he had murdered her, and many affirm to this day, that, on every anniversary of the night, when it was supposed the evil deed was done, a figure, dressed in white, is seen to flit past the windows of the old house.

Such being the belief, it may well be supposed, that no little sensation was caused by the appearance of smoke again issuing from the chimney, giving indication that human beings had taken possession of the long avoided spot.

It was early in the spring of 18—, that an old, and singularly ugly woman, accompanied by a little girl, of six or seven years, alighted from a public stage, at the little *auberge* on the Lachine road, and called for breakfast: during the meal, the old woman inquired of the landlady, if there was not near by, an old house, the property of one Mr. Auley? At the sound of that name, all the stories, which had been hushed for many years, revived in the mind of the landlady; and she eagerly asked of her unprepossessing guest, if she knew any thing of the person she had named? what had become of him, and whether his wife was living? for, she continued, "there were strong suspicions caused by their manner of living, when they resided in the old house you speak of, and more from their manner of leaving it." "No doubt, no doubt," replied the first speaker, and the landlady afterwards assured her gossips of the tap room, that "the old witch's voice made her blood run cold; it was like the grating of a saw."

"No doubt, no doubt, Suspicion! Ay, he came here for quiet and retirement. He mixed not with the babbling race that surrounded him—his heart was stricken with sorrow, and he came here, seeking to forget, in solitude, that bright hopes had once been his. And for this your suspicions were aroused! but how could it be otherwise! you would suspect an angel, if he came not to your sink of iniquity and partook not of your distilled poisons. Frederick Auley an object of suspicion to the vile, mongrel breed, half Indian, half *habitant*, that people this accursed land!"

This was too much for the good nature of the usually smiling landlady; the imputation cast upon her country and people was more than she could bear. She advanced to the old woman, whom she interrupted in the midst of her vituperations. "Eh bien ma vieille! then what did you come here for? we want no foreign beggars to eat the bread of our children. What is it you want among us: have you come to take up your abode in the murderer's house? well, it is a fit place for you, with the frogs and crows for companions—but where got you that child? she is none of yours, I know such an ugly old witch could never have such a beautiful child. Say, did you steal her?"

"Woman, you rave! but I waste my time. Here, take your price for the petty meal, of which we have partaken; and, then, show me the way to the house. I will pay you, even to your rapacious heart's content. Lead the way! quick. Ama," she continued, addressing the child, in a voice as mild and gentle, as it had been hitherto jarring, "come, pet, can you walk a little way! it cannot be far from here, if my directions were right."

The landlady, completely mollified by the sight of her guest's well filled purse, now led the way in silence till she came to what had once been a gateway, leading to the old house. There, she would have left them; but the old woman, in a stern, peremptory manner, insisted upon her entering the dwelling with them; in order, she said, to ascertain what they should need for their comfort, and to procure it for them. Accordingly, the landlady, to her own utter astonishment, found herself actually inside the dwelling, which, a few hours before, she would have considered it the height of presumption even to approach. After examining the house, the old woman decided upon two of the lower rooms, and one chamber; for which, giving her purse to the wondering landlady, she desired her to procure materials of the commonest kind, to furnish; and, she continued, "the remainder," pointing to the money, "keep for your trouble. I shall want a woman to do the work of the house, but she may sleep at your house. I will pay for all. Will you do my business?" The landlady, having promised, now took her departure, to spread the news of the strange woman, who had come, with heaps of money to live in "the house on the heath," and the beautiful child, "*belle comme une ange*" that she had with her.

In a short time the necessary articles of furniture were procured, and the inhabited part of the mansion assumed an air of comfort. The old woman, or Mrs. Saunderson, as she was called, lived entirely secluded; her only companion, the lovely little Ama, who might be seen the long summer's day, sporting over the heathy waste, perchance, chasing some truant butterfly, or singing some childish song, of the home which her young heart had not forgotten.

Thus years passed on, and Ama had attained her fifteenth year, and had returned from school, where, for two years, she had been perfecting the education, commenced under her mother's eye;—returned to her dreary home,

rendered ten times more dreary, by the comparison she was now enabled to make, between it, and the homes of her school mates. True, it was occasionally brightened by visits from those mates, more especially by one, whom, of all others she most loved; the one whom she had chosen as the friend of her young pure heart. One evening, after a day spent with her young friend, Ama sat listlessly gazing upon an open book before her, one hand supported her finely formed head, the other rested upon the unread page; all her bright, glossy hair thrown back, as if the clustering ringlets, which usually shaded the fair face beneath, had been burdensome in the hour of painful thought; and had been impatiently pushed away. Long did the young girl remain in this attitude. At length, rising from her seat, and pacing the room rapidly, she exclaimed, "I cannot endure it; I shall die!"

"Endure what, my child?" asked her mother, who had watched, with an expression of sorrow and pity every movement of *her* she called child. "What cannot you endure?—but why should I ask?" she continued in a voice of sadness, "I know how it is with you, you grow tired of your poor old mother; you would go out into the world, which your fancy paints as an elysium. You would exchange the tried and trusty friend of years—the protectress of your infancy, for the song and the dance, and the companionship of your new found friend, your Ella Crosby. Well, well, be it so. Go, leave the old woman! I have no fears of solitude, and, at most, it will last but a few brief years. Go you to your friend; and learn by experience, the value of the friendship, that now shines in your eyes like refined gold. I have studied well that girl's character; I have marked the haughty flash of her eye; and I tell you, Ama, she knows nothing of the friendship of which you dream, she will take you from your obscurity, she will give you a home in her father's mansion, and a seat at the family board, and while the world's applauses, which will follow "the noble deed," are ringing in her ears, you will be her "dear Ama," her "sweet friend," but the novelty will soon pass over; the world will grow tired of applauding, and then, the "sweet friend," will sink to the humble companion, and from the humble companion to the dependent, the slave of the rich heiress. Ama, when that day comes, return to your old mother, her arms will be ever open to receive you."

"Why do you talk thus to me? I have no wish to leave you. Never in my secret heart, have I for a moment thought of accepting Ellen's invitation; though I do not, cannot doubt her friendship, I will not leave you; but why need we live in this dreary, obscure place? my heart yearns, I acknowledge it, for the society I enjoyed while at school. Let us remove to the city. I know that it is not poverty that keeps us here."

"Never, Ama! I lay no restraint upon you, on the contrary I wish you to accept Miss Crosby's offer. And, Ama, you have often asked me of your father, of your former home.

I will consign to your keeping a manuscript which will give you the information you seek; but, you must promise me, not to open it, till after my death, or my prophecy of your friend is fulfilled. Go, now, to your bed, and sleep off the hectic of discontent. To-morrow you shall remove to the city."

"No, no, I will never leave you, you have been to me as a mother, and, even though I may not have the claim of a child to your affections, (so your words have sometimes made me think,) I, at least, owe you much, much gratitude. You have ever been kind and indulgent to me, humoring my often wayward whims, bearing patiently my petulant repinings for change. No, no, I can never leave you. I grieve that I have offended you, and I will endeavour to do so no more."

"You have not offended me, I tell you. It is my wish that you should accept Miss Crosby's invitation, good may come of it. Go to bed now, we will talk more upon this subject another time."

* * * * *

"And you will really live with me, dear Ama, always, and be my sister? Oh! I am so happy; our lives will be like a bright summer's day. You shall never go back to "the haunted house," or the old witch that inhabits it. Do not frown, sweet, she is not your mother, I know."

"No, Ellen, she is not my mother, I now feel convinced. I know not the tie, which has bound her to me so long; but it is one I am bound to revere. She has been a kind parent to me—stern, cold, and forbidding she may be to others, but, to me, she has been gentle and affectionate; and I love her, as well, Ellen, as you love your mother."

"Well, well, then we will say no more about her. I won't even mention her name again, lest I call up that serious expression, which I assure you does not become your dimpled face, half so well as smiles. Come now to my father and mother, who are waiting to welcome their new daughter. In the afternoon we will drive to my milliner and dress maker, for you must be remodeled from head to foot. In the evening I am going out, but I will leave you my list of engagements for the week, in all of which, you will, of course share as soon as it is known that you are here.—There is the bell, papa is impatient to see you; so come along; but I tell you beforehand, I shall not submit to your stealing all his love from me."

* * * * *

For a few months, Ama was as happy in her new home, as in her brightest dream she had ever anticipated. She visited her mother, as she still called her, who always received her with a joyful welcome; and listened with a pleased smile, to her relations of the happy life she led, and praises of her loved friend, whose truth she considered now beyond a doubt.

To all this the old woman listened attentively; but never allowed a doubt to cross her lips. She saw that her child was happy, and not for the world would she have shortened the brief respite, which her experience of the world, and knowledge of the human heart, told

her remained of happiness for the artless girl, whose hopes rested, as she knew, upon crumbling sands, which were, even now, loosened, and would soon be washed away, by the overwhelming sea of vanity and jealousy, at work in the bosom of *her* she called *friend*. All this the old woman knew, though she spoke not of it; but, when after an unusual absence, of several weeks, her child again visited her with a pale cheek and dimmed eye, she knew, that

"A change had come over the spirit of her dream."

"Why have you been so long away, Ama?" she asked. The girl, unused to equivocation, blushed as she answered, "I could not have the carriage sooner, and Mr. Crosby does not like that any of the family should walk so far; or, I would gladly have walked, for I have longed to see you."

"Poor child, poor child! and how long can you stay? I see the carriage remains."

"An hour. I promised Ellen that I would not stay longer, for she wants the carriage to ride this afternoon."

"Are you going to ride with her?"

"No."

"How is this? I thought you always rode with her."

"I generally do; but she promised to take some friends, who are visiting her from Quebec, round the city, and the carriage holds but four you know."

"True—how many are there of her friends?"

"Two."

"You may read the manuscript I gave you, Ama, when you please. Poor child! bitter, I know full well, are the tears you now shed. Hard is the first disappointment to the young heart—the first doubt of those it loves. It droops, it withers, but it does not *break*—happy, would it be, if it did. No, it lives on; it even believes and trusts anew; again, and again, it pours out its rich treasures of affection, not, it is true, with the same undoubting confidence as before."

"Deceitful friends have cast
Aside the veil they used to wear."

But still, with the elastic hopes of youth, clinging, yearningly clinging, to the semblance of truth; till, deceived and trampled upon by the cold and heartless, its gushing tenderness thrown back, it becomes by degrees seared and hardened, and ends, by believing all false, all faithless. You, Ama, have taken the world's first lesson; it needs no words to tell me of it—tears have been your companions, oftener than smiles, of late. You have longed to see me. I know it! You have longed to lay your head upon my bosom, as in infancy you did, and forget that the allurements of the world had ever parted us; your young heart has been torn, and you yearned to open it before me, but they would not let you; they kept you from me; for they were ashamed, aye, they, the proud and haughty minions of wealth, were ashamed, that I, the despised outcast, the witch, the hag, should know that they had ill-treated the innocent,

guileless orphan, whom, in their pompous generosity, they took from the only true friend, which in the wide world, remained to her; decked her, (a living memento of their charity for the world to gaze upon) in rich garments and jewels, and lavished upon her the whole vocabulary of endearing epithets, till, growing tired of the new toy, they would fain cast it aside, with those which preceded it. But they dare not, for the world, which they worship, might then hint, that it was only their own gratification they had sought; so they keep her still, but make her life wearisome, by taunts and revilings. Ama, will you bear it? can the gaiety and grandeur, by which you are surrounded, make up for a breaking heart? But do not answer me now; go home—read the manuscript the first opportunity; then, when you know all, if you can unhesitatingly return to me, do so. Good bye, my child."

Ama returned to her adopted home with her heart lightened, in a degree, by the knowledge, that her long tried friend had read the secret of her disquietude, and, not only sympathized with her, but was willing to receive her again to her peaceful, though retired home. She hastened to her own room, to avail herself of the privilege she had received, of perusing the manuscript which her supposed mother had given her, on her first separation from her. It was in the form of a letter, as follows:—

Dear Ama, child of my love, when you read these lines, either the hand that traced them will be mouldering in the earth, or you, loved one, will have learned, that the world is not a "temple of truth." You will have learned, what I foolishly thought to shield you from; the dear bought knowledge, that "friendship is indeed but a name." You will go out into the world. I have long known that it must be so; I have watched you, when you knew it not: I have seen your long, yearning look after the carriage that conveyed your new friend away. I have marked your tearful eye, your trembling lip, and knew that you were contrasting your lot with her's; and, from the first, I knew that we must part. I do not blame you; it is natural; youth delights in scenes of gaiety. I do not blame, but pity you. We have been happy, Ama, here, in our lonely home, from which worldlings would turn in real, or affected horror—here, on this dreary heath, communing with none but each other, and our God, we have been happy. Care, or envy, or deceit, the attendants on the rich and great, have found no entrance beneath our humble roof. You will leave me, Ama; and, in leaving me, leave peace of mind; and, what will you gain instead? a place among the giddy revellers that throng the city, whom, if I have read your heart rightly, before many years have matured your judgment, you will despise—a place in the dance; looks of admiration, and words of unmeaning flattery; and, for a little while, the charm will have effect; you will believe all is, as it seems, and while the delusion lasts, formed, as you are, for the enjoyment of society, you will be happy as the bird of spring; but it

will soon pass away! The poor dependant on a rich man's bounty, will not long be allowed to gaze upon the world's bright side only: friends, or such as are termed so, will grow cold; and, though your pure heart shrinks from admitting aught like suspicion, by degrees, the bitter truth will be forced upon it, that you have been deceived. Then, Ama, you will think of the friend whom you have left solitary. Then will the remembrance of past days of peace rise up, and you will sigh that you bartered them for a bubble. But I will pursue this subject no further; it was of myself I wished to write; of myself, and your parents. I linger at my task, for Ama, it will be very bitter to me, to recal the past. Rather would I allow the shades of oblivion to rest upon all that concerns myself; but it is necessary that you should be informed who were the authors of your being: and so intimately was my existence interwoven with theirs, that in recounting their history, I must of necessity recount my own.

I was the only child of my parents, and heir-ess to their ample fortune. I was reared in the midst of abundance, but those kind friends, with their usual judicious thoughtfulness, early taught me the instability of riches, and the wisdom of habituating myself to depend upon my own resources. They spared no expense in my education; but, sought more those accomplishments which tend to the adornment of the mind, than the light graces, which go to make up a fashionable lady's education. In person I was always very plain, and, as you know, slightly deformed; but as the heir-ess to an extensive property, I was sufficiently attractive to have many suitors—worldly minded beings, who would sell their souls for mammon. How I despised them! Early in life, I formed a friendship with a young girl of nearly my own age, but beautiful as I was plain. She was a bright creature, with a smile and a song ever on her lips; her large deep blue eye seemed to look out from a soul of purity and truth, and I imagined that not a shadow of falsehood could ever darken it. I loved her with the intensity that always characterized my feelings; and when I became an orphan, I offered her a home and a share of the wealth of which I was mistress. She would gladly have accepted the offer, as freely as it was made, but she could not leave the aged relative with whom she was living; who had supplied to her the place of parents, since her infancy. I was obliged to submit; but my home was dreary to me, and the greater part of the time I spent with Alice. I sought not, I wished not for any society but hers. I would have been contented to have lived apart from all the world, never to mingle again in its scenes, had Alice been with me. Yet, as I looked at her, lovely as she was, and met the laughing glance of her eye, I felt that she was formed to adorn a far different sphere. I became selfish in my affection, and when I thought of her giving her heart and uniting her fate with another, I almost wished, that she had been less fair. I sometimes spoke to her upon this subject, when she would twine her arms around me, and assure me again, and

again, that she could never love any one better than me. "And even," she would say, "should I marry, does it necessarily follow, that I should love you less? Be assured, that I will never marry any one, who does not appreciate your character as highly as I do. My husband will love my friend, dearly as I love her." I loved to hear her talk thus, for I thought that she spoke from her heart.

Years passed, and we both remained unmarried; for myself, I had never even wished to change my condition. Morbidly sensitive upon the subject of my personal appearance, I forgot that a sensible man, who, in choosing a wife, seeks not merely a toy to amuse his leisure hours; but a companion and friend, capable of sharing in his graver pursuits; to whom he may unfold his most secret thoughts; secure of sympathy and counsel, will consider mere beauty but of minor consequence. I shrunk from the thought of uniting myself, to any one, allured by my wealth, alone, to seek my hand. As for Alice, she had been so unremittently attentive on her infirm relative, that she had been secluded from society, and had met with no one, upon whom she could bestow her heart.

When I had attained my twenty-fifth year, in compliance with the wishes of my friends, I celebrated my birth-day by an entertainment. Among the guests invited was an elderly gentleman, an old acquaintance of mine, who requested permission to bring with him a stranger who had brought introductory letters to him, from his friends in England: I readily consented, little thinking how much my after life, would be influenced by the events of that evening. Mr. Ainsford (the name of the stranger) came, was introduced to me, and requested my hand in the dance. I think I never met with a more prepossessing person; he was not handsome, if we except a forehead, the height and form of which gave promise of the fine intellect of its possessor. He was not handsome, but there was a dignity, a nobility (if I may so speak) about him, that more than supplied the deficiency; and his conversation was varied and refined; in short, that evening was to me the most delightful in my existence; and I, who had never allowed the dream of love to cross my mind, learned to think the hours long and wearisome, when not passed in his society. I gave him an invitation to pass some time at my house. The presence of an aunt, who had resided with me since my father's death, allowed me, with perfect propriety, to do so. He accepted my invitation, and now a new life dawned upon me; a life of pure unalloyed happiness. Oh, why could it not last! or why could I not die before the change came?

For several months this dreamy state of existence continued. I loved deeply, devotedly; and I felt that I was beloved in return. We were betrothed, and I gave myself up to delightful anticipations for the future. About this time, Alice, who had been travelling with her aunt, returned, after having performed the last filial duties to her remains. She died at some distance from home, at a place where they had been residing for the benefit of sea bathing.

Alice came immediately to me: I received her with the warmth of sincere friendship; delighted to introduce to each other, the two beings whom I most loved. Mr. Ainsford had gone out when Alice came, and did not return until evening. I never had seen my friend look so beautiful; her mourning dress contrasted so well with her clear white skin; and, at the same time, seemed to solicit sympathy and interest, for the young orphan, deprived of her last relative. Mr. Ainsford looked upon her with evident admiration; and when she retired, spoke warmly in praise of her beauty and grace. Pleased by his admiration of my friend, I spoke of her as my feelings dictated: I represented her as being as pure and guileless as she was beautiful; told of her untiring devotion to the aged relative, for whom she was now mourning. I noticed that he seemed much interested, in my discourse, and asked me many questions, concerning Alice's birth and parentage. But, so totally free was I from any thing like a feeling of jealousy, that I not only answered all his questions, giving a brief outline of my friend's history, but, I felt happy in the thought that those I loved should love each other.

The next day, I, as usual, passed the morning in the library with my betrothed husband. But not as usual, alone with him. Alice now joined in our studies; she, also, became a scholar in Spanish and Italian; and, being a beginner, naturally required more of the attention of our mutual instructor, than I, who had made some progress in the languages. Mr. Ainsford was indefatigable in his explanations and definitions; and, pleased with the aptness of his new scholar, he lingered over the lessons; now commending her quickness, now pointing out some peculiar beauty of the language. In the mean time, I concluded my usual morning avocation, and laying aside my books, I notified them that it was time to prepare for riding, if we wished to return to dinner.

Again were Mr. Ainsford's attentions in requisition. Alice had never mounted a horse, and her timidity was to be overcome, her horse to be led—in fine, I saw my lover's attentions engrossed by another; still no feeling of displeasure crossed my mind, but I did not enjoy the ride, and retired that night, less happy than I had been for many months. Days and weeks passed on in this way; the happiness which I had so recently enjoyed, seemed passing away, I scarcely knew why. The time for my wedding was drawing nigh, for which preparations were making.

Alice, who for some time had seemed to me changed, as the day for my nuptials drew near, became sad and thoughtful, and, at times, even melancholy. Mr. Ainsford, too, from being ever gay and joyous, had become grave and abstracted; often sitting for hours without speaking, unless addressed. Still I was blind; I could not see that, which once seen, would render me miserable for ever. I felt that a mystery hung over us, which once solved, would destroy my happiness; and I had not the courage to seek to solve it. Too soon—too soon was all explained!

One morning, not feeling well, I did not descend to breakfast, and passed the greater part of the forenoon in my chamber. It was near the dinner hour when my aunt entered my room in a hurried manner, and seemingly much excited: she took my hand, and almost dragged me to her apartment, where motioning me to keep quiet, she led me to a window which overlooked the garden, and immediately beneath it, under a large tree, and almost hid by its branches, I had caused a little summer house to be built. I had remained at the open window but a moment, when I heard Mr. Ainsford's voice, at first low and almost unintelligible, but gradually it became louder, till every word came to my ear with a maddening distinctness:

"Oh! my Alice," he said, "why did we ever meet! or rather, why did we not meet before this engagement was formed, from which honour forbids me to swerve. And yet, dearest, there is a blessing in possessing your love, though you may never be more to me than now. More! how could you be more! are you not my heart's treasure, my beloved one!"

"Hush! do not utter such words," replied my friend. "Why talk thus, when your actions belie your words? If you loved me as you say, the engagement you speak of would not long remain a barrier between us. Think you if it had been my misfortune, to have formed an engagement with another before I knew you, that I would have hesitated to dissolve it, when my heart no longer sanctioned it? As for the honour of which you speak, I can see none in a man's marrying a woman, when he has not only ceased to love her, but loves another. I think it would be far more honourable to deal candidly with her; tell her you no longer love her, if such is indeed the case, which, to tell the truth, I am a little inclined to doubt."

"No, Alice, you do not doubt it! Your mirror must assure you that the contrast between the beautiful face which it reflects, and that of your friend's, is too striking not to prove prejudicial to her. But indeed Alice, if I were to break my engagement with your friend, I have not the means to support a wife. You know how very limited my resources are."

"Oh! that need be no obstacle, for Maria has repeatedly promised that when I married, she would settle half of her fortune upon me, for the privilege of living with me, so if that is your only objection, you may settle the matter immediately."

"Generous, noble hearted woman! Such were the qualities which won my regard and esteem and must ever retain them. Yes, Alice, your beauty and gentle graceful manners, claim my love, but I can never cease to respect and esteem the disinterested Maria."

"Oh! very well, respect her as much as you will; she is just the person to be respected; grave, moral, sententious and deformed. You may give her credit for all the virtues under the sun, if you like, except humility, which I maintain she does not possess."

"I have ever considered Miss Saunderson a truly humble christian. In what respect does she lack humility?"

"In supposing it possible that any man could love her. What but her vanity, think you, prevents her seeing that her betrothed husband's attentions are bestowed almost entirely upon her "dear Alice?"

"Alice, I do not like to hear you talk thus of one, who has been so true a friend to you. I hope you have not an ungrateful heart."

I could bear no more. I sank senseless upon a chair, and was conveyed to my own chamber. None ever knew, could know, my anguish, my utter hopelessness—for a few days I gave myself up to despair; I cared not to live. I had been deceived where I most trusted; my confidence repayed by falsehood—my friend—my Alice, whom I had considered pure and artless as an infant, had proved false, heartless, ungrateful. I brooded over my disappointment in solitude and silence. I sought not for sympathy or pity. I would have spurned it. I taught my lip to smile, my tongue to utter light words, my brow to remain unclouded, and none suspected that the dank dews of despair had fallen on my heart. I sought an interview with Mr. Ainsford, and gave him back his promises. I then settled one half of my property upon Alice; the remainder to devolve to her or her children, at my death.

This done, I but waited to see them married. Yes, I saw them married! I heard Frederick Ainsford vow to love another! My heart sickened within me, but outwardly I was firm. I saw him whom I loved, place the ring, which was to have been mine, upon another's finger. I saw it all, and I fainted not, wept not. I had nerved my soul for the trial, and God gave me strength to bear it.

Immediately after they were married, I gave up my house to them, with the intention of passing some time in travelling with my aunt. Frederick urged me to remain with them; saying that their happiness would be incomplete without my presence. He was sincere!—yes, I believe, even now, that he was sincere. Alice, too, in her soft, mild tones of endearment, begged "her beloved Maria" not to leave them. How I despised the sycophant! I turned from her almost with loathing.

I left my home, my childhood's home, the home where my parents had lived and died. I left it and became a wanderer. Where I went or how passed the years of my exile, it is not necessary now to relate.

After two years absence, I returned again to my native land, and had I sought revenge, it was offered me. I found Alice still in my house, but her husband was not there. She had fulfilled the prophecy, which a moment of bitterness had wrung from me, that the faithless friend would prove the faithless wife.

Soon after their marriage, Alice had given her husband cause to doubt the purity of her principles; but, wishing rather to reclaim her if possible, than to publish her error to the world, he removed from his residence, and came here, Ama, to this desolate spot, hoping that solitude and time for reflection, and absence from the tempter, who sought to lure her to vice, might recal her to a sense of her duties

as a wife, and member of society. Vain hope! that one, who had openly counselled all disregard of engagements in one case, would ever be bound by them when opposed to the gratification of the predominant fancy of the moment. One morning, after they had lived here nearly a year in total seclusion, (at least, on her part) Mr. Auley, the name by which he was known here, returning unexpectedly from a walk, found his wife earnestly perusing a letter. He calmly desired to see it; she, for some time, refused to show it to him; but, at length, finding him determined to see it, she yielded. You may imagine his surprise on finding it written by the wretch, whom, in choosing this abode, he had thought to avoid; and, written too, evidently, in answer to one from Alice. For some time, he spoke not a word: at length, addressing his wife in a mild, but decided voice, he told her, that he was now convinced of her depravity of heart; that the hope which he had nourished, that her error arose from thoughtlessness, and might be repented of, was now broken. He bade her prepare to return to their former home; he told her, that as a christian he was bound to forgive her; and he did—and more, he entreated her, for her own sake, to correct the light coquetry of her manners, which exposed her to insults, the greatest that could be offered to a virtuous married woman, professions of love from others than her husband. He said that her welfare must always be the sincere wish of his heart; but, for the future, they must be strangers. Alice was subdued; she loved her husband as well as she could love any thing beside herself; but her vanity and love of admiration, would not allow her to be satisfied with the love of but one. But now, that she was about to lose it, his affection seemed to her more valuable than the whole world besides. She begged of him not to cast her off; promised solemnly to be all he desired her, if he would but live beneath the same roof with her. He was inexorable; though she besought him on her knees for mercy and forgiveness, he remained firm.

That night they both left this place and returned to New York, where Alice again took possession of my house, and Mr. Ainsford took lodgings in a boarding house, till he could arrange his affairs, to permit of his leaving the country. I arrived at home the evening before the day fixed upon for his departure. After hearing the particulars of their lives during my absence, (of which I have given you a brief sketch,) from Alice, who, in relating it, spared not herself, she exonerated her husband from all blame; and said that she alone was in fault. So sincere appeared her penitence, that I thought it warranted my endeavouring to bring about a reconciliation. I therefore sent immediately to inform Mr. Ainsford of my return, and desired to see him. He obeyed my summons. I received him alone, and after a few preliminary remarks, I commenced my office of mediatrix. I represented to him, in as strong a light as I could, the disgrace and humiliation attending upon separations; painted the solitary life to which it must consign both parties, and

dwelt upon my conviction of Alice's sincere repentance; but, for a long time, in vain. He said he had forgiven her; but he never wished to see her again; his hopes were blasted. He knew that he deserved all his suffering, for his faithlessness towards one, far, far too good for him—he knew that he deserved it, and he hoped to bear his lot with resignation—he would leave the scenes of his disappointment—he would pray that God would guide and direct her, but he could never again call that being wife, who had deceived him, and whom he could neither respect or esteem.

It is not necessary that I should recapitulate all the arguments I used to obtain my object; suffice it, that I did at length obtain it. I led him to the room where Alice was, and left them alone. What passed between them at that interview, I never knew. The result was a reconciliation.

The next day Mr. Ainsford again became an inhabitant of the same dwelling with his wife, and I think he never had reason to repent it. He could not, it is true, forget the past—he could never again place the same trust and confidence in Alice, as before he had learned to doubt her truth. But her conduct was ever after perfectly correct. I do not think that Alice was ever happy after their separation. She was conscious she had forfeited her husband's esteem; and the thought wore upon her. She became sickly and melancholy. She had several children, all of whom died in their infancy. She used to say sometimes, that the curse of God was upon her, and that she should never hear the dear name of mother, from child of hers. Her presentiment proved true. She died soon after the birth of her sixth child, a fine healthy babe.

Now Ama, a few brief lines and my tale is told. Mr. Ainsford remained a widower two years, and then again offered me his hand and heart. I accepted the offer, for I had never ceased to love him. Again I looked to the future for happiness—again I admitted hope to my bosom—again pictured forth scenes of domestic enjoyment—and again reaped disappointment—sad, withering disappointment.

It wanted but one week to the day we were to be united, when Mr. Ainsford, returning home from a considerable distance, was surprised by a storm, and too impatient to reach home, to think of stopping till he arrived there, he became drenched to the skin. Every means was adopted to prevent the ill effects likely to arise from his imprudence, but in vain. A raging fever set in; and, on the very day that was to have made me his wife, I saw him laid in the tomb. I will not attempt to describe my feelings. I have often wondered at the ways of providence; truly, "they are past finding out;" that I, for whom the world contained no tie, no charm, should still live on, while so many are taken away, while hope is still young in their hearts; surrounded by all that makes life dear: but He, who takes note of the little sparrow, and clothes the lily of the field, has given to each his allotted time, and I do not complain. I trust that my life has not been quite useless;

at least, I have fulfilled the trust imposed upon me by your father; I have been a friend to you Ama, have I not? Immediately after Mr. Ainsford's death, I took the child—you, Ama, consigned by him to my care, and sought this spot. I longed for solitude, seclusion, and I have found them. The rest you know.

When Ama had finished the MS, her first impulse was to return to the friend of her childhood; but she curbed her impatience, and resolved to wait till the next day. In the evening, Ellen, who was preparing for a party, called, as latterly had been her custom, upon Ama, to assist her in the duties of the toilet. The ci-devant friend and adopted sister, unhesitatingly complied with the ungracious request, but she could not control her thoughts from dwelling upon the events that day had made known to her. She obeyed the haughty Ellen's directions as far as it was in her power; but a lady's maid requires to have all her thoughts about her, when preparing her mistress for a party. Ama committed several ludicrous blunders which cost her several petulant reprimands, from the amiable young lady upon whom she was attending, whose patience became quite exhausted, when her absent minded tiring woman actually put on her beautiful dress wrong side before, and composedly commenced fastening it in that state. A rude push, and an accusation of stupidity was her reward. It was now Ama's turn to be offended. She was, usually, good nature itself, but even a worm will turn when trodden upon.

"Stupidity! Miss Crosby? Well, perhaps I am stupid, for I did not commence the business of waiting maid till I was too old to acquire it in perfection."

"Oh! I beg your ladyship's pardon, I really forgot that I was speaking to Miss Saunderson, heiress to the house on the heath, and daughter of the respectable Mrs. Saunderson, commonly called "The Old Witch." I fancied myself addressing a poor dependant, whom I raised from the lowest grade in society, and gave her a home in my father's house; and whom, I was foolish enough to suppose, possessed some gratitude for benefits received. I can dispense with your assistance and your company also. I would advise you to peruse the little fable which we translated some time since, of the peasant and the viper—you need be at no loss where to apply it."

"I am no viper, Miss Crosby. What you have done was for your own gratification, unsought by me. You professed friendship for me; I believed your professions; and, when you offered to share your home with me, I accepted it, as I supposed it was intended—as your equal in all but wealth. I am no beggar, as you well know. I never knew the want of any thing in my life—deceived by your show of affection, I never thought that you were but gratifying the whim of the moment—that you but sought a new toy. I am not ungrateful; but I do repent, most sincerely, that I ever left my humble home, and to-morrow I will return to it."

"I think you had better, it is certainly the fitter station for you. You will oblige me by returning."

The next day, Ama returned to her old friend, who received her with open arms, and smiled when she observed that "her child" had not returned alone. "Who is this who has accompanied you, Ama? Is he a friend of yours? as such, he is welcome to all our humble means can offer."

The stranger, apparently to relieve Ama, who appeared painfully embarrassed, answered for her.

"My name, madam, is Crosby, nephew of the gentleman in whose house this young lady has been residing."

"I see, I see it all. This accounts for their coldness, for their change of behaviour to my darling—they feared that one of their proud race, would marry a poor, portionless girl. I understand it all."

"May I then hope that you will not disapprove? I acknowledge my affection for Miss Saunderson—will you sanction it?"

"Come here, Ama, dearest, tell me truly, does your heart answer to the affection you have heard proffered to you? do you love this Mr. Crosby? Again, the young man interposed.

"Madam," he said, "I have, before now, spoken my hopes to Miss Saunderson, and I have her permission to beg your sanction to my suit."

"You have it. I know that Ama would not love unworthily. You have my sanction to wed—not Miss Saunderson, but Miss Ainsford—not the poor dependant on your uncle's bounty, but the heiress of wealth equal to your own—not the daughter of "The Old Witch," but of parents of as high rank and respectability as your proud relations. Yes, Ama, all I say is true. We will return to New York once more; I will dwell in the home of my parents, which your happiness will again make pleasant to me. Once more will I believe that the future may offer some consolation for the sorrows of the past. Surely, surely, I shall not now be disappointed. I will trust in God that the hope of my declining years be not blighted." J. T.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WHO GAZES FROM MOUNT OLIVET?

BY W. B. TAPPAN.

I.

Who gazes from Mount Olivet,
His dove-like eyes with sorrow wet—
His bosom with compassion heaving—
His mighty heart with anguish grieving?
Who searches with unerring eye
Into thy sad futurity
Jerusalem! and sees thy doom
Written by imperial Rome:—
Famine, Slaughter, Fire, agreed
On thy precious ones to feed—
When thy towers shall Ruin wrap,
And the pagan eagle flap
O'er the sacred Mercy seat?
When the pent-up wrath, in showers,
Will, incessant, on thee burst—
When thy maidens shall, like flowers,
Perish 'mid the flames of lust—
When the mother, hunger-wild,
Shall, in madness, gnaw her child.
Who is he that sees it all?
Sees when sacrilegious feet
Tread on Zion—when the call
Is for vengeance most complete?
He, the Prophet, pilgrim-shod,
He, the very Son of God!

II.

Years sweep on—Jerusalem!
Thee the Roman armies hem,
Helm'd legions on thee press.
Clouds of arrows thee distress—
Stone, and dart, and javelin
Entrance to thy treasures win.
Hippicus, Antonia, fall;
Mary-Anne—and thy wall,
Pierced with gates of burnished gold—
And thy Holy House of old,
Yield unto the dreadful strife.
Heavens! the sacrifice of life!
Murder, plunder, leagued in band,
Stalk amid thee, hand in hand;—
Cedron is a pool of gore,
Olivet is fortress made—
Mercy! that these towers of yore,
Courts that saw the world adore,
Should in dust and blood be laid!
Who directs the furious war?
He, alone, whose prescience saw.
Mightier than Vespasian's son,
Who the ruthless fight has won?
Who the wine-press here has trod?
HE, the very Son of God!

Pride often miscalculates, and more often misconceives. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men; seen through that distance, others perhaps appear little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him also to appear equally little to others.

If kings would only determine not to extend their dominions, until they had filled them with happiness, they would find the smallest territories too large, but the longest life too short, for the full accomplishment of so grand and so noble an ambition.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SONG.

Oh! the sound of that wind,
What a legion it wakes
Of thoughts that have slept through a long lapse
of years,
In the dearest and deepest recesses of Mind—
How clear on the memory each fond vision
breaks,
Though consign'd to oblivion with torrents of
tears:
Consign'd, but in vain! for each image ap-
pears
Again on the scene, with the freshness it wore
To the young eye of joy in the summer of
yore.

I behold the bright vale
Where Hope said I should live
In seclusion and bliss, with the youth of my heart,
New-born seem the roses that bloom'd in that dale
Where we promised to yield all the world had to
give,
All that riches could purchase in life's splendid
May,
For the charms that Love, Virtue, and Nature im-
part,
Yet that world's gilded pageants seduc'd him from
truth,
And the Eden we formed in the white days of
M. T.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE NAMELESS ONE.—(CONCLUDED.)

BY L. A. WILMER.

DEEPLY regretting my own precipitance, I now called to mind a fact with which I had long been acquainted;—namely—that Francina had a brother, two years older than herself, who had studied the art of engraving, in a city remote from the residence of the Ringrose family. I likewise remembered that, on my first interview with Ralston, I had remarked something in the expression of his features which awakened unaccountable recollections; and as soon as the word *brother* was pronounced by Francina in the theatre, I cursed my stupidity for not discovering the family resemblance sooner. I was now to appear as his accuser, and probably to be the instrument of his conviction;—I was to bring sorrow and disgrace into a domestic circle, which comprised the only beings on earth whom I loved, and who had given me the most undoubted proofs of a reciprocated affection. How could I meet the reproachful glances of that father!—of that mother!—and above all, of that sister! These reflections made my existence hateful,—and could I have given up life, without incurring the guilt of suicide, Francina's brother would have been liberated for want of testimony against him.

When we arrived at the alderman's office, the examination was about to commence, when a momentary interruption was produced by the entrance of several persons. These were a gentleman and lady, whom I afterwards found to be the brother and sister-in-law of Mrs. Ringrose;—at the theatre they had been seated in the same box with Ralston and Francina. Francina herself followed, looking so pale and wretched that I turned away my eyes to avoid a sight so distressing. Having been duly sworn to tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," I proceeded, in a faltering

voice, to relate all I knew concerning the prisoner; and, had I been on the rack of the Inquisition, my delivery could not have been more painful.

My evidence having been given in, Mr. Barnett, Francina's uncle, said—"Who is this person who brings such a serious charge against my nephew?—For the last year, this young man, (pointing to Ralston,) has resided in my family, and his conduct during that period, as well as his general reputation, makes the present charge a matter of astonishment to me and all his relatives. In such a case, we may reasonably demand that the accuser give some evidence of his own respectability.—Pray, sir," continued Mr. Barnett, addressing me, "be good enough to answer these three questions;—what is your name?—where do you reside?—and what are your means of subsistence?"

A ray of hope darted to my heart, like a sunbeam on an icicle. That interrogatory which had often caused me so much embarrassment, was now heard with rapture.

"If I am unable to answer the first of your queries," said I, "you may conceive that the others are likewise unanswerable."

"You cannot tell your own name, then?" said Mr. Barnett.

"I cannot."

Mr. Barnett cast a triumphant glance at the alderman, and the latter surveyed me with an eye which seemed to menace instant annihilation. In all my subsequent replies, I was careful to deepen the unfavourable impression which I had certainly produced;—and in this I succeeded so well, that a commitment for vagrancy, or perjury, or both, seemed inevitable. To this fate I was entirely reconciled, when I considered that the release of Ralston would be the consequence of my own misadventure.

But, at the very moment when I was delivered into the hands of the constable, to be conducted to prison—when, for the first time since my arrival at the office, I raised my eyes to meet those of Francina, she seemed, at that instant, to become conscious of what was going forward, and grasping her uncle's arm, she exclaimed in a tremulous, yet energetic tone:

"No;—this must not be. He has not sworn falsely. I know him to be incapable of falsehood. I now believe that my brother is guilty."

All were astounded at this unexpected vindication, and, by the looks of pity which were cast upon the generous maiden, I saw that her intellects were supposed to be disordered by grief for her brother's misfortune. With this apprehension, Mrs. Barnet attempted to comfort and compose her; but Francina persisted in asserting my innocence and her brother's guilt—Ralston himself now appeared to be struggling with various emotions, and at length, to the utter amazement of the audience, he said, apparently with much effort:

"Yes; she is right. I *am* guilty, and the young man has told nothing but the truth."

This acknowledgment changed the whole aspect of affairs instantaneously. Ralston, (as I have continued to call him,) was committed as a suspected felon, and I was required to give security for my appearance at court, as a witness. In the meanwhile, one of the constables, who had seen me at Mr. Tickler's, had gone to tell my good old friend what had happened—and the latter came bustling into the office at this very seasonable juncture. Mr. Tickler having become my surety, I was thenceforth at liberty; but wished heartily that the matter had turned out otherwise. I would have given worlds to exchange a few words with Francina. As she and her relatives were about to leave the place, I approached the melancholy group, and, addressing Mr. Barnet, I expressed those unfeigned regrets which were intended for the hearing of another person.

"Sir," answered Mr. Barnet, "you have done nothing more than your duty; I blame you only when you give us to understand that you would have done less, had you known the family connections of the prisoner. Were he my own son, I would not raise a finger, if thereby I might prevent justice from having its course."

On reconsidering the adventures of this evening, there was but one circumstance which I could remember with comfort. I had learned incidentally that the real christian name of the culprit was *Thaddeus*. Whether he had been called after Thaddeus of Warsaw, or Thaddeus the apostle, I cannot say;—however, his name was Thaddeus—and, in this fact, I spied hope and consolation. I called to mind my late conversation with Miss Grace Tickler, and the admiration she had expressed for the name aforesaid; and, intent on a project for the deliverance of the prisoner, I hastened back to the theatre, where I arrived in time to hand Mrs. Tickler and her two daughters into the carriage. The next day I found an opportunity to make Miss Grace acquainted with Ralston's story, endeavouring to soften some parts of it,

and to make other parts as pathetic as possible; which little artifice, in conjunction with the name of Thaddeus, soon enlisted all her sympathies in his behalf. I then requested her to petition her father to use his influence in favour of the prisoner. Having thus secured the mediation of Miss Grace, I introduced the subject to Mr. Tickler himself, the same afternoon. The old gentleman had latterly taken some pains to instruct me in phrenology, and I now began the conversation by remarking that the young man who had been arrested on the preceding evening, had one of the finest craniums I had ever met with. This was happily the truth; and the observation was not lost on my friend Tickler. He instantly embraced my views;—a petition for a *nolle prosequi* was drawn up, and, before the expiration of two weeks, it was signed by numbers of respectable citizens and transmitted to the seat of government.

While these matters were in process, I was returning, one day, from the bank, where I had been to transact some little business for Mr. Tickler, and while crossing the street, I had the happiness to preserve a lady from being run over by an omnibus, the horses going at full gallop. The driver cursed me for my interference, and the lady thanked me for my politeness and humanity; so that between the imprecations of one, and the acknowledgments of the other, I was thoroughly stupified. The lady begged to be favoured with the address of her deliverer, and the driver demanded my name, for a very different purpose, vowing he would have satisfaction for the insult I had presumed to offer his horses. The lady was visibly hurt at my delay in answering her grateful inquiries, and the driver protested against my cowardice and *sneakishness*, in refusing to let him know where I might be found. I stood, like an Indian at the stake, rolling my eyes from one of my tormentors to the other;—doubting which I should answer first, and unable to answer either. This scene lasted for about five minutes, to the great amusement of "a large and respectable assembly," (as the newspapers sometimes express it,) including a moiety of hackmen, candy-pedlars, match-venders, and butchers' apprentices.

Eloquence always gains favour with the multitude, and a man who has little to say is seldom popular. The omnibus driver, who "spoke in public on the stage," with great fluency and self-possession, was highly applauded for the spirit and energy of his discourse;—while I, who had neither "action nor utterance," was treated with every mark of contempt by the audience. "Your name!—Give the gentleman your name!" was repeated on all sides, with groans and hisses, which had but little effect in relieving my perplexity. Finding, at length, that *omnes* sided with *omnibus*, human patience could endure it no longer, I dragged Jehu from his box, and gave him an exquisite thrashing, which convinced the spectators that I had been the party injured. The beaten is always supposed to be in the wrong by the populace; with whom the trial by *battel* is far more satisfactory than all judicial investigations, from those of *piepoudre* upwards. A sound drubbing is the soundest

argument that can be offered in all matters of dispute, scientific, theological or miscellaneous.

Amidst the cheers and congratulations of the by-standers, I was once more arrested by the police. Contrary to the best usages of antiquity, I was made a prisoner and led in triumph, at the very moment of my victory. It seemed to be my unhappy destiny to fall into the meshes of the law at every step; constables and police-officers were the persons who chiefly affected my company, and these are the only friends who never desert us in the time of trouble. Fortunately for me, we were at no great distance from Mr. Tickler's office, and I was conducted thither, in company with my late antagonist, now my fellow prisoner. One of the officers made oath that I had given the first blow; a fact which Mr. Tickler over-ruled, by asserting the impossibility of the thing—adding, that I was one of the most peaceable youngsters he had ever met with. The officer proposed to bring other witnesses to corroborate his own testimony, but Mr. Tickler angrily ordered him to be silent, saying he knew how to arrive at the truth by a shorter process. He then directed the driver and me to stand side by side and present the back parts of our heads to the company.

"See here," said Mr. Tickler;—"this is the organ of combativeness. Observe, in this individual it's as big as a half-grown turnip, and as hard as the knob on the top of an andiron. This proves him to be a quarrelsome fellow. It's a certain sign;—I never knew it to fail in one instance. But here, (laying his hand on my occiput,) you find the surface is as smooth and regular as the rind of a water-melon. That's enough for me; I know how the quarrel began, as well as if I had seen and heard the whole of it.—So no more talk about it, or I'll have to show you who is the proper judge in the case. The youngster is discharged from custody, and the driver must give security for his good behaviour."

About two hours after this knotty case was disposed of, while Mr. Tickler was at dinner, and I was engaged in filling up blank warrants, a coloured boy entered, and handed me a billet containing the following lines:

"The lady who feels so much indebted to your kindness and intrepidity, has, by a fortunate accident discovered your place of abode. Availing herself of the opportunity thus offered, she begs to be honoured with your company this evening, at her residence, No. 138, — street. The resemblance you bear to a person who was once very dear to her, makes her anxiously desire to be acquainted with your history. Fail not to come, as you value the happiness of one who is gratefully, and—she would fain be permitted to add, *affectionately* yours."

"This poor woman," thought I, "must be undeceived—I will go at the time appointed, and tell her, without reserve, that my affections are pre-engaged. I feel it to be my duty to save any lady who is in danger of being run over by an omnibus;—but, as for marrying any lady who throws out a delicate hint to that pur-

pose, I can't say that my ideas of gallantry go quite so far."

At the appointed time, I knocked at the door of No. 138, — street, and was shown into an apartment which surpassed, in its decorations, all that I had ever conceived of earthly splendor. The lady who had commanded my attendance, sat on a superb couch and invited me to take a seat by her side. With great trepidation I placed myself on the most remote corner of the ottoman, casting glances of apprehension at my fair neighbour, in the opposite angle. An indifferent spectator might have compared me to a sheep, shut up in the same cage with a lioness. Yet there was nothing repulsive in the manners or appearance of this lady. She was not young, it is true, and if she had ever been beautiful, the extreme fairness, or rather paleness, of her complexion, the perfect regularity of her features and her dark, glossy, and profuse ringlets, were all that remained to speak of loveliness departed. I should certainly have thought her a charming woman, had not my senses been bound in the spell of prejudice. After a silence of some moments, she began to speak in a soft low voice.

"I have already thanked you in all sincerity for your generous conduct this morning. My motive for requesting the present interview was to inquire into the circumstances of your life; as I have a well grounded suspicion that my own destiny is intimately connected with yours."

"Madam," replied I, "it is truly a painful duty on my part to remove the unhappy error which seems to have taken possession of your mind. The assistance it was my good fortune to give you this morning, would have been afforded to any other woman in like circumstances of peril;—and, pardon me, if I add, that the only feelings of regard or affection I have to offer you, are those which arise spontaneously in my heart for every individual of your sex."

"Surely," said she, "you could not have formed such an inconsiderate resolution. Certain I am that I have not deserved so harsh a sentence; as I hope to convince you, if I am not deceived in my expectations."

"To remove all misapprehension at once," I rejoined, "I must tell you that my heart has been, for the last four years, in the possession of another female."

The lady heard the announcement with something amazingly like a smile;—but this appearance continued only for a moment.

"For nearly four years!" she repeated, "and pray who is the female who succeeded in making such an early impression?—Are her connections respectable?"

You will believe that I gave a most glowing description of Francina, and left nothing unsaid which might indicate the wisdom of my choice.

"I see," said my hearer, smiling again, "you have faithfully reported the state of your heart. But, we have really misunderstood each other heretofore. All mistakes may be rectified, if you oblige me with the outlines of your history."

I cheerfully complied with this request, and

related the substance of my memoirs in as few words as possible. She listened with the utmost attention, and, as the story proceeded, I observed that she appeared more and more agitated. At length, rising suddenly, she threw her arms around my neck and wept on my shoulder. I was much surprised and offended at the freedom of her behaviour, and was about to reprove her sharply, when she interrupted me by exclaiming, "You are my son!—My dear child,—how long has your mother mourned over her cruel bereavement!"

When the first emotions occasioned by this discovery had, in some measure subsided, my newly-found parent gave the following elucidation of the mysterious circumstances attending my early adventures:

In her sixteenth year, she had, without the consent or knowledge of her parents, (who were very wealthy,) become the wife of a young seaman, the captain of a merchant vessel. Six months after, she received the intelligence that her husband had perished at sea;—her parents, on being made acquainted with this fact, received her once more into their family, and forgave the act of disobedience which had occasioned a temporary separation. Some months after her re-admission to her former home, she became a mother, and the infant was conveyed out of her sight, for the ostensible purpose of being placed in the care of a nurse. Two weeks after, she was again permitted to see the babe; and, at that time, she observed a mark on the forehead, which, though scarcely perceptible to any one but a mother, was, in its form and location, durably impressed on her memory. This was the last time she was suffered to behold her child. On her recovery, her father, in reply to her anxious inquiries, gave her to understand that the babe was in good and careful keeping, but that she would probably not see it again for a considerable length of time. Within the last four years, her father and mother both died, and as she was their only surviving offspring, she inherited all their property. On the death of her father, she found a memorandum in his cabinet, stating that the child had been deposited, with the sum of five hundred dollars, at the gate of such an asylum, and that, as the overseers sometimes abused their privilege of giving names to the foundlings, he had made it a request that the boy should be permitted to name himself. Rejoicing at this discovery, she hastened to the asylum to demand her child; but he had left the place a few months before and no farther intelligence concerning him could be obtained. She returned to her home, bitterly disappointed; and, from that time forth, all her exertions had been directed to the recovery of the lost sheep. Accident had, that day, effected what all her efforts had failed to accomplish.—My hat had fallen off while I was endeavouring to stop the horses; she saw the mark on my forehead, and, at the same instant, she discovered the striking similitude of my features to those of my deceased father.

While my dear mother was engaged in this explanatory discourse, I waited, in an agony

of suspense, for one piece of information, which, above every other, was interesting to me. *What was my name?* I trembled—my lips quivered—and I would have interrupted her to ask that momentous question—but my tongue refused to perform its duty. My mother came to the point.

"My dear son," said she, "as I find by your narrative that you have not been christened, let me entreat you to take the entire name of your father—THEODORE ORLANDO PARKINSON."

I was greatly relieved on hearing this name; for truly it might have been much worse. I repeated it aloud several times, and although I was not entirely pleased with the sound, yet, for the sake of obliging a mother who had proved herself so tender and affectionate, I consented that the baptismal ceremony should be performed forthwith. A neighbouring clergyman was called in; but, before the reverend gentleman had finished his work, I interrupted him by pronouncing the word "*Top*," in a tone which expressed feelings compounded of grief, horror and mortification. The minister gazed at me with eyes full of wonderment; I was about to beg a respite, when an appealing look from my mother sealed up my lips, and the fatal business was completed. I had discovered, but too late for remedy, that my initials were T. O. P., forming a sound which presented the idea of a contemptible plaything;—and this, I foresaw, would be a constant source of disgust and vexation to me thereafter.

The next day, I took an affectionate leave of my friends, the Ticklers, giving and receiving many assurances of lasting friendship.

But I was soon to experience the severest affliction that had ever fallen to my lot. The *petition* we had sent to the seat of government, was returned, endorsed with the Executive's reasons for not granting it. Murder, manslaughter, &c., it seems, were pardonable offences, because they did not interfere with trade;—but counterfeiting and forgery, being sine highly prejudicial to business transactions, were, in no case to be overlooked. These reasons were significant and unanswerable, but not quite satisfactory. In the extremity of my grief, I called, for legal advice, on my old acquaintance, Mr. Snacks. With the accustomed preliminary of a five dollar bill, I begged him to counsel me in this trying emergency. He laughed at my apprehensions. "My dear sir," said he, "in law there is always a remedy, when there is cash to pay for it." Being told that I was the only witness against the prisoner, he advised me to deposit the amount of my recognition in the hands of my surety, and then withdraw from the city, until the matter had been finally settled in court. My kind mother readily furnished me with the requisite sum, (two hundred dollars,) which she regarded as a trifle in the way of my happiness. I made Mr. Tickler safe, and set out on a tour to the Falls of Niagara. In my absence, no bill was found against Ralston, for want of evidence, and he was liberated.

At the end of three months, I returned to the city and became acquainted with the following

circumstances:—On the release of Ralston, Mr. Tickler, (who remembered my favourable account of the young man's phrenological developments,) invited him to his house;—where, as the father was engaged in operating on the head of Thaddeus;—the daughter, Miss Grace, was equally busy with the poor fellow's heart. The result was, that he became Mr. Tickler's choice as a clerk, and Miss Grace's choice as a husband.

Now, for the first time since the commitment of her brother, I called to see Francina, who was still at Mr. Barnett's. I was no longer a nameless being—every obstacle was removed—I made proposals and was accepted.—The nuptial ceremony was performed at my mother's house, in the presence of a select company, consisting chiefly of our own relatives. Shortly after, by the liberality of my excellent parent,

I was enabled to establish my brother-in-law in a thriving business. It was a long time after his delinquency that the father and mother of Thaddeus became reconciled to him and consented to see him; but, since the unhappy error of his youth, his conduct has been marked with undeviating propriety. I believe most men are innately honest, (when they have no temptation to be otherwise.)

Mr. and Mrs. Ringrose, my mother, Francina and myself, make but one family, and never were people happier in each other's society. The only thought which comes like an occasional cloud over the sunshine of my felicity, is that my name does not fully realize my wishes and expectations. If my mother's consent could be obtained, I would endeavour to have it changed by legislative enactment.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO A SNOW-FLAKE.

EMBLEM of innocence, we hail
Thy visit to the earth;
Thy courier, the northern gale,
Companion of thy birth.

White as the down on seraphs' wings,
And light, and bright, and pure;
Thou'dst be a type of holier things,
Was thy continuance sure.

But no; the sun, with envious eye,
Looks down upon thy birth,

And all thy short lived beauties die;
Thou art too pure for earth.

Another foe awaits thee here,
To rob thee of thy charms;
Zephyr, who comes the spring to cheer,
Expels thee from earth's arms.

Emblem of innocence thou art,
For virtue never dies,
But exhaled like thy aqueous part,
Mounts upward to the skies.
Newark, Ohio.

JANE.

Written for the Lady's Book.

GRACE MERRY.

"CAN to-morrow be the eighteenth?" exclaimed Ernest Mordaunt, suddenly starting from the seat, on which for some time, he had thoughtfully reclined.

"I believe so," replied his friend, Henry Dormer. "But why do you ask so hurriedly! One would judge from your manner, that, to you, the morrow will be fraught with portentous matter."

Ernest returned no answer, but walking to the window, gazed thoughtfully upon Geneva's calm lake, whose bright waters unruffled by a breeze, laved with mimic waves, the sands below.

"Come, Ernest, out with it. What is this mighty mountain! Remember, I've relieved you of many ere this."

Still no answer. Seeing his friend determined in the heroics, Dormer quietly resumed the book, from which his attention had been arrested by Mordaunt's sudden exclamation. Ernest continued to gaze in moody silence, for

some moments; at length, turning toward Dormer, said:

"Whilst you were in America, did you visit Virginia?"

"Merely passed through, on my way to the Southern States. Why?"

"Did you see any of the ladies?"

"I think I did see a few in the streets of the towns through which my route lay. Why do you ask? what is the matter? and in the name of every thing that is reasonable, what have the Virginia ladies to do with the eighteenth?"

"Much:—My grandfather, you well know, fought against the Americans, during their rebellion, or revolution, as it is now styled. In one of their engagements he was severely wounded, and taken prisoner. By some chance, he attracted the attention of the young Virginian, by whose troops he had been captured, who, pitying his forlorn condition, caused him to be removed to his own tent, and his wounds carefully attended. A strict intimacy was the

consequence. I have been always opposed to strict intimacies! I scarcely know what prevents me from adjuring yours."

"Perhaps the consciousness, that mine can be of service," said Dormer, dryly—"but, for peace-sake, reserve your comments for the end of your story."

"You must really let me tell it, my own way. After his recovery, my grandfather, being on parole, accompanied this abominable friend on a visit to his family, somewhere in the south of Virginia. Near the principal town—what's its name?"

"Richmond is now their principal town; but they formerly had another, I did not visit. The name, though familiar, has escaped my memory. But go on, that can have little effect on your story."

"No. I only wish the place had as little effect on my well-being. But to continue:—There was my worthy ancestor, presented in due form, to Mrs. Merry, the wife of his friend, and Miss Rebecca Merry, his sister; and it unfortunately happened, that the bright glances of this same Miss Rebecca, kindled a flame in the heart of colonel Mordaunt. Knowing that the Merry's were descended by the female line, from the Mordaunt's, and that should he die childless, the family estates lawfully would fall to them, he judged it best to unite the interests of the two families, by uniting himself to Miss Rebecca. After his marriage, being unable to procure an exchange, he was forced to remain in America till my father's birth. Now comes the part of the story that touches me. It seems, that the night of my father's birth, Mrs. Merry also presented her husband with a daughter, and the mother's immediately determined that these children should be united as soon as possible. But it so chanced, that little Miss Merry departed this life, and shortly after my grandfather sailed for England. Mrs. Merry I believe, had but one other child, a son. Time passed on. My father married, and so did his cousin on the other side of the water. I made my appearance in this dark world, and six years after, the birth of a daughter to Mrs. Merry, junior, was duly announced. Now my grandmother, was calm, haughty, and unbending in disposition. She ruled the house. By her influence, she prevailed on my father to consent to the same engagement being formed between my luckless self, and her detestable grand-niece, which had formerly existed between himself and the little lady in heaven; and upon her death-bed, made me solemnly swear to do nothing to dissolve an alliance, on which, she said, depended her leaving this world in peace. Shortly after this act she departed; whether more peacefully than she would, had I refused to obey her, I cannot say. But, to conclude my tale:—This morning I received a letter from my father, saying, that he was about to hasten with the carriage to meet my intended, and he expected to return home by the eighteenth. Are you surprised now, at my dreading that day?"

"Not much, I confess. But is there no chance of escape?"

"Very slight. Uncle Merry, with whom she

has resided since her father's death, says that in fulfilment of the promise he made his sister, he sends his grand-daughter to England. But, if at the end of two years, she should choose to return to Virginia, the engagement is dissolved; and his promise null and void."

"Well, but Ernest, you may not please the lady!"

"Not please her! My oath to my grandmother prevents me from striving to displease her, and do you think a little Virginia savage can resist a man like myself!" Here Ernest glanced at the mirror.

Dormer laughed. "But she may not be a savage."

"Alas! my friend, her grandfather has brought her up in strict retirement. In his letters, he boasts that she has never been out of Virginia."

"My poor Ernest, what can I do for you?"

"Nothing. Or at least, nothing you can tell me. Remember my vow."

"At least, I can accompany you home. When do you set off?"

"To-morrow. Yes, Geneva; the day the destroyer of my peace is received into the bosom of my family, I leave thy banks forever—a miserable man."

Another pause ensued, which Ernest broke by exclaiming, "Her name! I could forgive, forget all the rest, were her name but what it is!"

"One part, at least, you may alter. But what is this frightful name?"

"Grace—Grace Merry. I tell you, Dormer, I never can love a woman named Grace Merry! The thing is utterly impossible! No! were her eyes as blue, as I've no doubt they're black; and her locks as glossy and clustering, as they certainly must be lank and dull, I could not love her by that name! Love and Grace Merry can never agree! But a truce to her grace-ship; let's try to forget her, in a last stroll on the banks of this far-famed lake.

'Twas on a calm summer night, that Ernest and Dormer reached Mordaunt Hall. The moon's silvery light fell upon the walls of the mansion, which stood proudly on the brow of an eminence, overlooking a stream, whose dark waters partly shaded by the foliage around, tempted the wanderer to seek its banks as a refuge from the sin and follies of this vain world; for all there seemed too calm and peaceful for misery to intrude.

All in the house was dark and still, save that a lamp shed its bright beams through the large and lofty casement of the library. Knowing that his father frequently sat in that apartment till a late hour, Ernest entered the window, glad of an opportunity of conversing with Mr. Mordaunt, ere seeing his dreaded cousin. What was his amazement to find, seated in the large arm-chair, so frequently filled by his father, a beautiful girl in a profound slumber. Some folded papers, an unfinished letter, which lay before her, and the pen which she held in the hand which so gracefully hung over the arm of her chair, showed what had been her oc-

cupation, ere surprised by sleep. With a cautionary motion toward Dormer, Ernest advanced; but more intent on gazing on the beautiful apparition, than heedful of his path, he struck against a stool which lay in his way. The noise roused the sleeper, who started up in affright, and perceiving a stranger near her at that late hour, uttered a faint scream, seized her unfinished epistle, and unmindful of Ernest's eager apology, darted out of the room.

"Who can she be?" was Ernest's exclamation, as Dormer now entered the casement.

"By heavens! she's an angel!"

"The papers left may discover that secret," said Dormer, approaching the table. Ernest held back.

"Here, Ernest," continued his friend, holding up a folded letter, "here, read for yourself. Why, man, what makes you look so? The very prospect, that ought to fill you with delight, seems to sink you below zero. I almost envy you the possession of such a treasure!"

"Then it is!"

"Yes, surely—it is your 'Virginia savage,' Grace Merry. See, here is the name at full length; written in a bold, free hand. Pray heaven! by some successful rival! You deserve to lose her, for that look.

"It is of no use. I have often said, and say it again, that were she a divinity, named Grace, and born in Virginia, I could not love her. Besides, past events have produced an effect upon my mind, mere external charms cannot efface."

"Pooh, man, forget past events."

"I cannot. I told you in Geneva, I considered myself forced into this engagement. *That*, independent of my unconquerable dislike to every thing American, would prevent my possibly entertaining feelings of affection for this poor girl, were she 'Heavenly Grace,' and not Grace Merry."

"But Ernest, how ridiculous thus to yield to prejudice! I cannot believe you will suffer yours thus to control you!"

"Dormer, my grandfather had an old servant who accompanied him to the wars. During my childhood, this old man would frequently take me on his knee, and narrate the most fearful tales of the American war, in which these rebels were represented as mean, treacherous, and cruel. Then, my grandmother!—Dormer, you never knew my grandmother."

"No, thank heaven! But she was not mean!"

"Oh, no! yet so imperious! Look at the portrait which hangs above you. It is her likeness, taken soon after she reached this country. Young as she then was, you still can see something of *that* expression, which quelled my youthful spirit."

"Really, Ernest, I think it one of the finest faces I ever saw. So much dignity and intellectuality of expression, combined with such extreme beauty of feature!"

"Dormer, you never suffered from that dignity, that intellectuality. Had you known her as I knew her, you would regard that portrait as I do. Dormer, she never altered a determination. To do her justice, she displayed neither con-

ceit, nor passion in maintaining her ground. Oh no! she was too calmly haughty for that. But no consideration could induce her to yield a point she had once determined to carry. Dear Henry, a wife with my grandmother's disposition, would forever destroy my happiness."

"I must confess I should have little liking for such a wife myself. But even in sleep, the expression of this little beauty's face was sweetness. And I'm pretty certain your grandmother would never have run at the sight of a man; she would much sooner have given battle."

"Perhaps so—still, Dormer, the slaves! I've little doubt she has some half-dozen in her train. I only wonder, that to-night she had not one to fan her, and another to hold her feet, whilst she wrote upon the head of a third."

"Ernest, you are crazy! Still, you know, you have a chance of escaping this dreadful fate; perhaps she will reject you."

"Ernest did not seem *much* to enjoy the idea of being discarded. He rang the bell most energetically, called for refreshments, and without further reference to his future prospects, shortly after bade Dormer good-night.

So prettily did Grace Merry blush, when presented next morning to her cousin and his friend, that but for consistency, Ernest would have forgiven her her name, and her birth; and, as the sweet tones of her voice caught his ear, he felt ashamed to meet Dormer's eye. There was much merriment at the breakfast table, as they spoke of the adventure of the preceding evening: Grace insisting, that she was in a state of abstraction and not of sleep; that she had taken Walter the Doubter's plan, for reflection. Ernest felt puzzled; he had never heard either of Walter the Doubter or his plans. Indeed, so strong and unequalled had been his prejudice, that if by accident he came across an American production, he would cast it from him, determined to believe that nothing "good" could "come out of Nazareth." He therefore knew not how to reply to Grace's defence, and was in some perplexity, when he was unexpectedly relieved by his father, who had been busily engaged at the foot of the table examining the letters and papers, which were daily laid by his plate.

"Here is a most singular epistle," said he—"the direction covers nearly the whole of one side, and the writing is so perfectly original, that I wonder it should have reached its destination. Miss Diny Merry," he continued, endeavouring to decypher the hieroglyphics.

"Dinah!" interrupted Grace, blushing and laughing. "Dinah Merry! Give it to me, if you please, sir. Miss Dinah Merry appertains to me in quality of waiting maid. Her letter, I expect, was accidentally thrown amongst yours."

"Merry," said Ernest. "Do you permit your slaves to assume your names?"

"Certainly. It does us no injury, and is a gratification to them."

"I did not know, that you Americans studied the gratification of your slaves," said the

amiable Lucy Sexton, Mrs. Mordaunt's humble companion.

Grace coloured. "We do, as far as we think we ought. How can it be otherwise? They are our playmates in infancy, and the affection a child feels for its black nurse, is in many instances as strong, if not stronger, than its love to its natural parent. Indeed, it remains, during its early years, almost constantly with its 'Mammy.'"

"Ah then!" continued Lucy, laughing maliciously, "You receive your early lessons from black instructors!—negro polish!"

Our heroine's cheek flushed more deeply; however, commanding herself, she replied, laughingly, "Oh yes! and in me you behold a specimen of this polish. Many a game of romps have Dinah and I had together! and the bitterest tears I ever shed, were caused by the death of my black 'mammy.' I thought I had lost my all! For when found fault with in the house, I had always flown to her for consolation, and I verily believe she would have quarreled with every member of the family, black and white, for her 'sugarly,' as she called me.

This reply only inflamed Lucy to a greater degree. She saw the effect produced in the young Virginian's favour, but unable to restrain her malice, pursued the subject.

"I suppose, at all events, you took care not to inform this *friend* and waiting maid, that she would be considered free, so soon as she touched English ground."

This was too much for our heroine's equanimity. "You must be extremely ignorant of America," she replied, striving to speak calmly, "not to know that our Northern States are free, and that we generally sail from New York for England. Besides, Dinah would scarcely wish to continue in a kingdom, whose inhabitants are, in our country, proverbial for proving the worst masters."

"Lucy, you deserved this," said Mr. Mordaunt, rising—"and I must desire, that such attacks may never again be made in my house."

Lucy burst into tears; and Grace, whose anger was but momentary, made her escape, declaring she must hear what news Dinah's letter contained.

Lucy Sexton was the daughter of a clergyman, who, dying, left a family of five children, in extreme poverty, and loaded with debt. He was what is termed an *easy* man; that is, too indolent to exert himself, and too selfish to deny himself. At his death, of course every body pitied him, and said, "How much it is to be deplored that he had not more business habits. But a clergyman," &c.—and all the truly benevolent, and many who would be so considered, came forward to assist his orphan family. His eldest son, who had been educated for the ministry, had his father's living bestowed upon him; his second was presented with a commission in the army; and his two youngest were procured situations, the one as a private tutor, the other in the India Company. Lucy, his only daughter, was taken as companion to Mrs. Mordaunt.

Now Lucy was a regular groaner. When

in society, she was cheerful and amusing, for she soon found that *there* excessive sorrow quickly lost its effect. But if she could corner an *unfortunate*, she appeared "in her glory," and poured her "tale of sorrows" into his or her, "twas a'ane to Dandie," wearied ear. Every one pitied Lucy. Every one listened, whether wearied or not, for few knew that secretly she was devoured by envy. She could not forget having been once in prosperous circumstances, nor could she forgive others for being more wealthy, more beautiful, or more admired than herself.

Envy! thou bane of true happiness! where is the bosom in which thou hast not planted thine envenomed dart!

Thou art seen in the downcast look of infancy; in the maiden's paled hue; in the gossip of middle age; and e'en in the dull tale of helpless dotage, thou bearest thy part! Ruthless tyrant! thou poisonest the full chalice of human bliss!

Since Lucy's entrance into Mr. Mordaunt's family, but little had occurred to rouse the demon that lay slumbering in her breast, 'till Grace appeared. Her extreme beauty, spirit, and accomplishments, awakened him fully, and bitter were the pangs he caused his victim, when witnessing the admiration our heroine excited. Misguided Lucy! Spartan-like,* she hugged her direst foe to her heart, unmindful, though that heart were stung to its inmost core.

Ernest daily discovered some new perfection in Grace, and daily became more and more convinced of the unreasonableness of his prejudices. He found his cousin's mind highly cultivated; her manners gentle and fascinating; her voice in speaking or singing, possessed of singular sweetness and power; in short, in a few weeks, he found himself as much in love, as even old Mrs. Mordaunt could have wished.

"How unjust, how ridiculous has my conduct been," he exclaimed, as the evening before Dormer's departure from Mordaunt Hall, they walked together on the banks of the stream before mentioned. "What would *she* think, were she to suspect I had once fostered such feelings toward her and her country, as I gave vent to before you, the night I first saw her! She, so noble, so candid, so—"

"So free from every error," interrupted Dormer. "I suppose *now*, were I to hint at a fault, I might expect a challenge."

"Fault!—every one must have faults, to render them passable. But really, I think my cousin as free from faults as mortal can be. Indeed, I do not think at present I can recollect *one*."

"Temper," said Dormer, wickedly. "Do you remember your declarations with regard to your grandmother's temper?"

"My dear Dormer! how ridiculous to compare the two! My cousin, for a moment, may yield to anger, yet 'tis but for a moment—she instantly commands herself, and if wrong, owns her fault with a sweetness and candour, that

* I do not think this latter clause original.—*Author*.

adds new fascination to her charms. My grandmother was always calm and unruffled, but the combined powers of heaven and earth could scarcely have made her admit she could be in error. Grace's quickness of temper draws you toward her, my grandmother's proud calmness of demeanour drove you from her. Dear Dormer, the comparison wrongs my cousin. But is not that her own sweet self I see seated in her bower! I must hasten to her."

"So saying, Ernest left his friend, who returned to the house, and sped his onward way toward the little bower, called "Grace's Bower;" for there his cousin loved to sit of an evening with her guitar, and sing the songs learned at her own Glendale.

He was not mistaken—it was Grace. But the instrument, o'er which she so often leaned, striking at his approach a few hurried chords, now lay neglected beside her, and with her face buried in her hands, she seemed a prey to bitter anguish. At the sound of his footsteps she raised her head, and displayed a countenance so pale, so woe-begone, that Ernest involuntarily paused; then, unable to restrain his anxiety, sprang to her side.

"What has happened to distress my sweet cousin?" exclaimed he, taking her hand. "No bad news from home, I hope."

The hand was hastily withdrawn, and with a look sufficiently haughty and cold to have been given by his oft-alluded-to grandmother, Grace replied, she had received no news of a distressing nature from Glendale; then rising, hurried toward the house.

Poor Ernest! thunderstruck by her manner, he strove not to detain her, but when alone, paced the narrow limits of the little bower, vainly endeavouring to conceive how he had possibly offended her. He could recollect no one act by which he might have excited her indignation. What, then, was the cause of this sudden change? Could it be caprice! Oh no! she was too noble, too pure for so petty a feeling to find an entrance in her bosom! What, then, had occasioned this painful alteration. He had no enemies—but she had, and he now remembered having seen a white figure leave the bower in some haste as he approached. Yes, it could be no other than Lucy Sexton who had occasioned this mischief! She had always hated Grace with the rancour natural to a compound of evil, and would, he well knew, delight in wounding her feelings. But what could she have said of him. He had been abroad since her residence in his father's house until very lately, so she had never heard from him his ridiculous American prejudices, and his mother was too prudent to disclose it to one in whom she placed little confidence. What, then, could she possibly have said of him, so to excite his cousin's gentle nature? "Sister of Satan!" exclaimed he, aloud, "I will yet frustrate thy schemes!" With this doughty resolution, he sought Dormer.

It was evident, on the appearance of our heroine that night, that she had been shedding bitter tears. Though she placed herself as much in shadow as possible, she could not con-

ceal the redness of her eyes, the languor of her countenance. Gentle reader, my heroine could scarcely be called a heroine! She could not weep according to the rules of romance. When her feelings were slightly touched, the blood would rush o'er cheek and brow, and the bright tear would rise to her eye, adding fresh lustre to her beauty; but when those feelings were fully aroused, the tears no longer trembled on her long lashes, they poured in torrents, leaving traces of their effects in a pale cheek, crimson brow, and quivering lip. Ernest, however, saw none of these things. He only knew that she avoided him, and that he was miserable.

Dormer observed all parties closely. He soon perceived that Grace was now rather dejected than angry; and that her evident unhappiness gave Lucy Sexton much secret delight. He also observed the last mentioned lady quietly and effectually endeavouring to prevent all private communication between Ernest and his cousin, much to poor Ernest's annoyance, who wished too sincerely to discover the cause of Grace's displeasure, and if possible, to explain it, to bear the thought of waiting for the morrow.

At length the family separated for the night, and Dormer advised his friend by all means on the morrow to demand a private conference with his cousin, and come to a full explanation. Next morning, to Ernest's great regret, he left Mordaunt Hall.

It was in vain Ernest sought to speak with Grace alone. Walking, talking, reading, whatever was our heroine's occupation, Lucy was near. In despair, at length, he determined to write, and was on his way to the library for that purpose, when he saw the fair object of his thoughts, walking pensively in the shrubbery, alone. With a mighty effort Ernest summoned up his resolution, and in another moment was by her side.

"I have, for some days, wished to speak to you in private," said he, "to ask the cause of the cruel change in your manner toward me. How can I have offended you, to whose happiness it is my chief pleasure to contribute, as much as lays in my power."

Grace was silent. Ernest continued.

"Will you not inform me of the cause of your displeasure! You must know how entirely, how devotedly I love you, and how much pain your coldness has occasioned; will you not then tell me its cause?"

Still no answer. Urged on by excess of emotion, Ernest resumed in a higher strain: "Grace, from boyhood I've been taught to regard you as the future arbitress of my destiny. Since your arrival!"—

Here Grace interrupted him. "What must you think of me? How destitute of all the feelings of delicacy that should characterize woman, must you believe me, thus to leave my native country, and seek a foreign shore, for—Oh! the thought is too horrible!" Here she burst into tears.

"Dear cousin, we all knew your ignorance of our engagement. When your grandfather sent you over, he wrote word, that if you ob-

jected to its fulfilment, you were at the end of two years to return to him again. We all knew that this plan was arranged by my grandmother."

Grace appeared somewhat softened—Ernest continued:

"Yes, dear Grace, in your hands, rests my future happiness or misery, for you must know how passionately, how devotedly I love you!"

A smile played on Grace's features. Ernest, greatly encouraged, proceeded:

"You smile. Too well I know your noble nature, to believe that smile occasioned by my pain. Will you not now inform me how I have offended?"

Grace hesitated; but incapable of affectation, placed in his hand a folded letter, which Ernest instantly recognised as one he had written to his father from Geneva, announcing his intention of sacrificing his happiness to the fulfilment of his promise to his grandmother.

"Who gave you this?" was his involuntary exclamation.

Grace refused to tell.

"It is needless to refuse. I know that but one inmate of this house, would to gratify an evil nature, attempt my misery. Grace, I will admit, that before I knew you my prejudices were strong against your country, and even against your own sweet self. My grandmother's overbearing disposition prepossessed me against"—

"You might have remembered your grandmother was much more nearly related to yourself than to me," interrupted our heroine, with considerable warmth. And a little reading would have convinced you that Americans are the noblest race in the world."

"But to consider yourself forced into an engagement," urged Ernest, forgetting the construction she would place on his words, in his eagerness to defend himself.

"You are free, sir. You should have been free years ago, had I only been conscious of its existence."

"But I will not be free. Freedom would be my thralldom, and would only lead me to your feet, to entreat a renewal of your fetters."

Grace seemed still half inclined to continue angry. Her lover perceiving this, again resumed:

"You blame me for prejudices imbibed in childhood, yet do not remember that here have I been for the last week, evidently anxious to obtain a private conference with you, which you have sedulously avoided granting me, though you must have seen my wretchedness. My error was unavoidable, what can you say in defence of your conduct?"

Grace replied with a mischievous smile and a blush, "That any one, but a gentleman of prejudices, would know that when a lady walked alone where she knew he must see her, and placed the cause of her displeasure in his hands in the shape of a letter, she wished to give him an opportunity for explanation."

A few days after this conversation, Dormer received the following letter from Ernest:

Mordaunt Hall.

Dear Dormer—Next month my happiness will be completed, by my union to my lovely Grace! How could I ever dislike that name! 'Tis surely the most musical in creation! I scarcely think "*ma belle sauvage*" would be as interesting, by any other! But this by way of digression:—to return to my bridal:

We are to be married on the eighteenth, the day you remember, I dreaded so much. After the ceremony, we immediately sail for America, to remain at least a twelvemonth amongst her relations, and I am now as *anxious* to visit Virginia as I was once opposed to it. My dear Dormer, how silly it is to yield to prejudice!

By the bye, Lucy Sexton was the cause of our temporary quarrel. Prowling about, like her own father, the "roaring lion, seeking what she might devour," she accidentally possessed herself of a foolish letter I wrote my father from Geneva, concerning my engagement, expressed in entirely too strong terms, had my prospects really been as dreadful as I endeavoured to persuade myself they were. This epistle she carried to Grace, who refusing to read it, this compound of evil did the good deed herself; affecting great commiseration for her victim, who, horror-struck and confounded, had not the courage to leave her. On my approach, my mother's amiable companion, throwing the letter in Grace's lap, made her escape. What I most admire in my cousin's conduct, is the nobleness of her behaviour towards this poor girl, as she calls her. She says, that the consciousness of detection is sufficient punishment; so will neither permit me to show coldness in my manner, or to inform my parents. Surely she is a Virginia angel!

But I hear her voice. Remember, Dormer, my marriage will be scarcely a marriage, unless you attend. Your friend,

ERNEST MORDAUNT.

Despotism can no more exist in a nation, until the liberty of the press be destroyed, than the night can happen before the sun is set.

LAURA Creta, an Italian lady, was born in 1669. She was learned in the languages and philosophy. She married Peter Lereni, but with him she was not destined to live long. He died in eighteen months after their union. She refused to enter into a second connection, but devoted herself to her studies. She held a correspondence with most of the great scholars and philosophers in Europe, who were happy in forming an acquaintance, through the medium of letters, with one of the most learned women of the age, and of the world. She died in the flower of her age, and was lamented throughout Christendom. But by the jealousies of many of modern times, the writings of highly educated females have not had a fair chance to see new editions. This jealousy, thank Heaven, is now departing from the literary horizon.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO IS ENGAGED.

SOME of our readers may be surprised that we consider the fact of an engagement as sufficient to establish a young lady under an entirely new head of classification. But those who, like ourselves, are acquainted with the fair sex in a philosophical manner, must be well aware that, no sooner is a young lady engaged, than the very next second she is an altered being. We might almost say that she ceases to preserve her identity; for, by this simple process, we have known the romantic young lady become sensible, the busy young lady become diligent, and the matter-of-fact young lady become romantic.

It is to no purpose that we have philosophised and re-philosophised upon the cause of this sudden change. Sometimes we have thought that all young ladies, without exception, must be hypocrites, and intentionally deceive the world in respect to their true characters, until they become engaged. But this hypothesis we were compelled to give up as incompatible with the acknowledged amiability of the fair sex. Then we conceived the possibility of every young lady leading a sort of chrysalis life, and altering, by a particular regulation of nature, into various forms of character according to the various eras of young-lady life. Thus, before she comes out, she is a mere chrysalis; after she comes out, a gay butterfly; and when she is engaged, a sober moth. But even this position was untenable, when we considered, that whereas the butterfly undergoes fixed changes, the changes of young ladies are altogether without regularity, and cannot be counted upon as any thing certain. Other hypothesis we attempted, but none would explain the difficulty; so at last we relinquished the attempt for some future philosopher.

But, to return from this digression, we now proceed to show how you may satisfy yourself that a young lady is engaged or not.

First, then, there will always be a very strong report of it, one-third of which you may fairly believe, especially if your sisters have heard it from the ladies'-maid while she was "doing" their hair. When you have fully and philosophically established in your mind what quantum of belief the report deserves, you may proceed to work, without delay, by paying a visit boldly at the house where lives the young lady herself. When you knock, mind that you knock softly. "Is any one at home?" you ask of John as he opens the door. "Only Miss Higgins, Sir," says John, with a knowing side-wink of the eye not meant, of course, for you to see. The next moment you are shown slap into the drawing-room, and there you find Miss Higgins and Mr. Brown sitting opposite one another at each side of the fire. Here an unphilosophical intellect would jump at once to the conclusion that the report of their engagement is correct. I trust that your mind is too logical to be so hasty. At a single glance, like a great general, you mark their position, particularly observing whether the chairs appear to have been hurriedly separated at your approach. These observations I shall suppose

you to make while walking from the door up to the fire-place. It depends now entirely on your own management whether your future manoeuvres shall advance you a step in your line of evidence. Much, of course, must be left to circumstances, and much to your own peculiar genius. Some persons, of a coarse intellect, would cry out at once, "Hallo! what's here!" and observe the degree of blushing on either side consequent upon such an exclamation. Of course, if you are vulgar, you will pursue this course: but if you are a gentleman, as, for this book's sake, I hope you are, you will merely gently insinuate various observations bearing on the matter in hand, remarking particularly what ocular telegraphs pass between the parties all the while. Thus you come to the conclusion that there is a strong probability the parties are engaged. If the gentleman obstinately sit you out, of course that goes down as additional evidence.

Some persons might here rest satisfied with their discoveries—but you, I trust, have too much laudable curiosity in your nature, and too philosophical a turn of mind, to be satisfied with any thing short of a categorical conclusion. You do not want to settle the hypothetical probability of the young lady being engaged; but whether at this present time she be actually, affirmatively, *bona fide* engaged. Accordingly keeping in your mind's eye every link of the chain of evidence already laid before you, you no sooner meet the gentleman some day by accident in the street, than putting on the most friendly tone imaginable, you shake him a dozen times by the hand, saying affectionately, "My dear fellow, I congratulate you heartily; from my soul I do. What a lucky man you are!" Hereupon, if your friend or acquaintance protest that he can't understand you, with a sort of falter in his voice, and semi-smile struggling at each corner of his mouth, set him down as trying to deceive you. These signs you add to your former presumptive evidence, and so come at last to the conclusion that the young lady is engaged. Others may have reached the same point long before, but you alone have the conscientious satisfaction of having satisfied your praiseworthy curiosity, by gradual and certain steps, through a regular process of logical deduction.

We shall now give you for your help, in case you may still be at a loss, the following characteristics of the young lady who is engaged:

In the first place you will observe that the other young ladies invariably make way every day for the same gentleman at her side, after which effort they will probably retire in a compact body to the furthest end of the room, and begin whispering. Then "papa," and "mamma" are always more deferential to her than common; and every now and then at a party "mamma" may be observed looking anxiously about for her; on each of which several occasions a young gentleman comes up and sits by "mamma" for some two minutes and three-quarters, talking confidentially on some subject unknown. The young lady herself, if before this she was particularly shy of yourself and

other young gentlemen, now talks to you all in the most sisterly and easy manner possible. But this is only when the "gentleman" is away—when he is present she only answers "yes" or "no" to whatever interrogation you may put. Then, again, mark the walk of the engaged young lady. Observe how matrimonial it is. None of your hop-steps-and-jumps, as it used to be, but a staid, sober pace, fit for Lady Macbeth. Even her dress alters and shifts itself to suit her new condition by a sort of automaton effort. Instead of fine French muslin, she is now content with the cheapest poplin. If you drop in early you are sure to find a handsome night-cap, half made, lying on the table under a heap of books hastily thrown over. The young lady herself, wonderful to say, has taken to accounts; and her "mamma" makes her spend half an hour or so every day in the kitchen, to learn pastry matters. Nothing more is wanting as a final confirmation of the surmises which these appearances tend to produce, than to meet the pair out walking together at some unusual time in some unusual place. This you will be sure to succeed in if you take the trouble; and however much others may be surprised some fine morning by the present of a small triangular piece of bride cake, you yourself will not be surprised in the least, but will go on with your muffin, just remarking by the way to your mother, "that you knew it all long ago."

THE ROMANTIC YOUNG LADY.

THERE is at present existing in a plain brick house, within twenty miles of our habitation, a young lady whom we have christened "the romantic young lady," ever since she came to an age of discretion. We have known her from her childhood, and can safely affirm that she did not take this turn till her fifteenth year, just after she had read Corinne, which at that time was going the round of the reading society.

At that period she lived with her father in the next village. We well remember calling accidentally, and being informed by her that it was "a most angelic day," a truth which certainly our own experience of the cold and wet in walking across would have inclined us to dispute. These were the first words which gave us a hint as to the real state of the young lady's mind; and we know not but we might have passed them over, had it not been for certain other expressions on her part, which served as a confirmation of our melancholy suspicions. Thus when our attention was pointed at a small sampler, lying on the table, covered over with three alphabets in red, blue, and black, with a miniature green pyramid at the top, she observed pathetically that "it was done by herself in her infancy; after which, turning to a dandelion in a wine glass, she asked us languishingly if we loved flowers, affirming in the same breath that "she quite doted on them, and verily believed that if there were no flowers she should die outright." These expressions caused us a lengthened meditation on the young lady's case, as we walked home over the fields. Nor, with all allowances made, could we avoid the melancholy conclusion that she was gone ro-

mantic. "There is no hope for her," said we to ourselves. "Had she only gone mad, there might have been some chance." As usual, we were correct in our surmises. Within two months after this, our romantic friend ran away with the hair-dresser's apprentice, who settled her in the identical plain brick house so honourably mentioned above.

From our observations upon this case, and others of a similar kind, we feel no hesitation in laying before our readers the following characteristics, by which they shall know a romantic young lady within the first ten minutes of introduction. In the first place, you will observe that she always draws more or less, using generally the drawl pathetic, occasionally diversified with the drawls sympathetic, melancholic, and semi-melancholic. Then she is always pitying or wondering. Her pity knows no bounds. She pities "the poor flowers in winter." She pities her friend's shawl if it get's wet. She pities poor Mr. Brown, "he has such a taste; nothing but cabbages and potatoes in his garden." 'Tis singular that, with all this fund of compassion, she was never known to pity a deserving object. That would be too much matter of fact. Her compassion is of a more ætherial texture. She never gave a halfpenny to a beggar, unless he was "an exceedingly picturesque young man." Next to the passion of pity, she is blest with that of love. She loves the moon. She loves each of the stars individually. She loves the sea, and when she is out in a small boat loves a storm of all things. Her dislikes, it must be confessed, are equally strong and capacious. Thus she hates that dull woman, Mrs. Briggs. She can't bear that dry book, Rollin's History. She detests high roads. Nothing with her is in the mean. She either dotes or abominates. If you dance with her at a ball, she is sure to begin philosophizing, in a small way, about the feelings. She is particularly partial to wearing fresh flowers in her hair at dinner. You would be perfectly thunderstruck to hear, from her own lips, what an immense number of dear friends she has, both young and old, male and female. Her correspondence with young ladies is something quite appalling. She was never known, however, in her life to give one actual piece of information, except in a postscript. Her handwriting is excessively lilliputian, yet she always crosses in red ink, and sometimes re-crosses again in invisible green. She has read all the love novels in Christendom, and is quite in love with that dear Mr. Bulwer. Some prying persons say that she has got the complete works of Lord Byron; but on that point no one is perfectly certain. If she has a younger brother fresh from school, he is always ridiculing her for what she says, trying to put her in a passion, in which, however, he rarely succeeds. There is one thing in which she excels half her sex, for she hates scandal and gossip.

To conclude, the naturalist may lay down three principal eras in the romantic young lady's life. The first from fifteen to nineteen, while she is growing romantic; the second from nineteen to twenty-one, while she keeps romantic; and the third from twenty-one to twenty-nine, during which times she gradually subsides into common sense.

EARLY LOVE CAN NEVER DIE.

A NEW SONG.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

H. KLEBER

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court, of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Andante.

The first system of the musical score for 'The Swan' is marked 'Andante.' It consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking. The melody starts on a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, Bb4, and A4, then a half note G4. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. It features a continuous accompaniment of eighth notes, starting with a G4 octave and moving in a descending pattern. The system concludes with a fermata over the final notes of both staves.

My early love, I'll think on thee, When ev'ning sinks its crim - son

throne, Sweet hour which gen - - - tle me - - - mo - ry Delights to con - - - se - crate her

own. Ah! then thy che - - - rish'd im - - - age elings To all I

meet, or hear, or see, And twilight's breeze like mu - - - sic

brings Thy voice of glad - - - ness back to me, And twilight's

breeze like mu - - sic brings Thy voice of glad - ness back to me.

II.

Friendship's young bloom may pass away,
 As dreams depart the sleeper's mind,
 The hopes of life's maturer day
 May fade, and leave no trace behind:
 But early love can never die,
 That fairest bud of spring's bright years,
 'Twill still look green in memory,
 When time all other feeling sears.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RECOGNITION OF FRIENDS IN A FUTURE STATE.

"I would sink back from the bright valves of heaven,
Though borne by angels thither, were mine eyes,
In their inquiry through its haze of glory,
To meet but *strangers* there."

THE enjoyment of friends here below is transient. Associations that are continually forming, last, many of them only for a day. Unnumbered causes are ever operating to sunder the ties of acquaintance, and break the chords of friendship. Slander too often lends its influence. Like envy it

"Withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach ;"

and "out-venoming all the worms of Nile," thousands of the fairest buds of amity are often doomed to fade and die beneath its killing touch.

When we cast our eye back through the dim vista of the past, and recall to mind the friends of our youth, how often in the silent communings of our soul, we are led to inquire "Where are they?" Of all the numerous throng with whom we sported away the laughing hours of infancy—whom we could friendly grasp by the hand and enjoy our innocent pastimes—how few now meet our wandering eye. Some, in their journeyings through the vale of human life, have been called to other climes, to distant stranger lands; some have gone to their final resting-place, the tomb—others have fled from us by the repulsive power of their cold feelings of estrangement.

But there are a few choice spirits who still

linger around us, irradiating, like stars, the sky of our being, diffusing a halo of delight through it, rendering it brilliant with the light of hope and joyous expectations. These, with a few departed companions of our early years, who fled from the vile regions of earth ere they were scarcely formed by the polluting breath of sin, we fondly trust we shall meet again in purer climes, where our souls may commingle together—united in the bonds of holy affection through the long and ceaseless ages of eternity. It cannot be that those fair beings whose hearts once beat mutually with ours, whom the angel of death has hid from our gaze, and whose names, with the cold and selfish world, are destined to float for a while on the tide of remembrance, and then pass away into the ocean of forgetfulness, are fated never more to meet our view. No; there is a voice, the language of those that are gone, whispering in our ear the consoling words—"We shall meet again," and the endearing thought that thus it will be, cheers us on in our pilgrimage through the dark wilderness of life, secretly admonishing us to beware of temptations—to shun the soul-destroying haunts of vice and irreligion, and we shall at last have a meeting more blissful and transporting than all the joys of earth, *never to end.* E.

Written for the Lady's Book.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY JOHN HICKMAN, JUN., ESQ.

I think of thee!

When morn her orient smile unveils,
And decks in light the verdant vales,
When every bird and opening flower
Rejoice to hail the matin hour,

I think of thee—

Bright spirit of my destiny,
I think of thee!

I think of thee!

When sunset streaks the western cloud,
And wraps o'er day a golden shroud,
When sighing vespers float along,
And echo answers to the song,

I think of thee—

Bright spirit of my destiny,
I think of thee.

I think of thee!

Where ocean rolls his varied sands,
Where zephyr wings o'er sunny lands,
Where palaces, in grandeur rise,

And dome and turret pierce the skies,

I think of thee—

Bright spirit of my destiny,
I think of thee.

I think of thee!

Where springs the hut 'mid mountain snow,
Where winter blasts in anger blow,
Where all is barren, chill, and drear,
And misery drops a frozen tear,

I think of thee—

Bright spirit of my destiny,
I think of thee.

I think of thee!

In every path, in every clime,
At every moment, breath of time,
A portion of myself thou art,
A gem embedded in the heart—

I think of thee!

Bright spirit of my destiny,
I think of thee.

Westchester, Pa.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

THE STARRY NIGHT.

THE round pale moon was floating bright,
Amidst the blue of heaven;
The stars shed forth their holy light,
Upon the dewy even.
I gazed enraptured on the scene,
To see each twinkling star,
That shone so pure and so serene,
From its bright home afar.
Then memory with its magic power,
Unveiling all the past;
Recalled each joy, each happy hour,
Too blest, too pure to last;
The friends I lov'd in childhood's day,
Whose hearts now beat no more;
The eyes that shone with friendship's ray,
Whose lustre now is o'er.

I thought upon my spotless youth,
That sunny, cloudless hour;
When on my heart the star of truth
Shed all its radiant pow'r.
And then I thought upon the cloud,
That hung upon my brow;
That once with youth's bright visions glow'd,
So sad, so dreary now.
I thought again—a stormy day
Will oft grow calm at night;
So all life's clouds may pass away,
And leave our sky as bright.
And, oh! a wish then crossed my breast,
Upon that glorious even,
"To flee away and be at rest,"
With friends long since in heav'n.
Lynchburg, Va. R. M. S.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light!"

Is the first impression which comes over our mind as we sit down to this monthly conference with our kind friends. Yes, the brilliant, the gifted L. E. L.—one of the brightest stars in the galaxy of female genius, has gone down to the darkness of the tomb—sunk to rise no more till the "dead, small and great, stand before God!" The tidings of her sudden death comes like the thrill of one of her own sad and impassioned songs upon the heart—teaching the frailty of all earthly hopes, and that love and life are but words of care and sorrow.

Our readers are, doubtless, familiar with the story of the decease of Mrs. Maclean; (or as we still like best to call her, Miss Landon)—that she was found dead in her room, with a bottle which had contained prussic acid in her hand; and that it was testified by her husband and servant, that she had been in the habit of taking this deadly poison, occasionally, as a remedy for spasms in the stomach. Rumours have been circulated, as might be expected, that she purposely destroyed herself—and surmises were not wanting, to complete the tale of wretchedness, that she was disappointed and unhappy in her matrimonial connexion. But we are glad to find that there is no good reason for these reports. The "London Times" contains a letter, which we insert, from Mrs. Hall, (well known in our country, for delightful "Sketches of Irish Character,") enclosing one from Mrs. Maclean, written, probably, but a few hours before her death, which shows such a cheerful, healthful state of mind, such hopefulness of fancy, as no one could, we think, counterfeit or display, if contemplating suicide. It is a relief to the sorrow her death inflicts to have the dark suspicions of unhappiness and crime thus removed.

THE LATE MRS. MACLEAN—L. E. L.

To the Editor of the *London Times*:

Sir—As I find there are some painful surmises in reference to the melancholy death of Mrs. Maclean, I presume to request your insertion of the accompanying letter. It is probably one of the two she wrote the night before her decease; for, though without date, it came to me as a 'ship letter,' and not by private hand, and I did not receive it until I had read the mournful intelligence in your paper. It is unnecessary to direct attention to its cheerful and healthy tone; to me, it is evidence that for the first time during a life of labour, anxiety, and pain, for such hers undoubtedly was, her hopes of ease and happiness were strong and well grounded. A mysterious dispensation of Providence has deprived literature and society of one of its brightest ornaments. She will be lamented by millions, to whose enjoyments she so largely contributed; but to her private friends

the loss is one to which language can give no adequate expression.

I have the honour to be, sir, your obliged servant,
ANNA MARIA HALL.

The Rosery, 12, Gloucester-road, Old Brompton.

"My dearest Mrs. Hall—I must send you one of my earliest epistles from the Tropics, and as a ship is just sailing, I will write, though it can only be a few hurried lines. I can tell you my whole voyage in three words—six weeks' sea-sickness—but I am now as well as possible, and have been ever since I landed. The castle is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty, even in England; that where I am writing is painted a deep blue, with some splendid engravings; indeed, fine prints seem quite a passion with the gentlemen here. Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with bookcases of African mahogany, and portraits of distinguished authors. I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, chronometers, lavimeters, gaeometers, &c., none of which may be touched by hands profane. On three sides the batteries are dashed against by the waves; on the fourth is a splendid land view; the hills are covered to the top with what we should call weed, but is here called bush. This dense mass of green is varied by some large handsome white houses, belonging to different gentlemen, and on two of the heights are small forts built by Mr. Maclean. The cocoa-trees with their long fan-like leaves are very beautiful. The natives seem both obliging and intelligent, and look very picturesque, with their fine dark figures, with pieces of the country cloth flung round them; they seem to have an excellent ear for music; the band plays all the old popular airs, which they have caught from some chance hearing. The servants are very tolerable, but they take so many to work. The prisoners do the scouring, and fancy three men cleaning a room that an old woman in England would do in an hour! besides the soldier who stands by, his bayonet drawn in his hand. All my troubles have been of a house-keeping kind, and no one could begin on a more plentiful stock of ignorance than myself; however, like Sinbad the sailor in the cavern, I begin to see light. I have numbered and labelled my keys, their name is Legion, and every morning I take my way to the store, give out flour, sugar, butter, &c., and am learning to scold if I see any dust, or miss the customary polish on the tables; I am actually getting the steward of the ship, who is my right-hand, to teach me how to make pastry; I will report progression in the next; we live almost entirely on ducks and chickens; if a sheep be killed, it must be eaten the same day; the bread is very good, palm wine being used for yeast, and yams are an excellent substitute for potatoes. The fruit generally is too sweet for my liking, but the oranges and pine apples are delicious. You cannot think the complete seclusion in which I live, but I have a great resource in writing, and I am very well and very happy; but I think even more than I expected, if that be possible, of my English friends. It was almost like seeing something alive when I saw 'The Bucanier,' and 'The Outlaw,' side by side in Mr. Maclean's library; I cannot tell you the pleasure it gave me. Do tell Mr. Hall that every day I find the books of gems greater treasures, I refer to them perpetually; I have been busy with what I hope you

will like—emays from Sir Walter Scott's works, to illustrate a set of Heath's portraits; I believe they are to appear every fortnight next year. Give my kindest love to Mrs. Fielding and Mr. Hall, and believe ever,

Your truly affectionate,

L. E. (LONDON*) MACLEAN."

"I shall not forget the shells."

* "You see how difficult it is to leave off an old custom."

[The name had been written 'L. E. Landon;' but the word 'Landon' was erased, and that of 'Maclean' substituted.]

The last poem written by Miss Landon, has been already widely published—nor does it, from its own merits, claim any peculiar admiration—yet we think it deserves to be preserved in the "Lady's Book," as a memento of the pure deep feelings of friendship which woman's genius is so fitted to portray. It will long be a sacred strain to her friends.

By a curious coincidence, the following sweet poem from her pen was published in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' on the morning of the day upon which the news of her death reached London:

THE POLAR STAR.

BY L. E. L.

This star sinks below the horizon in certain latitudes. I watched it sink lower and lower every night, till at last it disappeared.

A star has left the kindling sky—
A lovely northern light;
How many planets are on high!
But that has left the night.

I miss its bright familiar face,
It was a friend to me,
Associate with my native place,
And those beyond the sea.

It rose upon our English sky,
Shone o'er our English land,
And brought back many a loving eye,
And many a gentle hand.

It seemed to answer to my thought;
It called the past to mind,
And with its welcome presence brought
All I had left behind.

The voyage, it lights no longer, ends
Soon, on a foreign shore;
How can I but recall the friends
Whom I may see no more?

Fresh from the pain it was to part—
How could I bear the pain?
Yet strong the omen in my heart
That says—We meet again;

Meet with a deeper, dearer love;
For absence shows the worth
Of all from which we then remove—
Friends, home, and native earth.

Thou lovely polar star! mine eyes
Still turned the first on thee,
'Till I have felt a sad surprise
That none looked up with me.

But thou hast sunk beneath the wave,
Thy radiant place unknown;
I seem to stand beside a grave,
And stand by it alone.

Farewell!—Ah, would to me were given
A power upon thy light:
What words upon our English heaven
Thy loving rays should write!

Kind messages of love and hope
Upon thy rays should be;
Thy shining orbit would have scope
Scarcely enough for me.

Oh, fancy, vain as it is fond,
And little needed too!—
My friends! I need not look beyond
My heart to look for you!

LETTER FROM GREECE.

In our last number we gave some account, in a brief notice of "Stephens' Travels in Greece," &c., of Mrs. Hill's school at Athens. We have since had the pleasure of perusing a letter from an American lady, lately settled in that interesting country, and are permitted to make a few ex-

tracts, which, besides corroborating the statements of the tourist, are encouraging to those philanthropists who are laboring for the improvement of Greece. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Emma Willard Yates, whose exertions in the cause of female education, particularly in the enlargement of Mrs. Hill's school, have given her a warm place in the hearts of the Greek nation.—But to the letter:

"Greece has been so often described, that I will refrain from touching on a topic, which, though in itself so full of interest and beauty, must sound trite to your cultivated ear. I will only say, that I love the country and the people, and among no other on the face of the wide world, would I prefer to dwell, except in my own loved and blessed land. But here, while duty and principle calls me, I am happy to remain.

"Now of course I exert no influence, because my knowledge of the language is so slight—and yet one may almost fold their hands and do good in Greece, provided they only bring with them the domestic habits of America, and show a well-ordered house, conducted with neatness and economy. The Greeks are so quick to learn and imitate, that it is of great importance to set before them good examples of life and manners. Unfortunately, foreign influence will, I fear, have a very injurious effect on the female character, unless counteracted by the exertions of those who are promoting education. The love of dress and display, introduced by the court, is really detrimental to the interests of this impoverished country. I have been told of a *mother*, who sold the last means she had of supporting herself to provide finery for her daughter to wear to a Court ball! and after all her painful endurances, her tawdry and ill-arranged *Frank* dress excited only the ridicule of those for whose good opinion she had sacrificed so much; and a year of want and misery must be endured for the vain attempt of shining and enjoying one night of pleasure.

"The Greeks are, I think, naturally disposed to be a domestic people; they are warmhearted, affectionate, and generally moral—but domestic happiness depends upon the character of the female, and place a woman at the head of a family, where she must necessarily be much alone, and if she have not mental resources, how miserable she must be! If she is not obliged to labour with her own hands, her only resource to prevent ennui is weak, frivolous society, where she will waste many hours of the day in useless, idle gossip, and feel wretched should any circumstance deprive her of this amusement.

"There are now many educated men in Athens, possessing large landed property in the country, but who are living in the city, poor and harassed by the want of money, because their estates will yield them nothing unless they reside upon them, and attend themselves to their business; this they cannot do, because their wives will not live in the solitude of the country.

"I heard a lady say, a few days since, that unless she was in town, and saw people moving about, and had her friends to talk with, she felt like suffocating, and did not know what to do with herself. She was a wife and mother, yet even the holy and gentle affections, growing out of these relations, could not satisfy her feelings, or occupy her fancy, proving that the *mind*, as well as the heart, needs food and excitement; and we cannot neglect the *one*, without injuring the individual happiness, and weakening the strength and goodness of the other. An American woman can never appreciate the untold value of the habits of mental variety, which her education gives her, till in a foreign land she sees the want of them in others.

"To-day I had the pleasure of attending an examination in Mrs. Hill's school. I heard about thirty girls examined in History, Geography, Astronomy, and Arithmetic. As far as my imperfect knowledge of the language allowed me to understand, they acquitted themselves exceedingly well. A part of the exercises consisted in singing, both in Greek and English. A few years ago, and female education was a thing unheard of in Greece; now, chiefly by the unwearied effort and liberality of American women, the system is completely established—and what a blessing it promises to Greece, to the world!"

It will be perceived that our Fashions are *coloured*; indeed, we can perceive no use they can possibly be to any Lady, unless she is able to judge from the colouring what will be the effect of the dress. The expense of colouring the engraving and the addition of a steel plate is enormous, but we feel every inducement to make an exertion to please our subscribers, who have done so much for us. There are no two monthly publications of the same kind, in the country, whose lists conjoined, can approach ours. This is not said in vain boasting, but in a spirit of thankfulness for the favours received.

It is our present purpose, in the June number, to give two figures of Fashions coloured, and two without that necessary ornament, that our subscribers may, at a glance, see the difference.

Our notice in the February number, for contributors to draw upon us for the amount due them, had reference only to those with whom the *publisher* contracts with for contributions.

PREMIUMS

Of a most liberal nature will shortly be offered. They will be on a scale of magnificence that will induce the best writers of this and other countries to contend for them.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

Travels in South-Eastern Asia, embracing Hindustan, Malay, Siam, and China; with notices of numerous Missionary stations, and a full account of the Burman Empire, by Howard Malcom—Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

We are indebted to the esteemed author for a copy of the first volume of this work, the second not yet being ready for publication. Rev. Howard Malcom was sent out by the Baptist American Missionary Society, to examine the state of its missions in the East, and gather whatever information could be obtained respecting those ancient countries and their present inhabitants, which might be of service in the great efforts now making to give them Christian instruction. Mr. Malcom had been for a number of years pastor of a large church in Boston, and whoever had had the privilege of knowing him in public or private life, must have been impressed with the belief that, if his health permitted, his mission would be most thoroughly and efficiently performed. Still his health was so feeble that many fears were entertained, lest, in the earnestness of his zeal in the cause of religion, and the exercise of his indefatigable spirit in a field so wide and various, that his strength might fail to accomplish what would be expected from such a mind. But those fears of his friends are now all dispelled—nobly, most nobly has he discharged the duty of gathering and communicating knowledge of the way and means by which the heathen may be reached, and the light of life imparted to those dark regions. This first volume is chiefly confined to a description of the Burman empire—we wish we had room for extracts—but we hope the work will be read by all who can obtain it, the interest of its details and the clearness of the description, with the importance, in a commercial as well as philanthropic and religious point of view, must give it a wide circulation.

The Merry Tales of the Three Wise Men of Gotham. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1839.

This is volume XV. of Harpers' beautiful edition of Paulding's works. It is composed of various good-natured satires, some of which have no less pointed application to the follies of the present day than they had at the period they were written. The series is very creditable to the publishers for the handsome manner in which it has been got up.

The Bench and the Bar. 3 vols. Carey and Hart. 1839.

Mr. Grant, well known by his "Random Recollections of the House of Commons," has, in these volumes, furnished sketches of the principal personages connected with the higher English courts, such as Lords Eldon, Brougham, &c. &c., Sergeant Wilde, and his brother Sergeants. Most of the portraits are good.

Anthony's First Lessons in Latin. Harper and Brothers. 1839.

This is an useful introduction to the study of the Latin language. The arrangement is good, and the examples are well chosen.

Captain Kyd. By the Author of *Lafitte*. Harper and Brothers. New York, 1839. 2 vols.

Professor Ingraham has made a very pleasant and interesting book, out of the adventures of the redoubted freebooter whose name he has chosen for his title. Incidents, both by land and sea, of the most exciting description, are profusely

scattered through the two volumes; and the scenes generally are sketched with graphic boldness and fidelity. The style of the Professor, though sometimes rather diffused, is marked by much freedom.

We welcome *The Collegian*, published by James Alexander, of Charlottesville, Virginia. It is admirably edited by the Students of the University of Virginia.

Poems, by Rufus Dawes.—This volume is the first of a series proposed to be published by M. S. Colman, of New York, under the imposing title of "Library of American Poets." The work is tastefully got up, as Mr. Colman's books usually are, and we hope and trust that this literary enterprise will be generously sustained by public patronage. Our age and country should be prompt and watchful to sustain generously the poetic art, if "poesy" be what the great Lord Bacon affirms—"the aspiration of the spirit of man for a more ample greatness, a more *exact goodness*, the world being in proportion inferior to the soul;" and also, that "it serveth and confereth to *magnanimity, morality, and delectation*." Of course this is affirmed only of *poetry*, such as deserveth the high and holy name—not the mere scribbler of rhyme. Mr. Dawes has been long known to the public as a poet whose fine moral taste and excellent principles insured that the influence of his writings would be unexceptionable. His short poems are, many of them, very beautiful, and have had a wide circulation. The following, which is among the new pieces contained in this volume, we think a real gem of fancy; it is entitled "Flora."

"When Flora, in her earliest days,
Taught her young buds to blossom round;
She bade them fresher, as the rays
Of morning glittering o'er the ground.

She chose the loveliest that grew,
And placed them at Apollo's shrine,
For they were fresh and budding new,
And worthy of the power divine.

"Apollo, pleased with such a boon,
Attuned his lyre to passion's strain,
And taught young echo, at the tune,
To wing his airy flight again.

But Venus saw what love had done,
And jealous of her Flora's power,
Transform'd her e'er another sun,
To beauty's passion-stricken flower.

When morning came, Apollo's rays
Flew quickly where they loved to rest,
But soon he found their cheering blaze
Was beaming on a lily's breast.

And where her smile once play'd alone,
And taught the god of light to smile,
A dew-drop glisten'd, while his song
By her unheeded was the while.

And now at summer time, ere morn
Breaks beauteous in the glowing sky,
The brilliant queen looks down upon
Her lily bending tearfully:

But ever flies as light appears,
Ashamed to meet the god of day,
Who always looks her into tears,
Until she weeps herself away."

We have not yet spoken of the longer pieces—"Geraldine," and "Athenia of Damascus." The first is a poem of some hundred pages, in the Don Juan measure, containing a sad story of love, crime, and suffering, interspersed with many reflections on common matters and things. It has considerable interest, but we think the catastrophe is quite too dismal. The tragedy—*Athenia of Damascus*, has many beautiful passages—the character of the hero, Calvus, is finely conceived and drawn. There are faults, which might be pointed out, but that is an unpleasant office, and we greatly prefer to dwell on the excellencies, rather than to search for defects. The sentiment of the work throughout, is of a high moral tone, and we hope the book will be placed in every lady's library.

Carl Werner, an Imaginative Story; with other Tales of Imagination—in two volumes, by the author of the "Yemassee," "Guy Rivers," &c. New York: George Adlard

We named, in our February number, a work by the same author—"Pelayo, or the Goth," with high praise, as we thought it deserved. These volumes will not do discredit to the genius of Mr. Simms, though not equal in power of expression, and vividness of fancy to the former story. We think the author one of the most promising writers of fiction our country can boast.

"Wreath of Wild Flowers from New England," is the title of a beautiful volume of Poems from the pen of our young friend, Mrs. Frances S. Osgood, now residing at London. The work has found much favor from the London critics, and what is better for the fair and gentle writer, with the public it is bought as well as praised. We shall give selections from it in our next number.

Journal of the American Silk Society, and Rural Economist. Vol. 1. No. 1. Baltimore, January 1839.

The great and increasing importance attached by a large portion of our countrymen, to the successful production of Silk as one of our staple manufactures, recently induced some of the most eminent culturists to hold a convention at Baltimore, for the purpose of considering the best methods of promoting the enterprise. At this convention, it was among other things resolved, to establish a monthly journal, to be devoted to the diffusion of information on the subject; and J. S. Skinner was chosen as the Editor. The first number of this publication now before us, is principally occupied with the proceedings of the Convention, and is not therefore to be regarded as a proper specimen of what it will hereafter be; but we have no doubt, from the abilities of Mr. Skinner, and the anxiety felt on all sides to further the object, it will prove a valuable accession to the stock of knowledge now existing in reference to the silk culture.

THE ARABIAN NIGHT'S ENTERTAINMENT.

We are indebted to a friend, lately returned from England, for an opportunity to examine the first seven numbers of Mr. Lane's new edition of this old and favourite work. The publication, externally, is got up by Messrs. Knight and Co. of London, and with the important and highly entertaining notes of an Editor, so competent as the author of the "Travels in Egypt" must be to the task, will undoubtedly be received with satisfaction by the American as it is by the British community. We hardly know indeed, whether to admire most the embellishments or the commentaries referred to; it seems as if the work could hardly be spared from any good library hereafter, and we only wonder, as we look over the exquisite beauty of the one, and the life-like and picturesque details of the other, how we have managed to get on so long without them as we have. All Christendom, however, has fared no better, and we believe these tales have been transla-

ted into almost every language of Europe. A late writer states, that "besides the numerous MS copies which have been brought from the East, no less than four editions of the original text have been printed."

Hundreds of all sorts of imitations, meanwhile, have appeared, some of which obtained great circulation. In fact it seems to be no exaggeration to say with the London Athenæum, that "in these Eastern tales originated a new branch of literature; and that the history of the Arabian Nights, the account of their introduction into Europe, the review of the works which sprung up in imitation of them, their influence on general literature, as well as the relative merits of the numberless translations, must form no uninteresting chapter in any comprehensive history of modern literature."

Their authenticity, though once disputed, or rather believed in by no one, is now universally admitted. As to their authorship, a great question is agitated among the literati. Various parties contend respectively for a Persian, an Indian, an Arabic origin; the date of the composition being at the same time a matter of debate. Mr. Lane's opinion, entitled to respect, inclines to the Arabic theory. We cannot give his reasoning in detail, but the strongest part of it appears to be founded on a comparison of manners and customs described in the Tales, with the modern habits of the same people, particularly the Egyptian Arabs, whom he knows so well. On this point his notes are full of instruction. He embellishes also, which renders the work more luxuriously fascinating than ever. These are valuable, almost indispensable illustrations as well as ornaments of the text. The writer just cited, who is evidently a perfect master of the subject, says "We feel perfectly satisfied that the Arabian Nights do not contain a single description of manners, people, dress, or buildings, which is not to be reconciled with the present state of the country."

On the subject of Arabian Literature particularly, which few on this side the Atlantic are familiar with, he speaks thus: "A good history of Arabian literature remains still to be written; but enough may be gathered from the works of Andres, Simondi, and Casiri, to justify the conclusion that the Arabs left no branch of learning untouched; that they cultivated letters with an ardour and enthusiasm unequalled even in the golden days of Greece; that they must be regarded as the authors of many important discoveries in the sciences; and in literature, they were the first to introduce such works as encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, which are as it were the right hand of knowledge. Hajee Khatah, who lived in Constantinople in the seventeenth century, formed a catalogue of nearly 20,000 authors, the majority of whom were Arabs; the number of their historians is very great; and it has been asserted that Arabia alone has given birth to more poets than all the rest of the world put together."

This is a singular statement, and though we have no reason to doubt its accuracy, we apprehend it will surprise many of our readers. We have just learned, that this edition of Mr. Lane's Arabian Night's Entertainment has been received and is for sale at one of the Boston book stores.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

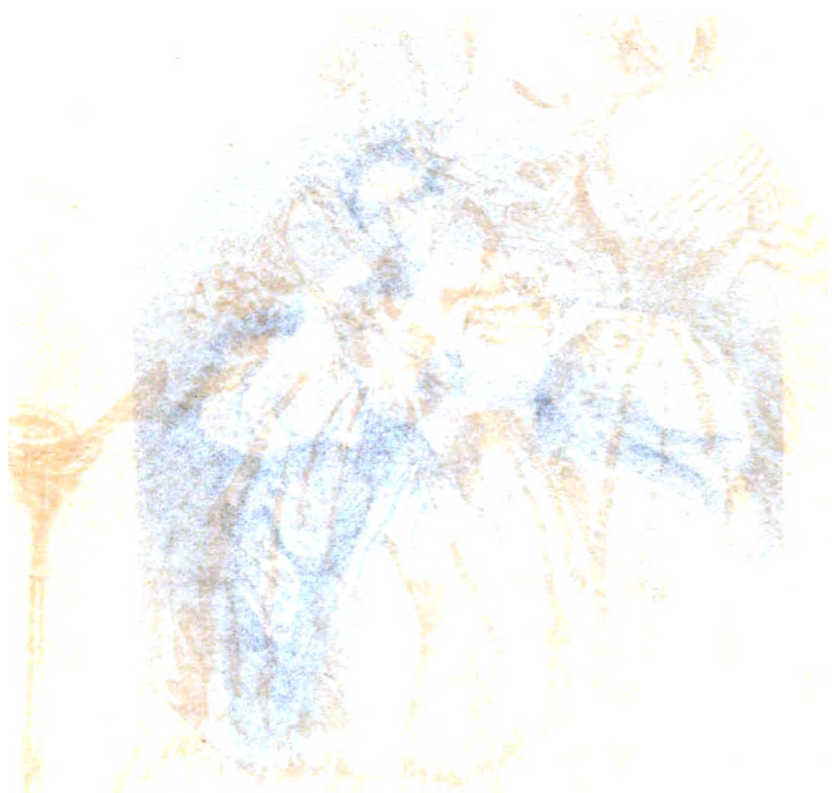
We now colour our plates to different patterns, so that two persons in a place may compare their Fashions, and adopt those colours that they suppose may be most suitable to their figures and complexions.

Figure I.—Dress of rich silk, in one or two colours. The corsage is made open on the neck in front, otherwise it fits quite plain to the bust, and is only half high, (see plate.) The sleeves are in flat, regular plaits, some way below the shoulder, the remainder is loose as far as the wrist, which consists of a pointed cuff, the point turned up and trimmed with a very narrow valenciennes—the tops of the sleeves are ornamented with two rather deep frills, mitred. The waist of the dress is long, particularly in front, and the skirt is ornamented with two flounces, the lower one very deep, the upper one, which has the appearance of a heading, is not more than one-third of the depth of the other, both are mitred, and overcast at the edges with coloured silks to match the dress, or rather the colours. The pelerine worn with this dress is extremely small. It is trimmed with a frill similar

to those on the sleeves. Hat of gros de Naples, the front is by no means large, but is very deep at the sides, where it is rounded off; the crown is excessively low, and sits much back; the trimming consists of white riband bows, and gauze encircling the crown, (see plate.) The flowers underneath the front of the hat are small roses without foliage; hair in smooth bands, white gloves, black shoes.

PUBLIC PROMENADE DRESS.

Figure II.—Embroidered muslin pelisse robe; the skirt is trimmed down one side with knots of riband and a row of lace, corsage in crossed drapery, and sleeves demi-large: the dress is lined with sarsenet. Mantelet to correspond, very richly embroidered. Drawn bonnet of gros de Naples, trimmed with corn, flowers, and riband.



THE

LADY'S BOOK.

MAY, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE DISSIPATED HUSBAND.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

"When spite of conscience, pleasure is pursued,
Man's nature is unnaturally pleased:
And what's unnatural, is painful too—"

"Virtue's foundations with the worlds were laid;
Heaven mixed her with our make, and twisted close
Her sacred interests with the springs of life.
Who breaks her awful mandate, shocks himself,
His better self.—*Young.*

"THE only child of her mother, and that mother a widow"—the early years of Constance Ellerton were passed in seclusion. Her father had died when she was very young, leaving to his wife and child but a moderate competency; totally inadequate to the support of that splendour, in which they had hitherto lived. Mrs. Ellerton, retiring to a small country town, devoted herself assiduously to the instruction of Constance. She was a woman of strong, and cultivated intellect, united to much energy and decision of character. She was also a very proud woman, and deeply and bitterly did she feel the change in her situation. From the very girlhood of Constance, she had cherished the hope that she would marry highly: and now as she grew up to womanhood, crowned with a beauty that gives power like the weird spell of old, to woman, the hope grew stronger, and more intense.

Neglect, the general fate of poor relations, had not fallen to the lot of Mrs. Ellerton; her society was sought with eagerness, her many estimable qualities rendering her an object of strong attachment to all those to whom she was nearly connected. From motives of economy, she refused all invitations to mingle again in society, until the education of Constance was completed. Mrs. Ellerton's only sister, Mrs. Meredith, had married a gentleman of great wealth, and high respectability of character in ——— city. It had been the anxious wish of this lady, that Mrs. Ellerton and her daughter, should spend their winters with her. This, however, had been declined; but Constance had now reached her eighteenth year, and with

a heart full of exulting hope, the mother yielded to the solicitations of Mrs. Meredith. At the period when our tale opens, we find them inmates of her home for the coming winter.

Among the first who singled out Constance as an object of marked attention, was Horace Stanhope. He had already, though but eight-and-twenty, risen high in his profession—the law. During business hours, no man could be more attentive; but the hours of relaxation were devoted to dissipation: much that was high and ennobling in his character, lay buried beneath the noxious weeds that grow up from bad associations. He lost all confidence in his kind; had no faith in the good and excellent; ever upon his lips there was scorn, in the flash of his dark eye, incredulity and contempt. Men, whose natures *harden* from contact with the world, grow selfish. It was thus with Horace Stanhope; and strong, and stubborn was his belief that among men, the only universal creed was selfishness. He was the suitor of Constance; the spell of her wondrous beauty was upon him, he longed to make it his own. What was his opinion of woman? It had been formed among the lost, the degraded, who fold over the sex "a mantle dyed in blood." The curse clinging to themselves falls upon their associates, who lose the power of appreciating woman in her truth and purity.

They were alone, the mother and daughter. "Come hither, and sit down beside me; I have much to say to you, my own Constance!" and the fair girl sat down on a low stool at her mother's feet, and passing her arm over her knee, looked up into that face that was the sunshine of her existence. No mother could have looked upon that child without her heart swelling within her—so fair! so exquisitely beautiful was the maiden! The dark, glossy hair, fell over a neck soft and snowy as the lace that touched it. The fair, white brow, bore the stamp of intellect; the splendid arch of the eye—

brow crowned an eye sparkling with hope and happiness—yet thoughtful, in its dark and tender beauty. The tint of the opening rose bud lay upon the downy cheek, the dimpled and expressive mouth! Earnest and confiding, and full of woman's gentleness was that upward look! the yearning tenderness of the mother's heart rose up to meet it; parting the rich hair away from that sunny forehead, she bent down and kissed her child, as half unconsciously she murmured:

"My beautiful!"—there was a short pause—then gently the mother said—"Let there be perfect confidence between us now as ever, my Constance. I would speak to you of Horace Stanhope, his attentions are very marked, he woos you for his wife; and though I have formed high hopes for you, my own! they would be more than realized by this union. You rarely speak of him, yet you seem to take pleasure in his society. Will you tell me, Constance, if he has succeeded in making an impression upon your heart?"

"No, mamma!" was the reply in a very low, but distinct tone. Over the face of Mrs. Ellerton there passed a shade of disappointment, she was silent for a moment, ere she asked:

"He is very handsome—is he not?"

"Very," was the reply, "he possesses an intellectual countenance of the highest order, is polished in manners, and captivating in conversation. But mamma," she continued in the low tones of timidity, "he is only the more dangerous on that account, if his character is immoral."

"The reports in regard to him," replied Mrs. Ellerton, "may be, and no doubt are, very greatly exaggerated. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact of his being much sought after by fashionable mothers, for their daughters. His great wealth, excellent connections, and striking personal advantages, render him a very desirable match."

"His manner is so full of irony," said Constance—"so cutting, so contemptuous! How utterly he scorns the world! And, how, upon every good action, he sees the dark taint of selfishness. One might think that long years had passed over him, laden with knowledge of evil."

"I am surprised," said Mrs. Ellerton, "I thought you admired him; you evidently take great pleasure in his society."

"That is true," said Constance—and she coloured deeply—"ofttimes, I have listened with intense interest to his exceeding eloquence. But, mamma—mamma! is there not danger to me in that very fascination? Can I trust one, whose heart has hardened in the pursuit of his own selfish gratifications? I answered you truly, mamma, when I said he had made no impression on my heart. Oh! I have guarded it round and round, my mother, with the faithful armour of principle! For there is a power in the gifted mind of Horace Stanhope, that if once yielded to, would sweep, like the mountain torrent, all before it!"

There was a long silence. Mrs. Ellerton held commune with her own heart, for it was

filled with many and agitating emotions. She felt that her daughter was right, that there was risk in trusting to the future faith of Horace Stanhope; but ambition rolled its lava flood over all sense of right. How *could* he tire of Constance! the bright! the beautiful! Impossible, that he should ever weary of that fair and gentle being! and the strong love of the mother, too fond, too credulous, echoed—impossible!

Long, and earnestly, the daughter watched the shadows that came and went over the face of her parent; she could not understand them, she possessed no clue to the master passion that had slumbered in the bosom of Mrs. Ellerton. The sunny years of her childhood had not been clouded by the useless repinings of her mother; she was loved too fondly!

The decision was made, and once made Mrs. Ellerton was not a woman to hesitate further. Constance listened in surprise, no unpleasant surprise; her young imagination had been strongly captivated, she could not look with indifference on one so gifted as Stanhope, but she had guarded her heart from every softening influence, because she believed him destitute of principle. But her doubts vanished, like mists before the morning sun, when her mother became his advocate—that mother had never been found wanting! and the trust she had given through all the years of her life, was given now, fully and entirely.

Mrs. Ellerton spoke of Horace with earnest approbation, placing his moral character in the very fairest point of view, ascribing to slander the injurious reports that defamed it; urging upon her daughter the many and great advantages of such a union, the strong bond of sympathy that must exist where intellectual attainments are mutual; and last, though not least, the certainty she must ever feel that she was wooed for herself alone; and that love once awakened in the heart of Horace Stanhope, could not fade but with his life.

Horace was wise in choosing so powerful an ally! He had read aright the mind of Mrs. Ellerton, and he saw that ambition for herself and child, was strong enough to blind her judgment of his character. Before he had sought the daughter's love, he had earnestly solicited the mother's influence; urging his affection with the truth and fervour he really felt. Delicately alluding to the separation between Constance and herself, he said:

"Such separation need never be; it would be his pride and pleasure, to be to her in all things a son; and while he had a home for his wife, it was also one for her mother."

The result of Stanhope's interview with Mrs. Ellerton, was the conversation with Constance. And the maiden was loved truly, and well; but that love could not shake the settled opinions of a life time; and her lover believed, had a wealthier suitor wooed, she had been won. He had no faith in woman's love—in woman's constancy. Yet he deemed that he was loved, well as the sex could love; and there was a deep, passionate, and heart-stirring sense of happiness in watching the gradual, but sure

growth of affection in the heart of Constance. And oft-times, when the better qualities of his mind were in action, he would think—"Oh! that it *could* last, when time and change have passed over it! Folly! to hope for aught so utterly in vain, how soon the world will dim its fair and perfect purity!" and back into the old accustomed channels, ran the opinions of Horace, which for a moment had been turned from their course, by the truth, sincerity, and freshness of feeling, manifested by Constance.

The wedding was over; the ceremony had been performed in the drawing room of Mrs. Meredith. There were a few friends there, old friends of the family; but the bride—the young! the happy!

"She with her bright eyes seemed to be
The star of that goodlie company!"

Oh, she was beautiful! that fair girl in her sinless youth! almost shrinking from her own sense of deep, unutterable happiness. It was not in man to have doubted then, and Horace Stanhope felt in his inmost heart, she was true as beautiful!

One by one the visitors departed; and they were alone, the husband and wife.

"Have you no misgivings," said Stanhope, as gently he drew her towards him—"no doubts, no fears, my Constance, now that you are mine forever?"

"None!" was the reply, "I have given you my whole heart; now I may tell you how truly, how entirely!"—and over the face of that fair girl there passed a deep blush, as she murmured—"my own!"

"Bless you, my beloved!" said Stanhope, in a tone of deep and strong emotion, "may I prove faithful to the trust you have reposed in me; may that gentle and loving heart never know a sorrow I do not share!" And Horace Stanhope was sincere; but those who have fettered themselves in the iron bondage of immorality, may give no promise, for the time to come; too often

—"the future
As the past hath been, will be."

Truly, they loved and tenderly, and the first days of their wedded life were days of unutterable happiness. Horace Stanhope bore his young bride to his own splendid home, and he gratified her warm heart by making her mother a sharer of that home; the mother and child dwelt together. Constance was much sought after in society, but her husband found her ever ready to sacrifice gaily abroad, to a quiet evening with him. His heart was touched by her true and entire devotion, his leisure hours were passed at home, he rarely went into society except with her. In very truth Stanhope feared to trust himself, he knew the power of old habits, old associations; the boundary once passed, perchance he could not, if he would, return. And Constance was happy—aye! upon that sunny brow there never hovered a cloud. The dark and tender eyes were never dimmed by a tear, save when the heart,

too full of happiness, could not find vent in words, and around the dimpled mouth, there was ever playing smiles, and a spirit of entire content.

Time rolled on, one year—and yet another. Constance was a mother, and Horace Stanhope loved the boy, and his wife; yet, there were days when he was not there—long nights when he came not! The charm of novelty was over; he had gratified self all the days of his life, old feelings came back again, old habits were resuming their sway.

One morning he came down late to breakfast. Constance, and her mother had waited long; he looked pale, and harassed.

"Are you ill?" said Constance, and her tones were sad and low—"are you ill my husband?" Stanhope looked up, her face struck him.

"Should I not ask you that question?" he said, earnestly—"you look far from well, Constance." She made no reply, and Mrs. Ellerton said:

"I fear she is ill, for many days she has looked thus. Don't you think a journey to the country would do you both good? Constance is not used to the confinement of the city during the warm weather. Her native air would recruit her." Constance looked anxiously upon her husband while her mother spoke, but her heart sunk when there was no reply. It so happened the arrangement interferred very much with some plans of his own, laid the night before. He expressed the utmost willingness that Constance should go, but regretted his own utter inability to accompany her. Mrs. Ellerton sighed heavily, as she rose up and left the room. There was an awkward silence; Stanhope walked to the window, and looked out, apparently much engaged with what met his eye. A soft hand was laid upon his arm, and gently Constance said:

"Unless my husband is anxious I should leave him, I will not go this journey without him."

"Anxious! what could have put such a thought into your head, fair Constance?" and he kissed the pale cheek beside him, but as he did so, his conscience smote him, for that cheek was cold and colourless; yet he made no offer to accompany her, nor did he again allude to the journey. It was some few weeks after this, Stanhope returned unexpectedly from the country, where he had been for several days. It was a quiet summer afternoon, not so warm as it had been, and Constance had gone out to ride. Not knowing this, Stanhope sought her in the room she usually occupied, it was in a retired part of the house, and looked out into a fairy spot of green, that Constance loved for the sake of the scented flowers, so filled with remembrances of her childhood! She was not there, but her mother was; and over that mother's face tears had been pouring fast and warm. There was no time for concealment, Stanhope was in the room, ere she heard his step; he looked uneasy.

"Has any thing occurred to distress you, Mrs. Ellerton? Can I be of any service?" he said.

"It is better, perhaps, that you have thus surprised me," she replied—"otherwise, I might never have gained courage to mention that which is wearing away my heart. Oh! Horace, I would speak of Constance!"

"Of Constance!"—and the dark eye-brows almost met, for the frown that gathered over his forehead was heavy and haughty, and when he spoke, it was in the resolved, and stern tone of one whose determination was taken—"It is well—say on!"

"Not thus, I entreat you! Do not hear me thus! It is for my child!" and the mother covered over her face, while the tears forced their way through the long, thin fingers: but the hour of self-abandonment was brief:

"You once promised me, in time long past, Horace, to be to me in all things a son. Nobly have you redeemed that promise—but there was *another*, holier by far. Tenderly to cherish her, who has garnered all her hopes of earthly happiness in the continuance of your love. Have you been faithful to that solemn promise? Is the wife like unto the bride! the colour is gone from her cheek, her eye is heavy and sad, she rarely smiles, it is months since I have heard the glad laugh, that was music to my soul. Turn to her you have forsaken, Horace, or she will go down in her youth and beauty to the grave!"

She was silent; but her heart grew cold and dead within her; upon the rigid and stern countenance before her she could trace no ray of hope, no shadow of relenting. Slowly and deliberately he said:

"You knew the immorality that stained my character, the vices that sullied my reputation; knowing these, why did you give me your child?" The sharp cry, wrung from the sore heart of the mother, told more than words. Relentlessly he went on:—"I will tell you *why*—you sacrificed your daughter to your own ambition. Now, teach her to bear with a lot, neither you, nor she, can alter. Such as I am, you have chosen me for a son; and it would be wise, Mrs. Ellerton, to make the best of what you cannot amend. Hundreds of women situated like Constance, console themselves for neglect, in the glittering round of worldly pleasure; if you are truly her friend, teach her to do the same;" and without further word or look, he passed from the room.

Mrs. Ellerton did not stir, she sat quite still, as one deprived of sense and motion. Not a single tear escaped from the burning lid, over the cheek white with agony; the lips were closed, save when they parted with a sad, strange sound, that came hollow and gaspingly from her bosom. But at length, her full heart found vent in words:

"He was right—yes! it was *my* work, and I gave thee to him, my bright one; to him, so little worthy, and he is false! False to thee! my child! my innocent!" and long, and bitterly she wept the tears of unavailing remorse. As she grew calm, and reviewed the past, she felt that Horace had been unnecessarily stern, and she did not doubt it was to prevent all further interference on her part. And silently she resol-

ved never again to interfere, she felt that it was not for *her* to reproach Stanhope; and in her heart there was a sustaining hope, that if his home was ever a happy one, the love of Constance must win him back—all her own. Mrs. Ellerton knew that men are never won from the path of evil, by words of harshness or reproach, and least of all would Horace Stanhope. And her determination was rare, as it was excellent, to unite with Constance, and by acts of gentleness and affection, woo him back to the home he had deserted. Late in the afternoon Constance returned, and learned with surprise her husband's arrival. Tea waited a long time, Constance still urging—

"He will *soon* come—very soon *now*. Don't you think he will, dear mother!" Mrs. Ellerton thought it doubtful; he might be engaged elsewhere; they had better not wait any longer. And with a long drawn, and heavy sigh, Constance acquiesced. Mrs. Ellerton strove to enter into cheerful conversation with her daughter; she had the child brought in, now a year old, and its happy face, and sunny smiles, had their wonted power, to beguile the young mother from the contemplation of her own sorrows.

And now, one hour, another, and yet another, was gone, and the long, heavy hours of that evening were passed—yet he came not! They retired to rest. In her own chamber the deserted wife gave way to the feelings that oppressed her. Slowly, and surely, the conviction was strengthening in her heart, that her husband was faithless—and this side the grave there is no pang so bitter! She could not sleep, there is no sleep for the wretched; she took the light in her hand, and stole with a noiseless step to the drawing-room, to watch till he came! She sat her down in the arm-chair he loved, and clasping her small, white hands, tightly together, listened intently, as though that would hurry his footsteps. Minutes were as hours—oh! she would have given worlds to have hastened the course of time! There was a weight upon her heart, dull, and heavy; cold, shivering fits, would pass over her, and she would look around her, as though she expected to see the air peopled with the terrors that filled her imagination. Slight sounds fell upon her ear, like the roll of thunder afar off—in the dead stillness of the night it was terrible! She heard the key turn, and a step upon the stairway; another moment, and Stanhope entered the apartment. She stood up, with a wild, affrighted gaze, and would have fallen, if he had not caught her in his arms.

"Cruel!" she exclaimed, "cruel, to desert me thus! Unkind!"—and she wept such tears, as should never fall upon the bosom of a husband. He held her closely to his heart, he almost trembled to look upon her. "Constance," he said, falteringly, "why did you not go to rest?" She raised herself slowly, and with pain, and looking up into his face, she exclaimed, passionately—

"My husband! The lone watches of the night, are terrible to the sleepless." Tears started into the eyes of Stanhope; he was deeply moved; fondly, he kissed her pale cheek.

"Be happy, Constance; we will go, to-morrow to the country. And I will remain with you, dearest, until you are entirely well."

And they went; for two months, Horace Stanhope, devoted himself unremittingly to his wife, and he was fully rewarded in the health and happiness his attention bestowed. The child was with them, and Mrs. Ellerton saw with delight, the growing fondness the father manifested for him. He was a fair, and gentle boy, of much beauty and promise, and very like his mother. The love of the father, was now fully awakened in the heart of Stanhope, and there was no fairy vision of the future, in which that boy did not hold the brightest place!

They returned to the city. There had been no reformation in the character of Stanhope; his heart had been moved by the deep sorrow of Constance; and, for her sake, he had turned aside from the seductive influence of the syren Pleasure. When again exposed to temptation he yielded; and this time, there was a sense of wrong done to Constance, that caused him to shrink from her society; coldness, and alienation sprang up between them; the golden link of confidence was severed, and there were moments of shame and remorse, when Horace Stanhope felt, in his inmost heart, that his own hand had dealt the blow. He clung to the child, with a deeper love, as he became more estranged from his wife; the pale countenance of the mother seemed to reproach him; the welcome of cheerfulness had become dear to him, and he loved the sunny smiles of his boy. Yet his own conduct had destroyed the gentle gaiety of manner, once so beautiful in the character of Constance. She could not smile when her heart was breaking!

It was some four months after their return from the country, that Stanhope mentioned his intention of joining a party, who were to spend some days in a neighbouring city. It was one, of which Constance very much disapproved, and she urged, with more than usual earnestness, her desire that he would remain. Stanhope refused her far more harshly than was his wont, for the simple reason, that he felt she was right; that it was a party, discreditable in every way, for him to accompany. That night their child was taken ill, and deeply wounded as Constance had been, she conquered herself sufficiently to ask him once more not to leave her, when the boy was sick. Stanhope visited the child, said nothing of consequence was the matter, and he should go; and, when she implored him to remain, he replied in bitter anger, that she made a pretext of the child's illness to detain him, when she knew in her heart there was not the slightest cause for alarm. Constance burst into tears. His eyes flashed, but he rose up and left the room, without further comment.

He started early the next morning. The child grew rapidly worse, its disease, the measles, putting on the worst form. Many cases in the neighbourhood had proved fatal, and the heart of Constance was full of agitating fears. A few days, and there was no hope!—Yet the wife did not forget her husband; she sent an express for his immediate return.

It was night—and the mother watched her child—there was another watcher there, who felt as a mother unto both—but, watching, and care, and fervent love, will not save from the tomb; already, the finger of death had moved over the face of the child, and the fair and delicate features had shrunk as he touched.

Strong, and pure, and steadfast is a mother's love; unsullied by "the trail of the serpent," which has dimmed all else. In the hour when His body was racked with suffering—His mind filled with the mighty thoughts of a world's salvation—our Saviour remembered that love. Unto the disciple he loved best, he said, "Son, behold thy mother!" From that hour to this, the strong arm of oppression has been lifting from the neck of woman. The mild, and equalizing doctrines of Christianity, are raising her, to the station the Creator intended she should fill. The same love that filled the heart of her, who was "last at the cross," was full to overflowing in the warm, and gentle, and generous nature of Constance Stanhope.

Her boy, that in the long hours of desertion, had hovered like an angel of light on her pathway, that had so often brought forgetfulness, that blessed boon of the wretched, to her sad and weary spirit. Oh! *could* it be!—her beautiful!—The large tears that had gathered in the eyes of Constance, as she bent over him, rolled down her face, and fell upon his motionless features; he stirred—his eyes opened—he knew her! Her heart throbbed wildly in her bosom; she clasped the soft, little hands, gently between her own, murmuring "My baby!" There was an expression of distress upon the countenance of the child, for a single instant; but it changed; calm it grew, and gentle; there was an effort to speak—it was but a single word—"Mother!" and the long, loving gaze, fixed in that expression that is so fearful; the sight grew dim, and ere the mother could realize the truth, he slept the sleep that is forever!

With a cry of anguish, almost of despair, Constance threw herself into the arms of Mrs. Ellerton—"Take me away, mother! away from this splendid home! He has deserted me—my baby is dead! Take me away!"—Closely that mother clasped her to her bosom; but her own agony was voiceless; in her heart there was supplication to Him, who is mighty to save.

"Upon my head, oh, God! be the punishment, not upon *hers*!"

Oh! ye, who would sacrifice your children for the gold that availeth not—pause while there is yet time! The diamond upon the brow cannot bring peace to the heart; and, to the wretched, splendour is but a false, and hollow mockery! Mrs. Ellerton had risked the happiness of her child, to secure her present station, and now, she would have given life itself, to have had Constance, free, and happy, an inmate of their old cottage home.

The morrow came; heavily the hours wore on; yet, Constance took no note of time; there was but one engrossing thought, of which she was conscious. Her baby was dead!—gone from her, who had no hope save in him! The first violence of grief was over, and as she lay

upon the sofa, her eyes closed in the heavy troubled slumber, of extreme exhaustion. Mrs. Ellerton, who had been watching by her side, rose up, and with a noiseless step left the apartment. She longed to look once more upon the face of her grandson. She did not weep when she looked upon the boy, clothed in pure white, fit emblem of the robe the immortal part puts on; but, there was anguish on the brow, suffering and sorrow on the saddened lines of her countenance; hers was a grief, chastened by a sense of her own great error. As she left the room, she heard a step upon the stairway; she turned, it was Stanhope; and she knew as she looked, he was unconscious of his loss. He approached her eagerly—

"Is our boy quite recovered, my dear Mrs. Ellerton?" he said.

"Did you meet no messenger?" and she spoke calmly.

"No, to be sure not," and he changed colour, though suspicion of the truth, did not cross his mind. Mrs. Ellerton laid her hand upon his arm, and he followed, as she led into the apartment she had just left. They walked to the bedside, and Mrs. Ellerton threw down the covering. It was done for good purpose, but the shock was dreadful.

"My boy! My beautiful!" burst in tones of deepest agony from the unhappy man, as he wrung his hands, and walked to and fro, in uncontrollable agitation.

"Better that it should be so!" said Mrs. Ellerton, and her tones rang, stern and clear, like the voice of a prophetess. "Better that he should die, in the sinless time of his childhood, ere the polluting example of a father had sent him to the grave, in degradation and shame. He died, when the voice of that father mingled in the reveller's shout, over the red wine cup! But he died before knowledge had become a curse!"

"No more—in mercy!" he said, shudderingly; and silently Mrs. Ellerton turned and left the room. In the passage she met Constance, who had heard the voice of Stanhope, and had come forth to meet him. Mrs. Ellerton wound her arms around her—

"Come back with me, my child, you cannot bear further agitation."

"Let me go, mother!" said Constance, as the tears rolled down her cheek. "Let me go—he parted from me in anger, he may think, he has no claim to my sympathy—and oh! mother, it is terrible to bear sorrow alone!" And woman is ever thus!—true to the last, and faithful. Stanhope was sitting by the bed, he had bent down his head upon the pillow, until it touched the cold face of his child; he felt an arm thrown over him, and the low, faltering tones of his wife, fell on his ear. "Be comforted my husband!" When he rose up, and looked upon the face of Constance he shuddered, wan, and pale, and worn with watching and sorrow, it looked like the face of the dead! She trembled and seemed scarce able to stand; he lifted her in his arms, and bore her to a sofa, and then he knelt down by her side, and asked forgiveness for the past. Oh! how entire was that forgiveness! warm from the heart of Constance it came,

with tears, and blessings, and words of passionate love! And Stanhope was moved by a power too mighty to resist; he laid his head upon his knee, and the strong man wept aloud.

"Oh! love and life are mysteries, both blessing, and both ^{blest},
And yet how much they teach the heart, of trial and unrest."

When the morrow came, Horace Stanhope was very ill. It was an illness of many weeks, and there were long days and nights, when he had no hope of life. He saw his past conduct, in its true light; remorse preyed heavily upon him; but the low tones of love were ever breathing in his ear, and the hand of affection was ever ready to smooth the pillow his own crimes had made a troubled one. Oh! how he blessed her—his own Constance! How he prayed, that he might live to reward her true and steadfast love to one so little worthy! Ofttimes the tears would fill into his eyes, as he watched her anxious efforts to relieve him. Gently and tenderly Constance strove to draw away his thoughts from the past; she could not bear that he should suffer for that which had caused her such utter wretchedness.

It was a quiet afternoon. The invalid was in the drawing-room, still feeble, but evidently regaining strength. He was lying upon the sofa, when Constance entered. She looked very beautiful; upon her fair cheek there was a slight colour, and her dark eyes sparkled with the light of returning happiness. She held in her hand a bright rose, which she had just gathered:

"See, dearest! what I have brought you—the first rose from my hot house plant—is it not beautiful?" and she held it towards him. He took the rose, drawing her gently to him.

"Oh! Constance, how unworthy I am of such affection—of such entire forgiveness! Yet it must be sweet to you, to feel you have saved your husband from further guilt. So deep was my own sense of the wrong I had done you, that had you deserted me, as I deserved, I must have sought dissipation as a resource against the horrors of conscience. Oh! if men were always wooed from the dark and troubled path of sin, by woman's love and tenderness, few would stray therein. Bless you, my beloved, for your cheerful and generous trust—it restores to me confidence in myself; the gratitude I feel, will mingle with the love I bear you, flowing on with the stream of time, until the grave shall close over it!"

And Constance Stanhope was blessed, through all the days of her after life, with the unchanging love of her husband. As sunlight to the earth, is that love to the heart of woman, who has linked her fortunes, and bound up her happiness, in the truth of another!

Williamsport, Pa.

Solomon has said, "there is nothing new under the sun;" and perhaps destruction has caused as much novelty as invention; for that is often only a revival, which we think a discovery.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES.

Oh! bring me back the spring of life, the blush
of early youth,
When I believed the world to be, a world of love
and truth:
It seems not now the happy place, I fancied it
"lang syne,"
When, in all the warmth of early dreams, I knelt
me at its shrine.

Bring back the wooded hills that shade my girl-
hood's happy home,
With the mellow sunlight as it fell upon the water's
foam:
I long to hear the wild bird's note, sung 'neath the
greenwood tree,
And mimic Echo, giving back, the boatman's song
of glee.

Bring back the friends of other years, the happy
sister band,
Whose early love has past away like foot-prints in
the sand:
Oh! woo me back the bird-like tones, of voices
warbling low,
To the wild music of the woods, I loved so long
ago.

Bring back—alas! I ask in vain, they all have
past away,
Like roseate clouds, that quickly fade, around the
close of day:
The friends are gone, and hushed to rest is gentle
laughter's tone,
And I, in sadness, can but weep, that "I am all
alone."
ORIANA.

Dayton, 1839.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MERCHANT FARMER.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"I'd rather breathe
One moment's breath, of morning on the hills,
Than all the Indian woods, that ever burn'd,
On silver censers; and would rather see
One leaf fall from the bough which misses not
Its loss, than look upon the purple sweep
Of richest tapestries, bedowered with gold."—L. E. L.

"It is over—and I am free!—Ay, free from the cares of cash as I was when I entered New York, eight years ago. Well, I have wronged no one, I owe no man, and why should I mourn over the wreck of my golden dreams? I am free, I can work, and I will yet be happy."—So thought George Waldron as he walked down Broadway to the boat that was to bear him from the city. It was a hot afternoon, in August. The park looked parched and dry as though a simoom, from the desert of Africa, had passed over it. The tall trees, their once bright heads now covered as it were with dust and ashes, appeared as mourners over the lost glories of spring and summer, many of the stores were shut, the streets nearly deserted, while the old jail stood up, frowningly over the scene, like the genius of evil rejoicing in the desolation around.

George Waldron felt a sense of relief as from a heavy burden, when the boat swept around Castle Garden, and he smiled at the delusion which could give to its red brick walls and artificial decorations, the idea of a garden.—"Thank heaven, that I was born and brought up in the country," thought he. "I feel that I am going, not into banishment, but home—home!"

George Waldron was the third and youngest son of a small farmer, who lived in Charleston, New Hampshire; and he was brought up, as the children of the Granite State usually are, to habits of persevering industry and firm self-dependence. George showed early promise of a fine intellect, was the best scholar at the village

school, and deeply his good parents lamented that they were not able to send him to college. "But," said his father, "I will put him in the way of using his head—he shall be a merchant; and there is no more honourable or useful profession in our land, than the honest, enterprising merchant—except the honest, industrious mechanic and farmer. On these three professions the prosperity of the country mainly depend. My eldest son shall be a farmer; my second a mechanic; and George may go into a store." And thus their destiny was settled.—George entered, at the age of fourteen, a store in the village, which was about two miles from his father's residence. Here he remained, as in duty and by agreement bound, till he was twenty-one, although he had, during the last two years, several tempting opportunities to enter the counting houses of Boston and New York merchants. But, George listened to his parents' advice, given regularly every evening, which he always passed at home.—"Never," said these good parents, "never for any prospect of gain, violate an engagement. The word of a merchant should be as sacred as the vow of a christian. You will find, at twenty-one, that you are quite too young to struggle with the cares and duties of a man. And George," his mother would add, "we shall be so lonely when you are gone away, where we cannot see you, only once in a year or two." The last argument always made George feel that twenty-one would come soon enough—and so it did; for then, though he was free, and felt

that proud sensation which the thought of acknowledged manhood raises in the youthful bosom, as did the putting on of the toga of the Romans; yet he knew he must then leave his home and his early friends, and go out to make his own way in a world of strangers. He went to New York, and in two years was acting partner in one of the first and best houses of the "Commercial Emporium." For the next five years, wealth flowed in, as though Pactolus had rolled its golden sands into the coffers of the firm. Every enterprise prospered; they counted their gains by hundreds of thousands, annually; they were reputed worth millions. Then came the "great fire," and the House with which Waldron was connected, was among the greatest sufferers—followed by the panic and commercial distress, the wreck of private fortunes and the crash of public associations. For some months the firm bore up, struggling like a drowning man, to keep above the whelming tide; but it could not be done. They were compelled to fail, or sustain their credit by expedients which would involve others, their friends, too, in ruin. They nobly decided, as Waldron urged, to bear the burden themselves. They called together their creditors who were in the city, gave in a list of all their debts, and resigned all their property which was found sufficient to clear the demands. And thus, after eight years absence, the first seven passed in uninterrupted, even intoxicating prosperity, and the last year, in those severe struggles and spirit-wearing cares, which the failing merchant only can feel, whose name and credit have been wafted with his rich argosies, over every sea, when he knows that that name must be among the bankrupts, and his credit held worthless as the beggar's thanks. George Waldron was returning to his home, as poor in worldly wealth as when he left it. And yet he felt happy. The struggle was over, and he had suffered so acutely from the fear that their misfortunes would have brought ruin on others, that when he found they could pay all their debts, he felt rich enough.

"No, we have not *failed*," said Waldron to his partners in their last conversation. "The property which Providence had placed in our hands, has been withdrawn; but we have not *failed* in our exertions, or *failed* in our promises, and while honour and integrity are secure, I do not feel degraded by the loss of fortune. And as for happiness, why that is 'no where to be found, or every where,' and I mean to find it on my father's farm."

"But you have no wife and children to suffer in consequence of your misfortunes," said Mr. Harris, one of the firm, in a gloomy tone.

"Nor any to sympathise with and cheer me, in sustaining my reverse," replied George—"nor any to awaken the interest of my mercantile friends on my behalf. A married man is seldom long out of business; you will soon find employment; but I, a bachelor, may whistle for a living, for all that the wedded fraternity would care."

"It is a pity, then, that you were not married," returned the other, "so that you might

have an inducement to enter again, as soon as possible into business. I do not like the idea of your burying yourself in the country."

"What if I go there to marry," said George, smiling; "I have never found time for the ceremony since I have been in business; but now I shall have leisure to fall in love, and the country is the natural realm of Cupid."

"May you prove yourself a loyal subject, and win the prize," said Mr. Harris, earnestly, as they shook hands, while tears, warm tears, stood in the eyes of these, usually termed, hard and worldly men. Adversity is often a blessed purifier of the human character, showing a bright diamond, where only the dark rough stone had been visible.

The thought of returning home was pleasant to George Waldron, notwithstanding he went poor; for he knew he should, on that very account, receive a more tender and affectionate welcome from his parents and brothers. And would not Lucy Miller receive him kindly? Perhaps she was no longer Lucy Miller. For the last year he had been so harassed and engrossed by his business affairs, and had had so little that was pleasant to communicate to his friends, that his letters to them had been brief and few; he could not recollect that he had once inquired after Lucy Miller; and was very certain that his mother had not mentioned her name. "If Lucy had been married, or engaged, they would have told me," thought George, as the conversation with Mr. Harris, and the idea of a wife floated through his mind, while he gazed on the pleasant landscape and beautiful abodes which were continually being revealed to view, as the boat moved rapidly on. His fancy was busy in forming dreams, rather than plans, of humble happiness; and he turned with a feeling almost like loathing, from the large, elegant dwellings, with their ornamented and spacious grounds and gardens, which swept down to the river's edge, as though inviting the gaze and admiration of the passer-by. He did not covet such an expensive establishment. He had enjoyed all the pleasure which the excitement of obtaining wealth could bestow, and thought, with the wise man, that all was vanity. And now he looked on the little quiet cottages, embosomed among the trees, and, as it were, out of the reach of worldly thoughts and speculation, as the resting places of domestic bliss—the only earthly happiness worth possessing. It was comforting to reflect that he might, by industry, obtain the means of enjoying the independent life of a country farmer, and he determined to have a small house; and then the idea of Lucy Miller again rose on his fancy, and he was glad that she had never lived in a city, or acquired a fondness for its fashions and display.

Who was Lucy Miller?—The prettiest, and best girl in the world, George Waldron would have told you; but he should have added, that the world, as it is usually understood to mean, had never heard of Lucy Miller; she had never been in a city in her life, and hardly beyond the limits of her native town. But in her own little world, in Charleston, and particularly in the

neighbourhood of her father and Mr. Waldron's family, Lucy was the beauty, the pride and the darling.

George was about eleven years older than Lucy, and had loved her ever since she was an infant. Her mother, who was an intimate friend as well as neighbour of Mrs. Waldron, died when the child was about six months old, and Mrs. Waldron, who had no daughter, proposed to take and rear it as her own. Mr. Miller could not consent to give away his little daughter, but he was glad to allow Mrs. Waldron to keep her for a time; accordingly, she was carried in her cradle to Mr. Waldron's, and great was the exultation of George on being allowed to rock and play with the pretty baby, and though, at six years old, when her father had married a second wife, Lucy returned to live with her parents, the bond of early affection which bound her to the Waldron family, never seemed in the least to decay. She passed full half her time with her aunt Waldron, as she called her, and usually contrived to be there every Sabbath evening, when she knew George was at home from his master's store, so that he might hear her read, or sing, or recite her lesson, for she felt that no one but George could fully understand what she had learned, or help her, if she was in any trouble with her lessons. And every "Fourth of July," and "Thanksgiving," what a happy time she did have, for George was then at home to frolic and enjoy the day with her. She thought there never was a person who knew so much or could do so much, or was so good as her cousin George. She loved him with all the warmth, truth, and frankness of a child towards the friend who understands its heart, and sympathises with its feelings, which parents are not always capable of doing. And George returned the devoted affection of the little girl with more than a brother's fondness. He had been to her more like a nurse or an elder sister, than what a wild boy usually is to a helpless infant. He had taught her to walk and talk, had carried her for miles in his arms, and passed hours in making playthings to amuse her. And he had taught her to read, and led her to school the first day, and at church she never would sit still unless she could sit by George. And during his long apprenticeship, on his home visits, Lucy was never forgotten. Something nice or pretty had been found during the week for her. The fairest flower, the rarest and ripest fruit, a book, or at least a drawing of his own would be slipped into her hand when he saluted her as "dear little Lucy."

When he was finally to leave home for New York, no one, not even his mother, exhibited such deep sorrow and regret at the parting, as this grateful and loving child. She wept for several previous days, and could hardly be pacified, even though he promised to send her all manner of pretty books and curious things.

"I don't care for presents, George," she said, sobbing, "unless you bring them to me."

He promised to write to her; and that, as it was a new idea of intercourse with him, somewhat calmed her."

"But you must write the letter all to me, George, every word to me," she said—"and a long, long letter too; I can read your writing as well as a book."

George promised, and the long letter came soon after he went to New York, accompanied by presents of books and other keepsakes. For two years he occasionally wrote to Lucy separately, and always named her in letters to his parents. His letters Lucy treasured as a Catholic does the holy emblem of his faith; but she never would answer them, and when he came home, at the end of the two years, she did not manifest so much gladness as he expected. True, she said she was very glad, and his mother told him that she had hardly eat or slept for the last three days, when he was expected every hour; but then she did not throw her arms around his neck and kiss him over and over again, as she had done when he went away—nay, she would not now kiss him at all, nor willingly allow him to kiss her, after the first meeting. And she was shy, and he thought her awkward. She was so; she had lost the charm which the confidence and fondness of childhood gives, and had not yet acquired the higher grace which the intelligence and dignity of womanhood confers. He parted from her this time with less regret on his side; could he have known how many tears his apparent change of friendship towards her—for she had never thought of his affection in any other light—caused her to shed, he would not have accused her of coldness, change, and girlish folly.

It was three years after this before George Waldron came home a second time. Lucy was then fifteen—the blushing maiden, in the first glow of her charms, timid, yet with that winning sweetness in her smile of welcome which made the heart of George beat quick, and his frame tremble as he pressed the little hand, extended to greet him. She was lovely, just as he always thought she would be, and so amiable, his mother said—and he believed every thing said in the praise of Lucy. He did not once presume to ask her to kiss him, or offer to salute her; she was to him like treasure to the miser—he did not then anticipate that he should ever marry her, but he would have been outrageous at the idea that any other man was intending to obtain her. She belonged to his home, to the dearest ideas of his native place, and he felt as if she must always be to him the same favourite she was as a child.

Afterwards, when he mingled in the gay society of New York, or visited foreign cities, and saw the celebrated beauties of fashionable life, and heard Miss A—— called divine, Miss B—— fascinating, and Miss D—— an angel, he always thought "they are not to be compared with my little Lucy."

All these recollections came over him as he leaned thoughtfully against the steamboat railing, and while those of the passengers who knew him, fancied he was deep in reflections on his losses and future prospects, his heart was brooding over scenes of Lucy's childhood, his imagination picturing the beauties of his native

village, and the soft-flowing Connecticut, on whose banks he had so often strolled, with her little hand locked in his, and her dark, dewy eyes raised in inquiry at every new wonder she saw.

At that moment, George Waldron felt a relief, which was sweeter than any happiness he had for a long time tasted, that he was free to return to his home. It seemed to him as though his own youth and Lucy's childhood would return; his dreams, as he lay on his tossing pillow, were of the same halcyon days, and when he was awakened by the bustle of the passengers who stopped at Newport, he started up and asked if "Lucy was there?"

With such feelings he reached his journey's end, and never was there a warmer welcome, than awaited him. Father, mother, brothers, all looked on him as their generous benefactor, to whom every kind attention was due, the more that he had been unfortunate at the last; for had he not made them all rich? In truth, he could not well feel poor, while witnessing their prosperity and knowing that it was, in a great measure, his own work. He had, from his first settlement in New York, been showering favours upon his friends at home; at first, these presents were books, clothing, and such articles of comfort as he thought they most needed. Then, as his means increased, there came richer presents, and on the marriage of John, his eldest brother, George proposed that the old farm should be given up to him, and he, George purchased and presented to his parents, a beautiful seat, about half a mile from the village church, where they might pass the evening of their lives in the enjoyment of that rural quiet and elegant sufficiency, which the bard of the "Seasons" so admired. The second son, Samuel, who had learned the trade of a cabinet maker and painter, was settled in the village; George had rendered him liberal assistance, and by his own industry which had been rather ambitiously incited to

emulate his generous brother, he had become a man of considerable consequence, owned one of the handsomest, and certainly the most showy house in the main street, and was accounted rich. And moreover, John, besides the old farm, had made several valuable additions to it, assisted in all these plans by George, so that the name of Waldron had become very important in the eyes of all who make money their standard of merit—respectable with those who esteem virtue, good sense, and industry, it always had been.

To such a home, then, George Waldron returned; and how could he fail of a welcome! "If you are desirous of turning farmer, these hard times for trade, you may have half my farm," said John, "and don't think it will trouble me at all to give it up; it really belongs to you."

"And I have five hundred dollars in bank stock," said Sam, (he was always fond of showing that he was a stockholder,) "which is at your service, if you wish to build a house, and if that is not enough, I can make it a thousand—besides the painting, which I can do without any cost."

"George must stay with us," said his father, "here is his home, with his mother and me; all that we have is his."

"Yes, I will live here, with you and my mother," replied George—tears, which he could not restrain, gushing to his eyes, "I think we have quite sufficient land for my operations, for though I intend to commence farming at once, you must not expect me to earn full wages the first quarter."

"Pray, don't talk of wages, George, or you will make me very unhappy," said Mrs. Waldron, "you have given us so much."

And thus George found, that of all the vast wealth which he had once possessed, that only was saved which he had given away.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

ROSALINDA.

ROSALINDA beheld, with a poet's fine eye,
The beautiful earth and the glorious sky,
And with mystery divine, in sweet numbers knew,
To paint nature in attitudes graceful and true.
While the soul's secret feelings, awaked by her

lay,
Through the labyrinth of mind own'd her powerful sway.

Her fancy was peopled with images rare,
Of Beauty, Sublimity, Bliss, and Despair;
And she sang her wild visions in language of fire,
Thro' youth's transient morn, while Hope stood by her lyre;

But her muse sang in solitude, no friendly Aim
Threw a light on her lyre from the bright torch of fame.

As the flower in the desert that yields its perfume
To the sun, and the gales that awakened its bloom,
So she pour'd her rich song in her cold, lonely bower,

To the winds, till Hope fled, and she died like the flower.

M. P.

Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS... TO AUGUSTA.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

Lift thy deep eye to heaven—
Let not the incense here,
Pour'd out in Flattery's music from the heart,
Draw thee from nobler services apart—
Tribute of prayer and tear,
To thy great Father given.

II.

Unclose thy lip in praise—
Let not its echo be
But the unceasing melody of mirth—
The worship and the wantonness of earth—
But to Eternity
Give all its nobler lays!

III.

Gaze, gaze, unchang'd, on high—
Where they have gone before,
Who were the flowers that bloom'd about our way—
Creatures that made the sunlight of our day—
Like them, when Time is o'er,
In loveliness to die!

Written for the Lady's Book.

A FAREWELL TO VERMONT.

BY MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS—PRINCIPAL OF WEST CHESTER SEMINARY.

LAND of the mountains Green, and rugged soil,
Of cascades wild, of swiftly gliding streams,
Of darkly waving pines, and stately firs,
Of gloomy ravines, and romantic dells,
Of haunted glens and sweetly smiling dales!
Land of my beauteous, mountain home, farewell!

Yet still I linger, for, to me, thou art
A land of beauty, picturesque, and rich
In native charms; a land for Poets' dreams,
For patriot's visions, and for sage's thought.
Methinks there's inspiration in the breeze
Reflected from yon mountain's pine-clad side,
Breathing aerial music to my soul—
Then dying 'mid the groves, with cadence sweet.

Yet in these shades where poesy might dwell,
And fiction weave her ever-varying web,
No magic lyre has struck; no fairy bands
Have issued forth to charm the wond'ring world.
Is it that in my soul the chord is broke,
That once could harmonise with nature's charms,
And poesy with youth has passed away?
It is not this, methinks, but that fair truth,
With her pure, steady light, has seemed more
bright,

Than fiction's flickering torch, and gilded ray.
To study nature, and God's providence,
As manifest in these material things,
And having learn'd 't' impart to other minds
Knowledge so wond'rous, this, I've better deem'd,
Than pencilling fantastic imagery.

There's poetry in science, when it leads
To gaze upon the rainbow's glorious arch,
To follow echo to her grottoes wild,
To trace the circling planets in their course,
And watch the bud first bursting into bloom.

Nature, I owe thee much; if I have felt
Aught of the firm resolve, or wish sublime,
'Tis that I drank from thee the heavenly draught,
And gave thy moral image to the world.
And, oh ye venerable oaks! whose shade
Embosoms the dear spot I now must leave,
Adieu, ye ancient friends! and may, sometimes,
Thy feather'd songsters thrill in pensive notes
Their sorrow for me gone! for dear to me
Their matin song and vesper-hymn have been.

Sweet home, adieu! flowers that I've lov'd to
tend,

Watching with care maternal for your bloom;
Others may cull your sweets, enjoy your charms,
May twine my woodbine o'er the trellise neat,
May guide the Lonicera's spiral way,
Or train the pensile Lycium's graceful stalk.
Oh, ye have been my pride, ye twining race,
Who have so beautified and cheer'd my bow'rs;
And I have fancied, as I've seen you climb,
'Twas gratitude that urged you upward way,
And gave luxuriant blossoms for my care.
E'en on the very verge of winter's frost,
Your bloom still lingers, as if fair ye would
Cheer nature's gloom, and soothe this parting hour.

My grateful flower, methinks I hear thee ask
Why thus I leave thee to a stranger's care;
Perchance, uncared for, trampled under foot,

By the rude hind, as valueless and nought.
My honeysuckle sweet, list to my words;
Thou'rt a dear, docile plant, and pleasant 'tis
To train thee in the way that thou should'st go:
But I must tell thee, there are flowers on earth
Created for far purer skies than these.
They are allied to thee in outward form,
Being made of earth, and beautified by God
With shape and colour, lovely to the eye.
But God to these sweet flowers has given
Immortal spirit to survive decay.
In Penn's fair sylvan land, a garden blooms
Of these immortal plants, and fitting 'tis
That skilful, patient hands should lend their aid
To train them for the ends which God ordains.
As, step by step, thy upward way I've train'd,
So must I guide them in their onward course
Up learning's height, and virtue's rugged way—
Such labour calls me hence, but yet, methinks,
When frost of time shall settle on my brow,
And age ask respite from the cares of life,
Like Noah's wand'ring dove, my flowers, my birds,
My ancient trees, again I'll come to you.

Here stands my home, above the busy town,
Peeping through clust'ring oaks, with columns
white

And fair proportions. Quick the eye of taste,
Beholding from the bustling street below,
Pauses to mark its beauty, and admire
A scene so fair. Ionian portico, and verdant lawn,
Piazza, gravel'd walks, and garden fair,
All, all adieu! No stranger shall intrude
Within these halls, sacred to studious thought,
To social converse, and domestic love.
Here, in this hallow'd spot, I would my life
Its sober eve might pass, in peaceful thought.

And thou, my native stream! I turn to thee,
As to an early friend; what though thy wave
First met my view, where stands the charter-oak—
(That patriotic tree of olden time.)

And where sweet Sigourney now tunes her harp;
What though changing time my home has placed
In regions distant from that honour'd land,
For steady habits erst so much renown'd,
And strait-hair'd puritans, a goodly race.

Yet nearer to thine own birth place, thou'rt still
My native stream; and onward mak'st thy way
To lave the banks, where, in their last repose,
My lov'd ones rest, fathers and kindred near;
And dearer names, that memory garners up
'Mid her mysterious and spectral throng,
Shadows of youthful hope and youthful love.
As theirs, I would that my last rest might be
Beside my native stream.

How oft at pensive twilight has my gaze,
Wandering beyond the cheerful village scene,
Sought yonder hill, whose monumental stones,
Their snowy whiteness blending with the skies
Speak to the heart the vanity of earth.

It is a beauteous spot, fit place for rest;—
And such, methinks, the dreamless, quiet sleep
Which human care or woe shall ne'er disturb.
There, still, perchance, beside my native stream,
Beneath those sacred shades, I may repose.
Fain would I linger to survey the scene,
The lovely, variegated landscape round;

The verdant hills where echo loves to dwell;
 The mountains blue, seen in the distance far;
 And tributary waters, whose meand'ring course
 Is marked by waving lines of silvery tint;
 The village spires, pointing towards the skies,
 Mark where the voice of heavenly wisdom sounds.
 Full many a dwelling peers upon my sight
 Where warm hearts cluster, and kind thoughts
 abound;

And where, methinks, when I am far away,
 My name will not be strange upon the ear,
 Nor utter'd but in friendship's kindest tone.
 Friends! in whose converse I had thought to pass

Life's future days, from you, time's restless wave,
 Which late has thrown me midst your pleasant
 scenes,

Now bears me onward!—
 And thus, with me, this world has ever been,
 Like rushing river in its rapid way.
 Fain would I, as the calm and placid lake,
 Which never leaves its fond embow'ring shade
 Rest 'mid these cheerful bowers and solemn groves:
 But God directs our pathway, and His will
 Should be our guide. Then let me nerve my heart,
 And turn me from my dear, my mountain home.

Brattleborough, Vermont.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SUGAR.

It is a matter of dispute, whether the sugar cane is indigenous to the West Indies, as, according to some authors, it was found growing wild in both continents of America. The sugar cane grows naturally in the East Indies; but it was first known to Europeans, during Alexander's expedition to India. It was discovered there by Nearchus, his famous naval commander, three hundred years before the Christian era. The plant has long been known; but the method of extracting sugar from it is comparatively modern. It is to the Spanish and Portuguese we are indebted for the knowledge of this discovery. In the West Indies, the plant appears in all its beauty and usefulness; it rises to the height of three, six, or twelve feet, as the soil is favourable. The bark, when ripe, is of a golden yellow, sometimes streaked with red. From the centre shoots up a sort of silver wand, of four feet in height, from the top of which spreads out a kind of plume of white feathers, fringed with lilac; this is the blossom. A field of sugar canes, when full grown, is beautiful, under the illumination of a tropical sun. The canes blossom in November, and ripen in the following spring and summer; when fully ripe, they are cut down; the leaves are stripped off,

and the stems are bundled up like fagots, carried to the mill-house, where, by great pressure, the juice is squeezed out, and it runs by a trough into a vessel placed to receive it. It would soon ferment, if it were not boiled. This part of the process takes place immediately; some powdered lime is mingled with the juice, to imbibe an acid which abounds in it. The heat is increased gradually; the juice thus clarified is boiled repeatedly. The liquor is then run into broad, shallow vessels, to produce crystallization, when it begins to harden. The sweet moisture, called molasses, is drained away from it, and then becoming quite dry, it is called raw sugar. We receive it in this state from the West Indies. The process of refining, by which it becomes white and hard, takes place in this country. It consists in repeated boilings, which again reduce it to a fluid state; when the scum is completely cleansed, the syrup is, by great heat, crystallized; and, being poured into moulds, becomes loaf sugar.

Sugar is said to be the most nourishing substance in nature; persons have lived upon it, in times of scarcity, on board a ship. It is also said, the plague has never appeared, in those countries where it is much in use. ANNA.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SONNET.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOT, OF ENGLAND.

By sad mishaps chained to my weary bed,
 While with a leaden foot the minutes creep,
 I count my woes in solitude, and weep
 Full many a joy, for ever from me fled!
 But hark!—the bell!—There is a stranger's tread,
 Anxious I listen.—Yes!—'Tis faithful friend,
 Who leaves the gay and social scene to bend
 O'er my dull couch, from my delirious head

To chase the fantasies of wild Despair,
 And whisper soothing dreams of future peate.
 What healing drug, what medicine can compare
 With Friendship's voice, to give the wretched
 ease?
 For human sorrow, 'tis a cordial blest
 By Heaven—of Heaven's own wondrous power
 possess'd!

Written for the Lady's Book.

PHASES OF A FIRST AND SECOND LOVE.

"Time tempers love, but not removes,
More hallowed when its hopes are fled."—Byron.

Come hither Marietta, and you my gentle Cathleen, sit down and list to what I have promised to tell you, said Rowena Wilmot, to two young girls gamboling one evening on the beautiful green of their father's garden. Their gladsome mirth ceased, when thus summoned by their beloved sister, and quietly seating themselves beside her in the grotto, looked anxiously for the long promised story.

"Is it a love tale you have to tell us?" said Marietta. "Do dear Rowena, let it be one full of haunted castles, chivalrous knights, and bright-eyed ladies, passing through hair-breadth scenes."

"No, no," exclaimed Cathleen, "tell us one we can believe, of every day truth; I am sure such wonderful adventures and romantic loves, are only found in the novels you so dearly love, Marietta; you know, mamma said the other day when you were crying over one, "that it was a sickly sensibility which made one weep over fiction."

These two girls were very young, and never were two sisters more widely different; no link of kindred could have been traced in their personal appearance. Marietta was one year Cathleen's elder, and just verging on the confines of blushing girlhood; a period when many developments of character hang on a hazardous poise. The bright and glowing pictures of fancy, the works of excited imaginations, were more eagerly sought after and hoarded in memory, than those of nature or every day truth; such were deemed too insipid, too tame for her romantic taste. She gave the promise of a beautiful womanhood, but the excessive love for admiration and fashion she so early manifested, bid fair to mar the beauty of creation, to sully that purity of mind, and disrobe it of that artlessness, which alone belongs to the young.

Cathleen, if not so brightly beautiful in features and complexion as Marietta, was far more femininely lovely. Her sweet face beamed with gentleness, and her whole character bore the stamp of an unsurpassed ingenuousness. Their devotion to Rowena, some years their elder, was uncommon; she need only speak to command their entire attention, she never looked sad, that it escaped their tender inquiry, and never were they happier than when she would recount to them some adventure of her past life.

The trio grouped in the grotto on that lovely evening, presented striking contrasts, and it would have caused much wonder in a spectator, that three, so nearly related, should have been so extremely unlike. The youthful two shadowed forth no point of resemblance, in form, air, or feature, to their pensive-looking sister. A passing gaze would have pronounced Rowena Wilmot far receded from her happy, girlish

period; not from her form, for that was redolent with grace, outlined by the symmetrical hand of nature, and rounded by a healthful proportion: but it was her face, which would have carried the conviction of her mind's being a prey to some inquiet—that there was an inward care, which rarely shades the brow of one in her buoyant teens. True, there was no wreck of beauty, no sharpness of any perfectly chiselled feature, for her face had never been striking from the possession of such. Its greatest original expression was a sparkling animation of the whole, losing irregularity of feature in the intellectual fire of her "soul-speaking eye," and in the playful, but perhaps too scornful expression of her mouth.

To listen to the impassioned earnestness of Rowena Wilmot's conversation, to see her countenance beaming, and illumined with a striking intelligence, and her whole manner so expressive of the deepest feeling, no one would have sighed for the absence of mere quiescent beauty, or the want of a Hebe-like complexion. Why, then, that look of care, the mind's dark woe, which was fast shading the natural animation of Rowena Wilmot's face? Let us listen with Marietta and Cathleen.

"A few evenings since, (said she, as the girl's nestled close to her side, and seemed all eagerness for their sister to begin,) I overheard you wonder, Cathleen, that I, who had every thing to render me happy, should so often repair, when day was almost darkening to night, to this lonely grotto, and wander so often alone, looking sad.

"And you, Marietta, thought it was indeed strange, because I was gratified by our indulgent parents in every wish—that I had so many pretty dresses, danced so beautifully, and was generally said to be admired.

"Now in this remark, Marietta, you showed the lamentable bent of your mind, and I wish to prove by my own experience, to you, that all the fine dressing, all the beautiful accomplishments, and those things which you seem unfortunately to deem as all requisite to insure one's happiness, are greatly exaggerated by your overweening fancy. I wish to convince you that the subjugation of our evil passions to reason's control, can alone procure us the boon of earthly happiness. And you, Cathleen, I hope will be warned against imbibing those false and dangerous opinions which seem to have swayed Marietta's every action.

"What I have to say, relates to my own foolish career through the past seven years of my life. I wish to carry you back to that period, when I emerged from the shackled school room, and entered on the scenes of gaiety, so intoxicating to the young—when life presents a panorama of all that is enchanting and beautiful. Follow me through each successive pe-

riod of my thoughtlessness, and judge for yourselves, if at the age of *twenty-three*, I have not had sufficient experience of the instability of human affairs, to play the mentor, and to raise my warning voice, bidding *you* avoid those quicksands and shoals which have stranded my pathway of happiness. True, there may be some even *older* than myself who would start at the idea of playing the sage adviser or monitor, assigning such a character to furrowed brows and hoary heads; they would immediately say I must have been ill-used, that I must have been a victim for the shafts of misfortune, to be so soon disgusted with the pleasures and allurements of this joy-giving world. But, when I look back on my past life of fashionable turmoil, when I see how assiduously I have devoted my time and powers to its frivolities, how ambitiously I have courted its deceiving, fleeting smiles and pleasures—then to mark the inward nought that remains, I do not wonder that the past should seem a vista, seen through an age, or as

“The dream of things that were.”

Although young, comparatively speaking, yet I have lived a long life in a few years. You were both mere infants when I first entered society, but the chroniclers of that period will perhaps tell you the name of Rowena Wilmot was toasted as the belle of F.; that *her* scowl on the pretensions of any fashionable or self-made exquisite, was his signal banishment; that her condescending familiarity towards her own sex, was sufficient notoriety, and that her assumption of any air, manner, or dress, was unhesitatingly pronounced “quite the vogue.” My father’s immense wealth and high standing amongst a large circle of relations and friends, together with my own powers of pleasing, placed me on the highest pedestal of fashion and power. The incense offered to my vanity, was too much for my feeble brain to sustain—too undermining to the feminine softness of my character, the wooing blandishments of the serpent’s look and voice, began to deaden my native sympathies, and had not a shifting change of my life’s picture taken place, I should have split upon this too fatal rock to females, and have been irretrievably hurled into the very abyss of scorn, and merited derision. You need not wonder then that I became arrogant and conceited: my pride, which even in childhood had been great, soon became offensive—but my vanity—that was insufferable. Oh! (said she, emphatically placing her hand upon her heart,) how sadly does experience prove that this tumultuous, throbbing heart, had so little cause to be either! Yes, painfully does its present desolation make me sensible that Rowena Wilmot was not as she thought, proof against mortification, and not too high on the pinnacle of admiration, to be brought low by its effects—but I am anticipating. Being somewhat gifted with the talents, wit and repartee, I soon made my admirers sensible of their pungency. On every one, favoured or not, I vented the cutting blight of the bitterest sarcasm, or the smile of

offensive derision. So elated was my vanity at being considered unsurpassed and unconquerable in the warfare and “keen encounter of wits,” that the possibility of being eventually avoided and disliked, which, to those of more feminine feelings, would have been most mortifying, but to me, it would be rendering the desired triumph to my pride and satisfaction. To be shunned, I falsely conceived, partook of the feeling of conscious inferiority—such I vainly preferred to bows of submissive attendance. I began to be an admirer of the character of being feared, instead of loved, (provided that fear arose from my mental superiority,) and this idea gave a new impulse to my arrogance. As it regarded the subject, the oft discussed subject of love, it was one on which I had hitherto had no experience, but of which I invariably spoke with enthusiasm—formed beautiful theories, and reared high expectations—little thinking those day-dreams, those wild reveries of my misguided imagination, would soon be levelled down to a sad reality.

“There was one, who differed widely from the generality of those gossamer flutterers around me; who, by his superiority, seemed to bid defiance to my successful powers of repartee, and, when under the influence of his winning dignity of manners, I became what I ought to be, gentle, and like my sex, I felt my bulwarks of pride and haughtiness give way, my vanity lulled, and I became conscious that the world owned *one*, at least, superior to Rowena Wilmot. Oh! how oft would my eye, which would be flashing scorn on those around

“Misprising all it looked upon,”

melt into softness, my tongue lose its bitterness, and tenderness reign throughout my bosom, when the manly, graceful form of Clarence Percival drew near, when his dark eye dwelt upon me with a piercing gaze. I would, in those self-subdued moments, have gladly retired from those beings, who, by their inanity and insipidity, excited such harsh feelings—to be alone with one, who made me *know* myself a woman. Days, weeks, yea months, passed by, leaving my heart secretly bowing to this new and engrossing idolatry, and my thoughts imaging forth his fascinations. Though his attentions had resigned him by the voice of rumour, as my conquered one, yet no word or confession of love had escaped him. I soon became sensible of my affection’s thralldom, and when dark and boding doubts of his love would obtrude, oh! they were maddening—they would rise more terrific than the dread Banquo’s ghost, at those feasts of my soul’s fond imaginings. My mind would be torn with contending emotions of distrust and despair. To struggle with my love, to subdue and banish it, was what my nature, my constitutional temperament never could, for I had often thought, were I ever to love, it could only be once; should that first love be misplaced or wrecked,

“I would live all rayless like
Monumental stone;”

the bright beams of affection would cease to shed their light o’er my bosom, the broken links

of my love, could never be rewoven and bound anew to another.

"But, amidst these doubts, one consolation was left me, one staff of hope, for love to lean upon; it was that I had no rival, his attentions were exclusively devoted to me; and when in the social converse or in the mazy dance, circumstances separated us, and drove him from my side, he would seem entirely abstracted, and his eye would wander continually towards me. Thus passed a year—my ardent affection for Clarence Percival increasing with every note of time. I often left home for fashionable resorts, whither my fame as a belle followed, and soon established my never disputed claims as such. When the incense of flattering homage was offered by many—when madly whirling into the vortex of every pleasure, and withdrawn from the influence of Clarence, I would, oftentimes, deem my love for him a mere phantom of the brain, a passing fading dream; but oh! when like the returning dove, I would seek the bower of my own loved home, where I ever met him, where the thrilling tones of his soft voice fell on my ear, how my heart would throb with an intensity of feeling belonging alone to love! But although I felt such deep devotion, though my love had entwined around the very fibres of my existence, yet my manner was ever calm, betraying only a common interest in his attentions. I schooled every feature, look and action to the mere formalities of friendship—my pride fully aiding me in this difficult task.

"One evening, whilst sitting in this grotto, my thoughts dwelling on him I so fondly loved, I was aroused from my reverie by a step.—I turned, looked up, my eye fell beneath the calm, steady gaze of Clarence Percival. Endeavouring to regain my self-possession, as much as possible, I haughtily demanded 'the cause of his sudden and unwelcome intrusion?'

"He bent upon me a look of melancholy, and with great earnestness said:

"I am, indeed, an intruder, and no doubt, Miss Wilmot, an unwelcome one; but be seated, and suffer me to explain the cause of my unauthorized appearance; if my reasons are not a sufficient apology, I have none better to offer you."

"Your reasons, Mr. Percival," replied I, coldly, 'cannot be sufficiently weighty, or of importance with me, to sanction your present intrusion on my privacy; but, be brief, sir; I can, I suppose I *must* listen, if not accept them!'

"I do not know what demon possessed me at that time, for I felt all my previous convictions of inferiority; banished pride and disdain were aroused, and to Clarence Percival, him whom my love had ever shielded from retort or a cutting unkindness, did I evince the same sarcastic bearing which others had felt.

"Without heeding my apparent contemptuous manner, but fixing on me a look of calm penetration, and with a touching sadness of voice he commenced:

"Rowena Wilmot, I have come this evening to confess to you, what I had long hoped would have been done under happier and different circumstances—to tell you how long and

how entirely you have reigned over my affections. I have studied your mind, character, and disposition, and have watched you with a curious eye, when you little dreamed I was nigh. Need I tell you this scrutiny proceeded from any other cause but to prove you all my heart fondly wished; need I say this interest arose from any other feeling but that I loved you? When I first saw you, when I marked your face beaming with intelligence, your form replete with every grace, I thought I could love—yes, deeply love you—but, ere I wholly yielded my heart to your powerful charms, it was necessary for my peace of mind, likewise for the respect of my own peculiar opinions regarding the object of my love, that I should study *well* your character. Time and observation showed me much that was admirable and flattering to my preconceived notions: still, there were some points, that shaded the good which marked you—one especially, which had always elicited my entire aversion in a woman. It was that sarcastic and unfeminine disregard of the feelings of those whom you thought too weak and inferior for retaliation, and over whom, too, you well knew you had power. To this propensity I could never be reconciled. I resolved to wait and see if satiety would not be its cure, and when the intoxicating draughts of homage would be fully quaffed, to see if your feelings and heart would not yearn for a more endearing, a more pleasing focus of action.

"Sometimes, the cheering, the delightful thought that I could arouse your native gentleness, and that I was not indifferent to you, would obtrude and gladden my inmost soul—though the next moment they would be as a baseless vision—still, when under these impressions, I felt almost tempted to give up my tardy scrutiny and acknowledge your power. They would often master my reason, so agitating and overwhelming was the feeling you had inspired in my bosom. I felt the time was drawing near, when I could no longer remain thus shackled, but—(and here he seemed to lose all tenderness of manner, his dark eye flashed with unwonted fire, his lip curled with scorn,) oh! since last evening—in a few short hours, which have witnessed my agonizing despair and disappointment, what a revolution of feeling has my mind and heart undergone! Last night I heard you concert with one, a worse than cipher in the creation of intellect, and a stranger to delicacy, a plan to pour your united artillery of wit and ridicule on a poor friend of mine, whom all acknowledge to be the victim of an early misfortune—of a sad accident. I heard you declare he should writhe 'neath your satire, that he should be a mark for your cutting derision. I watched your threat put into execution upon him. I saw you exultingly heap the same upon others, without one look which betrayed any other feeling but that of entire gratification at your unparalleled success. I followed my poor unfortunate friend, (not because he had been the victim of your taunting ridicule, but that fate had been most unkind,) to his home; I heard him curse the hour when that melancholy accident deprived him of that sound-

ness of mind which nature first bestowed—I heard him lament his infatuation in seeking society to drown his sorrows; and more especially, that he should throw himself in yours, to receive only contemptuous scorn and be the victim of your cruel badinage. Oh! Rowena, when I saw the agony which wrung his soul, when I heard him in those lucid moments of sensitiveness, thus pour forth his feelings, I felt as if I could as soon love a statue of insensible marble as to resign my affections, to link my destiny with a woman who could not pity misfortune's child, who could not shield with kindness, a being whom the finger of God had sufficiently marked.

"No; in that hour I gave you up; this last act of levity had opened my eyes; and though love had long hoped this unfeminine and unfeeling trait of character arose more from a warped judgment, than any innate defect, and that it would finally be subdued, I determined to resign at once the task of winning you back to your nature, as utterly hopeless and vain—to leave you, and to forget you, if possible. But this I could not do, until I had told you how I had so deeply loved, and how completely I had conquered and ceased to love you. Your manner towards me this evening gives another convincing proof of your pride and haughtiness, and it softens the pang of separation, to know, to feel, that Rowena Wilmot is a stranger to the tender feeling of love—that Clarence Percival's affections, his long treasured hopes have been deceived, and he can now say without a sigh of vain regret—*Farewell!*"

"Conscience stricken, awed by his earnestness and impressive manner, I had not the power to interrupt him. I sat, incapable of speech, and not until my dilated eye lost sight of his retreating form, did I know it was other than a dream—can I ever forget the

"Maddening wo that past
Across my heart, like the with'ring simoom blast."

When I felt he was gone, it was as if the sun of my existence had sunk, leaving me without one guiding star of hope, amidst such utter desolation and despair. And, oh! what caused my soul to writhe with unspeakable agony, was the conviction that my own conduct had lost, what my secret thoughts had so long aspired to—viz. his love. Perhaps I might have borne the claims of a rival, but the remorse of my own conscience was insupportable. I stretched forth my hand to dispel the dread vision, but the silence of a darkening twilight only mocked me—my groans were only echoed by the stillness—and, yielding to my feelings, I sank into an insensible stupor. I knew not what passed on the great theatre of this bright world for some weeks. No one knew the cause of my illness; a good constitution triumphed over the mind's anguish, and I arose an altered being. Not that my revengeful pride aided me; oh, no! I felt humbled to the very dust; I began to look back on my past life, as one fraught with a shocking levity, marked with intolerable arrogance, and chequered with no good action. The whole woman was stirred within me, and

clinging to my dormant feelings of tenderness and innate sympathy, with a tenacity and fear that they were too dead, ever to shed their genial influence over me, I yielded to their sway; I cherished them as I would a long neglected flower, where beauty had just displayed itself. Since that time, no look of scorn, no words of derision have ever escaped me; but none knew the physician who had so effectually ministered to my disease. It was in vain to eradicate my love for Clarence Percival entirely at once; but time and *pride*—yes, my *proper*, womanly pride, I hoped, would soon overcome it. I resolved

"To bind my wild affections as with a mighty chain"—

to live for others, and endeavour to forget him. This I have done."

Rowena paused, overcome by emotion; although some years had passed since she felt *all* she had described, yet to mark the anguish so visibly expressed in her face, one would have deemed her hour of remorse, the blight of her young hopes, had been but the date of yesterday. She had enwrap the attention of Marietta and Cathleen so completely, they sat in silent sympathy, a tear glistening in the eye of both, and fearing to break the deadly pause, or intrude upon the deep seated sorrow of Rowena, by one word.

At length, perceiving the dew was falling damp, and not wishing to sadden their young hearts by any further indulgence in reminiscences, she gently drew their attention to the beautiful hues of the western sky, and bidding them look to their flowers for the evening, Rowena Wilmot retired to her chamber, with her usual calm, but pensive look; we cannot there intrude upon her sorrows, nor dare we ask whose image dwelt within her memory's deep recess.

* * * * *

Two years had passed since the foregoing recital. Rowena Wilmot again sat in the beautiful grotto; she had repaired thither to give way to thought's sweet indulgence—for it was her bridal eve. What various visions swept through her mind! the past claimed a sigh, the present a tearful smile, and the future an anxious hope. She was, on the morrow to unite her fate with one, to breathe her vows of love to him her choice approved. Will the advocates of first love say to Clarence Percival? But, no; it was to Charles Rathleen, the complete opposite of her young love, Rowena had plighted her faith. He was mild and gentle in his manners—there was an absence of that passionate feeling, that winning fascination which so strongly marked the conversation and appearance of Clarence Percival. He was as handsome, and perhaps a finer form. Rowena had not bestowed her hand on one unworthy of it—true, she did not feel for him that absorbing, that wild and passionate love as for Clarence—but it was an affection based on esteem, and strengthened by the tenderest links of friendship. Previous to her engagement, she had candidly confessed the errors of her youth—had told him all her first love; and, in a voice of the

most confiding tenderness, she repeated those beautiful lines as expressive of her feelings:

"Time past, that first impression
Wore gradually away,
We met, I heard thy gentle voice,
And felt thy spirit's sway.
You won my full esteem,
Another hand was wove,
I can ne'er forget that cruel one,
But I have ceased to love."

The confession rendered her dearer in his estimation, and Charles Rathleen felt proud of Rowena Wilmot's second love.

Rowena had sat some time wrapt in musing thoughts. She was about to return to the house, when her eye caught the figure of some one emerging from the thick shrubbery around the grotto. She had never, in her life, imbibed those foolish superstitious fears, so incidental to the nursery's schooling, and knowing well the gardener was nigh, she advanced to inquire "Who was there?" Receiving no answer, she thought probably it was Mr. Rathleen, who was seeking her, and did not hear her inquiry; she raised her voice, for the stealing pace of the person aroused her suspicions. He approached closer, and, throwing aside his cloak, discovered the pale face of Clarence Percival—the features of him she had not seen for years, and on whom, from various coincidences, her thoughts on that evening had most painfully dwelt. Agitated and astonished, Rowena's first impulse was to fly; but, with a motion of his hand, he waved her back to the grotto. Trembling, she mechanically retraced her steps—he followed—standing still, he gazed on her, like one incapable of speech; at last, in a voice, whose harsh and broken cadences fell grating on her ear—surely it was not the soft silvery tones of Clarence Percival she now heard!—But she could not doubt *that* eye—no, it was *his* look of intense love—it was no dream—she listened.

"It has been a long time since we met—Rowena, it was here, on this very spot, we last parted! Oh! well do I remember that hour, when I madly left you, when I foolishly yielded to false opinions of your character. I have traversed lands, visited cities, and wandered, I scarcely know whither, but you, Rowena, have ever been 'the guiding star of memory's brightest hope.' I returned but yesterday, and have learned that to-morrow dawns on your bridal. Tell me—let me hear from your own lips—is it so!"

He bent near, and with a look of agonizing interest, seemed to hang upon the parting lips. The faint whisper "It is," fell on his ear, like a death-stroke to hope, and bursting aloud in a frenzy of passionate lamentation, wildly exclaimed,

"Oh! beloved, idolized Rowena, how madly did I act in sacrificing my happiness at the shrine of one single fault; but my agony fully revenges you—I do, yes, I must, I cannot but believe, you would once have loved me. But," and losing all his apparent anguish in a voice of sternness, "why should I thus lament? I am changed, you no longer see the same Clarence Percival—yes, every feeling is seared and changed, but my love for you. All my moral principles have waned, and yielded to

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the baneful influence of gaming—I now stand before you a bankrupt—I would not offer even my devoted affection to you, I would not garner up so much misery for your future life by asking you to share it with me. No, Rowena, I was *once* worthy of you, but am not now. The only boon I crave is one last look—oh! smile, Rowena, though it be in sadness—I want it to hang on my memory through life. May to-morrow's sun shine most brilliantly on your nuptials, although its brightness will only mock the utter darkness of Clarence Percival's fate. Go and be happy." And shrouding his face with his mantle, he darted from her. She was alone.

* * * * *

Rowena Wilmot's bridal morn was indeed a bright and lovely one. Considerable bustle, as is usual on such occasions, seemed to pervade the house: a travelling carriage was at the door, waiting to bear her far away from the home of her youth, from the loved and

"Treasured scenes of her early days."

And how looked the fair bride! as serene and calm as the evening star. The agitating emotions caused by the past evening's incident, had given way to those which ever play o'er the face of a bride. The nuptial vows were soon breathed, the binding words "I will," were tremblingly uttered, and Charles Rathleen pressed the lips of her he adored, with the kiss of wedded love. Kind and affectionate friends crowded round with offered congratulations. The father and mother folded their beloved daughter in a fond and parting embrace; the sisters clung to her with sobbing tenderness; then off dashed the carriage, leaving the tearful group gazing until it was lost in the distance.

* * * * *

The wheels of time must carry us rapidly over the lapse of four years. We will rest awhile on that period when the city of B— was considerably agitated with the overwhelming importance of Mrs. Linden's masquerade ball. The novelty of the amusement was eagerly anticipated, and glowingly discussed. The thoughts of the fair were filled with the various dresses and characters they were to assume; and those of the other sex were perplexed with the difficulty of selection. It was the topic of the day, and many wonderings arose whether it would "go off successfully." Some considered it an innovation on old established customs, and predicted it would, in turning the heads of the young, thereby effectually mar the freedom of social converse: however, all looked forward with much eagerness to the time when Mrs. L's hazardous experiment of novelty would rise or fall.

The night arrived—the rooms were splendidly illuminated—fair bowers and alcoves, in their well planned *naturality* seemed to woo their native sylphs. Temples were opened, inviting their presiding gods and goddesses. Thrones were elevated for their kings and queens—groves of beautiful shrubbery and flowers whose sweet perfume filled the air, looked like the favoured retreats of lovers; and above all, what onwrought the soul in ecstasies, was "music's voluptuous swell," which seemed

to issue from an unseen choir. The whole scene was enchanting, and well calculated to bid one believe they were in the land of fairy magic. Then, too, the variety of characters and personages were so great, some so well supported, they carried the mind into an almost reality, that the long slumbering dust of the originals had been by some potent wand resuscitated into life.

Charles Rathleen was anxious for his wife to witness what the world of B—— so eagerly anticipated; and as Mariette seemed desirous to engage in a scene so in accordance with her romantic taste, Rowena had consented to play the matron, unmasked. She had always been adverse to entering the various pleasures of a fashionable life, its amusements were too ephemeral, its requirements too despotic for her domestic taste. She was never happier than when discharging the pleasing duties of a wife and mother. It was with much difficulty then, that her husband and Mariette obtained her consent to leave the lovely little Rowena, to attend this climacteric effort of fashion. But Cathleen, who had no disposition to go, was to watch over her loved treasure, and hushing all maternal fears, she accompanied them to Mrs. L's. They were soon ushered in the brilliant rooms, and found themselves following the crowd at its will. In wandering from place to place, they halted in an apartment, where their attention became attracted by a group assembled around a sybil who was laughingly dealing out her prophecies. A very lovely and graceful female, with her mask in her hand, and leaning on the arm of a gentleman who was closely masked, advanced, and in a playful manner demanded her destiny. The Sibyl looked in her face, and then sternly viewing the palm of her beautiful hand, said,

"Thou art false as fair,
And though thy path may now be strown
With roses sweet and hopes most bright,
Thine end will be despair."

The fair lady seemed awed for a moment by the Sybil's prediction, but turning carelessly to her companion, uttered some trifling jest, and moved from the room. Rowena was struck with her extreme beauty, but rather disgusted by her levity and freedom of manner towards her companion. She inquired of some one near, the name of her on whom the Sybil had pronounced such a dread doom—she was answered:

"Is it possible you do not know the celebrated Mrs. Clarence Percival? why the world has done nothing but talk of her beauty, and the separation!"

Rowena could not reply, for the crowd seemed to increase, and carried her rapidly along, without her own volition. The word "separation" rung in her ears; she had no time to weigh its import, and longed for further information; but had completely lost sight of the individual who had so strongly excited her curiosity. She followed the moving multitude into various rooms, hoping to see the lovely creature again. Mr. Rathleen had accompanied Mariette to the dancing apartment, leaving her with

some female friends. Whilst standing somewhat apart, bewildered by the strange scenes enacting, her thoughts still dwelling on that word so significant of evil import, some one touched her shoulder; she turned, and beheld a female figure shrouded in a mask, who, in a low voice, requested her to step aside, she had something to say to her. Rowena obeyed; the female in an earnest tone said:

"A friend, a very dear friend of mine, and yours, too, Mrs. Rathleen, is dying, and wishes to see you. For heaven's sake, do not disregard the call of one 'neath death's touch—are you willing to follow me?"

"Certainly," replied Rowena, "if you will wait until my husband returns, so that he may sanction my so doing."

"Mr. Rathleen may accompany you as a protector; no doubt you fear to enter the streets at this hour, with no one but myself; but I am accustomed to it. My friend only wishes to see you, and you must do so alone."

Rowena looked through the crowd, and perceived her husband approaching with great difficulty, elbowing his way to her; when he came up, she told him the wishes of the female mask, and requested his consent to obey the dying person's summons, which he gave immediately, and desired them to wait until he ordered the carriage.

"Oh! no," said the female, "the walk is not very long, and unless you go with me as I came, I will have to return without you."

Seeing she was impatient of any delay, and feeling their suspicions somewhat quieted by her manifest earnestness for their decision, Rowena and her husband followed her. She led them by a private pathway out into the street, and, after threading several filled with busy passers to and fro, she turned into one which seemed very obscure and unfrequented; on each side were ranged the most shattered and poverty-struck buildings. The star-light, and one dim lamp at the corner, served but to render the darkness more visible; a dread silence seemed to reign undisturbed, their steps echoed through the street as they passed, so death-like was the stillness. The female stopped about the end of a row of miserable looking houses; and, opening the door, she bade the astonished couple follow her slyly up a dark and narrow stairway. When they reached the landing, she desired Mr. Rathleen to go into an adjoining room, whilst she led Rowena to her friend.

On entering that of the sick person, a voice tremulous with emotion, faintly said:

"Have you seen her, Margaret, and will she come to-night?"

"Yes," replied the girl, "the lady waits to see you." She then beckoned Rowena to approach the bed side; the lamp had nearly expired, and the darkness prevented even the outlines of her form being seen. The poor sufferer turned his head as she drew near him, and stretching forth his hand, said:

"This is indeed like you, so kind—do you know me, Rowena?" The flickering light of the lamp shot up, ere it sunk in smoke, and discovered the features of the dying Percival.

"I do," she murmured, and sinking on a seat beside him, she took his cold damp hand; on it fell the tear of sympathy; and, gazing with a horror-struck look on his face, exclaimed incredulously,

"Am I not dreaming—do I indeed see Clarence Percival? Oh! is it thus we meet again! Why, oh! why did you not let your friends know of your illness sooner?"

"My friends, say you, Rowena," repeated he, mournfully, "do you know I have but one friend in this wide world, and that is my lovely boy," pointing to a child about three years old, who was slumbering beside him, "and I have to prove to-night whether you will be another to me, in my last moments. Raise me up, Margaret, and replenish the lamp; I have much to say, and my time is growing short; a few brief moments are only left me to speak."

"Oh! no, Mr. Percival, do not talk thus—I hope you will yet live to prove the friendship of many, who would willingly bestow it on you. Do not agitate yourself unnecessarily to-night, I will come again to-morrow to see you. Come, compose yourself to rest, your mind and body require it."

"To-morrow, Rowena," said he, "will never dawn on the life-breathing Clarence Percival; no, I must say *now*, what I desire, and oh! my beloved friend, I implore you to heed my dying request. I feel no warring passions contending within my breast, I have severed every tie that binds me to this bright and beautiful world; and I can now, that I have seen *you*, now that I know *you* are near, cheerfully resign myself into my Creator's hands. If I indulge in emotions, which can never sleep but in death's embrace, blame me not, Rowena; they cannot thereby hasten my end, for death's fiat will be accomplished ere the morning light will appear." He paused awhile, and settling himself in an easy position, continued:

"Rowena, I must be permitted to recount the leading events of the last four years of my life, as briefly as possible, by the way of explaining the cause of our present meeting, and why it is in this wretched place. A few months after our last parting, chance threw me in company with Cordelia Belmont. She was lovely beyond description; and, being the daughter of an intimate friend, I saw her very often—of course I became greatly captivated by her surpassing beauty: her manners, too, appeared sweet and soft in the extreme. I did not, for one moment, define or dignify my admiration of her with the name of love; but, like all men, I felt beauty to be irresistible, and *her* charms were acknowledged powerful, by all. I accidentally rendered her father a signal favour, and by an effort, at my own sacrifice, I rescued his name from infamy and disgrace; but my success rendered me a bankrupt. In the first burst of grateful feeling, he offered me his daughter's hand, no doubt, supposing my embarrassments had prevented my becoming her declared suitor. For a moment, my heart leaped at his offer. I longed to be freed from poverty's chilling grasp, and thought if I did love any one, it was Cordelia. I accepted his proposal, provided she

gave a willing assent. When I again saw her, I thought her more beautiful, I tendered my hand, it was *calmly* accepted. A few weeks saw us married, and alas! a few more showed me, that though Cordelia had wedded, she did not love me! She plunged into every excess of fashionable gaiety, was guilty of every thoughtless action; still, I offered no opposition to her course, for my feelings were unhappily and fast deadening to a distressing indifference. Her beauty, which had so lured me, began to dim in my eyes—her softness, which had wooed my heart, was felt by all but myself. I shuddered at the idea of her ever becoming a mother, knowing well how unfit she was for the character of a wife, much less for another more responsible. Before the expiration of one year that lovely boy was born. I fondly looked for a change, and hoped that this new tie, this new channel for the exercise of some tenderness, would detach her from the engrossing and exciting influence of pleasure. I hoped—yes, I even hoped, we might commence a life of new born affection; but my hopes were vain. She neglected her child—it seemed to give her pleasure to distress me, by entirely consigning the innocent to a nurse's care, and loudly protested her aversion to be a watching fondling mother nurse, and, if possible, she launched forth more largely into the whirlpool of dissipation. Her temporary confinement seemed to increase her thirst for frivolity. I watched over my deserted boy, and endeavoured to discharge both the duty of father and mother. I soon had the happiness of witnessing his rapid improvement in beauty and strength of constitution; and oh! what a delight it was to mark his growing developments of mind, the tiny strides of his little intellect. He fully repaid my attentive care by an uncommon love for me. Cordelia's father died about two years after our marriage, leaving *me* the sole possessor of his wealth. Another year passed by, during which I had patiently borne her levity and errors, had quietly submitted to her extravagance to an unheard of extent, all for the sake of my darling boy, until an accident proved she was no longer worthy the lawful name of wife, or the holy epithet of mother. In the frenzy of accusation, she confessed she had never loved me, but was forced into a marriage by her father, and that nothing but the darkest threats and hints made her consent to be mine. A scene of contemptuous feeling on both sides, ensued, during the altercation. She boldly insinuated my desire and intention to deprive her of her lawful rights, in retaining her wealth. I spurned it, and resolved that my child should never share what had been the price of his father's happiness, and had caused his life to hang o'er him like a curse. I resigned all claim to the vast possessions; we separated by mutual consent, and I gladly left the house which should never know me its lord again. Cordelia was never informed of my residence or any of my movements. I found it hard to struggle with the pangs of poverty, when another being, and one so *entirely* dependant, claimed my united exertions. For some months I combatted every obstacle, and lived in the

melancholy enjoyment of my child's society, but disease began to make inroads on my frame. I rapidly sunk—the physician bid me prepare for the worst, that I could not live long. I did not care for myself, how soon I ended my sorrows in death; but, oh! the agonizing thought of what would become of my poor little Clarence bowed my soul into the very depths of a sickening despair. Who would watch over his youthful footsteps, who would guard and protect him from the thousand snares that beset the young and desolate? These questions haunted me through the long night, and rose with the day. My thoughts dwelt upon *you*, yes, in that hour of desolation, *your* image, with an outstretched hand of benevolence, seemed to bid me *hope*. My heart revived at the wooing vision, and I determined to make inquiries of your residence, for I had never dared ask aught about you. A friend, who had frequently seen you, told me you resided in this city, and though I had heard Cordelia had established herself here, I resolved to hazard the experiment of seeing you secretly. God has willed I should be successful, and oh!" said 'he, with a struggle, "I feel my breath ebbing fast, my hour is coming, will you, Rowena soothe and make glad my last moments by promising to be a mother to my little Clarence? Look at him, does he not need a mother's tender care, will not his infancy and destitution plead more effectually than his dying father!"

He paused, nearly overcome, and awaited Rowena's answer, with a look of intense supplication.

She had become completely absorbed in his recital, and when his voice ceased, her bosom heaved with an emotion, almost equal to his own; at length, mastering it, she murmured, "I will, Clarence," and stooping, she imprinted a kiss on the fair face of the sleeping innocent. "Yes, I will endeavour to be a mother in every sense to him, and he shall be my own, in affection."

"Bless you! Heaven bless you, inestimable friend; you have taken away the sharpest pang of death. I can now die happy, since I know my boy will have such a guardian angel, to lead him in the path of virtue. Draw near, beloved one, let my last look rest on you. It is what I have long wished—that in dying I may see only you."

His voice gradually died away, but his eyes were intently fixed on her. It was past midnight, the moon had risen, and now played with her softest light o'er the dying features of Clarence. Rowena bent over, and wiped the cold dew from his brow, which even in the agony of death, looked calm and free from the distortion of pain—his ebbing breath fanned her cheek, his last sigh was wafted in her ear, then the hand relaxed its grasp, the current of life ceased to flow, she looked on him with a painful incredulity, but Clarence Percival's sorrows were indeed ended.

Rowena bade Margaret summon her husband, and looking on the dead, with a firmness, which afterwards astonished herself, she said:

"There lies Clarence Percival; he, who first won my young affections, and he has carried

to heaven the vow I have this night made him; listen to it." She then briefly recounted to him the melancholy events of Clarence's life, since they last parted. Mr. Rathleen nobly approved of his adored wife's conduct and promise, and immediately went in quest of the carriage.

Rowena was left alone with the dead, she gazed in silent anguish on the features of the once loved Clarence, heaving a sigh—"And art thou indeed gone, will thy voice no more echo its thrilling tones in my ear, is the brightness of thine eye dimmed forever, will thy heart—but be still ye waters of memory—back into your wonted cells of thought, vain murmurs—hush, my husband comes—I am Rowena Rathleen."

The carriage rapidly conveyed Rowena with her infant charge home; as they passed the gay mansion, where the masquerade was nearly over, how painfully the sounds of mirth and gladness struck on the heart of the sorrowful Rowena. "Yes," said she, "what a vast masquerade is enacting on this great world—what aching hearts, what desolate bosoms lie hid beneath the mask of fashion."—"Mrs. Percival's carriage," loudly called the porter. Rowena passed it, with the rightful heir to all its splendid trappings and pomp of wealth, in her own.

The day which saw the remains of the unfortunate Clarence Percival laid in nature's vault, the fashionable world was eagerly anticipating another fete—that of the lovely Mrs. Percival—which was to be one of unheard of splendour.

* * * * *

A few weeks after the melancholy death of the once gifted Percival, Rowena drove to the splendid dwelling of his unfeeling and unworthy wife—she was accompanied by the little Clarence.

The servant ushered her into an apartment, dazzling with gorgeous magnificence. An air of the most voluptuous luxury pervaded it; the curtains shed a glow of melting softness o'er the complexion, and every thing was arranged with all the taste and costliness that wealth and art could exert. Rowena's thoughts painfully reverted to the wretched abode of the late master of all the surrounding splendour—the cold and miserable room in which he breathed his last, afforded a striking contrast, and the gilded misery, the heartlessness of *fashion's* votaries, never struck her with greater force. But her reflections were broken by the entrance of the servant, who requested her to repair into the room adjoining, where his mistress awaited her presence.

Rowena followed him, leading by the hand the lovely little Clarence.

The fashionable Mrs. Percival languidly reclined on a sofa, in a morning undress, which served to display her native unadorned beauty to greater advantage. She slowly rose, and politely requested Mrs. Rathleen to be seated. But Rowena approached her with the child, and in an impressive manner, said:

"You are, no doubt, aware that this innocent child of *yours*, is now fatherless—that the un-

fortunate Clarence Percival, now slumbers with the dead!"

"Yes," replied she, calmly; "the news reached me a week ago, which accounts for my present irksome seclusion; but, come near Clarence—let me see if you continue like your unhappy father!"

The child reluctantly obeyed, and looking up in her lovely face, with a look of hesitation, said—"You are my pretty mamma, but *she* is my good one," pointing to Rowena.

"I see," said the languid beauty, "*you*, too, have early learned to hate me;" and, fixing a look of scorn on Rowena, added, "I presume, Mrs. Rathleen, you are well aware that my marriage with Mr. Percival, was an ill assorted and unhappy one!"

"I am," replied Rowena; "and it is a pity that two so fitly destined by nature's matching hand, should have so sadly mistaken each other's feelings. I was present when your unfortunate husband died, and it was his last request that I should take charge of his sweet child. I have, therefore, called on you this morning, to know, if you have any particular directions respecting him!"

Mr. Percival has, no doubt, committed the child to one fully competent for the important trust, and to one, he fain wished had been its *natural* protector. I would not, therefore, on any account interfere with so *friendly* and confiding a wish—it would be an insult to the dead!" said the heartless woman.

Rowena's face glowed with indignation, when she replied:

"In doing so, Mrs. Percival, you would only offer to the dead, that which you heaped upon him when living. But, Madam, your character fully prepared me for any unfeeling taunt or display of indelicacy; and had not my own maternal feelings dictated my following that rule, 'Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you,' I would not have thus sacrificed my feminine dignity, by seeking this interview. Come, Clarence," said she, softening her voice, "we will go home."

The child left his mother's side; but returning, he said in a voice of irresistible sweetness:

"Good bye, my pretty mamma, I will tell my papa when he wakes, I have been to see you; but," said he doubtfully, "they took him away the other day—I wonder if I can go where he is—will you go with me, mamma?" The sweet child drew near the reclining beauty, and gently laid his little hand on hers. For a moment, her languid, but pale features were ruffled by some emotion which was more momentary than the breeze that passes o'er the placid lake's surface, and then disappeared, leaving her statue-like but exquisite beauty resting in coldness. She drew Clarence to her, and passing her beautiful hand through his golden ringlets, kissed his fair brow, and said:

"Go, my lovely child, you will love that good lady—I am not worthy to be your protector; you will have to forget your pretty mamma."

Rowena took the hand of Clarence, who bounded towards her, and casting a look of contemptuous pity on his unnatural mother, left the room.

"Yes," said she, folding him in her arms with the utmost maternal love, "the last wish of thy dying father shall be held sacred. Oh! what heart could be so dead, when gazing on your innocent beauty, would refuse to protect you? No, fair child, you never shall know the want of a mother's care, so long as Rowena Rathleen can bestow such. Unfortunate Clarence! why did fate allot you such a sad destiny—why!—but the carriage stopped.

And oh! could the departed look down, and bless the actions of the living, how fervently would Clarence Percival have implored the choicest of Heaven's bestowal on those of his *first love*. Rowena lived to prove the increase and durability of her second and firmly placed affection, and never in after years did she for one moment regret the promise she made to the dying Percival of being a fond mother to his lovely little Clarence.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MYRA.

HER brow as the mountain snow was white,
Her rich locks shaded her eyes of light,
On her dimpled cheek June's roses bloom'd,
And the breath from her Hebe-lips perfumed
The ambient air—when her tender voice
And smile of hope made the heart rejoice,
While her light step, like the youthful fawn,
Scarce press'd the flowers that gemm'd the lawn.

Such Myra was, ere the ocean wave
Entomb'd her love in a distant grave.
Like the lightning's flash the tidings came,
And scath'd her heart like the lightning's flame.
Then her Hebe-lip lost its ruby glow,
And her fragrant breath came chill, and slow;
Cold grew her brow of snow-like white,
And for ever were veiled her eyes of light!
Liverpool. M. G.

A power above all human responsibility, ought to be above all human attainment; he that is unwilling *may* do no harm, but he that is unable *can* not.

Love is an alliance of friendship and of lust; if the former predominate, it is a passion exalted and refined, but if the latter, gross and sensual.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WHO IS HAPPY!—(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

THE exterior of life is but a masquerade, in which we dress ourselves in the finest fashions of society, use a language suited to the characters we assume;—with smiling faces, mask aching hearts; address accents of kindness to our enemies, and often those of coldness to our friends. The part once assumed must be acted out, no matter at what expense of truth and feeling. For who is there that would not shrink from pity, who had long been an object of envy? Oh, world, world, thy votaries are slaves! How many reject religion from a persuasion that its laws are severe; the sacrifices required, numerous and painful—its self-denial hard and humiliating—its observance strict and burthensome; yet, weighed with the tyranny of the world, the obligations of religion are light and easy. Can any requisitions be more strict, minute, and absolute, than those of fashion? Its despotism extends to dress, to manners, to words, to actions—turns day into night, and night into day—requires the sacrifice of our time, of ease, of comfort—too often of duty and of conscience. And what does it give in return?—worn out spirits, impaired health, and a dissatisfied mind. There is no exaggeration in this—it is what I have seen, and what I have experienced. The world is a hard master, as all who have served it long, will confess. Contrast with its restless and never satisfied desires, the cheerfulness, serenity, and self-satisfaction which religion bestows on its sincere disciples, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and whose paths are paths of peace—whose benign influence enhances the enjoyment of prosperity, and soothes and enlightens the darkest scenes of adversity—supports us through all the vicissitudes of this life, and carries us triumphantly into the life to come. Oh, my friend, I speak from conviction when I assure you, that *its yoke is easy and its burthen light*. But to resume my story:

I wish I could describe to you the beautiful scenery that every where met my enraptured sight, on my journey home—scenery lit up by the soft warm glow that lingered on the heavens and on the earth after the sun had set—the bright clouds that floated on the blue sky—I wish I could make you hear the soft murmuring of the river—the low of the cattle returning homewards—the distant tinkling of the sheep-bell—I wish you could feel as I felt, the cool refreshing breeze that fanned my burning cheek, and revived me with the fragrance wafted from the new mown-hay. These scenes, and scents, and sounds are familiar things to every one, it is only when associated with recollections dear to the heart, that they have such an enchanting power. There is magic in them—they give us back the past in its brightest hues, free from the imperfections of actual experience.

No language of my own could express the transports that swelled my bosom, and I invol-

untarily breathed them forth in the words of the poet, exclaiming as I passed through scenes familiar to my early days:

Ah, happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
Ah, fields beloved in vain,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales that from you blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they sweetly soothe,
And redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

To me, indeed, it was a second spring, succeeding a long winter, whose chilled affections and withered hopes were warmed and renovated. Though unmarked by a single incident, never shall I forget that journey, so rich in recollected joys and fond anticipations. If in these delightful emotions I desired your participation, still more do I wish that I could transfuse into your bosom, the sensations that filled mine, as in the close of that blessed summer's day I reached my father's dwelling—the home of my infancy—but this is beyond my power, sympathy alone can impart to you an idea of what I then felt.

As I passed along the roads through the woods and fields, I greeted every well remembered object with the feelings of an old friend. I pointed them out to my daughter with more exultation than a conqueror points to the trophies of his glory.

"There," said I, "is the hawthorn and sweet-briar, from which I gathered berries in autumn, and blossoms in spring—there is the old hollow tree that I called my cottage, and in which I spent so many happy hours with my playmates—there is the great chestnut tree, where we gathered nuts—there the meadow, where I rolled on the new-mown hay."

On we went—nearer and nearer we approached the roof that was to shelter—the arms that were to receive us. At last we reached the door where stood those beloved parents, with outstretched arms and smiling faces.

Venerated beings! methinks I see you now—my father's white locks and stately form—my mother's pale face, mild blue eyes, and clasped hands, upraised to heaven. Thus they stood, as we drove up to the house.

I sprang from the carriage, and fell into my father's arms, felt myself pressed to his bosom, and my cheek wet with our mingled tears.

Oh, ye! whose fond hearts yearn for the tenderness of some beloved object, judge the transports of mine when I felt the pressure of affection, fervid as it was sincere; ye only can judge who have for years languished in the absence of this vital warmth.

Unable to withdraw me from my father's arms, my mother clasped her beloved grandchild in hers; and when he released me from his prolonged embrace, she resigned my child

to him, while she received me once more to her maternal bosom.

A mother's bosom! refuge from sorrow—
asylum from danger—home of love!—what
other resting place can be so all sufficient for a
care-worn and tender heart?

My beloved parents were far advanced in
years, and already suffered from the infirmities
of age, though free from the corrosions of dis-
ease.

After my marriage, they had given up their
town residence, and fixed themselves perma-
nently on a small but beautiful farm on the
banks of the Susquehanna, where, previously,
they had passed only part of the year.

Wild and romantic river! or as Southey
calls it, **MADDENED STREAM**, so impetuous is thy
course. How bright are thy waters, as they
dash among the rocks, or wind among the
woody islets that gem thy bosom. In childhood,
I laved in thy rippling stream, gathered pebbles
on thy margin, and wild flowers on thy over-
hanging banks. In youth, I have wandered
amidst thy romantic scenery, mingling the
sighs of a full heart with thy gentle murmurs;
or lost in delicious reverie, have mused hours
away in the solitary recesses of thy rocks.
Here my fancy first took wing—here my en-
thusiasm was first enkindled, and I felt the
power of nature to charm and elevate my soul.
Southey, Coleridge, Wordsworth—companions
of my lonely rambles, taught by you, I learned
to understand her language—learned to listen
to her voice in the winds and waves, and to love
her in all her various forms. Solitude was no
longer solitude, a spirit dwelt in every leaf and
flower, in every rock and tree, with which my
spirit loved to commune. Are not those sweet
poets, priests of nature, who interpret to us the
mystic meaning of the works of God; who
spiritualize material things, and teach us that

Unearthly minstrelsy, then only heard
When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hushed,
And the heart listens.*

Romantic days! Smile, worldlings smile,
but all your boasted joys are tame, are poor,
compared with the joys of ardent, young enthu-
siasm.

But whither have I wandered? Oh, the
very mention of that beautiful river, brings
back to my mind such scenes of loveliness,
such hours of rapture, they overpower every
other idea.

My father's fortune, once, larger than his
wishes, had from various causes shrunk within
even his necessities. Too infirm to superintend
either his agricultural or household affairs, he
had left them to the discretion of servants, and
my excellent parents were now suffering from
their extreme indulgence and liberality.

But their daughter was returned in the ma-
turity of life, their grand-daughter in the ac-
tivity of youth, and their cares were termi-
nated.

A new lease of life seemed to be entered on,
a new spirit pervaded the whole family; it re-
sembled a machine that had been long standing
still, suddenly put in motion: the result was

* Coleridge.

astonishing. Had I, on my return, found my
parents in the vigour of health, in a state of
affluence that exempted me from the necessity
of domestic occupation, the energies of my cha-
racter would have lain dormant, the activity of
my mind unemployed, and time might have
been a burthen on my hands.

Thus the very circumstances which others
looked on as misfortunes, to me, were blessings.

To support and cheer declining age, called
into exercise the best feelings of my nature,
and success in this precious task, imparted a
livelier satisfaction than any selfish enjoyment
could have done. The management of a large
family, the superintendence of the farm and
garden, while they afforded constant employ-
ment, awakened interests ever new, varying
with the changing seasons, and yielding an
abundant harvest, not only of fruit and grain,
but of health and cheerfulness.

And then our Clara! our young, lovely, lov-
ing and beloved Clara—our pride and joy!—
the concentrating point of all our wishes and
expectations, our affections and our hopes.
The attendant of the grandmother—the play-
thing of the grandfather—the assistant of the
mother—the nurse of the sick—the helper of
the poor—the comforter of the afflicted. Oh,
my Clara was the delight of every heart, and
the most busy and most joyous of human crea-
tures.

To cultivate her mind, to form her manners,
to improve the accomplishments she had ac-
quired at school, was the task I had proposed
for myself, when I should be settled beneath my
paternal roof. But the dear child needed not
my instructions, the prompting of her own ar-
dent thirst for knowledge was sufficient to carry
her forward in the path of improvement. She
loved all that was graceful, good, and beauti-
ful, and pursued study with as much avidity as
the generality of youth pursue amusement.
These favourite objects did not, however, take
up all her time or attention; she found abun-
dant leisure for domestic duties. The dairy,
the poultry-yard, and bee-hives, were placed
under her especial and almost exclusive man-
agement. An old and faithful servant, no longer
capable of hard labour, was assigned her,
both as assistant and instructor. This woman,
who was six or seven years older than my mo-
ther, had been selected from the other young
slaves at my mother's birth as her little maid;
during childhood she had been her play-mate as
well as attendant, they had grown up together,
and the title of "my little mistress, and my lit-
tle maid," while it kept up the proper respect
due from one to the other, did not lessen the
mutual affection which grew with their growth,
and strengthened with their strength. They
both married, and both became mothers; years
passed on, in reciprocal kindness and blended
interest. The faithful servant became the nurse
and foster-mother of her beloved mistress' chil-
dren, and has often been heard to declare,
"that she loved them more than her own." I
had been her favorite nursing, and now, my
child became her darling.

The cabin appropriated to her was in every

respect better than those of her fellow servants, and situated nearer to the mansion-house. She had received her freedom, long before the laws of Pennsylvania required the emancipation of slaves; but such was her attachment to my mother, that she resolved to live and die in her service. It now became the old woman's greatest pride and delight, to assist and instruct her *new young mistress*, as she called Clara, in the cares before mentioned; and it was one of Clara's daily cares to promote the comfort of *old mammy*, the familiar and endearing epithet applied to this faithful servant. Part of every Sabbath, Clara passed with her, reading the Scriptures, singing hymns, and teaching the black children of the farm and neighbourhood.

When my daughter understood that by her father's death, I was left without other home or support, than that afforded by her grand parents, a new and strong motive to industry was added to that which proceeded from affection. She became zealous and unremitting in the discharge of her domestic duties; while at the same time, her natural taste and ardent desire to fulfil my wishes, made her equally assiduous in the cultivation of her mind and ornamental talents. Such various occupations left her not an idle moment; she was always busy, and consequently always cheerful and contented.

It is a truth, of which, however, experience alone will convince us, that employment is an essential ingredient of happiness. The contrary is generally believed, and wealth is eagerly desired, not solely for the distinction it confers, and the luxury it procures, but on account of the leisure it affords—a leisure that the affluent too often find a burthen—a leisure which begets that weariness of life, so often complained of by the rich under the more fashionable term of *ennui*.

Two opposing principles are at war within us; activity and indolence. The active principle is ever restless and craving, seeking object and employment, in default of which it preys on the mind and temper; yet strange as it may seem, this natural impulse is resisted by an indolence seldom conquered but by the stronger principle of necessity. Happier, far happier are those who are thus forced into activity, than those whom wealth abandons to the tyranny of idleness.

The very pastimes of the rich prove the truth of this assertion—pastimes often more fatiguing than the labours of the poor. "*The rack of rest*," as Young, not more strongly than truly, denominates a state of inactivity of mind and body, is of all conditions the most insupportable. Our faculties must be kept in exercise, or like water without motion, they become stagnant, and fatal not only to health and usefulness, but equally so to cheerfulness and content.

The necessity of employment, so generally considered as a misfortune, I now found to be a blessing. In the days of my prosperity, how often have I complained of the lagging hours—now I complained of the rapidity of their flight; for time was no longer a burthen. Every day, every hour had its allotted task, which employed my hands, absorbed my thoughts, and interested

my feelings. The *vis inertia* that once paralysed activity, and lay like an incubus on the mind, was banished by an excitement of the faculties, as the night-mare is by an awakening from heavy sleep. Never did the amusements of the gay world impart such speed to time, such animation to the spirits, or such interest to life, as my new and various duties. I used to rise late that I might shorten the day, I now rose early that I might lengthen it, and the longest day of summer was now shorter than the shortest day of winter once was. Idleness is a drag-chain which impedes the motion of time; employment gives it wings.

Even had my duties been difficult or irksome, the self-satisfaction which followed their performance made me happier than the unprofitable pleasures of my former life. Thus passed several years, unmarked except by the rapid growth and improvement of my Clara, and also the obvious progress of decay in my venerated parents.

"To rock the cradle of declining age," was now my highest privilege—a dear and sacred task!—but had it been my only one, my mind must have been often clouded with melancholy, as there was no exercise for hope, that cheering, inspiring, I might almost say, vital principle—but I had another task, equally dear and tender, and far more exhilarating, that of assisting the development of my daughter's mind and heart; of contemplating, not the decay, but the growth of the human plant. The luxuriant bloom gave promise of abundant fruit, and I exulted in the prospect.

In fact, every affection of my heart, every power of my mind was in full exercise, and I was as happy as human nature can be; that is, *contented*. For after all, *contentment* is *happiness*. Yet there was a time when I should have deemed it impossible to be contented with *content*—when I required strong and high excitement—varied and vivid emotion—when I would have preferred the alternatives of rapture and despondency, to the equable, placid, and moderate state of feeling that constitutes *contentment*, which in the moral world, is what a smooth and level surface is in the physical world; devoid indeed of the pleasing variety of valley and mountain, but exempt from the inconveniences and dangers inseparable from their inequalities and sudden transitions.

The town of Northumberland was not far distant, and afforded society of the *best kind*, in the highest acception of that word—persons of highly cultivated intellect and refined manners, with many of whom I formed a delightful intimacy, and my daughter the first sweet friendships of youth.

About this time I received a visit from one of my former acquaintances; she was travelling through this part of the country, and turned aside from the public road to call on me; induced, I suspect, more by curiosity than regard. When she discovered me in a state of poverty, compared to the one in which she once saw me—in a retirement which she called obscurity, and employed in what she deemed labour, she consoled with me on my altered circum-

stances; nor could I convince her that I was now far happier than when she had seen me surrounded with all that wealth and rank could bestow, and the object of general admiration. When she returned to the circles of fashion, she spoke of my condition with pity, if not with contempt. Ah! if she could have read my heart, how opposite would have been her opinion. This she could not do—this no fellow being can do—we are therefore compelled to judge of each other by external circumstances, than which, nothing can be more deceptive.

Not long after this occurrence, I received a letter from Edward, whose happiness I feared, had been sacrificed to his duty. But no, duty brings its own reward. In this letter, my friend informed me, that time had restored to him peace of mind, and that he was the happy husband of an amiable and worthy woman, the father of two lovely children, and the possessor of a competence, gained by persevering industry. This information removed the only anxiety I felt, and was the subject of the most heartfelt thanksgiving.

For one moment imagine the reverse of the picture I have drawn. Suppose that I had yielded to the temptation by which I was assailed. Even had my criminal indulgence remained concealed from every fellow being, my own consciousness of guilt, the fear of discovery, the conviction of having lost the esteem of even my lover—for a man, though he may love, never esteems the victim of his passion—the feeling of self-degradation would have embittered, if not destroyed, the pleasures of forbidden love.

But, which is most probable, had discovery ensued—oh, it is too horrible to think of—divorced, degraded, shunned by the wise and virtuous. In what asylum could I have found a refuge. Surely not in the bosom of my parents. Such an affliction would have brought their grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. Where then could I have concealed my shame and my misery? In the grave! Yes—I should have rushed uncalled into that last retreat of the wretched.

And does frail, fond woman, encounter the risk of such a fate for the sake of the feverish, and transient joys of guilty passion?

Oh that I could dissipate the dazzling illusion—break the fascinating spell that allures them on to ruin and misery, and force on their minds the deep felt conviction, that *virtue alone is happiness below*.

But alas, the advice of a frail fellow creature is too weak; let them look to a higher and holier support in the hour of temptation; then only will they be safe.

Many years have passed since my beloved parents fell asleep—I will not say died. Oh, no, they still live—live in my heart, and live in that world where I trust we shall soon be reunited.

And my precious daughter, my excellent Clara, the cordial of my life and support of my age, she in due time shall follow and rejoin us there. Believing this, I leave her without a pang—leave her in the enjoyment of life's best

blessings—the loving and beloved of many hearts. Yes, my friend, *to love and be beloved*, is the dearest of human blessings; it is an internal joy, of which the world cannot take cognizance, a sunshine that cheers and warms the secret chambers of the bosom, though without, all is dark and cold.

Learn from my story, not to call in question the justice and impartiality of Providence, in its distribution of riches and poverty, or other diversities in the condition of life. These are not either the rewards or punishments which God decrees to virtue and vice, they are not constituent parts, but mere external appendages, not the stone and cement, but the form and fashion of the great fabric of human existence. No, the rewards bestowed on piety and virtue in this life, are peace and contentment—the punishment of vice, is that restlessness and dissatisfaction of mind which the most prosperous circumstances can neither soothe or dissipate.

Question not then the justice and goodness of the Governor of the universe, if you sometimes see good men labouring under poverty and affliction, and the wicked possessed of wealth and honor; since happiness is independent of external circumstances, and dwells in those recesses of the bosom into which no human eye can penetrate, and of which, therefore, our fellow men are incapable of forming a just estimate.

Such were the confessions of one of the most interesting women I ever knew. They were not given in the narrative form into which I have thrown them, but at various times were poured forth from the fulness of a surcharged heart, when some observation of mine, the appearance of some natural object, or the recurrence of some familiar incident, awakened by the power of association, the recollections of the past. It was during the last month of her life when I was in constant attendance on my friend, that these interesting conversations took place. She was perfectly sensible of her situation, and often expressed her astonishment at what she called “the tenacity of the vital principle, which still clung to a frame so wasted and feeble.” She was equally free from pain of body, and anxiety of mind. In fact I never knew her intellectual faculties so clear and bright and active, as during these closing hours of life.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decay'd,
Let in new light, thro' chinks that time had made.

Light from heaven—for though her thoughts often reverted to the past, they were never separated from the future, and when she spoke of the events of life, it was in the way a traveller speaks of the incidents of a journey, for long had she felt herself to be a mere sojourner on earth.

Sunset was ever her favourite hour, and during this last month that I spent with her, there were few evenings in which she had not her chair rolled to the window, from whence she could watch the departing sun. “He is gone, how bright is his closing scene—how gently,

he sinks to rest—he has withdrawn from our sight, but is still pursuing his glorious career," were sometimes the softly whispered expressions I could hear, as I sat silently beside her. Then, when twilight veiled the scene, and thought turned inward, would she speak of herself, and insensibly led on by my questions and remarks, would relate to me the incidents and feelings out of which I have woven this story.

Sometime previous to my friend's departure, she had the satisfaction of uniting her daughter to a most amiable and excellent man, who was capable of appreciating the value of the good and lovely Clara. Freed from this her most tender anxiety, and withdrawn from the active cares of life, the mind of the dear invalid turned almost exclusively to the contemplation of its spiritual concerns. Her faith was strong and clear, her devotion glowing and enthusiastic. The ardent affections, which in the early part of life had destroyed her peace and endangered her virtue, were purified and exalted, and during her latter years constituted her chief happiness.

The love of God is the only sentiment which can fill and satisfy hearts of such capacity and sensibility. The object being infinite, the affec-

tion can be indulged without limit. Fuel is never wanting to feed the flame of this divine love, which will burn brighter and brighter to all eternity.

How intently did it glow during the closing hours of her mortal life. Her fervent spirit could at times scarcely repress its impatience to be released from its tenement of clay; but she checked such impulses, and endeavoured cheerfully to support the prolongation of her imprisonment, as she called her protracted life. The hour of release at last came—she was sitting by her favourite western window, gazing on the glorious sky, her head lay on my shoulder, and my arms supported her; Clara sat on a low seat beside her, and while she held her mother's hands clasped within hers, she watched every varying expression of her face, and listened anxiously to the difficulty of breathing, which she perceived was rapidly increasing. The cool fresh air of evening revived her, and we could not persuade her to leave the open window. She did not attempt to converse, but often tenderly pressed our hands, and in stooping to press Clara's cheek, her head fell on the bosom of her daughter, and her last breath escaped.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SORROW IS BETTER THAN LAUGHTER.

"For by the sadness of the countenance, the heart is made better."

Is there such power in sadness?
Then let us go where "sorrow sits enthron'd,"
Even now its gracious work may be approv'd,
And many hearts with solemn gladness fill'd,
And chasten'd spirits feel the mourner's home.
A blessing.—We meet—as oft we have done,
Call'd by life's holiest, tenderest sympathies,
To weep with those that weep—for here is *one*
Cut off from clustering hopes, and newly wrapp'd
In the lone narrow house.—Is it a saint,
In life's decline, well wearied of its cares,
And longing to be freed? or, is it some
Poor outcast, on the world's cold charities,
That fain would seek its final rest in heaven?
Such passages from time are not unwont—
But this is one that strikes upon the heart,
And fits it for a holier, happier state—
Young, sprightly, pleasant, loving, and beloved,
High hopes of usefulness—the earth was bright
And beautiful—how could she think of death?
And yet she did, nor viewed with dread its portal.
Wife, mother, daughter, sister, friend—how sweet
And strong the sympathies, that would have bound
Her here—yet, they were "counted" nought "for Christ."

She went a joyous and a lovely bride,
But when her hour of trial came, she thought
Of her lov'd home, and of the friend rever'd,
Who, in her early years, had watch'd her bed

Of weakness and of pain, with faithful care—
She came to thee, to bring her infant charge,
And with full trust to lay it in thy bosom—
She came to ask thy blessing on his head,
Who in its purity and *utmost love*
Had her young heart—she came to speak of hope,
And joys beyond the reach of time, and yield
Her spirit up where first she had receiv'd it!
Where is the busy household—voices glad?
So wont to wake thy soul to joy and gladness:
They mingle with the sounds of other lands,
And the bent ear assays in vain to hear them.

Thus they go forth—the inmates of one house,
But leave an altar round each happy hearth,
From which, nor time, nor space, nor circumstance,
Can ever keep the absent, and that altar
Is the hearth-stone—there at the soft and still
Sweet twilight hour, assembled spirits meet,
To hold untold communion, and around
That hallow'd spot, thine own beloved have oft
Been group'd with *this* thy youngest, dearest hope,
While whispering love would speak of future days,
When face to face they there in truth would meet.
'Twas otherwise decreed, and God is good,
In every providence he sends. But earth
Will have its musings, and the mourner sad
Feel as the days pass on, a soothing power,
And bless the hand that chastened.

H.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LADIES.—No. II.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY B. E. THATCHER, OF BOSTON.

ONE of the chief pleasures I anticipated from a tour in Europe, was the opportunity of becoming, in some degree, personally acquainted with individuals whose works and character I had long enjoyed and admired; and not among the last or least of these personages, in my estimation, was the celebrated Irish novelist. There were considerations of peculiar interest attached to the career of Miss Edgeworth. In some respects, and perhaps on the whole, it seems to me she may justly be placed in the very first rank of living writers. I need not discuss the kind of talent or genius she has exhibited in order to maintain this position; and the reading world has known her too long to require instruction upon that point. Nor need any analytical comparison be instituted between herself and her contemporaries, with a view to a just appreciation of her intrinsic merits or relative claims. It is sufficient to bear in mind that she has never brought herself into the necessity of any such comparison or competition. Her local position has not been more sequestered, solitary, or independent, than her literary career. Followers she has had, but afar off. Many hints have been borrowed from her example by her admirers. Of some of these the influence may be said to be felt throughout the literature of the world at this moment; witness that splendid series of productions, suggested, according to his own admission, to Scott, by the success of the Irish Tales. But the Scotch novels were not interferences with the Irish. Scott was no rival to Miss Edgeworth. She has had no rivals, and has none yet. Her course and her glory have been all her own.

I thought of her as the first of female writers, at least; and as one who, by her example and influence, by her existence itself, had elevated the character, and exalted the dignity of her sex. Nor was it because she was a woman simply;—a woman who had accomplished achievements, and discovered abilities in a certain department which were unknown to the world in such a union, and in equal perfection before. The brilliancy of her mere renown as an author, or as a genius, excited none of my admiration: it was not more brilliant, after all, in these respects, than that of other literary and intellectual ladies of the age; not so much so as in some cases—(that of Madame de Staël, for example)—where, nevertheless, I felt that no such sentiment as the leading one in my mind respecting Miss Edgeworth, no personal interest, no desire of a more intimate acquaintance, no anxiety to acknowledge a sense of gratitude, and perhaps no great sense of obligation itself, had ever existed, or could under any circumstances have been formed. But it was something more than distinction, or even greatness that I regarded in the Irish writer.

It moved no distant or half-reluctant admiration alone, but it warmed in me a glow of affectionate reverence, as well as thankful regard. She was eminent in my eyes, not that, as a woman, she had done and attained what was so rare with her sex, and which had so much raised their *eclat*, (so to speak) in conjunction with her own; but because she had so written, and her whole life had been of a character to elevate in the utmost degree, the pure, real, and permanent respectability of women as a sex, and of herself as a woman.

Of course, it was not to be forgotten that her merits in this sphere were by no means negative alone. She had not simply held and kept inviolate herself the sweet and sacred delicacy and dignity of the female character, which others have, yet, but too generally helped, through ignorance or thoughtlessness, boldness or weakness, or indiscretion, or accident, to bring more or less into disesteem. Even this, indeed, might have been to her a sufficient honour. It was a rare praise, that, in her *morale*, doing so much, and acquiring such notoriety as she did, she yet did nothing to disparage her sex's standing; and that respecting all her voluminous compositions it may be said of her (what can be said of so few) that she has left "no line, which dying, she might wish to blot;"—as in the intellectual sphere it would have been no small thing to record of her, as it will be recorded, that exerting and exposing herself so continually in the face and behoof of the public for the space of hardly less than half a century, her standard of ability has always been sustained at a height equal at least to that she began with. Her last novel, published at an age exceeding seventy, having borne triumphantly (as much so as any which preceded it) the cold inquisitive scrutiny of the critics, no less than it gratified the much-expecting, yet half-suspicious interest of those who felt a greater anxiety for the preservation of her powers and the still unwavering maintenance of so endeared a name.

But *this* species of glory never contented her ambition or her conscience, in the one department, any more than the other. She determined not to be only what a woman should be, but to do also what a woman could; to develop the talents she was conscious of possessing, but most of all the talent—the genius, let me call it—for usefulness, and for that of high order and wide extent; to avail herself of every opportunity to this end which kindly circumstances had thrown in her way; to devote all these, and to consecrate her whole being, and life itself, to the work of setting forth and commending, by every imposing and winning device and labor which imagination or industry could call to her aid, the charms of that graceful virtue, and

the strength of that refined and exalted character, with the contemplation of which her own soul was inspired, to the respect and love, not more of the female sex or the rising generation, whose interest she largely regarded, than of the reading community, and of society at large, whose welfare she has never forgotten. This was her "noble task." To this, eminently qualified for it as she was, with an exquisite tact, and with a philosophy of self-management not less rare than her conscientiousness and pure ambition, she devoted her powers. From this cause no temptation has seduced her. In this she has laboured during the whole of that long period stated. The first work on education in which she joined with her father is understood to have been prepared as early as 1787, and it was published in 1794. The second year of the current century saw the commencement of the *Tales*. What a length of service! How few are they, living or dead, who have toiled as long! What fames have been lost and won, what careers begun and ended, since the dates just named! What hosts of Coleridges and Byrons, of Hemanses and Landons, have blazed into notoriety, and flourished their bright cycles through, and departed! How are the mighty fallen!—the elder generation, who may be better considered to have once been the contemporaries of Miss Edgeworth—I think of such as Mrs. Inchbald, whose curious strictures on the *Tales*, uttered in the bold freedom of private correspondence, as they came out one by one, are still preserved; of Crabbe, Davy, McIntosh; of Dugald Stewart and all his glorious coterie; of the genius of Abbotsford, a whole literature in himself. Gone—all gone! their remains collected, their lives written, their standing meted out! Others who started at the same date, and many who moved much later, tired out, or the world tired of them, rest from their labours. They are content, like Miss Baillie, with the dull quietude of venerable years and sure renown. They are frightened, like Campbell, (by Scott's description) at the shadow of their own fame. They are grown old-fashioned, and coolly elbowed, like others I need not name, out of this smart world's favor; nay, if we must come to it, fairly superceded, superannuated, worn quite out! Such are the capricious course of literature, and the fickleness of fashion; such the autumn, the summer shallowness of the streams of some men's genius, dash they never so bravely in the spring; such the calamities of authors! One changeless light alone shines on.

All things then, considered, the systematic, sustained, mature exertion and determination to do good—the complete fitting abilities and opportunities brought to the task—the universal impressiveness of the medium chosen—its admirable adaptation in all cases to the end in view—the charms of style added to those of nature and virtue—the influence of such an example in mere literary points of view—the wonderful popularity and circulation, in a word, of the series of works referred to, growing yearly still greater favorites, visiting every civilized country, penetrating every intelligent house-

hold, the delightful solace of youth and age, of simple and wise alike; all these things considered, I say, and added to these a variety and number of these productions proportionate to the period during which the composition of them, and the long laborious preparation for them too, went on, is it too much to place this authoress not in the first rank merely, as I have done, but at the very head and front of the *useful* writers—let me say, boldly—of the *writers* of the age!

Such are the prominent points which in my mind distinguish Miss Edgeworth's career. I say nothing of a hundred little merits, comparatively little—little because the greater merits are *so* great. An eulogy on her might be confined to the consideration of the political effect of some of her writings, especially where Ireland—*her own** poor suffering Ireland is concerned. No imagination, I am persuaded, can fairly appreciate the good she has done, still farther, by the encouragement universally of a better acquaintance, and more free intercourse, and happier feeling between the far-separated, alienated, exasperated classes and castes which divide and distract society entirely too much among those communities for whom she has chiefly written.

Some, I judge, would have had her, not more moral indeed—they might not say more religious—but more sectarian at times. On the contrary, I admire nothing more than the fact which puzzles these critics;—that they can find, perhaps in all the works of this authoress, no distinct authority for defining her denominational belief. What need of such exposition! what good could it do? what good would it not have prevented! She addressed her aims to no sect or party, as to no profession, condition, or age, alone. She could not give up to one, or to any of them, "what was meant for mankind." She wrote not merely for all of them, but to bring all together; to make them understand and respect each other; to silence, for once and forever, the bloody and barbarous war-words which orthodox and heterodox, Catholic and Protestant, the landlord and tenant, the poor and the rich man, had been screaming so long. To this great end, the active life of Miss Edgeworth has been devoted:—why not her writings as well! What spirit could be better in her novels than the same which Scott and his party saw with so much delight at Edgeworthstown, in the village school that united such wild and motley tenants for pupils, parents and pastors included, in a harmony so strange to the region where it occurred, so inconceivable almost to those who beheld the miracle, yet for Ireland so auspicious. Could a sectarian spirit—nay, could one less thoroughly free from the suspicion of such a spirit, have accomplished what *she* has accomplished in either department of her works; in surrounding or in distant society; in the school or the novel! She might have addressed herself to a

* It is a common impression that she is Irish by birth. "All Irish" I heard her call herself. She was born, however, in Oxfordshire, as it happened, though the family have been in Ireland since the reign of Elizabeth.

creed or a class, and she might have been canonized by a sect or a party. What then? Has Elliott, the Corn-Law Rhymers, with all his cyclopean genius, with all the truth and justice on his side, the least effect with those whom he *would* influence, but only exasperates? Does Mrs. Trollope gain reputation with even the coarse bigots whose toad-eater and tool she is? Has Cooper advanced his popularity by taking to politics? How can we think of Miss Edgeworth as one of these? or even as a more dignified, a poetical bigot, like Wordsworth, or Scott himself? No! let us have one writer at least, who shall live and write alike, in the all-embracing human spirit that knows no class nor creed; whose universal influence no associations shall mar; whose works may be read with a relish without apprehension, and remembered with a satisfaction without alloy; who, writing, in a word, what is fit to be written, as it is fit for the race and for posterity, shall still live on among them, and still labor for good, not as Miss Edgeworth has done, and now does alone, but as she will do hereafter, and yet herafter, when the teachers of creeds and the minions of parties shall be lost even to the sight of the world's pity and scorn, buried and forgotten forever.

Such were some of my reflections when the prospect of meeting Miss Edgeworth occurred. Of that little intercourse itself I have of course preserved some reminiscences, and some of these are such, that, little ambitious as I am of the reputation of an itinerant scandal-monger, attributed to certain travellers—anxious especially, as every decent-minded person must be, to infer no suspicion of enjoying the confidence of hospitality to betray it—I can see no objection to my endeavouring to communicate to my readers a share of the privileges of this occasion. There is a possibility of being too sensitive, as well as too little so, on these subjects. I remember Professor Wilson, (who has had some data for making up his mind upon it,) remarking: that he did not understand that a close curtain was to be drawn altogether over the private character and life which come in the traveller's way. The world wanted to hear something about the *distingués*, and it was well enough they should: nobody, except through a false and foolish delicacy, a fidgetty whimsicality, could even object to it. How much might be said—and how—upon such occasions, was the real question: but it was one upon which no rule could be laid down. The discretion and honor of every individual admitted to pass between the public and these privacies, must determine it for himself.

In the present case I am spared most of this embarrassment, for more reasons than one. The calm sound sense of Miss Edgeworth is one of her chief characteristics—one of the best;—holding no small share in the secret of her unrivalled success. No mind can be more free than hers from the sickly and querulous feeling which Wilson refers to. No living personage, on the other hand, stands less in danger, as well as in fear, from the observations of those with whom she chooses to associate. Her life,

like her literature, is such as to provoke no criticism but that of praise. Like that too—for her productions are eminently a representation of her real self—there is little of the imposing about it; nothing of the *ad captandum*; much to interest and delight us, but not much in proportion to *tell of*. In fact, the few little details I may venture on will perhaps require an apology; more on the score of their scantiness than because they reveal too much. My only excuse for attaching them to the close of an article long enough already, is in the remark, no less true than common, that even the trifles which concern such personages as the lady in question, derive an interest from the association, and sometimes a sort of illustrative value (as a marginal commentary on published compositions and settled reputation) which they could not otherwise possess.

My visit to Edgeworthstown, which is some seventy miles west from Dublin, was made during a tour through Ireland in the month of September. The family demesne, which I watched for with some eagerness, appeared at that season in its best estate. I think it consists only of about one hundred acres, being reduced in dimensions probably since the time of the novelist's father, so well known for the various operations of which he made this place the theatre. Still it is quite large enough, at least for the traveller's purpose, the eye. Our coach rolled up the broad, cool, smooth highway—hedge-lined and shaded with noble trees *a l'anglais*, it gave us a brief glance, through green leaves, at the venerable ancestral mansion, surrounded by green sward, clothed with the bright silken verdure of the *Emerald Isle*, and sweetly cheerful with flower-beds, and flourishing shrubbery, and many a maze of winding walks between. Beyond these the sunny lawn was shining farther away in all directions, broken only by the gentlest round undulations, and spotted with clusters of foliage, and rambling flocks and herds, which seemed to be scattered over the surface merely to make the rural picture still more exquisite.

Such was the effect at least. It was a "bit" (as the English say) of romantic loveliness, such as we Americans read of in old poetry—poetry inspired by the spirit of the scenery itself, and imagine it may be, when we dream of the elder continent or the better land; but which for the most part we never see. Perhaps in New England we never shall. Age, and wealth, and cultivation, and assiduity, and science, altogether will never do it, with such a climate as ours. Ireland is the region of clouds and rain, no less than of vivid verdure, and glowing foliage, and mosses, and running vines. This is the secret of that boundless natural beauty which every where springs up, in riotous Irish despoite—often in the midst of desolation that man has created—by highway and by-way—over wall and hedge—sometimes, out of the green soft roofs of the poorest hovels, in gorgeous clusters of radiant bloom continually—and blesses the traveller's eye, and labors as it were to soothe, while it only enhances, the sadness of soul he must feel in traversing a coun-

ry so completely the fit subject of sorrow and pity, and yet so capable of better things. The Edgeworth estate, in a classic rather than an agricultural sense, is an exception to this general aspect of idleness, disorder, and neglect. There are other such specimens on the Dublin road, but not many; not as one finds them on English routes. Hence, something of the impression, perhaps, which the first sight of the place made upon me. But it was a picture stamped into my memory still deeper by subsequent observation, and has long since taken its place among a golden collection of the like old-world's scenes, in my mind's corridors, which all "the dust of rich Peru" would not tempt me to part with.

In spots like these one may appreciate the force of a sentiment which I heard from Wordsworth, when, during the only interview it was my privilege to have with him, he led me over the delightful though narrow grounds in which his own little dwelling nestles, on a steep hillside that looks over Grasmere and Ridal waters. He pointed me to the fragments of silken lawns which glimmered at intervals among his shrubbery; and described the pains he had taken with it, and the delight it gave him to cherish its glossy freshness. And there was more in it than met the eye, he added. The constant enjoyment of it, as of other like beauties, was a civilizer of humanity; it was satisfying, soothing to the soul. I might not have done full justice to his meaning at the moment, but the recurrence of similar scenes in England (to which he seemed to consider it to be mostly confined) often reminded me of it afterwards, and I thought of the conversation at Edgeworthstown again. I could not but think too—and this is my apology for saying thus much about it—that the influence in question was visible in the mind and manners of the Irish novelist. It might have been but a fantasy—it may be still; but as I recur to some of her productions even now, the illusion, if it be one, returns. The airs and hues, the odors and harmonies of those green fields, those round smooth swells and falls of verdure, those "bosky bournes," and rivulets, and beds of flowers, revisit and refresh me as I read. It seems to me they breathe through the volume with a freshness that fans my lungs up, and stirs the hair on my temples: "I *feel* the gales that from ye blow." Is there any thing visionary in the thought? Nature, in all her forms, in the sternest climate, acts upon human character in its wildest state: and how could a sensibility like *hers* escape the influence of the gentle but mighty spell, in the midst of which she has so long lingered? More and more, daily, I am sure, the love of this beautiful nature must have stolen into her inmost soul, like the "evening wind" through the mansion lattice, and more than "satisfied" and "soothed" it—roused its energies, and swept its cares away—filled it with wholesome vigor, and with a serene and genial spirit.

But it is time to introduce the lady in person, and here I shall shelter myself under authority. The reader may remember the little sketch

Scott gives of the novelist, on the occasion of her visiting Scotland and Abbotsford in 1823. This was the first meeting of these great *distinguisés*, though Scott had not only corresponded with her for many years, but studied her novels as a model, which, it is well known, in his General Preface, he acknowledges they became in fact, for the best part of his own; hence his directing Ballantyne to send her a copy of *Waverly*, when that work came out. I think it is in a letter to Miss Baillie, (published by Lockhart) that he calls her "a very nice lioness"—an expressive phrase enough to those who understand the British use of this available adjective. He amplifies, however, with adding that she is "full of fun and spirit, very good-humored, and full of enthusiasm;" her person "a very" slight figure, and very active in her motions; and somewhere else, in a poetical humor, he compares her to a fairy character in one of his favorite tales. These touches are graphic touches. I can scarcely improve them, light as they are, unless by adding, for those who admire particularity in these momentous minutiae, that the lady's figure is short as well as slight; her complexion light; her features of the regular and pleasing kind that "wear well," and (like every thing about her,) are more remarkable for the progress they make in one's interest and admiration after acquaintance, than for any imposing impression at first. The reigning expression in repose is a serene benignity, lively and thoughtful at once—a sort of September sunshine. Of the changes it undergoes in excitement, Scott has conveyed an idea. Some fifteen years had elapsed since that description when I had the pleasure of meeting her, which might be supposed to have subdued the "enthusiasm" somewhat; and yet not very much, I doubt. The power of enthusiasm at least, I often thought, remained unabated, if not the habit of expressing it. The occasion, indeed, did not exist. I found her, where she best likes to be, buried in the calm, sweet solitude of domestic life;—far from cities, surrounded only by a circle she knows and loves, and who rejoice in her sunny companionship in return. The enthusiasm that glittered in Scott's vision, and which he was himself the associate of all others, to call out, subsides here into a never-failing kindly interest in all that surrounds her, *animated* always, but never *excited*. It must strike every observer as wonderful how this buoyancy, which is almost blitheness, holds on; at least if he happens to know or think any thing of her age, or especially to *guess*, or *calculate*, as I once found myself doing, that she must have seen, at that period, some seventy-two years or more. This, however, was a pure Yankee *gaucherie*, I acknowledge, as gratuitous as it was ungallant. Not one in a thousand could muster the stoicism to think of it under the excitement of companionship, so engrossing and winning as hers. And for that matter I must farther depose as my belief, with the solemnity of one conscience bound to render in this case an accurate detail, that if any still more cool-blooded countryman of mine should enter this presence, *unadvised*, but fully

resolved to ascertain the probable state of things respecting the problem in question (just as he would measure a steeple to an inch by trigonometry,) I believe he would find himself at fault by about ten years at least—perhaps by those same fifteen just mentioned. Miss Edgeworth is certainly one of the most deceptive young ladies on this score I have ever met with. Hartley Coleridge made the remark to me, that a certain poet of the age seemed to him as if he never could have looked young—there was such an obdurate philosopher's fashion about him. On the other hand I should say Miss Edgeworth is one who never can look old. The reason is, she never will feel, nor be old. The calendar may say what it pleases; and your inveterate statisticians, like me, may rake up the date of her first compositions, and cypher out the whole sequel of the sum; but it matters not one jot. Indeed, I forgot all about it myself, while I was with her, and for a long time after, till in fact I began *considering* (which, I hope, was more justifiable than my calculations) how much longer the world might fairly expect to be entertained and instructed by the *new* productions of the glorious mind to which it is already so much indebted. I thought only of that mind itself. Nay, I did think of the heart which feeds it as it were with immortal energies. What a life it is to have within one this genial cheerfulness, these deep-rooted, far-running sympathies that draw in nourishment and happiness from the soil of the whole nature of life that surrounds them. It realizes the tale of that divine "Fountain of Youth," sought for on land and sea so long, and never found, but which if one bathed in, he should wear the bloom of the angels forever!

I have alluded to the little circle which I found about Miss Edgeworth. Its composition is curious enough perhaps to be worth noting. The first explanation of the mysteries which embarrassed me, proved to be that the late eminent Mr. E. had had four wives. Of these the last is living, and is the mistress of the establishment. She has a son, a daughter-in-law (who is Spanish,) and a grandchild in the family, besides whom there are a daughter of another of the wives, an aged and venerable sister of Miss E.'s mother, and Miss E. herself, who is the daughter of the *first* wife. I heard the Novelist, therefore, giving the lady of the mansion the title of 'mother,' though the latter has not much above half of her own years. She called the young man 'brother' also, though fifty years, nearly, younger than herself. Some of the circle seemed amused with the bewilderment which my countenance, probably, showed at these recognitions, and the result was the explanation given above. It may save a future traveller some needless confusion. They will not make the mistake, either of calling *Miss E. Mrs.*, as many people do—or of writing her so. That is gratuitous courtesy. She lays no claim to the title, and, as may be perceived by this programme, another lady does, and with justice.

To say that this singular variety does not apparently interfere with the harmony of these four generations, and their three branches, is

saying little indeed. On the contrary, to see them altogether, even from the venerable dame in her easy-chair down to the merry little Castilian fellow who makes all the noise, it seems as if they were made for each other, and that not one of the circle could possibly be spared. Not one, I say: but perhaps least of all the one who, under ordinary circumstances, might be expected rather to concentrate in herself, and to feel that she deserved and required the indulgence and attention which, on the contrary, as the serene and sunny centre and charm of the system, in the midst of which she moves, she is continually bestowing upon all around her. Mindless of herself, indeed, she seems indefatigable, inexhaustible. Young and old, rich and poor, are equally at ease with her. She has always something for each, and her study is to make them happy and do them good. How charming, how cheering, how blessed in its influences, is the spectacle of such a character—so distinguished, and yet so domestic—beloved even more than admired—quietly devoting a world-renowned genius, to the humble pleasure of being useful in private—unrelated by admiration, unsubdued by labor, undiscouraged by age.

(To be concluded in our next.)

HANNAH COWLEY, a dramatic writer, was the daughter of Philip Packhouse, Esq., a man of classical attainments, who, after being educated for the church, gave up the profession, and opened a book store. He gave his daughter a good education; for he discovered her talent when she was quite young. She married a Mr. Cowley, a gentleman of talents, and a captain in the East India Company's service. He died in 1797. She became a writer by accident. While attending the theatre one evening with her husband, the thought came into her mind that she could write as well as the author of the play then enacting, and she sketched the outlines of one the next morning. She wrote many pieces of great merit; but she was never vain, or neglectful of her domestic duties. Her greatest pleasure in life was in the education of her children. She wrote with great purity and taste. She died, March 11th, 1809; and the periodicals of that day paid several affectionate and just tributes to her memory. Her works have been published in three volumes octavo.

In the obscurity of retirement, amid the squalid poverty and revolting privations of a cottage, it has often been my lot to witness scenes of magnanimity and self-denial, as much beyond the belief, as the practice of the great; an heroism borrowing no support, either from the gaze of the many, or the admiration of the few, yet flourishing amidst ruins, and on the confines of the grave; a spectacle as stupendous in the moral world, as the falls of Niagara, in the natural; and, like that mighty cataract, doomed to display its grandeur, only where there are no eyes to appreciate its magnificence.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE KID SLIPPERS.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

"He started and stared, all pale and mute—
In the silken shoe was a skeleton's foot."—*German Ballad.*

"WELL, uncle John, what do you think of my new rigging?" asked a young lady, courtesying before an elderly gentleman, who was engaged in—what young ladies very often think themselves privileged to interrupt—reading a political newspaper.

"Whatever you please, so you don't disturb me."

"But I really wish to know—I think I am looking very nice."

She was right, as times went. A well-made silk walking-dress, with its pelerine fitting smoothly over a pair of *gigot* sleeves, puffed out to exactly the proper curve and circumference; a rich boa wound closely around her neck, and hanging gracefully over her arms, and a neat, small bonnet, with its blond cap—all setting off a remarkably pretty figure and face, made her a very favourable specimen of the belles of the year '33 or '34.

"Do look up, uncle John," she persisted.

"Don't bother me—I am no judge of such trumpery."

"Which do you call trumpery, uncle—me or my dress?"

"Either or both, to be sure."

"Hum!—what's in that package, uncle, lying beside you!—my shoes, upon my word!—the very things I have been most wishing for!—who brought them up!—they are really all French shoes!—one pair of kid, and two of satin—did you ever see such beautiful slippers! Please lend me your knife, uncle, to cut the strings—there—how delightfully they fit!—Uncle John, do give me the satisfaction to look at them—now, a'n't they very pretty?"

"Ay, ay; a match for Cinderella's; but don't cut so many pigeon wings, you know how they annoy me;—where are you going, Ellen?"—seeing her push the morocco shoes she had been wearing, contemptuously under the curtain of an ottoman, and then turn, as if to leave the room, with the new kid ones on her feet.

"Only to Malcolm's."

"Why, it's going to snow."

"How do you know that uncle—do you tell it by your bones?"

Uncle John was a remarkably hale old bachelor; and nothing miffed him sooner than to be suspected of rheumatic troubles.

"No impertinence, miss," he returned, "but just let me advise you to stay at home."

"I can't, indeed; Sue has just got up two new evening dresses, and I must see them to have mine made for Mrs. Girvin's, to-morrow night."

"Then, you'll not go with those paper-soled things on your feet?"

"Certainly—a'n't they a charming finish to my dress?"

"Ellen!—stop this minute!—how often have I told you about this imprudence, of exposing yourself to the cold in that manner?"

"I don't recollect how often; but it's a wonder you have not imported a pair of pattens for me, before now."

"I could not have done you a greater kindness; they would be more suitable than the things you have on, at this season."

"Why, it's only November."

"But, as cold as January; and there will be snow in a few minutes. Don't you remember what Mrs. Trollope says about you American women, and your thin shoes?"

"Pretty authority for you to quote, uncle John!—that's enough for me. Good by."

"Ellen!—Ellen Wingate!" called the old bachelor, as she crossed the street before him, and nodded to his tap on the window; and then, satisfied with having done as much as he could do, he concluded with an internal ejaculation, equivalent to Mr. Oldbuck's, "paltry slip of womankind," and resumed his paper.

Ellen, in the mean time, was proceeding to the place of her destination, at the far end of the town, which was so scattered as to look very much as if it had become a town only by chance, and as she walked at the pace proper for one whose dress has been made and put on to be admired, it was a considerable time before she reached it. Just as she raised her hand to the knocker, half-a-dozen snow-flakes made their appearance on her dark sleeve, and she entered the house, a little mortified at uncle John's prospective triumph.

In a few minutes, she and her friend were immersed in a full tide of young ladies' gossipry. Among the first items they took up, were the things pertaining to a ball, to be given the next evening by Mrs. Girvin, the chief lady patroness of the place. One of these was, that Governor —, Mrs. Girvin's brother, would honour it with his attendance; and another, that the cavaliers from a distant city, of whom both had heard a great deal, would also be there, having already arrived in town by the new railroad. Then, with a discussion of the great utility of railroads, particularly in their enabling people to pay visits with so much ease, and to have pyramid cakes and confectionary temples transported from cities for parties, and, more than all, to have a new dress brought up whenever it was necessary, came on the object of the visit.

The dresses were now produced, and as they were of different styles, a very interesting disquisition followed as to which was the prettiest, which would be the most suitable for certain materials, and which would be the most becoming to the fair examiners. At last it was de-

cided that the body of one and the sleeves of the other should be copied for the dress Ellen had in preparation. Whilst they were thus engaged, Miss Tucker, the head of the chief mantua-making and millinery establishment in the village, called, very opportunely, to get some hints in her line, and Ellen's new dress, also, had to undergo a scrutiny. In short, what with handling and criticising, measuring and cutting patterns, Ellen's visit was protracted to two or three hours.

"Bless me!—I had no idea it was snowing! the ground is quite white," exclaimed Miss Malcolm, when she had attended her visiter to the door; "wont you be cold?—had you not better have a cloak?"

"Not at all; it would only be in my way; I will walk fast;" and both heads being occupied with the important matters just over and before them, the kid slippers were forgotten.

Ellen had just turned a corner, when two gentlemen, who proved to be no other than the strangers mentioned by Miss Malcolm, emerged from a house in which they had been paying a visit. One of them was a Mr. Herrick, a young and lively lawyer, talented, though, as yet, briefless; and the other, whose name was Wharton, a gentleman rather older in years and graver in deportment. Both were men of character and agreeable manners, and in great requisition wherever they were known; but the latter had somewhat the advantage in general favour, as he possessed a handsome fortune, with ability to make it greater whenever he chose to exercise it.

"The snow seems to have frightened the good villagers all into their houses;" observed Herrick; "there is not a human being to be seen, nor even the track of one—yes, here is a track; but it looks as if it had been made by a fairy. See here, Wharton!"

"The track of a very pretty shoe, certainly," returned his friend, smiling and taking his arm; "but don't stop to stare at it, in that manner—you look as much amazed as Robinson Crusoe at the footprint in the sand."

"It must have been a very pretty foot that could wear such a shoe," said Herrick; "such a one as I have never seen belonging to an ugly woman."

"Your observation has been very different from mine, then."

"I'll bet you a bottle that the owner of this is pretty—but you don't bet—however, I'll maintain I'm right; let us follow the trail—here it goes round the corner—and yonder is the little Cinderella herself. You've lost!—where did you ever see a better figure or more graceful carriage than that?"

"Well, I yield so far," answered Wharton, endeavouring to hold his companion back, though without success; "but I would not insure much on her prudence. How can any one be so reckless as to venture out, at such a season, with no better protection to the foot than that?—it is the mark of nothing more than a slipper."

"I see that you have profited by your western adventures," returned Herrick, laughing; "you are as observant as a Sioux."

"I would be sorry to believe that our women possess more personal vanity than those of other countries," proceeded Wharton, gravely; "but there certainly is a fault with them in some wise. If it is not through the foible of wishing to display a pair of pretty feet that they allow them to be so much exposed, it is through an unpardonable ignorance on physical subjects, or a carelessness very inconsistent with common sense. Since my return from Europe, where people generally know the propriety of dressing according to the season, and put it in practice, I have been many a time chilled, to see delicate looking females promenading the streets in shoes too slight to be worn any place but in a ball room. Whether it be fallen into through vanity, ignorance, or carelessness, it is an absurd practice, and, I believe I should be half-tempted to break with a woman I had taken a fancy to, if she should persist in following it."

"Bravo!—but hush!" interrupted Herrick; who, in spite of his friend's seriousness, had dragged him rapidly along, and, in a few moments, just as Ellen had reached home, and was about to enter the door, they had gained upon her so as to be able to distinguish clearly the unfortunate objects of condemnation. Their steps, so close behind her, attracted her notice, and, much to the satisfaction of Herrick, she turned round, and showed a face which won even more of his admiration than her track had done. Wharton himself was not less agreeably struck with it. But it is not necessary to repeat their remarks upon it, so we will leave them to pursue their walk to the hotel, and remain with Ellen.

During all this time, she had not once thought of her slippers. The snow, indeed, was only an inch deep, but that was up to their binding, and if she had not been too much absorbed, she would have felt it melting on her silk stockings, as the wind, every few moments, lifted the light flakes from the ground and scattered it over her feet. But Miss Tucker had promised to make up her white crape against the next evening, if sent in time, and she was hurrying home to accompany it to the shop, and, all the way, calculating in her mind the merits of the different styles of trimming suggested for it, with the tact of a Maradan.

"These must be the very gallants Sue was talking about," thought she, pausing, before she closed the door, to glance after them; "the smaller one, I suppose, is Mr. Herrick;" and whilst she remembered the description of him from which she had drawn this conjecture, she also recollected that his aunt, whose invitation had brought him into the country, had often complaisantly promised to bestow him on her. Whether she formed any plans for an attack, or not, we will not pretend to say, but we are quite safe in asserting that she congratulated herself on making so very good an appearance.

Other affairs, however, required her attention. She hurried up stairs for the dress, and then through the streets again, another considerable distance, with all the expedition the occasion required, and then, after the wearisome business of cutting and fitting was over, she walked home

again. It was not until she was laying off her walking dress that she discovered her stockings to be quite damp, and her feet so pinched up with the tight shoes, and so stiffened with cold, that it would take some time to stretch and thaw them into their proper shape again. She seated herself before the fire to do this, and when she caught herself sneezing two or three times, she felt some misgivings on the subject of uncle John's warning.

Her grandmother, with whom she lived—she was an orphan—noticed these indications, and remarked that she seemed to have taken cold, recommending some of the precautionary appliances she usually kept on hand.

Ellen hoped she was mistaken, and immediately set to work upon such parts of her dress as she had stipulated with the dress maker to do herself. She was busied at this all evening, intending, however, to follow her grandmother's advice, and take some preventive against cold before she retired for the night. But no second fit of sneezing came on to remind her, and she forgot all about it.

"What's the matter that Ellen is so late this morning?" inquired Mr. Wingate, the next day, after the bell had rung twice without bringing her into the breakfast room.

Ellen just then appeared. "Good bordig, uckle Johd," said she, with averted eyes, and with an articulation that sadly betrayed that most odious of ailments a cold in the head.

"Good morning, Goody Twoshoes," returned her uncle, in a tone and with a look that made her cheeks tingle.

"Why, Ellen, my dear, you really have a very bad cold!" exclaimed her grandmother, anxiously; "how could you have caught it?"

Ellen evaded the question.

"It's rather a *slipper-y* subject—isn't it, Ellen?" said her uncle.

"You must have taken it from some change of dress," pursued the old lady.

"There may be *footing* for such a supposition," returned uncle John.

"I make it a point to be always very careful in such matters," said his mother.

"Then, I am afraid, Ellen will never stand in your *shoes*," responded the old bachelor.

"Stop, my dear, don't eat that butter;—the weakest diet is always best in cases of cold;—as soon as breakfast is over I will find some remedies for you."

"Pray do, or she'll trip very little on the light fantastic *toe*, to night," said uncle John, and thus they kept up the conversation till breakfast was over; the old lady dwelling on Ellen's unfortunate indisposition through real anxiety, and the old bachelor saying all manner of nonsensical things, and twisting his sentences out of all comeliness to make some mischievous allusion to the cause of it.

"What a pity that it should have happened, just at this particular time!" said the commiserating grandmother, after her son had retired to his office.

Ellen glanced at the white satin trimmings which were lying on top of her work-basket, and tears of vexation came into her eyes.

"Is your throat sore, my dear?" asked Mrs. Wingate.

Ellen acknowledged it was.

"It really does look very much swollen; run, Jane, and bring down a strip of flannel, and my double wrapper, and a pair of my thickest woollen stockings, and I will go and prepare some sage tea and honey. You must wrap yourself up very warm, my dear; a cold always makes the system very susceptible. Here, put on these," holding out the stockings and a wrapper of common looking, dark blue calico, lined with flannel, which the girl had brought her.

"Dear grandma, I am quite warmly dressed; this merino is very comfortable."

"Nonsense, Ellen; that is the dress you wear every day; something more is necessary now."

Ellen was obliged to take the gown, but refused the stockings. "My own worsted or lambswool will do very well, grandma," she observed.

"Don't be so obstinate, child," returned the old lady, beginning to look impatient; "I know what is best for you. I have seen the sad effects of colds too often, not to have learned how to treat them. Change your dress as I have directed, and then come and sit here by the fire, while I prepare a gargle for you."

Ellen reluctantly obeyed; and when she returned to the parlour, she almost started at her appearance as it was reflected in the mantel-glass. Any one might well have doubted whether her figure was the same presented there twenty-four hours before. Her face was swollen quite out of its ordinary shape, her eyes, till all expression was gone, and her nose till it was changed from a Grecian to a snub. Her lips were purple and chapped, and her hair, twisted up in paper knobs, which are a deformity at the best of times, and which she had arranged the preceding night, in preparation for the night to come, and was not well enough now to take down, added greatly to the deplorable disfigurement. And then her grandmother's vulgar-looking blue calico gown, with its sleeves far up on the shoulders, tight at the top and hanging loose at the wrists, and its narrow skirt, several inches too short, and the clumsy dark gray woollen stockings, so large that she could get none of her shoes on over them, and showing out so conspicuously!—it was too ludicrous.

Ellen would have laughed, in spite of her mortification, but a pang in her throat, checked her risibility. "Well," thought she, "if I am to be laid up in this fashion, I have the comfort to know that I won't be caught in it. The ladies will all stay at home, to prepare for Mrs. Girvin's, and the gentlemen have been trained to know not to visit at such a time;" and the party again brought to mind, she stretched herself on a sofa to ruminate on her disappointment, and occasionally to cast a bitter reflection on her French kid slippers.

"You had better go into the front parlour, Miss Ellen," said a servant; "I have to dust off this one and to wash the window behind you;" and, accordingly, Miss Ellen went into the front parlour, and seated herself before the grate, to

gargle her throat, and to carry on her ruminations there.

Whilst she was thus engaged, Messrs. Herrick and Wharton had set off accompanying Mrs. Macklay, the aunt of the former, to make a visit to one of her relations, and in their way happened to come upon the house of Mr. Wingate.

"Pray, tell us, aunt, what very pretty girl lives here," said Herrick.

"Miss Wingate—how did you happen to see her?—she is the prettiest girl in town—quite the belle. Suppose we call in to see her!—I would like you both to be acquainted with her; you will meet her this evening, to be sure, but it would be an advantage to you to know so general a favourite before hand. Come, let us go in," and the lady mounted the steps.

"But, my dear madam, is it not too early to call on a young lady?" asked Wharton.

"Not at all; we country people are not particular," answered Mrs. Macklay, pulling the bell at the same time.

"Walk into the front parlour, ma'am," said the servant that appeared, and, as the visiting trio entered it, they discovered Ellen squatted half asleep, with her face on her knees, before the fire.

She had not heard their approach. The house was on a corner with entrances on two sides, and they had come into the one most distant from the parlours. She sprang to her feet, and her first impulse was, to break through all propriety and run from the room; but how could she cross the floor without shoes and in such an unseemly guise? Fortunately, she was in the most shaded spot in the apartment, though, indeed, conspicuous enough, and with her swollen face crimsoned by the heat of the fire, and still more with shame, she stood to receive the introductory compliments of the last persons, she could think of just then, whom she could have borne to see her in such a condition. Happily, her grandmother came in soon enough to explain about her having taken cold, and thus relieved her of a duty she would have had some difficulty to get through with, herself.

"If I only had a shawl," thought Ellen, glancing down upon her *outré* sleeves and meditating whether she should not pull the cloth cover off a table near her, when the little degree of composure she had gained to enable her to think even so far, was again put to flight by her grandmother's insisting upon her going to the other side of the fire, to escape the draught which might be coming in through the window sash, and calling upon the visitors, while she was performing this manœuvre, to look how dreadfully her cold had put her out of sorts.

The gentlemen, however, had the tact not even to glance at her. They were both vexed at themselves for their malapropos visit, and endeavoured to make the best of it possible. Wharton engaged the old lady in a conversation about Black Hawk, and Herrick, who sat nearest to Ellen, addressed to her an eloquent declamation against the evils of our climate in general, and the late change of weather in particular. But, unluckily, in his delicacy to avoid

looking in her disconcerted face, he sometimes let his eyes fall to her feet, which the scant dimensions of the wrapper made too plainly visible, and thus egregiously defeated his own object. In her agony at this, his voice was entirely lost upon her, and when absolute necessity required her to speak, no wonder she had to "start at the sound of her own!" If a transmigration of voices had taken place, and she had got that of a crow, in the exchange, it could not have sounded more unnatural from her lips. Hopeless, now, of retrieving the impression she must have made, she sat mute through the remainder of the call, which Mrs. Macklay, considerably, made as short as possible.

There was not a circumstance connected with the visit which could afford Ellen the least consolation. The *contretemps* was flagrant throughout, and, with her head aching as much from her disagreeable excitement as from her cold, she passed the remainder of the day in bed.

Mrs. Girvin's ball, as was expected, proved to be really a very fine thing. Her brother, the Executive, as the old gentlemen called the Governor, still remained in town, and through compliment to him, it was followed by several parties that fell very little short of it, and by a public ball, on which the young gentlemen spent a great deal of money and pains, having the refreshments and musicians, and a famous master of ceremonies, with his aids, brought from the city for the occasion. These were succeeded by a series of concerts by Signora Cantatini Gullini, who astonished the natives with a vocal execution, such as had never been heard in this country before, nor in Italy either; and, after all, came the renowned Wandering Piper, whom, as a romantic Scotch lord or baronet, as the newspapers announced him to be, the young ladies, according to our new national trait, were all wild to honour. There had not been as gay a fortnight in the town for years.

During all this time, poor Ellen was confined to the house in solitude, except when her friends would compassionately hurry in on their way to a store or milliner's shop, and tantalize her with a description of the festivities which her folly had prevented her from sharing. The two city beaux had become acquainted all around, and she was often doomed to hear a eulogy on them end with—"How I do wish you had seen them!"

"How I do wish I had not!" she would mentally ejaculate.

It was pretty generally agreed that Mr. Herrick was considerably smitten with Miss Malcolm, and Ellen had strong suspicions that her friend Sue returned the *penchant*.

"I hope it is not really so," thought she; "I am so much inclined to dislike him!"

How natural it is to us to have a grudge against any one before whom we have felt humiliated!

Against the end of three weeks, her cold was pretty well over; but a severe chilblain on one of her feet, which she had caught with it, and which her grandmother's skill had not been

sufficient to cure, still gave her some inconvenience. She was, however, able to go out again, and, with a satisfaction equal to the difficulty, she prevailed on her uncle to allow her to join a sleighing party, the first planned on the event of a fine December snow. It was a very select affair, composed of young ladies, exactly enough to make up three cotillions, with two or three elderly ones to matronize them, and a due complement of gentlemen.

The ride was accomplished without a single upset, or even a broken trace, and every body was in high spirits; the general toilette was made, and the dancers arranged themselves in their places. Ellen, with all the zest that follows a long deprivation of enjoyment, was the gayest of the gay. She had executed a balance with almost as much as her usual grace, when a big grammar-school boy, the hopeful of one of the matrons, who had been invited through courtesy, cut a retrograde capriole, and struck his heel, with his whole weight upon it, against her frosted foot. She could scarcely suppress a scream, and, for a moment, was blind with pain. Her partner was engaged at the opposite side of the figure and did not perceive the accident, but Mr. Wharton, who was standing near and observed it, hastily approached and led her to a seat, fearing, from her extreme paleness, that she was about to faint. The cotillion was broken up, and her friends crowded round her with inquiries. Notwithstanding her suffering, she answered them with a good-natured regard to saving the awkward perpetrator from reproach, and begged to be conducted as soon as possible to the dressing-room.

Her foot was found, on examination, to be badly lacerated; but, after a patent liniment had been applied by the mistress of the hotel, and it had been properly bandaged, the pain began to subside, and in an hour or so, with a sock drawn over it instead of a shoe, she was able to return to the company.

She was now obliged to take a seat with the old ladies, and listen to their conversation in the agreeable position of witness to a favourite amusement, without the power of sharing in it, until Mr. Wharton noticed her return and came forward to entertain her; for having some dignified scruples against a gentleman of twenty-eight dancing, he was at leisure to enter upon any duty that might present itself. In spite of the shyness she could not help feeling towards him, he soon succeeded in drawing her into conversation.

After some complimentary remarks on the performance of the dancers in general, the gentleman made some very gallant ones on the beauty of the female portion of them, adding—"Indeed, I have been proud to observe, as many others have done, that among a dozen of my countrywomen, there usually is to be found more beauty than among an equal number of ladies of any country I have ever visited."

"I have heard the remark before," returned Ellen; "but seldom without the exception that European women have greatly the advantage over ours with regard to complexions and general healthfulness of appearance. Does differ-

ence of climate altogether account for our inferiority in those respects?"

"Perhaps in some degree, but I think, by no means, altogether. I believe it is in a greater measure owing to difference of habits. English women, in particular, who are so much distinguished for fine complexions and excellent constitutions, take the greatest care to regulate their exercise and dress according to the season. On this point, our ladies certainly require reform."

Though he had made the remark without design, he was not sorry to observe that it took effect. There was a glow on Ellen's face, which seemed an earnest that she, for one, was not past reformation. It was time, however, to change the subject.

The evening wore round, and Ellen hardly once regretted the dancing she had lost. Her companion acquitted himself admirably. He possessed a large share of information on every subject, with the gift of talking well; and his powers were not lost upon her, for her uncle, a man of talent, and a scholar, had bestowed a great deal of care on her mind, and with excellent success. Mr. Wharton seemed to enjoy himself equally as much, and when they were preparing to return home, some of the girls laughed with each other about his evident reluctance to give up his charge. He led her to the sleigh, arranged a safe place for her wounded foot, and wrapped a buffalo robe around her with a great deal of carefulness.

The next evening, Wharton observed to his friend, that he believed he would go and call upon Mr. Wingate, adding—"He has invited me several times, and I can scarcely form an excuse for not having gone before—suppose you go along?"

Herrick excused himself, on the plea of having an engagement.

"As much as to say that Miss Malcolm requires your services!" said Wharton.

Herrick smiled and coloured a little, and Wharton went off alone.

"You have been making an unconscionable call," observed Herrick, who had reached home first, "do you know it is past eleven!—Mr. Wingate must have been very entertaining."

Wharton had been discovering that Ellen could bear the test of a long and quiet evening at home—no trifling test, by the by—uncommonly well, and had been charmed with the intelligence, natural ease of manner, and genuine kind-heartedness that enabled her to do it. She had entered into the conversations introduced by her uncle, who was far from particular to confine himself to subjects usually held on a level with her sex and age, quite as understandingly as into his own common-places, about the night before. She had borne the rough jokes and quizzing of uncle John, and the old-fashioned *etourderies* of his mother, with the best grace in the world. She had sung, though conscious that her voice was sadly out of tune, with as much cheerfulness and readiness to oblige as she exhibited in turning the seam in her grandmother's knitting, and picking up the stitches whenever the old lady happened to

drop them. And to crown all, she had unintentionally spared his own self-esteem, by playing a game of chess with him admirably, and without beating him.

"The family is of a very good size for visiting in," said Herrick; "I don't know any thing more trying than to have to do your devoirs to a large family of young ladies—half a dozen of sisters at a time—to be flirted at by all, and to divide your attention equally among all. You are afraid to open your lips to one, lest what you say should jar against the notions of another, and no matter how amiable you may try to be towards the whole, you are sure to make a slip in the estimation of some one. And then to leave your reputation in their hands!—to have your person, and manners, and conversation criticised and commented upon by such a variety of tastes!—to be philosophized at by one, giggled at by another, punned at by a third, and pitied by a fourth, even if the rest should do justice to your attractions, it requires an immensity of *sang froid* to venture with a good grace into such a scrape!"

Wharton laughed, and agreed with him in deploring the grievance.

"Miss Wingate looked very well, last night, in spite of her misfortune," observed Herrick.

"And beautiful to-night," answered his companion; "she is a girl of excellent sense."

"In spite of her kid slippers!—ha!—ha!"—laughed Herrick.

"Pho! that was only a girlish folly; she is conscious of it now, I'm convinced of it."

The time the gentlemen had allotted for their visit in the country was now at a close; but in accordance with the wishes of their friends, or, rather, agreeably to their own inclinations; they concluded to remain until after the commencement of the holidays, and during this time Wharton was a regular visiter at Mr. Wingate's.

"I have news for you, Ellen," said Mr. Wingate, bringing a letter out of his office, the morning before Christmas.

"Well, uncle John."

"Here is a letter from your cousin Hugh; he promises to take his Christmas dinner with us."

"Cousin Hugh—I am delighted."

"And so am I. We must do something more than ordinary to welcome him; what do you say to inviting some clever young folks to receive him?—no party—nothing of that kind—you know I don't like it; but enough to make way with the poultry and game I sent home yesterday. I leave the management entirely in your hands—let us see how you can acquit yourself."

"But whom do you intend shall be invited?"

"Any of the girls you choose, and I will invite half a dozen of the young fellows I like best—Herrick, and Browne, and—" naming on till the half dozen was made out.

"But you won't forget Mr. Wharton?"

"Why I don't know," returned uncle John, giving her a droll look, which made her blush more than the occasion seemed to require, "but if you insist upon it, I have no particular objection to including him, too."

Ellen hastened into the kitchen to get matters under weigh for the grand baking, and so forth, usual on such events, but she stopped in the midst of her proceedings, with an exclamation of pain. "This tooth troubles me, exceedingly," said she, to her grandmother.

"Not the toothache, my dear!—how much you are afflicted!—I have not heard you complain of it before."

"I have had it occasionally, ever since—I took cold," answered Ellen, hesitatingly, "but it has never been any thing like as severe as now."

"You had better have the tooth out, my dear; it would be too bad to suffer from it now when you have so much business on hands. I will step into the office and tell your uncle to call at Mr. Jackson's, and send him here to extract it for you."

"No! no! grandma!" exclaimed Ellen, in an alarm sufficient to quiet the tooth; "I will have it out, but please don't trouble uncle John about it;—I'll call Thomas, and send him, uncle has other matters to attend to."

The old lady little suspected how much Ellen had borne to escape the comments of her merciless uncle.

About the time of sending for the dentist, Wharton entered the room of his friend, and said, with a look of satisfaction, "I have an invitation for you; Mr. Wingate requests the pleasure of Mr. Herrick's company at dinner to-morrow. He expects a favourite nephew, a lieutenant—somebody, and wishes us to meet him."

"If that's the case, it will be my duty to go," answered Herrick, with a mischievous smile. "If you and the gallant lieutenant meet, under present circumstances, you will be very likely to have need of a friend on the ground."

Wharton did not understand him.

"I suppose," he continued, "you have never heard Miss Ellen teased about having an ultra-cousinly regard for a certain cousin of hers?—this is the very one, he is an old acquaintance of mine."

"Indeed!—and pray what sort of a fellow is he?" asked Wharton, with a creditable look of indifference.

"What does he look like! In the first place, he is small, with light hair, skin, and eyes; and, as to his age, it is twenty-three."

"Ah!—I did not know that Miss Ellen's fancy ran in that way."

"You supposed, on the contrary, that she would have preferred a six-footer, with dark eyes, dark hair, dark whiskers, and dark skin, to hide his blushes; in short, very much such a person as Francis Wharton, Esq."

"You have grown insufferably ridiculous, of late, Herrick," returned Wharton, laughing, and turning away, nothing discouraged, to walk to the railroad depot and look after a package he expected from the city, and which was to contain a splendid English annual, intended for, he had told no one, whom.

The package had arrived, and Wharton immediately set off with it on his return to his lodgings. He took a way that chanced to lead

by Mr. Wingate's, and when he reached it, he walked more slowly past the house, and looked more steadily in at the windows than dignity warranted. All at once, he halted, as if he had been caught in a steel trap. The blinds on the street were up, and he could plainly see Ellen seated before the back parlour window, with her head leaning on the arm of a gentleman—a small gentleman, with light hair, and in a blue coat with brass buttons, which buttons, he never doubted had eagles on them.

What he might have exclaimed, had there been any body with him, there is no telling, but he was not enough of the hero to have a habit of talking to himself, at least on the street. He strode away, however, with an air that was quite as eloquent as words, looking at no one, though he met half a dozen of acquaintances, and swinging his annual as if he had felt inclined to pitch it into the first gutter he came across. Whilst he was proceeding at this rate, he nearly jostled Herrick, who looked at him in no little surprise.

"Why, Wharton!" he exclaimed, "what's the matter!—where are you going?"

"Going!—oh!—no where in particular."

"Then, may I go along?"

"Yes, of course," screwing up his courage; "I have something to tell you. The cousin is come."

"And you were posting on in such a style, merely to tell me that!—how did you find it out?"

With a bold effort, Wharton described the scene he had witnessed.

"Hang the girl!—I wish the fellow was shot! that is, if it would be any gratification to you," said Herrick, without even laughing.

"Nonsense!—what have I to do with the matter?"

"Come, Wharton, there's no hoaxing one about it—I understand your predicament as well as you do yourself; but as the affair stands thus I am heartily glad you are no further in for it."

"Well, well, no more of that, an thou lovest me," returned Wharton laughing, but very much out of the wrong side of his mouth.

They walked on for a few minutes in silence when, as they were turning a corner, the little light-haired gentleman appeared before them.

"Here he is!" said Wharton.

"That!" ejaculated Herrick; and as the gentleman touched his hat to him, continued, familiarly holding out his hand—"Good morning, Mr. Jackson—fine times for your business, these holidays; I hope the people understand their own interest well enough to get you to put them in order for the enjoyment of the season?"

"If they do not, I have a claim upon you to point it out to them," answered the gentleman; "I have just been placing you young gentlemen under obligations to my skill, by relieving a lady of what might have withheld a great many of her smiles from you."

"How was that?"

"By drawing a tooth for Miss Wingate. She tells me she has suffered greatly from it in consequence of a cold she took some time ago, but

thanks to her courage, and my cold steel, you may feel assured she will not call for your condolence on account of it again. I never knew a young lady so much of a soldier. She deserves a general. Good morning."

"Or a lieutenant!" whispered Herrick, and when the dentist had entered his office, which was near at hand, he set up a laugh that might have startled half the village. Wharton joined, though with more moderation.

"Was there ever such a ludicrous mistake!" exclaimed the latter; "I, for one, am under obligations to the dentist. Had it not been for the luck of meeting him, I should certainly have given up my chance without an effort, and have been off home to-morrow. Confound the cold, or rather the slippers! I hope this is the last serious consequence of them!"

"The most serious consequence is yet to come," answered Herrick; "that is, if your wishes should be gratified. But, don't forget—the cousin is not yet out of the way."

"Never mind him—I am in no humour for apprehensions now."

The gentlemen were punctual to their appointment the next day. Cousin Hugh had arrived according to expectation, and a few minutes' conversation convinced Wharton that he was a person very little to be dreaded. He was a good dispositioned youth, with a heart as light as a feather, and a head lighter, if possible. He was a great favourite with the young ladies, and seemed quite in his element among a roomful of them, but would have felt sadly out of place, attached to any one in particular. He liked Ellen very much, and she liked him, and the more, perhaps, because she knew there was no danger of his presuming upon it.

Ellen's housewifely arrangements had been well planned and skilfully executed, and the dinner passed off admirably. Wharton was favoured with a seat next to the young mistress of ceremonies, and cousin Hugh unwittingly employed himself in annoying Herrick, by monopolizing an undue portion of Miss Malcolm's attention.

Wharton was one of the last to leave the house; and after he had returned to his room, Herrick observed him to be engaged in writing Ellen's name on the presentation page of his annual, and on one of the blank leaves, what, from the number and length of the lines, had the appearance of a sonnet.

Early in the evening he set off for Mr. Wingate's, with the book under his arm, and, much to his satisfaction, he found the old bachelor and his nephew preparing to go out for the evening. "I would apologize for taking Hugh off," said uncle John, jocularly; "but I know that you and Ellen can entertain yourselves well enough without him. He never was of any use to any person in his life;—that's the reason I made a soldier of him; I knew that during these peaceful times his uselessness would never be observed in that capacity."

After they had gone, the young people were left pretty much to themselves, Mrs. Wingate being occupied in another room with some old friends. Wharton presented his annual to Ellen

as he did every thing else, in a very graceful manner, and on his return to his lodgings, professed himself better pleased with his visit than with any preceding one. He was in such extreme good humour about it that Herrick reported his own words upon him, that—"He had grown insufferably ridiculous of late," and told him that he should not be surprised to discover that he had been making a Christmas gift of himself along with his book—which was the fact.

Business required Wharton's attention at home a week or two afterwards, but, before he went, he apprised uncle John of the engagement and asked his approbation of it, which was very cordially given. The old bachelor took occasion, on introducing the subject to his niece, to favour her with a long and excellent lecture about its importance. When he saw that he had made the impression he desired, he changed his manner and wound up with mock solemnity—"In short, I hope you will both bear in mind, that whether your path leads over thorns or roses, over mud or gravel walks, your duty will be to jog on together, equally sharing the same difficulties or advantages, like a pair of slippers."

The following spring, Ellen went to the city to make purchases preparatory to her marriage, accompanied by her friend, Miss Malcolm. Uncle John attended them, and took satisfaction for the trouble they gave him, by making them exhibit every article they bought, and abusing it all as trumpery—always, however, furnishing as much more money as was asked for. He sometimes walked out with them, and never passed a shoe store without refreshing Ellen's memory on the subject of her kid slippers, and once, when they were in a celebrated confectionary store, and he had come in on seeing them through a window, he almost convulsed them with laughter, by waving his hand over the doves which ornamented a large cake they were examining and very significantly crying out—"shoo-oo!"

He insisted on their having a merry old-fashioned wedding. "I have no notion," said he, "of encouraging people in the prevalent piece of selfishness, to have a couple married in the breakfast, and then flying off and leaving the family in low spirits and the house upside down. People, in providing for their own happiness, ought always to make arrangements to benefit their friends by it as much as possible."

The wedding, accordingly, was a very large one and eclipsed in style even Mrs. Girvin's memorable ball. Miss Malcolm, of course, was bridesmaid, and Mr. Herrick attended Wharton as groomsman. Uncle John, who had insisted on preparations being made for a dance, proposed, to the great astonishment of the bride, that she would lead off a country dance with him. He performed very creditably for a person who always boasted of not having danced for twenty years, and did not forget to alarm Ellen once or twice by seeming about to set his foot on her toe.

During the evening, Herrick stole an opportunity in alluding to the blissful looks of his friend, to beg the fair bridesmaid to render him-

self equally happy. He did not, however, urge an immediate fulfilment of his wishes, for though not altogether dependant on his profession, he had determined, with a very laudable prudence, to know what reliance might be placed on his talents before he should have bound any one to follow his fortunes.

The next morning, the bridal party were to start on a tour to Niagara, and Ellen could not help shedding some natural tears, as she took a last walk through the house. She was engaged in seeing the last packing done to their trunks, and Miss Malcolm, whose baggage had been brought to the house the night before, was assisting her, when a servant handed her something wrapped in a piece of paper, which her uncle had sent, and desired she would not forget. She opened it, and found—her slippers. She had not seen them since the day on which she was introduced to our readers.

"Uncle John might have given me a truce, at least, at such a time," said she, and tears came into her eyes in spite of her smiles.

"Here, you have dropped something out of the bundle," said her friend, laughing, and picking up a very small paper from the floor.

It contained uncle John's parting present—a beautiful diamond breast pin, in the shape of a heart, having the French lover's motto translated and engraved on the back—"At your feet!"

Every thing was now ready for their departure. The gentlemen were waiting below, and Ellen was in the midst of her affliction at parting with her grandmother, when her uncle came to conduct her to the carriage. He embraced her affectionately—"God bless you, my dear child!" said he, putting his handkerchief to his eyes, and then taking it down again, he restored the little party to smiles, by adding—"and may you never have misfortunes more serious, nor foibles more incurable, than those connected with your kid slippers."

Baltimore.

It is better to have recourse to a quack, if he can cure our disease, although he cannot explain it, than to a physician, if he can explain our disorder, but cannot cure it. In a certain consultation of physicians in England, they all differed about the nature of an intermittent, and all of them were ready to define the disorder. The patient was a king. At length, an empiric, who had been called in, thus interposed: "Gentlemen, you all seem to differ about the nature of an intermittent, permit me to explain it: an intermittent, gentlemen, is a disorder which I can cure, and which you cannot."

A poor nation that relaxes not from her attitude of defence, is less likely to be attacked, though surrounded by powerful neighbours, than another nation which possesses wealth, commerce, population, and all the sinews of war, in far greater abundance, but *unprepared*. For the more sleek the prey, the greater is the temptation; and no wolf will leave a sheep, to dine upon a porcupine.



Written for the Lady's Book.

A MONUMENT TO A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

FLOWER GATHERING.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

"The flowers that spring up on the sunny side of hillocks, beneath remnants of snow banks, are very small and entirely scentless, and the little beauty which is imputed to them, is chiefly from contrast with the desolation and coldness in which they are found."

THE death of a friend who never spared a fault of my character, nor found a virtue which he did not praise, had cast a gloom over my mind, which no previous deprivation had produced. I remember how sceptical and heart-smitten—not heart broken—the broken heart always believes—I stood at his grave, while the clergyman touched too little on his virtues, and spoke with a humble confidence, that he would spring from the tomb to an immortality of happiness; and suggested the promises of Scripture, and argued with logical precision, from texts and analogies, that my friend should rise from the dead. Despondency is not more the child than the parent of unbelief—deep grief makes us selfish, and the naturally timid and nervous, lose that confidence in promises, including their own particular wish, which they yield to them, when the benefit of others is alone proposed. A little learning is dangerous in such matters; I suffered a mental argument upon the probability of an event which I so much desired, to displace the simple faith which would have produced comparative happiness. Those who have contended with, and at length yielded to this despondency, alone know its painful operation.

Occupied with thoughts resulting from such an unpleasant train of mind, I followed into a burying ground, in the suburbs of the city, a small train of persons, not more than a dozen, who had come to bury one of their acquaintance. The clergyman in attendance, was leading a little boy by the hand, who seemed to be the only relative of the deceased in the slender group. I gathered with them round the grave, and when the plain coffin was lowered down, the child burst forth in uncontrollable grief. The little fellow had no one left to whom he could look for affection, or who could address him in tones of parental kindness. The last of his kinsfolk was in the grave—and he was alone.

When the clamorous grief of the child had a little subsided, the clergyman addressed us with the customary exhortation to accept the monition, and be prepared; and, turning to the child, he added: "She is not to remain in this grave forever; as true as the grass which is now chilled with the frost of the season, shall spring to greenness and life in a few months, so true shall your mother come up from that grave to another life, to a life of happiness, I hope." The attendants shovelled in the earth upon the coffin, and some one took little William, the child, by the hand, and led him forth from the lowly tenement of his mother.

Late in the ensuing spring, I was in the neighbourhood of the same burying ground,

and seeing the gate open, I walked among the graves for some time, reading the names of the dead, and wondering what strange disease could snatch off so many younger than myself—when recollecting that I was near the grave of the poor widow, buried the previous autumn, I turned to see what had been done to preserve the memory of one so utterly destitute of earthly friends. To my surprise, I found the most desirable of all mementos for a mother's sepulchre—little William was sitting near the head of the now sunken grave, looking intently upon some green shoots that had come forth with the warmth of spring, from the soil that covered his mother's coffin.

William started at my approach, and would have left the place; it was long before I could induce him to tarry; and, indeed, I did not win his confidence, until I told him that I was present when they buried his mother, and had marked his tears at the time.

"Then you heard the minister say, that my mother would come up out of this grave," said little William.

"I did."

"It is true, is it not?" asked he; in a tone of confidence.

"I most firmly believe it," said I.

"Believe it," said the child—"believe it—I thought you knew it—I know it."

"How do you know it, my dear?"

"The minister said, that as true as the grass would grow up, and the flowers bloom in spring, so true would my mother rise. I came a few days afterward, and planted flower seed on the grave. The grass came green in this burying ground long ago; and I watched every day for the flowers, and to-day they have come up too—see them breaking through the ground—by and by mammy will come again."

A smile of exulting hope played on the features of the boy; and I felt pained at disturbing the faith and confidence with which he was animated.

"But, my little child," said I, "it is not here that your poor mother will rise."

"Yes, here," said he, with emphasis—"here they placed her, and here I have come ever since the first blade of grass was green this year."

I looked around, and saw that the tiny feet of the child had trod out the herbage at the grave side, so constant had been his attendance. What a faithful watch-keeper—what mother would desire a richer monument than the form of her only son, bending tearful, but hoping, over her grave?

"But, William," said I, "it is in another

world that she will arise,"—and I attempted to explain to him the nature of that promise which he had mistaken. The child was confused, and he appeared neither pleased nor satisfied.

"If mammy is not coming back to me—if she is not to come up here, what shall I do—I cannot stay without her."

"You shall go to her," said I, adopting the language of the Scripture—"you shall go to her, but she shall not come again to you."

"Let me go, then," said William, "let me go now, that I may rise with mammy."

"William," said I, pointing down to the plants just breaking through the ground, "the seed which is sown there, would not have come up, if it had not been ripe; so you must wait

till your appointed time, until your end cometh."

"Then I shall see her?"

"I surely hope so."

"I will wait, then," said the child, "but I thought I should see her soon—I thought I should meet her *here*."

And he did. In a month, William ceased to wait; and they opened his mother's grave, and placed his little coffin on hers—it was the only wish the child expressed in dying. Better teachers than I, had instructed him in the way to meet his mother; and young as the little sufferer was, he had learned that all labours and hopes of happiness, short of Heaven, were profitless and vain.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE HOUR OF SADNESS.

Suggested by a passage in Miss Stickney's "Poetry of Life."

'Tis a festal night, sweet strains of melody,

Float thro' the gardens and the illumined halls,
Whose gorgeous lamps their varied hues are shedding,

O'er the gay crowd, and o'er the pictured walls:

And graceful forms are moving through the dance,
While young, fair cheeks, are bright with pleasure's glow;

And many a maiden's eyes are beaming like
The orient gems around her lovely brow.

But where is she?—the loveliest of them all,
The youthful loveliness, at whose shrine to-night,
All hearts have bowed?—why did she leave the dance?

What spirit-cloud obscured those soft eyes' light?

She has sought the lonely terrace, and she leans,
Motionless, against a sculptur'd figure's base;
While the pale moonlight showeth, burning tears
Have dimmed the radiant beauty of her face.

Why is she thus?—the "longings of her heart"
Have still been to be worshipped, to be first
In fashion's ranks: for this she hath sacrificed
Each purer feeling, that her childhood nursed.

And now, when all she sought for is attained,
While triumph glowed upon her queenly brow;
Why is she thus?—why hath she turned from all?
Why do those bitter tears in secret flow?

Alas! alas! she knew not till the hour,

That crowned her eager hopes with full success,
How little all that she had striven for,
Could to her restless heart bring happiness.

And now, the quiet beauty of the night,
The moonlight gleaming o'er the garden bowers,
The shadow'd woods around—all, all are speaking,
Unto that heart, of earlier, purer hours.

She heareth not the sound of dancing feet,
She heareth not the tones of melody,
And laughing voices, wafted by the breeze,
As if to mock her utter misery!

She thinketh not of them, her thoughts are far,
Far distant;—voices too long unheard,
Are whispering to her heart of other years,
Dreams of the past, her spirit's depths have stirred.

The false one weeps, as she once more recalls,
Him—the true-hearted lover of her youth;
This hour has proved that earth's cold vanities
Were little worth, his slighted love and truth.

Those tears are bitter—but, oh! not in vain,
They have called back thoughts, that teach her
wakened mind,

'Tis not in being the idol of a crowd,
That woman's heart true happiness may find.
Towanda, Penn. S. H. P.

LITTLE errors ought to be pardoned, if committed by those who are great, in things that are greatest. Paley once made a false quantity in the church of St. Mary's; and Bishop Watson most feelingly laments the valuable time he was obliged to squander away, in attending to such *minutiae*. Nothing, however, is more disgusting than the triumphant crowings of learned dunces, if by any chance they can fasten a slip or peccadillo of this kind, upon an illustrious name. But these spots in the sun, they should remember, will be exposed only by those who have made use of the smoky glass of envy, or

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of prejudice; and it is to be expected that these trifles should have great importance attached to them, by *such* men, for they constitute the little intellectual all of weak minds, and if they had not them, they would have nothing. But he, that like Paley, has accurately measured *living men*, may be allowed the privilege of an occasional false quantity in *dead languages*; and even a false concord in *words*, may be pardoned in *him*, who has produced a true concord between such momentous *things* as the purest faith, and the profoundest reason.

I'LL REMEMBER THEE.

SUNG WITH RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE, BY MESSRS. WILSON AND DEMPSTER.

COMPOSED BY J. F. DANNELEY.

Andante.

p *Espress.* *p*

Ah! forget thee! no, my love!

Cres - - - - - *cen* - - - - - *do.* *p*

Time may stop or cease to be, Streams forget to flow, my love, But

I'll re - mem - ber thee.

p *cres.* *dim.*

Fair - - - - - er forms may

pp *cres.*

meet my sight, Fi ner sea tures
cres. *cres.*
 eyes more bright, But ah! for - get thee
f *p*
 no my love, Time may stop or cease to be, Streams for - get to
p *cres.* *cres.* *rall.* *a tempo.*
 flow, my love, But I'll re - mem - ber thee.
f
cres. *deces.* *p* *pp*

II.

Though I wander lonely, love,
 Through this vale of tears and wo,
 'Tis thine absence only, love,

Shall cause the tear to flow.
 Fare thee well, my bliss is o'er,
 I shall ne'er behold thee more.
 But, ah! &c.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

May!—sweet May—among all the months of the year, none has a name which calls up such bright fancies, such warm hopes as May. What heart does not participate in her life-inspiring power? Even the pale cheek of the invalid assumes, for the moment, a glow of delighted hope, as the fresh flowers and green fields of May come over her thoughts. Nature is putting on the mantle of health and joy; and decay and mourning find no fitting place for their dark train of fears and shadows. We know that May is here, and that

"She will steal into shadowed recesses,
Where the timid young violet lies,
'Till it wake to her playful caresses,
And wink 'neath her dazzling blue eyes.

"She will laugh by the beautiful river,
By the fountain, the lake, and the brook,
'Till freer and brighter than ever,
They flow in the light of her look.

"She will whisper within the green woods,
Till the birds catch her tones and rejoice;
And the holy and far solitudes
Shall echo her musical voice."

But we must confess that, in our own New England, the beauties of May are chiefly—poetical. Few real flowers have the hardihood to show their smiling faces as early as the first—and May-day is usually pleasanter by the fireside, than in the open fields. Those of our readers who live in the sunny South, or the luxuriant West, would hardly believe that Spring had come, could they now look on our cold landscape. However, the "bright and leafy June" will make amends for all this; and in the meantime art is supplying the deficiency or delays of nature, and creating a paradise of beauty which will bid defiance to those blighting enemies of our fields and gardens—the frost and the east wind. In short, Boston folks are to have a Botanic garden and conservatory arranged at the bottom of the common. The garden is only commenced, but the conservatory has already been opened for a month past.

Shall we attempt to describe it?—Descriptions of natural scenery are generally very inadequate to supply clear ideas of their objects; how much more difficult it is to paint to the mind's eye the beauties of an artificial arrangement of plants and flowers, which will not, probably, have a prototype in the recollection of any reader.

But imagine yourself in a spacious room, upwards of one hundred feet square, the lofty dome-shaped roof being an immense window, which pours down a flood of light on a pyramid of flowers, arranged after the manner of a common flower stand, but rising some thirty or forty feet in height. This pyramid, which is about thirty feet in diameter at the base, unlike those of old Cheops, is intended for the gratification of the living—its interior contains an ample saloon, tent-shaped, hung with drapery, and surrounded by ottomans. A most delightful place it will be on a warm, sultry, summer's day to sit in this saloon, roofed with flowers, which may almost be heard growing over one's head. The plants, which surround or cover the pyramid, are, many of them, of the rarest kind, which have been obtained from Europe and other foreign countries, at great expense. The contrast of such a multitude and variety of foliage and flowers, is a spectacle of wonderful beauty. We read Nature's choicest pages, as it were, at a glance, and see the living illustrations of her fairest works, in every climate, grouped in the harmony and grace of a picture.

In each corner of this vast hall, is a collection of plants and flowers, and birds, in their cages, are hung on the walls. But the most charming sight is an aviary of canaries, where the little creatures seem at perfect liberty, flitting and singing among the shrubs and flowers which fill their quarter, as gaily as though they were in groves and gardens of their own sunny islands. The wires which enclose the aviary are so fine as to be imperceptible at a little distance, and thus the illusion of perfect liberty for these little songsters is, to the spectator, almost perfect; for the birds we hope, their portion of the world is empire sufficient. A gallery runs

around the hall, about ten feet above the floor, and the whole wall is decorated with rows of flowers, in pots, on every side. In short, it is a beautiful place, and on May day, no city in the Republic will have a finer show of flowers than Boston, though these are in a conservatory; as we hope our friends from the South, and indeed every section of the country, will have the privilege of seeing for themselves before the summer is over.

LADY BLESSINGTON.

Since the appearance of those very interesting papers—"Conversations with Lord Byron," which were published in the *New Monthly Magazine*, about seven years ago, Lady Blessington has sent forth a variety of productions, both in prose and verse. Her writings have been reprinted at Philadelphia, and form two volumes of large size. Among her novels, "The Repealers," and "Recollections of an Elderly Gentleman," are generally considered the best. She writes with ease, and many of her descriptions abound in images of beauty, and touches of deep, pure feeling.

We have been told, by a friend of ours, who visited Lady Blessington several times in London, that her library, and indeed, her whole house, is arranged with a taste and elegance which no description can portray. Every thing around her seems to imbibe the beauty and grace which characterize the mistress of the mansion. Her portrait, in this number of our "Book," will, we trust, convey to our readers some idea of this charming woman, whose genius has given us an interest in her fate, which neither rank, nor wealth could command. We regret to say, that it has happened to Lady Blessington as to many other individuals whom nature and fortune highly favored—she has been censured for foibles, that in one less gifted with beauty and talents, would have been entirely overlooked, or easily pardoned. But these rumours are dying away, and the good principles in her writings are winning the public voice in her favour. Her friends have always been zealous in her cause, and she has had many who stood high in public estimation. One of those compliments which speak to the heart at once was paid by Miss Landon in the last book she prepared—"The Bijou Almanack." It contained six portraits of distinguished persons; namely, the Dutchess of Kent—Lady Blessington—Pasta—Wellington—Sir Thomas Lawrence, and Beethoven; with poetic illustrations. The following is so characteristic in its tribute, that it would of itself illustrate the portrait in our "Book."

LADY BLESSINGTON.

"Yet on the haunted canvass dwells
The beauty of that face,
Which art's departed master held
His sweetest task to trace;
None see it but are prisoners held
In its strong toil of grace.

"Nature, thy fiery godmother,
Has lavished, for thy part,
A prodigality of gifts
To make thee what thou art:
The lovely face, the gifted mind,
The kind and generous heart."

CONTINUED ARTICLES.

Lord Kaim's maintains that there is an original instinct or propensity or faculty in the human mind, which demands the completion or finishing of what has been begun, and is displeased by an untimely or abrupt termination. It is this faculty, probably, which is so generally dissatisfied when those three ominous words—"to be continued," appear at the bottom of a chapter. We must admit a few stories of this class into our "Book," but we would prefer to have those occupying from four to six pages, complete in one number. Will our correspondents bear this in mind.

MISS HANNAH F. GOULD.

We are happy to announce the name of this popular poetess as a regular contributor, for the future, to the *Lady's Book*.

COMMON SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Under the supervision of the "Board of Education of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," a series of books are now in preparation, intended to furnish that variety of interest and instruction required in school libraries. Many of our most popular writers are engaged in the work of providing each book for the young. Miss Sedgwick has written a volume which is now in press—entitled "Ways and Means"—we shall notice it particularly when it appears. Marsh, Capon, and Lyon are the publishers of the "Common School Library."

PORTRAIT OF BOZ.

In a late number of the "New York Literary Gazette," appeared a portrait of this popular author. The engraving is beautifully executed, and the countenance one which it is a pleasure to look at. If it is a good likeness of Mr. Dickens, as it is said to be—we may rejoice in beauty of features as well as an expression of benevolence, which seems to emanate from his deep large eyes and expanded forehead. Of genius he has given sufficient proofs—every body will see genius in each lineament.—The work in which it has appeared, is one of much merit—we hope it will be successful.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

"Miss Gould's Poems"—A new edition of the poetical works of this popular writer, is now in the press, at Boston. We are permitted, by the kind friendship of the author, to transcribe one of the new poems which will grace this edition. They have never before appeared in print, and our readers, we are sure, will enjoy this foretaste of the beauties which Miss Gould has added to her former volumes, with the zest which novelty can add to excellence.

THE LAWGIVER'S GRAVE.

"But no man knoweth his sepulchre unto this day.
Deut. xxxiv. 6.

Come out from the desert; come over the sea;
Ye winds in your swiftness, and answer to me!
O, tell me the spot undiscovered, that gave
To Israel's leader his home, hidden grave!

The winds breathe no answer, as onward they sweep,
To tell where the Lord laid his prophet asleep.

Come over the deep, feathered warblers; and sing
The notes of your high eastern anthems; and bring
A leaf from the branches that throw their wild bloom,
And pour out their balm o'er the Lawgiver's tomb!

The birds give no sign, as they gaily go by;
I hear their sweet voices, but not their reply.

Ye angels, who buried him, come and reveal
The clouds of the vale, that ye left to conceal
The dust of his form, who the mountain-side trod
With face bathed in light from the presence of God!

An angel then whispered—"We serve the Most High,
And show not the things done alone for his eye!"

A Wreath of Wild Flowers, from New England. By Frances Sargent Osgood.

We named this work in our last number, but had no room for one of the charming flowers with which it is filled. We must select one for this month, as our readers will not otherwise have the privilege of enjoying its sweets, as it has not yet been republished in America. The volume, containing nearly four hundred pages, opens with a dramatic poem—"Elfrida"—founded on the well-known story of the wife of Ethelwald, in English history. The tragedy has many exquisite passages, and is written with spirit and that refined perception of the beautiful and good which characterize all the productions of Mrs. Osgood. Its faults are a carelessness in the arrangement, and an evident hurry in the conclusion. It seems unfinished—as a dramatic sketch it is very beautiful, but can hardly aspire to the dignity of a perfect piece. Still it is an extraordinary production for a young woman, scarcely

beyond her fourth lustre. How few men, with all the advantages of education and opportunities of studying the world of real life, could surpass this intellectual effort of our young poetess. But the charm of her genius is in her short lyrical pieces. Here her fine fancy seems to range and revel among all the pure and lovely things which nature unfolds or which feeling consecrates, as freely and lightly as a humming bird among the garden flowers. Every sentiment she expresses comes invested with the interest which warm affections bestow, every scene she describes glows with those touches of nature which make the heart feel the beauty and truth of the pictures. In short, her poetry seems to gush like a stream from the fountain of a soul filled with

"The wealth of rich feelings—the deep—the pure,
With the strength to meet sorrow, and faith to endure;
It smiles through trifles—a fair gleam,
Like a sparkle 'mid flowers of the playful stream;
And often through higher and graver things
It breaks with a beauty and fresh delight,
As the ray of the rivulet's rippling rings,
Comes up in the woods on the startled sight."

But most of all, as a woman, we thank her for the sweet and holy interest which her muse has shed on the maternal affections—none but a young woman, a *young mother*, could have done this—none ever has before attempted it. But what themes can be so appropriate to the lyre of a woman as the tender affections of the mother, and the deep feelings, the untold measure of joy which the budding of human flowers gives to the parental heart. Mrs. Osgood has described the feelings of her heart, as she watched over the progress of her own "Little Ellen," from her first baby smile, and her "first tooth," till she could "talk" and "walk." We will give the last poem, and every mother will feel that it is as true to nature as beautiful in expression.

ELLEN LEARNING TO WALK.

"My beautiful trembler! how wildly she shrinks!
And how wistful she looks while she lingers!
Papa is extremely unkind, she thinks,
She but pleaded for one of his fingers!"

"What eloquent pleading! the hand reaching out,
As if doubting so strange a refusal;
While her blue eyes say plainly—"What is he about,
That he does not assist me as usual?"

"Come on, my pet, Ellen! we won't let you slip,
Unclasp those soft arms from his knee, love;
I see a faint smile round that exquisite lip,
A smile half reproach and half glee, love."

"So! that's my brave baby! one foot falters forward,
Half doubtful, the other steals by it!
What, shrinking again! why you shy little coward!
'T won't kill you to walk a bit—try it!"

"There! steady, my darling—huzza! I have caught her!
I clasp her, caressed and carressing!
And she hides her bright face, as if what we had taught her
Were something alarming—the blessing!"

"Now back again! Bravo! that shout of delight,
How it thrills to our hearts from thine own, love!
Joy joy, for thy mother, and blest be the night,
When Ellen first tottled alone, love!"

We wish we could say to our readers, "procure the Wreath of Wild Flowers at once." But they must wait till this London edition is reprinted, which we hope will be shortly. Mrs. Osgood is expected soon in Boston, and though her genius and lovely character have obtained for her many friends among the elite of London literary society, if we may judge from our own knowledge of her true affectionate heart, and the expressions of her feelings in her poetry, she will find pleasures in the home of her childhood which the applauses of the whole world would be too poor to purchase. How full of touching sensibility, that which coming from the heart speaks to it, is her "Exile's Lament," beginning,

"I am not happy here, mother!
I pine to go to you;
I weary for your voice and smile,
Your love—the fond, the true!
My English home is cold, mother,
And dark and lonely, too!
I never shall be happy here—
I pine to go to you."

Annual Report of the Trustees of the New England Institution for the Education of the Blind, 1839.

The popularity of this institution continues undiminished, and its beneficent operations are continually developing new scenes of interest to the public, and advantage to the pupils. But the most interesting part of the Report is the account of the *deaf, dumb, and blind* girl, named Laura Bridgman. Our readers will doubtless recollect a beautiful poem, by Mrs. Sigourney, in the last volume of our "Book"—descriptive of this child.

There are now about sixty pupils in the institution, of whom fifty-two can read the books printed for the blind; nearly half the pupils can write a legible hand, and most of them pursue the studies of grammar, geography, and arithmetic, with good success; a few have made respectable progress in the higher branches of natural philosophy, algebra, geometry, and astronomy.—It is, indeed, wonderful to see the progress of these poor blind children, and none can witness it, without feeling deeply the obligations which the friends of humanity are under to Dr. Howe, the faithful and talented principal of the institution. The appendix is an able exposition of the manner in which he has conducted the experiments of improvement on the European method of teaching the blind, and particularly those of printing. We regret to learn that the press of the institution is now stopped for lack of funds—it cannot be that benevolence will long withhold the necessary means for the progress of such a beneficial work.

"Athenia of Damascus."—This popular tragedy, by Mr. Rufus Dawes, has been issued in a separate form—very tastefully got up by the publisher, Mr. Colman, and will, we hope, be an ornament to many a centre table, and the favourite in many a boudoir.

The following address, delivered by Mrs. Siddons on her retirement from the stage, and written by her nephew, Horace T. Wise, is too good to be lost; we therefore give it a place in the Book.

MRS. SIDDON'S FAREWELL.

Who has not felt how growing years endears
The fond remembrance of our former years?
Who has not sigh'd, when doom'd to leave at last
The hopes of youth, the habits of the past,
The thousand ties and interests that impart
A second nature to the human heart,
And wreathing round it close, like tendrils climb,
Blooming in age, and sanctified by time?

Yes! at this moment crowd upon my mind
Scenes of bright days for ever left behind,
Bewildering visions of enraptur'd youth,
When hope and fancy wore the hues of truth,
And long-forgotten years that almost seem
The faded traces of a morning dream!
Sweet are these mournful thoughts: for they renew
The pleasing sense of all I owe to you,
For each inspiring smile, and soothing tear—
For those full honours of my long career,
That cheer'd my earliest hope, and cheer'd my latest fear.

And though for me those tears shall flow no more,
And the warm sunshine of your smile is o'er,
Though the bright beams are fading fast away,
That shone unclouded through my summer day,
Yet grateful memory shall reflect their light,
O'er the dim shadows of the coming night,
And lend to later life a softer tone,
A moonlight tint, a lustre of her own.

Judges and friends! to whom the tragic strain
Of nature's feelings never spoke in vain;
Perhaps your hearts, when years have glided by,
And past emotions wake a heaving sigh,
May think on her whose lips have pour'd so long
The griefs and terrors of your Shakspeare's song;
On her, who parting to return no more,
Is now the mourner she but *seem'd* before,
Herself subdued, resigns the melting spell,
And breathes with swelling heart, her long, her last farewell.

The Cabinet Minister. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1839.

Another novel by Mrs. Gore. Political, of course, as its name indicates. Agreeable to those who are fond of fiction, because well done both in plot and narrative.

The Spirit of the East, illustrated in a Journal of Travels through Roumelii, during an eventful period, by D. Urquhart, Esq. 2 vols. Carey and Hart, Philadelphia, 1839.

We wish that more books of this description found their way to the general reader. They are worth infinitely more than the too often trashy novels which are read with so much avidity.

This work, besides being descriptive and narrative, is philosophical. The author has deeply studied the manners, the institutions, the laws, and the policy of the Eastern nations, connected with the commercial interests of the Christian world, and the result of his researches has furnished him with many facts and reflections which are both novel and interesting.

London in 1838. By an American. Samuel Colman, New York, 1839.

This is a lively, gossiping little book, which to those who have not visited the modern Babylon, may furnish some information not to be found elsewhere. It is illustrated by various wood cuts.

The American Frugal Housewife. By Mrs. Child. 8. 8. and W. Wood, New York, 1839.

We have, before this, expressed our hearty approbation of this serviceable book, and we again commend it to the notice of our female friends. It is, certainly, a very great aid in the mysterious art of housekeeping.

Indecision, a Tale of the Far West, and other Poems. By J. K. Mitchell, M. D. Carey and Hart, 1839.

To those who know the extent of Dr. Mitchell's professional labours—his ample practice as a physician—his zeal and devotedness as a lecturer, and his diligence in the pursuit of scientific truth, it is a matter of no little surprise that he could have snatched from more important engagements, sufficient leisure to produce the poems which fill the volume he has just given to the public. We knew that his tastes were decidedly elegant, and from occasional contributions made by him to the press, we saw that poetry was one of his accomplishments, but until this volume was laid on our table, we did not imagine that his acquaintance with the Muses was so intimate as to enable him to make a book "of verses." Such is the fact, however, and a very capital book it is too. The principal poem it contains, "Indecision," is of the descriptive kind, and embodies much vigour of thought, with great beauty of diction, truth of sentiment, and tenderness of feeling. The narrative parts of it are full of interest, and the scenes which are introduced, are sketched with the free hand of a master. The lesser poems are also full of merit; and altogether, the volume is highly creditable to the learned professor's ability, as it is certainly demonstrative of his industry.

The Ruins of Athens; Titania's Banquet; A Mask, and other Poems. By G. Hill. Boston: Otis, Brothers & Co., 1839.

All the poems in this volume, bear the impress of a rich and classic mind. They are redolent of the true spirit—the real Helicon. They are above the standard of mere verses. There is soul in them, feeling, passion, the earnestness of an intense and far-reaching thoughtfulness, and the brilliancy of a wide-soaring, but still-sustained imagination. They fly high, but the wings which bear them do not melt, the eyes through which they look, blink not. Their strength is genuine, therefore, it doth not fail: their sweetness is the sweetness of nature, therefore, it doth not cloy.

Library of American Poets. Poems by Rufus Dawes. New York: Samuel Colman, 1839.

Truly, Poetry has again come into fashion, and what is better, the lead in the fashion has been taken by the American Poets. We have just noticed four volumes of original poems, and here is a fifth claiming our attention, which is itself but the commencement of a series. This shows that the writers of the country are beginning to beatr themselves: it shows that the publishers are disposed to lend them assistance; and it shows moreover, that the public has determined to bestow its patronage. Books that will not sell, are not, now-a-days, printed, except by accident or authors, and as those we have mentioned fall not within either of the exceptions, it is at least expected they will find purchasers. We have no doubt of it.

There is much matter, excellent matter in this book of Mr. Dawes. It may be read with pleasure and studied with profit. He is not merely a good poet—in the common acceptation of that much-abused term—but also a good thinker. His mind is not content with skimming over the surface of things: it loves to penetrate into causes—to seek out hidden mysteries, and trace principles to their origin. This may make him,

occasionally, too speculative for popular taste, but to the wise it indicates wisdom. His smaller poems are tender, delicate, and beautiful.

Hits at the Times, &c. with Etchings, by Johnson. By George P. Morris. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard, 1839.

This is a very delightful volume. It abounds in good things. The stories are admirable: the sketches graphic: the anecdotes pointed and amusing. The *Hits* at prevalent foibles are most felicitously made. We can imagine nothing better in its way, than the little Frenchman and his lots, with the "vatare privilege." It is really exquisite. "The Monopoly of the People's Line," is likewise capital. The humour is easy and delicate, but irresistible—the satire keen, though not ill-natured, and the moral is obvious and impressive. General Morris is really a man to be envied. He established and still owns the most popular and best-estimated weekly periodical in the whole country: he has written a song which is on all lips, both at home and abroad: he produced a successful play; and he has now given to the public a volume, selected from his prose-writings, which in ease and grace of diction, skilful ridicule, and well-timed satire, may hold fair rivalry with any American production. Really, if the General did not unite to his good qualities as a writer, so many amiable qualities as a man, we should grudge him his good fortune, but as it is, we may exclaim with Virgil:

Non equidem invidio, sed miror magis.

The Young Lady's Friend. By Mrs. J. Farrar. New York: S. S. and W. Wood, 1839.

This excellent work has run through several editions. That now published is very beautiful in external ornament, and would be very suitable as a present for a female friend. And what present, we may ask, could be more acceptable? It is an admirable treatise on the duties and education of the sex, and should be carefully studied by every young woman who can obtain a copy. Its lessons will be found full of salutary instruction and profitable monition.

Man in his Physical Structure and Adaptation. By Robert Mudie. Boston: Otis, Broaders & Company, 1839.

This is not, as its title might seem to indicate, a dull, dry anatomical work—full of professional and uninteresting details—but a popular and compendious essay upon the capabilities of the human frame, in reference to its intellectual associations. The subject is full of interest, and the author has treated it in a very familiar and attractive style.

The American Flower Garden, Directory, &c. By Robert Buist, Nurseryman and Florist. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1839.

Our fair readers will find this a valuable auxiliary in their Floriculture. Besides a general description of the various flowers common to this country, it contains practical directions for the culture of plants, for every month of the year, with particular reference both to indoor and outdoor cultivation. The author is fully competent to the task of instruction in all things relating to the topics chosen, and his book may be regarded safely as judicious authority.

The Wisdom and Genius of Shakspeare, &c. By the Rev. Thomas Prie. Philadelphia: Carey and Hart, 1839.

This is a collection of quotations from the great bard, arranged under the different heads of Moral Philosophy—Delinquencies of Character—Paintings of Nature and the Passions—Aphorisms, &c., &c. It also comprises notes, annotations, and Scriptural references.

The text of this thick 12mo volume is very good, inasmuch as it is from Shakspeare; and the arrangement of it is also, generally speaking, very lucid. As a book of reference for quotations, it will be very valuable: but beyond that it has no particular merit.

The Beauties of History. By L. M. Stretch. Grigg and Elliott, Philadelphia, 1839.

We commend this volume to parents and teachers. It presents in a very clear arrangement, examples of the different virtues and vices, drawn from general history. Besides the interest which a work of this character may be supposed to possess for young and inquiring minds, it will produce a salutary effect on the morals by directing the emulation of youth to those illustrious persons whose characters stand out in bold relief, for their eminent virtues, on the page of the historian. To give it additional attraction in juvenile eyes, it is embellished with numerous wood cuts.

The Reader's Guide. Philadelphia: Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co. 1839.

A very good school book. The exercises appear to be well chosen, and the instructions are given in a clear and comprehensible manner.

Public and Private Economy. Illustrated by Observations made in England, in 1855. By Theodore Sedgwick. Part Third. Harper and Brothers: New York, 1859.

Mrs. Sedgwick is a man of sense and observation, and traces

of both these qualities are common in this essay. But on the whole, we can scarcely approve it. There is mixed up with the truths, which we admit it contains, too much of the cant against property, fashionable at the present day—a cant that will work mischief if it be thus promulgated and encouraged.

The Prince and the Pedlar, or the Siege of Bristol. 2 vols. New York: Harper and Brothers, 1839.

This is an historical novel, the time of which is laid in the civil wars of England, in the seventeenth century. As far as we have read, it is interesting and well written. Many real personages are introduced into its pages.

Sterling and Penruddock, by the author of "Tremaine," &c. 2 vols. Carey and Hart, 1839.

Two excellent stories: full of good sense, good wit, and good description.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

Those who are in arrears, will not be so unreasonable as to expect the work to be continued to them. We shall have to stop them short in the middle of a volume, and that would be a pity, considering what good things we have in store.

We earnestly entreat contributors to favour us with their names. Their contributions will be the more welcome.

OUR PLATES.

Need we mention our Fashions—the manner in which they are engraved and coloured—expressly and positively for our own work, and given monthly, the engraving alone costing quite as much as those for any other work, because the immense number we print, requires two impressions on steel, to last through the edition, and to expedite the printing for the hands of the colourers. In addition to this we give another steel plate, always from the burin of an American artist—illustrative of some story published in the work—of American scenery—or portrait of some celebrated literary character—Lady Blessington, for instance, in this number.

We also give steel Title pages, twice a year—June and December—making in all

Twelve Plates of Fashions, engraved on Steel.

Twelve Engravings on Steel, of Fancy Subjects.

Two Title Pages engraved on Steel.

Quarterly Plates of Window Curtains, coloured.

In all TWENTY-SIX Engravings on Steel in a year, besides Wood Cuts of the finest kind, Embroidery and Music. When it is remembered that the price of the work is only Three Dollars, it may naturally be asked—how is it possible that so large an amount of matter and so many Embellishments are annually given?—We can only answer, that we live on hope, that our subscribers will pay us for what we are doing for them. It may, perhaps, be a vain hope, but we do dream occasionally of such an event. It strikes us, but we may be in error, standing as we do the creditor of many—but the impression, however, is strong within us, that we should be ashamed to look any thing in the face, we had not paid for—but, however, persons differ.

We have in the hands of our engraver, several original pictures, from our own collection.

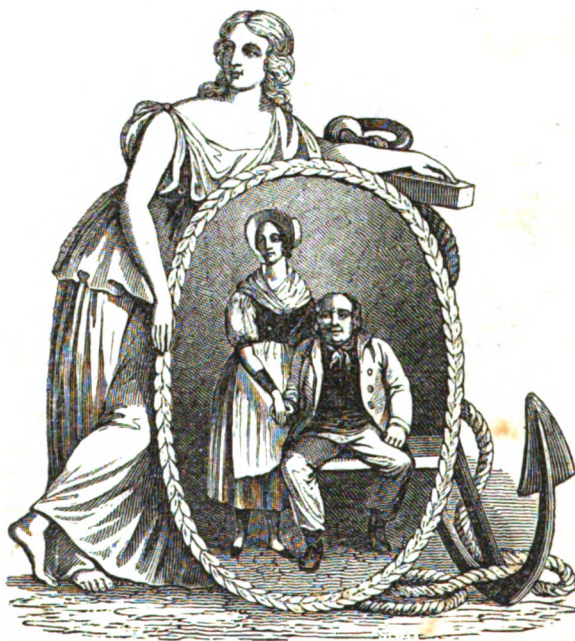
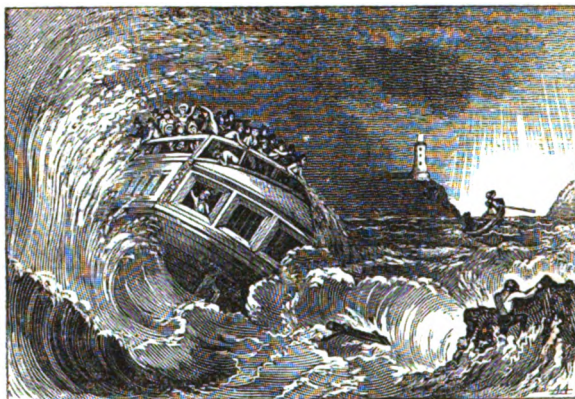
We now colour our plates to different patterns, so that two persons in a place may compare their fashions, and adopt those colours that they suppose may be most suitable to their figure and complexions.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Figure I.—Robe of one of the new changeable silks; the waist draped and crossed, and the sleeves half large; the skirt is finished with a single flounce, the heading of the flounce louped. Drawn bonnet of shot silk; a round brim, descending very low under the chin, and ornamented with roses at the sides of the face; ribbons to correspond, and a sprig of roses ornaments the crown. Net shawl, surmounted by embroidery in a light pattern.

Figure II.—Silk dress of any pattern; the border trimmed with a deep flounce. Hat of satin, trimmed with ribbons to correspond, and pale straw or white ostrich feathers.

Note.—A slight ostrich feather has, in many instances, usurped the usual place of flowers.



MISS GRACE HORSLEY DARLING.

Our readers must have observed constant references to the name of *Grace Darling*, in the newspapers, for several months past, and most of them, no doubt, are familiar with the achievement which obtained for her the wide reputation she enjoys. To those who are not, it may be interesting to know, that in the month of September last, herself and her father, at the imminent peril of their own lives, succeeded in rescuing a number of persons from the wreck of a steambot, which foundered in Berwick Bay, on her passage from Hull to Dundee. The circumstances under which this exploit took place, were so remarkable, and indicated so generous a heroism in the old man, Darling, and his daughter, that the English people, always alive to personal bravery and merit, have heaped upon them both, the amplest honours. These, though from her sex and age the larger portion of them naturally fell to her share, Grace has borne, with a propriety that has greatly added to the favourable impression made by her courage, and her name is now on all lips as a theme of praise.

One of the engravings we prefix represents the wreck of the steamer, with the light-house, of which Grace's father was the keeper, and from which himself and his daughter, in a frail skiff, made their dangerous way to the distressed vessel, seen in the distance; and the other is a medallion portrait of these noble-minded persons, in which the likenesses are said to be faithfully preserved.

For the use of the engravings, we are indebted to our valued friend and correspondent, General Morris, of the *New York Mirror*.

LADY'S BOOK.

JUNE, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

OLYMPIANA.

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

It was after supper on Mount Olympus, and the great drawing room of the gods shone with lights like a galaxy, or like New York streets by gas light, or like any other bright thing you may please to think of.

It was a sort of family tea-party among the celestials, and the Muses, and Graces, with quite a number of the gods and goddesses had stepped in to take a sociable cup of nectar with Jupiter and Juno.

The immortal synod were in that state of pleasurable vacuity which often succeeds the tea hour, here in our parlours below. Apollo lay stretched, *a la Pelham*, on a couch of gold and purple, picking his teeth, and admiring his own handsome image in a golden door opposite, which answered all the intent and purpose of a mortal looking-glass. Venus, pretty soul, was looking bewitching, and meditating an abstruse question with regard to sandal patterns, which it took a world of thought to settle. The Graces were gathered like a little knot of flowers into the corner, where they discussed with Aurora all about the figures and patterns of the clouds that were to be sported at sunrise the next morning; while Minerva sat with the North American Review in her hand, leaning her elbow on a copy of Euripides and meditating on the comparative merits of the ancients and moderns.

As to Juno, she sat in a corner with her knitting work, not much older than she looked some thousand years ago, when Homer made his bow to her; for gods and goddesses who, by most authentic accounts, have lived on the Graham system in all ages, keep their good looks in a manner that would astonish you. At this time it was evident that something was going wrong in the good lady's mind, for she knit very energetically, and her great glorious eyes occasionally flashed in a manner that would have appeared very ominous to a mortal husband; but immortality gives one time to get used to things.

As to His Serene Highness, the father of gods

and men, he was smoking a true *celestial cigar*, not of tobacco, but of that wonderful plant that drops its leaves twice a year into the fountain of Helicon, one puff of which has more wisdom in it than the whole of a president's message.

"I wonder Jupiter," said the Queen of Heaven, drawing out her gold knitting needle, and twitching the bright yarn, she was knitting, rather unceremoniously, "I wonder what keeps Mercury out so late."

"Business my dear, I presume," said Jupiter, with a tranquil puff.

"I do wish Jupiter you would take your cigar out of your mouth when you speak to me. It's exceedingly rude to address a lady in that way. As to Mercury, I sent him more than an hour ago for the news, and what business has he to be so late."

"Oh, your ladyship," interrupted Venus, "indeed you are too hard upon poor Merk—he has too much to do—he is getting shockingly thin—quite worn out, poor fellow."

"Yes," rejoined Thalia, "he told me the other day, that he had worn out four complete suits of wings, and he says he shall have to get a new set all round before New Year; it's really very expensive, poor fellow, in these hard times."

"Pshaw," said Juno, "he has little or nothing to do, if he were not all the time flying hither and thither on errands for you girls; he makes me more trouble than any one in the family—so irregular! and then he needs such watching! would you believe it Jupiter, I only left the keys in the crypta last night, and the rogue stole every morsel of ambrosia that I had saved for a hash this morning."

"Just what you might have expected, my dear," said Jupiter, shaking his ambrosial curls with most monitory solemnity, "never leave the key in the cupboard door, Juno, it's a bad plan, no economy in it."

"I wish, Jupiter, that you would lay aside that very dictatorial habit of speaking to me—nodding your head and shaking it about like a great pine tree in a storm; it may do well enough in the senate chamber, but it isn't pleasant in a family."

"I wonder what is pleasant in a family," said Jupiter gravely, beginning on another cigar.

There is no saying what might have come after this, but just at this crisis, in fluttered Mercury, making as much of a breeze as three pair of wings could carry.

Every thing was instantly in commotion.

"Mercury, did you get me that strip of sun-beam you promised?" cried one of the Graces, springing up like a bent rose-bud. "And Mercury, that sandal pattern," said Venus, "and what did Tethys say about the pearls?" "Oh, and pray did you get my flute mended?" said Apollo, "Vulcan has been promising it should be done this month or more." "And my new bow and arrow?" said Diana. "And the last Reviews?" said Minerva.

"Well, did I ever see such a family," said Juno, "no manners, all crowding before me, and talking so fast that I cannot get in a word. Jupiter, I wish you'd speak to these girls."

"Girls sit down!" said Jupiter, bending his awful brows in regular Homeric style, whereat there was a little more order.

"And now Mercury did you think to stop at Pluto's and inquire after his tooth ache?" demanded Juno, "and what news have you picked up on earth."

"Pluto says his tooth is better, he thanks you madam," replied Mercury, "but that Proserpine has almost scalded the skin off with the poultice you recommended; he was terribly gruff, I can assure you. As to news, I have been to Paris with your last bandbox of fashions, Venus; touched here and there, both in Europe and America—no news that I could learn—no great matter of a war any where—peace societies flourish—stopped at Philadelphia and brought up the last number of the Lady's Book, which the Editress sent up for our celestial patronage and approval, desiring one and all of you to appear as contributors."

"Dear me," said Venus, glancing at the title page, "very prettily got up—very, indeed; here you lady Muses, you must write for it—and you too, Minerva!—how now, you look at it as ominously as the owl on the top of yon old Greek helmet."

"For my part," said Minerva, "I must say that these light publications never were deep enough for me—there is nothing really solid, nothing instructive."

"Oh, 'pon honour, Minerva, I shall give up the ghost now, if you are going to launch forth into a discourse on utilities," said Apollo, stretching himself at full length and settling the curls over his forehead, "really every thing in this age is getting so dismally instructive and useful, that a god gets almost tired of his immortality. Pray Merk, who writes for it?"

"Oh a vast number of very clever men and women," said Mercury.

"For my part," said Juno, "I consider the

whole business sheer waste of time; the men had better be attending to their business, and the women to their households; lady authoresses in particular, I have no kind of opinion of."

"Pray then, Queen of Heaven," said Apollo, "why don't you put pen to paper, and give these mortals your advice on the subject?"

"I turn authoress! not I," said Juno, "there are blue stockings enough in the family without me."

Here Minerva and the Muses appeared exceedingly nervous, and Venus gave a side wink to Apollo.

"There, there," said she, "Minerva is going into sublimities upon the importance of a well cultivated mind to females. She always starts upon that when lady Juno goes forth upon house-keeping."

"As to that, mistress Venus," said Juno, turning short upon her, "you have not much to say. There isn't a member of my family makes me so much trouble as you, leaving your things all over the house—your veil here, and your girdle there, and your sandals somewhere else; you keep the Graces running from morning to night to pick them up after you. Of the two I really think Minerva the best, for she has something else to think of."

"Well Minerva," said Apollo, "I think as Juno declines instructing the rising world, that you must take up in their behalf; and if you want something instructive and solid you must furnish it yourself; and you fair cousins," bowing to the Muses, "what help do you mean to render?"

"Oh," said Thalia, laughing, "Minerva will give them her thoughts on great works—very enlivening you know; and Clio can send down abundance of useful information about Buona-parte and the revolutionary war."

"And why fair Venus," interrupted Apollo, "should not you try your hand? azure is all the mode, and there are some subjects on which you are well qualified to write. Why cannot you give reflections on neck ribbons, or thoughts on shoe strings."

"Well really I have thought of being literary just for a change," said Venus; "do you know, I get tired of setting fashions for mortals. Minerva, suppose you take that department of creation a while, and let me try yours. Girls," (turning to the Graces,) "did you save any dove quills, as I ordered last summer?"

"Well I hope Madam Venus," said Vulcan, "that if Minerva takes your department in hand, that women will give over dressing *a la Calypse* and *a la Psyche*, and dress *a la common sense*; I always thought, wife, if you would let matters alone, that we should have more decent well-behaved women in the world."

"Why Vulcan love, how you shock me!" said Venus, tapping him on the shoulder with her fan; "don't you know, dear, 'tisn't proper to speak in this way *before company*?"

"Besides my dear Blacksmith," said Apollo, "don't you know that all these fashions teach women reflection; what is reflection but *thinking*, and how can one think without something to think of. In short, Minerva, they are like

the 'Aids to reflection,' that your fustly wise man of England has given out; they teach reflection by giving great occasion for it."

"At any rate," said Vulcan, "I think Venus has taught the women to make frights of themselves."

"As to that," said Venus, laughing, "the Graces and I do our best for poor mortals, but this mischievous Merk—this pernicious creature, sometimes steals the patterns on the road, and puts in caricatures of his own just to make the poor creatures ridiculous. Do you think I ever set the fashion of strait laced waists, with a case of steel and bone instead of the flowing line of beauty that belongs to us goddesses?" and Venus glanced at the polished ceiling, that reflected her fair image, and settled her girdle.

"And Merk," said Apollo, "I can't answer either for tight coats, and cravats, and stocks—they are barbarisms of your interpolation."

Mercury just tipped his winged helmet to one side like a saucy fellow convicted in a hoax, and stood looking abundantly satisfied and impudent.

"No such thing as a genuine human figure now to be seen on earth," said Apollo—"no nymphs—no graces; really a god finds no body to fall in love with."

"And I'm glad of that," said Juno, "It makes a more decent stay-at-home set of you."

"But come my good lord of the silver bow," said Mercury, "why don't you publish in this

work a critique on dress, showing the beauty of the unperturbed form, and teaching—"

"Ah Merk! you old hoax—you mischief maker—you immortal thief—would not every soul of them believe you before me, and would you not swear on your honour that this, that, and the other absurdity came strait and direct from me or Venus. No, the age of the beautiful is vanished and returns not."

"Come! come! wife and children," said Jupiter, who by this time had finished his cigar, "you must not be too hard upon mortals. This book, (here the father of gods took up the little pamphlet,) is worthy the patronage of you all. It goes to all the fair ladies of the continent. You, Juno, ought to take it in hand, therein to give them an insight into the high and celestial mysteries of housekeeping; and you, Minerva, should seek to inspire them with a taste for the deep and true which may be found on the page of useful learning. And you, fair Muses, with Apollo, must open before them the enchanted land of the fine arts. Venus must preside over the outward beauty, and the Graces must teach all those charms of manners, more powerful than even beauty itself; and still more," said the sire of gods, glancing round, "we want one thing for which Olympus has no divinity. Olympus has no god who can infuse the spirit of tenderness and compassion, the might, the majesty of goodness."

Written for the Lady's Book.

MUSINGS.

BY THE EDITOR.

I wonder if the rich man prays—
And how his morning prayer is said?
He'll ask for health and length of days—
But does he pray for "daily bread?"

When by his door, in posture meek,
He sees the poor man waiting stand,
With sunken eye, and care-worn cheek,
To beg employment from his hand:

And when he tells his piteous tale
Of sickly wife and children small,
Of rents that rise, and crops that fail,
And troubles that the poor befall.

I wonder if the rich man's thought,
Mounts free, as nature's hymn, to heaven
In gratitude, that happier lot,
By Providence, to him is given.

And does his heart exult to know,
He too, like heaven, hath power to give?
To strengthen weakness, soften woe,
And bid Hope's dying lamp revive?

And when around his gladsome hearth,
A troop of friends the rich man greet,
And songs of joy, and smiles of mirth
Add grace to flattery's homage sweet;

I wonder if his fancy sees
A vision of those wretched homes,
Where want is wrestling with disease,
And scarce a ray of comfort comes.

O world! how strange thy lots are given—
Life's aim how rarely understood!
And men—how far estrang'd from heaven,
If heaven requires—a brotherhood!

We are sure to be losers when we quarrel with ourselves; it is a civil war, and in all such contentions, triumphs are defeats.

Attempts at reform, when they fail, strengthen despotism; as he that struggles, tightens those cords he does not succeed in breaking.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A VISIT TO HADDON HALL, DERBYSHIRE.

BY MRS. HOFLAND, OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

WHOEVER has visited that romantic district of Derbyshire denominated "the Peak," whether in search of the picturesque scenery for which it is justly celebrated; or been sojourners at Matlock or Baxton, for the purpose of regaining health, will have heard of this truly Baronial Hall, and most probably seen it. To them it may be pleasant to retrace their steps, and recall their feelings upon that occasion, and to those who have not had an opportunity hitherto, we may furnish additional reasons for finding one. Whoever has leisure for a tour, and taste for the beauties of nature, and the recollections attached to "olden times," should add this gratification to their stock of innocent and salubrious enjoyments.

Our drive towards Haddon lay through Abbey-dale, a beautiful valley, enriched by the remains of Beauchief Abbey, which forms now a chapel of ease to the parish of Totley. The stones of the monastery which was built in expiation of the murder of Thomas-a-Becket, by Robert Fitz-Ranulph, were employed in building Beauchief Hall, an extensive mansion, built in the style termed now the Elizabethan, and which, peering from amidst woods and crowning a bold eminence, is striking in effect.

But the rich valley and the cultivated lands, were soon past, and Derbyshire in its characteristic wastes of boundless moors, and rocky masses, succeeded—the winds blew cold even on one of the very hottest days of this hot summer, and although the sun shone brightly on many a hillock covered with the brilliant purple heath, for which this mountainous district is remarkable, shawls and cloaks were in requisition with all of us. We found, however, "beauty in the lap of horror," for many a crystal stream meandered through the gorse and heather; many a bright-eyed moorfowl started his wild brood, for his day of fate was yet a week distant; and the light clouds whose soft shadows form a peculiar charm in all mountain scenery, gave us that rich variety of light and shade which atones for the absence of objects more strictly beautiful, while the grandeur of these rocky solitudes are aided by their effects.

We have passed the Alp-like moors, caught a splendid view of Chatsworth, on whose richly-coloured walls the sun is shining gloriously in his morning radiance, and are hastening down the hill to Bakewell, the most picturesque town even of this romantic country, but certainly much injured as to appearance, by the loss of its church tower removed within a year or two.

The vale of Haddon now lies before us, watered by the river Wye—surely the most whimsical of all streams, for like a shining serpent, it winds in a thousand sinuosities through this whole valley, which now, green as an emerald, shows its silver current to advantage. On the right, are the Haddon pastures, spotted with

countless herds of cattle, to the left, towering trees and occasionally masses of rock hem in the luxurious paradise watered as by the rivers of Eden. Two miles from Bakewell have brought us to Haddon Hall, towards which we ascend by a road, not trodden as of yore "by seven score servants" and their doughty lord, by numerous visitants with their trains, and wandering pilgrims with their claims—the mighty mansion, with its wide halls and numerous chambers, is now untenanted, though not dilapidated, and still magnificent.

We entered under the guidance of a youth who we understood to be the gamekeeper's son, in which capacity his ancestors have served the owners of Haddon for three hundred and eighteen years; as certain pictures testify. Passing through a strong portal, we found ourselves in a square court, surrounded by the Hall and its offices, including the chapel, which has been formerly very splendid, the seats being enriched by gilt mouldings, and the windows by painted glass—in one place we were shown a buff coat and boots, formerly worn by the sturdy vassals whose service was often that of soldiers.

We now entered the great entrance, and taking but little notice of a Norman altar, which is nevertheless mentioned by Camden and Fuller, proceeded to a large dining-hall, which like most of the other rooms, was floored with oak that grew upon the estate, and which is singularly beautiful. We then ascended a massive staircase, and were ushered into a room which runs the whole length of the south quadrangle, being one hundred and ten feet long, and lighted by three bay windows of magnificent dimensions. The room is completely panelled with oak, and ornamented with rich carvings of arms and flowers under the cornice, and the chimney-pieces have similar embellishments. From the windows the prospect is exquisitely beautiful though not extensive—noble terraces, majestic balustrades, that seem built for eternity—orchards bending with fruit, forest trees intermingling their lofty arms, and the bright Wye winding gracefully amongst all, as if presenting its gift of trout and grayling, along with the offerings of Pomona and the tributes of Flora—all around is redolent of wealth and beauty—the recollections which belong to feudal attachment, divested of its unpleasant attributes, and the thousand poetic dreams which belong to the heroism, the mysteries, the glories, the sensibilities, of those who are now gone down to the dust, yet survive in these majestic relics.

Here once dwelt William Peveril, the ancestor of that loyal Sir Geoffry, with whom the genius of Sir Walter Scott has made us familiar, as a friend. Here, the lord of thirty manors, Sir George Vernon, distinguished in the first years of Elizabeth, as the King of the Peak,

lived in all the splendid hospitality which belonged to immense wealth, family connexion, and ancient descent, at a period when every gentleman owned the claims of his station—a period when no man who boasted a *name* and a *heart*, ever thought of shutting up his house in the country, and leaving his dependants to starve, whilst he consoled himself with the luxuries cheaply ensured at the Albany, or the pleasures sought at Crockford's and Newmarket. If to some of them it were necessary to say,

“Curtail the lazy vermin of the hall,”

yet must we admire the bounteous hand, the considerate protection, which enabled them to “scatter blessings o'er a smiling land,” in preference to the confined, but not less destructive expenses, which belong to selfish expenditure and concentrated personal indulgences.

One bed, the bed of state, alone remains in Haddon Hall; but it is unquestionably the ruin of the very handsomest I ever beheld; being of rich Genoa velvet, lined with white satin, of an immense height and corresponding size. It is covered with a rich counterpane, embroidered all over by the fair hands of a Lady Catharine Manners, and must therefore have been wrought since the place became the property of the Dukes of Rutland. Many a wearisome day did she labour at this by no means elegant production, without any intention of securing the fame it has ensured, for our guide informed us that if his great aunt “had not unluckily died,” she could have told us a great deal both “about Lady Catharine and the ghosts of the Hall, but as he never saw either, it had all slipped his memory.”

Perhaps, too, his great aunt could have given us something more interesting than either, being early reminiscences of Mrs. Radclyffe; for we have been told that during the time when her father lived at Chesterfield, her health being delicate, he placed her in the gamekeeper's house as a boarder, for the sake of the pure air, and that her unrestrained wanderings in this wide mansion first inspired that taste for the mysteries and antiquities of feudal times, which her genius afterwards combined so happily in many a tale of wonderful splendour and most thrilling interest. In her own walk truly we shall not “look upon her like again,” and who can tread those floors or creep (as we all did) up to the beautiful turret, and gaze on the wide expanse around, without paying a tribute to the memory of one so highly gifted, so capable of describing whatever was beautiful in nature or desirable to imagination.

Every where the rooms of Haddon are richly tapestried, and these hangings cover the doors also, which are badly constructed, and would need this defence against the winds of winter. The house was inhabited until about 1717, after which the family removed to their present residence of Belvin Castle. Whatever may be the *agremens* of that princely mansion, it is impossible not to lament that Haddon was forsaken; although it must be conceded that it is too large to be a second son's habitation, and perhaps not very comfortable as a dwelling for any son.

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Still, it is a thousand pities no one should enjoy its many beauties, its noble rooms, spacious gardens and matchless air—would it were an Infirmary!

We visited the kitchen, buttery, &c. In the former were two immense fire-places, one of which was suited to the purpose of roasting an ox whole. Large tools for chopping mince meat, mighty troughs for salting, and every other convenience for the “due refection” of an immense establishment are all here ready to resume their functions when called upon for purposes of “solemn festival.” The last time they were so used, we understood to be when the Duke of Rutland came of age, at which time the numerous tenantry on his fine estates here were abundantly regaled.

Passing through the gardens, we were struck with a very old, and tall apricot tree, said to be coeval with the house; but well known to have been in bearing upwards of two hundred years. Its strong and gnarled trunk spoke of age, but the abundance and beauty of the fruit which was fully ripe, would have been remarkable on any tree. Crossing the bridge which spans the Wye, just without the gardens, we walked through the meadows to the village of Rowsley as from various points in them, the finest views of the house could be obtained. And fine, indeed we found them—the height of the towers, the bold projection of the bay windows, the lightness of the turrets, the length of outline, and even the irregularities of style, seen amidst the profusion of majestic trees which aspire sometimes even to the roof, and inhabit the sloping garden down to the river which winds round their base, present far finer forms than it has been my lot to find in any castellated mansion either in England or Wales; indeed, I have never seen any other of its description, for although very old and very strong, no impression of war, no character of a fortress is exhibited in its majestic lineaments—it looks, indeed, powerful to repel insult, or resist wrong, but too open and generous for aggression, and formed to be

“The guardian, not the tyrant of the fields.”

Farewell, sweet Haddon, we are going to visit a brighter, not a lovelier dwelling; but the pride of manhood will not render us forgetful of the venerable brow of age like thine.

The best of all possible roads, along beautiful well wooded valleys, render the drive from Rowley to Chatsworth a moving diorama of agreeable objects. On entering the Park and crossing the Derwent, which is here a noble as well as beautiful stream, we become sensible of increased attraction in the gentle swelling of the ground, the bold woods which cover the heights above us, and the singularly fine trees of every description which ornament the ground either singly or in clumps, the fashion of avenues not having prevailed, when this park was planted.

The splendid mansion of Chatsworth House, may truly be termed the “Palace of the Peak,” for royalty might be well contented with so magnificent a dwelling. It was built soon after

the revolution, (in which its noble owner took a prominent part,) by Talman, an architect then of high reputation. The stone was got from a quarry on the estate, and is very beautiful, in its general colour resembling Sienna marble, and veined with equal delicacy. It is a quadrangular building, but has lately received an immense addition by Sir Jeffery Wyatville, which includes a noble gallery of sculpture, by far the most attractive portion of the interior.

Formerly, a suite of rooms were taken by that unfortunate queen, whose very name inspires pity and awakens interest. It is, however, certain, that Mary of Scotland could not inhabit those identical rooms, though she might dwell on their site, and we have no doubt, the state bed and other articles of furniture, were those she had used during her residence at Chatsworth. Their being no longer seen, is a loss to the visitant, so is the collection of fossils in the cabinet of the beautiful duchess, mother of his grace, for with every thing connected with her we associate ideas of beauty, elegance, and fashion—not that ephemeral fashion which belongs to the caprices of wealth or rank; but that which arises from cultivated taste and classic conception—the fashion of rank, talent, and education.

One grand house is like another—inlaid tables, costly cabinets, magnificent hangings, and glittering chandeliers, are every where found; but every house cannot show two pair of coronation chairs, which we find here, and perhaps not one in the kingdom is so rich in the exquisite carvings of Gibbons. The best pictures of the noble owner, are not found in this, his most superb dwelling.

The library is at once grand, convenient, and beautiful, but we passed hastily through it, in order to reach the finest dining room, probably in the north of England; but a still larger, termed the banquetting room, we were not shown. All else was forgotten on entering the sculpture gallery. Here are some of the latest and finest works of Canova, and several copies of his happiest efforts by other Italian artists. Thorswalden's genius also shines conspicuous, and the two magnificent lions of Michael Angelo claimed our due admiration, but we saw little of our own unrivalled Chantrey, although there were specimens both of him and Westmacott in the collection.

A sitting figure of Madame Mere, the mother of him whose name so lately "kept the world in awe," was to me the most attractive sculpture. Calm majesty, and an intelligence at once sprightly and profound, animated the features, and gave grace to the form. Ah! how many fears for the future must have clouded that anxious mother's brow, even when diadems encircled those of her numerous progeny. There never lived a mother on whose offspring ambition poured so many gorgeous gifts, and one might thence conclude, never mother had been so blessed, for every woman is ambitious for her children; but yet, the very rapidity with which they ascended, must have made her fearful of decline, for advancing life will still look beyond the surface, be it ever so dazzling.

But the gardens, the water works, must be seen, and we sally forth to explore scenes once extolled as the very acme of excellence—now decried as tasteless in their formality. Perhaps the conclusion on either hand is false. There is much beauty in straight lines, though found in old gardens, for long vistas of rich foliage are full of charms—they o'ershadow the choicest flowers, conduct the sweetest breezes, and exhibit the loveliest play of the sunbeams—but lo! the water is rushing down the steps in the grand cascade—the jets d'eau are throwing up lucid streams to the height of more than ninety feet.

The latter fountains are very beautiful, and in perfect accordance with the style of the gardens, but the former is too regular and formal even for the taste of a Dutch merchant. True, beyond the point from which the water walks down the steps in minuet time, a proper rock-work is prepared, down which the stream flows from the vast tarn where it is collected on the summit of the hill which bounds this beautiful region. Rhodes, in his admirable work on the Peak scenery, advises that this unpleasing formality, which he terms "a scar on the fair face of beauty," should be thus rendered as attractive as it generally appears now repellent.

"Bed the channel of the cascade with rugged and unequal stones, plant part of its brink with shrubs; and, if possible, give to its course a winding direction, thus the water will occasionally be lost, and seen, as it descends, and the artificial stream assume a more natural and picturesque appearance."

Would that this, our friend as well as guide* had been with us, for then would many beauties have been described which doubtless escaped us, and some of the younger of our party, been saved from the plentiful sprinklings of a certain tree, renowned as the dwelling of malicious naiads—but who would grumble at a shower, however and wherever administered, this thirsty summer—certainly not the gay young sculptor who has in so many ways proved himself our delightful companion, nor the sprightly girl who shakes the light drops from her curling tresses.

Oh! youth, youth, thou art indeed life's pleasant season, for light are thy sorrows and manifold thy joys, and it were well to treasure their memories when like those of the present moment they are innocent and even benevolent—for who in our little circle has envied the possessor of this fair domain, this glorious abode, aught save his power of conferring happiness?—Who has not found in "herb, tree, fruit, and flower," works more exquisite than all which the art of man could produce, yet in his powers as an artist found the proof of his higher nature, the justice of his loftiest hopes, and of his heirship to immortality.

Chatsworth!—thou palace not only of the Peak, but of a far more wide, and wealthy circle, farewell—if I have not named thy cedar chapel and its celebrated altar-piece, thy painted ceilings, thy Holbein and Titian; and dearer in memory than *all*, thy first fair duchess,

* This gentleman has just published a very useful little book, entitled, "A Guide to Chatsworth."

daughter of the sainted Lady Rachel Russel— if I have not adverted to the generous blood, the free, and gallant spirit which has through many ages been the crowning glory of thy house, it was not from forgetfulness or negligence. But alas! in the midst of pleasure I was in pain, and neither the gorgeousness of thy interior decorations, nor the wide spread beauty of thy surrounding scenery, could prevent me from bending to those circumstances, which, like adversity, are “tamers of the human breast,” and

compel us to become not only blind to the most enchanting scenes, but deaf, or nearly so, to the far dearer consolations of friendship and the soothing of affection.

In memory I shall retrace thy claims to admiration, gaze on thy cloud-like landscapes, thy luxurious accommodations, thy glorious sculptures, thy blooming parterres, and sparkling fountains. I shall remember the young and dear ones who partook my pleasure, and feel thankful that it was bestowed upon me.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MASSACRE OF WYOMING.

A POEM, DELIVERED AT THE COMMENCEMENT OF DICKINSON COLLEGE, JULY 19th, 1838.

BY E. EMELIUS LECLERC.

'Twas morn—

A summer's morn in Wyoming;
And o'er her hills the god of day burst forth,
Clothed with the rosy-tinted dawn. And as
He yoked fast to their flaming car his fire
Encircled steeds; and as his crown of light,
Peered forth from out a passing fleecy cloud,
All nature woke, and every instrument
Of praise she tuned, to warble sweetly forth
Her gladdest songs of love and joy to Him
The bright eye of the universe.

Oh, 'twas
A glorious sight to look upon, to see
That lovely vale bathed in the morning light,
And glittering in its sheen, as Eden did
When Nature's self was young.

But then at eve—
A calm and stilly eve, such as is found
In southern climes, where an eternal summer
Reigns, and brings to the sad heart a balm,
Then far beyond the reach of mortal ken
Is found the grandeur of the gorgeous scene.
For resting on the western mountain's tops,
As in a sea of gold, the setting sun
Reclined, in soft and mellow sadness, grieving
As 'twere to bid adieu, and leave that vale
Which he so much did love to smile upon.
And there reposed the lakes, forth shadowing
Like silvered mirrors or like burnished gold,
The hills in whose embrace they laid. Beyond
Receding to the East the lofty woods
And rocks sublime, the masonry of God,
Tinged by the bright beams of declining day,
Bore sportive semblance to the moonlit tower,
Or battlement by time and storm decayed.
So wondrous fair was then the beauty of
The spot, that language, yea, conception fails
Its loveliness to paint. It seemed the home,
The mountain home, of some bright fairy elves—
The sporting place, at the dead noon of night
For their wild pranks of glee.

But there was too,
A stream for beauty famed, in silver robed,
Which ever and anon, while washing out
The mountains craggy sides that reared their heads
Pine crowned, far up above, and in their arms
Circled that beauteous spot, like to a kind
And careful mother, who will permit not
Even summer's spicy breeze, to blow too rude
Upon the placid forehead of her sleeping babe.
Then rushing onward to the mighty sea,
The mouldering relics of that noble race

Unearthed, who once unfettered, proud, and free,
Roamed through that vale, its lord.

But soon the scene was changed,
For o'er that beauteous spot the demon form
Of war did rush, and o'er that land devoted
The sable pinions of his wrath he spread
Shrouding in night the day star of their hopes,
And brooding deeds of death.

On ran the hours
And from a little fort, a hardy band
Passed out to battle, in numbers, few but firm.
Determined either to make free the loved
Homes of their hearts, or perish in their gore.
On, on, they marched in silence and in doubt,
For they knew not the red men of the woods,
Nor e'en their crafty wiles, when leagued with those
Fierce demons clad in human form, who recked
Not what they did, but in the life blood of
Their friends their guilty hands imbrued, unmoved
By conscience or by love.

But as they slow
And cautiously, passed up the mountain's gorge,
Which seemed for scenes of horror formed and blood,
The fatal whoop was heard, and in a moment
Down fell, like rain in April shower, each man's
Companion. No single form was seen, no sound
Was heard, save bounding, that unearthly yell,
From distant crag to crag, which echoing back
It more terrific made, its own discordant
Melody, and ere it died away, there came,
Another, longer, louder, bolder, more
Heart-rending sound, and with it flitted by
The seared and blighted vision of that band,
A thousand shadowy forms, and on they came
The deadly simoon of the desert like.—
That little force withstood the dreadful shock
Like brave men long and well, till when by
strength,

And not by valour overcame, they fled
Into the plain, and there surrounded by
Their treacherous foes, a scene of woe ensued
Such that no'er mortal man nor heart conceived,
So full, so overflowing full was made
The measure of their misery. It seemed
As if the Almighty in his fearful wrath
For some great crime had wreaked his vengeance
there;

There by the son was slain, him whom he owed
His being; he who long had dwelt secure,
Circled in sweet and social intercourse
By friendship's golden chain, fell by that self
Same friend, and thus they fought and fell, till left

Was scarcely one to tell the dreadful tale
Of cruelty and death.

But one there was escaped,
Who having fled, upon the river's bank
Concealed himself; the enemy pursued,
And one outstripped his fellows far, when like
Those blood-hounds, which in ancient times would
track

The steps of man, so sought the monster even
For human life, and pressing on a briery hedge
He paused—and he who lay there a foot-fall
Hearing, on the stranger looked. He looked again
More closely. 'Twas his brother!
Springing from out his hiding place, and prostrate
Falling at his brother's feet, he bade him
Spare him, to save him from the torturing foe,
E'en from the Indian. Their earlier happier hours
Recalled to mind, those halcyon days of soul,
When they from pleasure's gurgling founts did sip
Life's sparkling nectar. But 'twas all in vain,
For he who can his country or his home
Desert to espouse another foreign cause
For safety or ambition's sake, must needs
Lose all the kindlier feelings of his soul.
Thus was it now, for turning round, he said—
"I know thee not—wretch, die as thou hast lived,
A rebel to thy king." And lifting up
His heavy battle-axe, it dashed upon
His unoffending brother's head, who fell,
Breathed but a prayer, then struggled, groaned,
and died.

—Oh, if there is one crime above the rest
That the Recording Angel in his book
Marks with a blacker, more eternal seal—
If there's a sin o'er which kind mercy sheds
More bitter tears, 'tis that of fratricide.
Oh horrible—it is most horrible
To see those who have lived and loved together—
Received their infant thoughts and strength from out
The same maternal breast, and those who owned
The same dear bond of kindred and of love,
Turn to be enemies, and if the God

Of Heaven will more enduring, damning fires
Call down on any one of his offenders,
'Twill be on him who slays his brother.

But now
'Twas night, and shooting up into the gloom
Were streams of flame, and bright sparks flew
around,
Like stars from heaven falling. For there was now
The savage conqueror, who having gletted
Full his black heart with human gore, now sought
To devastate that lovely vale. And on
They came, silent and terrible, silent
As if they were the shadowy forms of those
Inhabiting death's charnel house; terrible
As is the voice of God, when mighty thunders
Roar in their avenging ire. Still on
They came, and desolation marked their path—
Nor age, nor sex was spared, nor e'en the haunts
Of men, but there a universal storm
Of fire, blasted each verdant field; consumed
Each resting place, and e'en the temples of
The living God destroyed; and thus they swept
Along, till all that vale was rendered such
A miserable, heart-rending scene, that when
The morning sun rose up, in clouds he veiled
His face, with all the trappings of deep woe
He clothed himself; for storms and darkness round
Him hung, mourning as parents would for some
Young lovely child, or friend for friend, at this
Loved vale's destruction.—

Years have
Passed on, and yet no monumental stone
Endless and aged, rearing its lofty front
To heaven, and blazoning forth to all the earth
The mighty object of its rise, nor marks
The spot where sleep that chosen band, though
not
Unhonored and unwept, still to the world
Unknown.—But there a simple grassy mound
Of earth, wherein the dust-formed relics lay
Of that true-hearted few, is now the sole
Remembrancer of Fair Wyoming's Dead.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LADIES.—No. II.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

BY B. B. THATCHER, OF BOSTON.—(CONCLUDED.)

FROM the general tenor of these remarks, the reader can scarcely avoid forming a pretty clear notion of the *manner* of Miss Edgeworth, if any such thing, indeed, may be talked of in such a connection, when in fact it seems her distinction that she has none; there being nothing more remarkable about her, personally speaking, than the lack of any thing to remark upon, or at least the absence of any disposition in those who come under her influence, however transiently, to scrutinize those minutæ in address and appearance, which, in the case of other "lionesses," (and lions too) if they are not "very nice" ones, commonly furnish the principal theme of the observer's regards and reminiscences. I cite from a journal, made up soon after my visit, the following passage in this connection, to show that my recollections in this respect do not vary much from my impressions at that time:

"To me, as might be supposed, the most dis-

tinguished was the most interesting member of this charming coterie. And yet I soon began to feel that it was not merely *because* she was distinguished. I forgot that she was so, in the first hour. I was conscious only of enjoying that wholly unaffected, yet richly instructive conversation which is the fruit of a female mind at once gifted and cultivated in the highest degree. Hers may be said indeed to be steeped in the wisdom and wit of the finest society of the great British age in which she has flourished, and during the whole of which she has had, I will not say the good fortune, but the proud merit of being the object of universal esteem. Add to this her unusual opportunities of studying the character of her fellow-creatures in a humbler sphere, and the thirsting love of knowledge, the restless activity, and especially the kindly sympathies with all human beings, which have constantly led her to avail herself of these to the utmost. Add reading, such as

hers has been, and reflection such as hers. Add the constant playfulness of a bright sparkling talent, which, while it never seeks to be noticed, is never satisfied to be idle. Add then a manner of which nothing can be said, because it puts you at once too much at your ease to think any thing about it. A remark she made of a favourite writer of ours, reminds me of herself. She liked him very much, 'for there was'n't a bit of an *author* about him.' And there isn't a bit of an author about *her*. I have, in her conversation, all that is good in her novels, only it is the fresh without the formal, with the addition that it is the *real* too, and that it comes from Miss Edgeworth herself. I can see that mind brought out also by the conversation of others;—busying itself in sudden sally, and easy repartee, and even in the vileness of *puns*—(hear it, ye haters of that diversion!) Brought out, I say; for, mind ye, she does not talk all the time, like Sam Johnson. She does not *preach*, as Lamb told Coleridge *he* did. She talks rather like Lamb himself—quietly—like any body else in a word—with the slight distinction only that what she says is uniformly to the purpose, whatever the purpose may be. I called her conversation the *fruit* of her mind. It is the fruit, rather than the effort. The stock of the tree was first-rate. It has been gloriously taken care of. And now, in the autumn of its age, it is full. Every branch bows down with glowing clusters, ready to drop at a touch, and to burst, as they drop, with their ripeness."

I have been reminded of these sketches, and confirmed in my opinion of the justice they do Miss Edgeworth, (as far as they go,) by noticing since my return to this country, a passage in the late work of Mr. Lockhart, from which I have already quoted. Scott is writing to Miss Baillie, previous to having met Miss Edgeworth, and he says—"I expect to find *her*, just what you describe *her*, a being totally void of affectation." This is partly what I have endeavored to express in detail. The amount of it is, that perfect simplicity is the most noticeable thing about her. Her manner is no manner at all, but a mere instinctive representation, impalpable of her real self; a mingled radiation from the exhaustless sources of sympathy and intelligence within.

It is not a part of my design to repeat private conversation; but there can be no indelicacy in reminding my American readers, as indeed, it must be well known to them already, of the liberal feeling which she cherishes towards this country. This was to be expected from a kindly and just mind like hers; but such minds are not so numerous in foreign countries as to lessen, by familiarity, the gratification with which I have always encountered them. Nor is this claim on our respect in return, altogether a slight one. It is no very easy thing, at least it has not been, for a European to be brought to understand us. The data required, have been to him, intricate and difficult, even in themselves, provided he could get them; which, on account of distance, and old prejudices, and want of personal communication—and the lack of any literature, or of any to do us justice, on

our part, and many other causes—in ninety-nine, out of a hundred cases, could not be done. They have, therefore, judged rashly, and talked recklessly about us; it could not be otherwise: indeed, we have done much the same about them. A few, however, there have always been, who were willing to exercise charity, even where they could not get information, or because they could not, and who have made the best of us, with or without data. Some of these do deserve special credit, let me say, at our hands. They know that we have faults, as who does not? and these they were disposed to put the best construction on, at least, till they understand them better. Slavery is an example of such subjects just now. It really requires magnanimity in a British mind, not to be unjustly impressed against us as a nation, on this score, and not to break out with the feeling, as the great majority one talks with, will do, in a manner ill calculated to promote a better understanding between the parties, or to do good of any kind, quite the reverse—bitterly so; and yet, the most natural thing in the world. I shall not detail the remarks of my hostess on this theme; it is enough for my purpose to say, that they were chiefly in the form of *inquiries*; that they were evidently honest and anxious; that she seemed gratified to get statements which she thought might be relied on, and especially so, when they went fairly to improve the question in *our* favour, as well as in favour of the slaves. On the whole, I remember well, that in this case, I made my communications, and heard the comment upon them, with real satisfaction: and although, as I have hinted, discussions of the same subject seemed everywhere to haunt and pursue me, I can scarcely think of half a dozen cases where the same remark could be made; generally, the feeling excited was such as to mar one's social enjoyment. At least, it requires philosophy to prevent that result: a philosophy, which, indeed, there is no lack of opportunity to acquire by practice. I give myself credit for this accomplishment, so necessary to an American's comfort in Europe. Never suffering myself, I trust, to be maddened into indifference to this great theme, or to the discussion of it, by the ignorance, stupidity, and perverseness of those who meddle with it abroad, nor much less, to be blinded myself, in any degree, to the considerations which concern us in this matter, (including our great responsibilities,) by the frequent necessity I was forced into by seeming to argue for a bad cause—I yet acquired, at least, I believe, the secret of going through English society unworried. This Mr. O'Connell would be sorry, doubtless, to hear. Nobody, by the way, has done more than himself to try to make the two nations hate each other, and to prevent any good influence ever reaching us upon this subject, especially from the father land: and yet I learned to hear the great Blackguard himself with perfect composure. The flippant vulgarity of all his tribe, ceased at length even to provoke me.

There is merit, then, in the liberality towards our country, and especially our faults, which I met with in Miss Edgeworth. The manner in

which I heard Washington's character discussed at her table, was another like specimen, but not, I freely and gladly acknowledge, so rare. There has been more time for prejudices to be cleared away, and facts to be furnished, concerning the men and things of the period which he belonged to; and the English, if truth can once be got into them, are not a meanly rancorous people. They have, at all events, come generally to feel that their policy as well as their duty, is to be proud of Washington, and to make the most of him. True logic, indeed, should extend the same feeling to his country and countrymen, at large; but this is not to be expected at once. We will have patience, meanwhile; the day must come. And meanwhile, also, let us be thankful for what we can get. Miss Edgeworth, and the class she belongs to, are far in advance of their age.

As for herself, I honour this liberality the more, because it is reasonable to believe that she may have had rather extraordinary provocations to a different feeling. I allude to the ordinary situation of literary as well as other *distingués* in Europe, and especially in England, as regards travellers, but perhaps, for some reasons, particularly our own. No explanation is needed on this point: the thing explains itself with the mere allusion. The reader will recall at once what Mrs. Hemans, who was indulgent enough to the Americans generally, says upon this score, in Chorley's Memorials. Elsewhere, her letters give us a glimpse of the hordes who infested the privacies of Southey and Wordsworth at the lakes. The same was Scott's case, as the little which Mr. Lockhart has let out on the same subject quite suffices to show. Indeed, one of his letters shows still more. He is writing to Miss Edgeworth, herself, if I remember right, when he says, in substance—"I can easily believe *what you write* about the Americans," &c., and he goes on to speak of our good and bad qualities, in no very uncandid spirit, but plainly as if vexations had occurred. Not that our travellers are all mere lion-hunters: I hope not a large proportion of them: but the number of such is still enormous, and it increases fearfully now from year to year. I acknowledge, it seems to me, some of them must prove a great nuisance to the parties they so inveterately infest. They are a nuisance to the nation also which they pass for representing. They get for us all the character which belongs only to themselves as in the case I have just referred to. It will be no great wonder if we come to be considered a nation of bores.

Miss Edgeworth cannot be supposed to have wholly escaped these visitations, were there no intimations to that effect: but I trust she has not been so desperately overrun by them as some others I could name. Her locality, and perhaps her sex, favours her in this respect: a day's journey from Dublin, is a "consideration" to the gentry in question, most of whom think nothing whatever worth spending so much time about, and not unfrequently make the complete tour of Ireland in twenty-four hours. On the other hand, as might also be expected, she has

met with numerous better specimens of the nation. Many of these she referred to with evident satisfaction, and in terms I was proud to hear. She keeps up, I presume, not a few American acquaintances which were commenced at Edgeworth's town chiefly. Several Bostonians were inquired after, among the rest; and pointing to a fresh North American Review on the table, she observed that a Philadelphia friend had sent it to her regularly for twenty years. She then mentioned a special friend in North Carolina, by name. I observed that I did not know her. "O, no!" she replied, "she isn't famous—she only *deserves* to be!—Look here at her letters," and she pointed to a thick pile of them, as carefully cherished as her heaps of Walter Scott's or Ricardo's. This favoured lady, I think, is a *Jewess*. The same kindly feeling is shown towards the country at large. American books occupy no small space in her library, and I think I may safely say that she feels great interest in the reputation of her works on our side of the ocean. As an American I never felt more at ease than among all this coterie; indeed, it seemed as if there had been a special view to our comfort. I could not but notice the American trees, plants, and flowers, about the mansion, when we strolled together over the grounds. They made me at home.

Speaking of her works, for I ventured to introduce a subject which she never introduces herself, I presumed still farther to intimate the interest we all feel in her *future* productions, as well as her past. This she took in good part, and her reply conveyed no secret I suppose, in giving me to understand that she never entirely laid her literature aside. I inferred, in fact, that another novel would be forthcoming in due time. The deliberation with which she spoke of it, is, by the way, no new thing. Much as she has written, when we compare the quantity of it with the time of production, she can hardly be called a voluminous author. Indeed, her moderation in this respect is remarkable. It is a great proof, also, of her good judgment and just ambition. To this her reputation and her usefulness are largely owing. She has never allowed herself to be made a literary hack. Popularity and flattery have not seduced her from this even tenor: nor money neither for that matter, though if rumours be true, few, if any, British authoresses have ever been better paid. Her early works, indeed, must have produced little profit, but she is said to have received a thousand pounds for *Patronage*, and as much for *Helen*. This is not earning twelve or fifteen thousand a year, like Scott. But it is doing much better; for Scott, besides writing himself to death, had nearly destroyed his reputation besides; most of his later works, as compared with the earlier, appearing too much like bulletins issued to illustrate the decay of his powers, and the sad influence of unhappy circumstances on his habits as a literary man. Hence many admirers of his, forewarned, avoided reading them; others read them with partial allowances. And so, more or less, of most of the considerable authors of the day. Even

those who have produced comparatively little, seem to have thought it a destiny to raise a given proportion of tares and trash among the wheat. Turning over their volumes, one constantly "looks out" for such passages, as the traveller in rough countries anxiously watches from his carriage the holes and stones in the road before him. It gets to be a matter of course, at last, but it is always a serious drawback on comfort, and such books, like such travelling, frequently worry and irritate a sensitive party much more than all the talent or truth they contain can atone for. At all events there is no complete satisfaction in going through them, or in reviewing them. There is something gratuitous here, and something wanting there, and the whole has a crude disorderly air. We are provoked, at least, that one who can write well, should write ill; and that any thing worth finishing, and which comes something near being finished, perhaps, should not be quite so still, but left, like a house undertaken to be built, without the cost being counted: like a great American "shingle palace," built—raised in a hurry, and all mighty fine, till the first fall of wind knocks in the chimnies, or blows the windows, if there are any, out of the sides. Miss Edgeworth has built no such houses. She writes neither from contract, nor compulsion, nor the brief, unwholesome heat of professional excitement, nor friends' persuasion, nor force of gin. Her great end is to do good. For this no pains are spared; and what is a more difficult virtue with authors—*no time*. Not one in a hundred, for some reason or other, can take time enough; time, I mean, for preparation—for production—for recreation—for forgetting the subject it may be, altogether, for the mere sake of taking it up coolly again. Hence the crudities of literature. Hence the rarity of a *finished work* of any description. No wonder that *Paradise Lost* stands alone. No Miltons live in these days. It is not Milton's genius that is wanting so much, neither, but Milton's self-denial, his high ambition, his gigantic industry. Milton wrote not for the market, but for mankind, and so must all who would have mankind remember them. So Miss Edgeworth has done. She has been patient, indefatigable, self-dependent, conscientious. She has undertaken what was worth undertaking, and has finished it as it deserved. No broken chimnies or gaping windows disfigure her works. When things are not splendid, and not meant to be, they are substantial and snug, at least. We take comfort in the mature efforts of a mature mind. No puff of popular caprice will ever blow these structures down. Nobody will turn away from them with a feeling of pity or regret. They may make little show, and attract no great outburst of admiration at any one time, but from year to year, and from age to age, there they will stand, as they have stood so long, in their modest beauty and quiet strength: and when their flashy and flimsy competitors and imitators, with ninety-nine hundreds of all their cotemporaries, have disappeared in every direction, the world will still be saying of them what it says at this day.

In this connection I remember the remark of Miss Edgeworth, that perhaps she had grown "more cautious" than she used to be: and she gave as a reason that she no longer had her father to *correct* composition. I noticed this remark as an illustration of her diffidence and her care. Richard Lovell Edgeworth was an accomplished and most ingenious man. He had literary abilities withal. The work on Education which his daughter commenced her career with, was partly his. No doubt, she was accustomed to submit her works regularly to his criticism while he lived. But I much doubt whether his aid ever amounted to much more than a sort of social satisfaction. His *forte* lay in other matters, some of them eccentricities; railroads for cleaning out quarries—treadmills—velocipedes—telegraphs, and balloons for distributing manure over a farm! There is, to this day, a cast-iron steeple of a curious construction, devised by him, on the pretty little church near the mansion, where I attended public worship with the family, and beneath which his dust reposes. Such a taste, united with whatever talent, could not be expected to do much for the novels. Besides, there is intrinsic evidence about them of the supremacy of a single mind and will, not to repeat that the latest of them are quite uniform with the series, and by no means liable to the charge of falling off.

Such is Miss Edgeworth in private life. As I hinted before, there is little that is *piquant* about it. The note-takers find but dull encouragement about these premises, things go so evenly on. My readers may be disappointed in these sober sketches. I can only assure them that such was no feeling of my own. Welcomed, on the Saturday afternoon I reached the Edgeworthstown, as soon as my letters were produced, with the cordial hospitality for which the family is distinguished, I was made at once as much at ease in it as if I had been a relative long expected to visit them. An hour or two before dinner, (at six,) were kindly devoted to pointing out to me whatever was most attractive in the beautiful grounds of which I have spoken. A delightful quiet *English* evening then passed away; long, but the close of which however, came too soon, till the cheerful little groups, of various tastes and ages, scattered over the different parts of the room (the library) in which we were congregated, slowly and almost sadly, one by one, retired. The scene seems a common one enough. There was nothing to be said about it; there is nothing: and yet it haunts my memory in all its minutiae, with a strange delight, for I look back upon that evening, (invalid as I was at the time,) as the happiest perhaps of my whole existence; one that alone might have repaid me for crossing the sea. I think of the high, warm, bright-walled room; the sober-looking shelves in the rear; alcoves crowded with books—the few choice volumes scattered about on the round tables, where those who chose the occupation were enjoying the contents; the comfortable social curtains and sofas, arranged no less to gratify the eye than to indulge the body; the

magazines, journals, engravings, pictures, music, curiosities, to suit all tastes: the broad fireplace, filled with an old-fashioned generous blaze, and throwing its genial light over the venerable figure of the old lady, (the aunt,) in her antique easy chair. Among these parties, who helped to animate this scene, I might have mentioned before an accomplished family from Roscommon county, who had spent some days at the mansion. These were *Catholics*, by the way, which I mention not so much for an illustration or proof, as a memento of the liberal spirit which the Edgeworths, and especially the novelist, have ever endeavoured to infuse into the society through which their influence extends.

It was the same, let me here say, which I saw everywhere in the movements and converse of the household. The effect of it cannot but have been most happy. Something of it I could not but feel that I witnessed even in the little Edgeworthstown village, in the near vicinity of the mansion. The principal street in it, the highway, wore, what is not common in the country, the clean, bright, thrifty air of an English hamlet; and the lanes branching off from it, on either side, are skirted with humble habitations, Irish enough, I confess, in style and size, and in the hospitable independence with which quadrupeds and bipeds were entertained together on the premises: yet most of them a grade quite above the national average, and some, with the aid of the stray wild flowers flourishing out of the mossy roof, approaching the dignity of an English cottage. I noticed the two churches also, in the skirts of the village; the Catholic on one hand, and the Established on the other,* with their several graveyards, each alike unassuming and undisturbed on the Sabbath. I mused away twilight, pondering on the humble annals of the buried generations of Edgeworthstown, among these "mouldering heaps," always, but especially in the old countries, so touchingly eloquent to the sensibility and the imagination, and so full of a severe though mournful instruction for the soul. If I remember right, there were some Catholic graves mingled with the Protestant, side by side, the same old trees throwing their evening shadows, the same last sunshine smiling over each. The sign of the cross stood over them, at least, and the inscriptions, some of which moved my feelings with their simple verses more than I can tell, had a papal air. I welcomed them as such. I rejoiced in the evidence they gave me of lives which had passed away in Christian brotherhood with those around them, in harmony with themselves, in devout gratitude, I hope, to the beneficent father of us all. I rejoiced yet more in the thought they suggested of that higher existence, where the fell divisions that vex us here may be healed yet more completely. "There," thought I, as with the first dropping of nightfall dews, I bent my steps back to the mansion—"there these

names and creeds shall be known no more. No crosses shall need to be set up—no authority will be called on to protect the one from another. But there will be consummated in glory and in sacred bliss, the wide embracing union of the far-scattered spirits that were brought to begin knowing and loving each other in this world; and there only can the blessed influence which I now trace back easily to this one family, perhaps this single heart, be followed through all its immortal issues. They who have done this good, delighting in it as its own reward, may seek no recompense beyond the harvest of happiness which grows up in their footsteps, as verdure springs by the rivulet's brink, wherever they walk—for this they share with those they bless: they may seek and meet no more; but verily they shall have their reward. This is the literature to be coveted after all. What poems in these epitaphs and prayers! what histories, more glorious than fiction ever was, might the poorest tenants of these green mounds unfold! And they will unfold them. The volume shall be heard and read of the angels. It shall be put upon record in heaven."

Reflections like these more and more occupied me during the sequel of my short visit—revived from hour to hour by every thing which passed around me; and they were uppermost in my mind when the moment came for its termination. I was consoled to think, at least, that the days, whose lapse I lamented, had not been spent in vain. I felt, too, from this brief acquaintance, brief as it was, I had not fathered alone the pleasure it gave me at the time, or the bright light that should shine from it far into future years. Lessons, never to be forgotten, had been taught me. I went there, thinking of literature and literary fame—of a high order, indeed—but I came away musing of other things. Not that I had learned to disparage the former; but rather, I trust, to see them in their true proportions. I estimated them more highly, and more humbly too, than ever; more highly, far, when I pondered the problem Miss Edgeworth has solved, of the real luxury and dignity of literature, valued and used as it should be: but far more humbly, too, when I considered the connection in which I had found it here. For I saw here something of what hidden but boundless sympathies are running ever between the author's position and his productions, but most of all in this respect, that active virtue, and daily usefulness, and a free and fearless, but loving and kindly mingling with nature and humanity as they are in all their aspects, all their appeals, these are the true foundation upon which he must build. The bright unsullied conscience—the cultivated heart—the intellect, trained as well as tasked, and chastened as well as trained, the existence where every moment tells for humanity and the world's good; these are the "*sapientia*" of composition—the genuine inspiration—the secret of the only professional success worthy of a just ambition; on these have been built those grand Miltonic reputations, rare as the pyramids, but enduring as they are,

* Fixed in the outer wall of which, by the way, I noticed a tablet inscribed with a few beautiful lines to the memory of a faithful old housekeeper, who died in the mansion after having had the charge of it for more than forty years.

which, towering as they may be, fear no pouring of the floods of criticism, no beating of the winds of time. And those who emulate the glory of these noble few must imitate their example.

The structure of their literature, in a word, like Miss Edgeworth's, must be raised on the rock of their life: they must write, they must live, like her.

Written for the Lady's Book.

PARTING WORDS.

BY MISS A. D. TURNBRIDGE.

Sung by the choir of the Rev. Mr. K.'s church, on the evening previous to his embarkation for Europe.

THE sad hour of parting draws near,
We turn a fond glance to the past,
Though water'd by many a tear,
Joy's sunbeams are over it cast.
The *past*!—we have shared it with thee,
With thee all its paths we have trod;
Deep gratitude's fount gushes free,
For ah! thou didst lead us to God!

The *present*!—oh! sad is the hour,
When kindred in spirit must part;
But love will resist all its power,
Nor *heart* may it sever from *heart*;

Yet sadly thy voice do we hear,
Our souls are dissolv'd by a spell,
They vibrate from hope back to fear,
While breathing our fond—*Fare thee well!*

The *future*! May God guide thy way,
While viewing his hand in the deep!
In climes of the east be thy stay,
And guard thee, awake or asleep!
Thy lips may He touch with his fire,
The truth to proclaim on each shore—
While rises our fervent desire,
To us, may He bring thee once more!

Written for the Lady's Book.

REMARKS ON THE EDUCATION OF GIRLS.

Suggested by the Rev. Charles H. Alden's letter to Mrs. Hale.

BY MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS—PRINCIPAL OF WESTCHESTER SEMINARY.

THE attention of those interested in the subject of human improvement, and the well-being of society, is invited to the remarks on Education of the Rev. Charles H. Alden, in his letter to the Editor of the *Lady's Book*, published in the February number.—We say of "human improvement and the well-being of society," although the subject of Mr. Alden's letter is that of *female education*;—for, has not this a most important bearing upon society at large? Is not the character of the future men of our republic, to depend on the mothers we are now educating?

Physiologists tell us that the nursing infant imbibes with his mother's milk, her tastes and propensities. We do not suppose, indeed, that mind can be thus transfused from one soul to another; but we do think that the moral character of the future man, may be influenced by the treatment he receives at the breast, and in the cradle; and that his physical constitution may be seriously affected by the food which he imbibes from the maternal fount. That ungoverned passions, through the unknown and mysterious connexion of matter and mind, destroy the salubrity of this fount, is an established fact in physiology, verified by daily observation. The nurse says, "the poor baby is sick, or fretful to day, because his mother is not well." It is possible that this mother has been indulging in some discontent or grief, occasioned by real evils, or imaginary distresses.

These feelings, followed by nervous agitation, and a train of hysterical affections, the whole physical system becomes disordered, and the natural food of the infant thus rendered impure, has imparted its insalubrious qualities to the child. Romulus, nursed by a wolf, was ferocious;—what can we expect of a child nursed by a mother who has no government over her passions? Who, while imparting to him aliment which gives disease rather than health, exhibits upon her countenance the expression of disturbed feelings, which the little passive being catches from her by the natural and powerful instinct of sympathy?

It is then not the interest of woman only, but of man, the child of woman—of *man emphatically*, that we would consult, when we advocate for our sex that mode of education, which will fortify their minds, and enable them to control their passions, by the powerful aid of a cultivated understanding, and a subdued temper.

Mr. Alden justly complains of the evils of considering the education of girls completed, by the time they have attained maturity of intellect sufficient to pursue study to advantage. When parents have not the means of giving to their daughters a thorough and extensive course of education, there is nothing to be said. Such parents have only the alternative of choosing for them some useful occupation, or training them to household duties, so that their labor

may be of importance to the mother, and relieve her of many cares and toils which fall to the lot of woman, in the common, and often in the higher walks of life. But we would consider the case of those who have ample means to educate their children, who expend large sums in private lessons to masters, who have no interest in the moral characters of their pupils, and whose lessons in music, drawing, languages, &c., are often of little use, for want of that regular system, and close application, which are with difficulty secured in private families, where interruptions of various kinds are constantly occurring; and education, instead of being, as in a well ordered school, the general concern, is but a secondary object.

We are to consider the case of parents who indulge their young daughters in expensive dress; in children's parties; and, who bring them into society with manners and characters unformed, and minds uncultivated. It is pitiable to behold the unfurnished head of a young girl, surmounted with feathers, while her air and manners bespeak the incipient flirt—the woman who is to estimate the value of things only by their glitter—the inefficient mother—and the valueless wife. We must reflect that such a character cannot be merely *neutral*; but that a mother who is a *cypher* among her children, and in the conjugal relation, will perform the office that 0 does in the arithmetic, increasing all the evils of life in a ten-fold proportion.

We admit that it is not easy for parents who are much in society, to prevent, while their daughters are at home, their too early introduction into the fashionable world. Miss, at fourteen or fifteen, would think it very hard to be denied showing herself at mamma's party, and mamma's friends, seeing her thus "brought out," will, of course, think it necessary to include her in their invitations; and the voice of parental authority growing weaker, and that of the indulged child "strengthening with her strength and growing with her growth," the unequal contest is at length given up, and the parents see their error when too late to retrieve it. A profound moralist, the Duc de Rochefoucault, has said, "Il faut que les jeunes gens qui entrent dans le monde soient honteux ou étourdis; un air capable et composé se tourne d'ordinaire en impertinence." And a noble Englishman, of the "good olden time," truly, though quaintly remarks, that "Parents are to be blamed for the unthriflike looseness of youth, who send them into the world seven years before their judgment."

In considering, some years since, the subject of female education, both *public* and *private*, after carefully weighing the advantages and disadvantages of each method, we gave our voice in favour of the former. It was after a residence of several years in one of our largest female seminaries, when, from having two daughters of my own among the pupils, as well as from my connexion with the government and instruction of the school, I had watched every indication of evil incident to such an institution—it was after a subsequent experiment in my own private family, and hav-

ing indulged in golden visions of a perfect plan of domestic education, in which would have been combined all the advantages of public education, with none of its evils—it was after I had felt obliged to confess to myself the failure of this plan, and that where one advantage was gained by domestic education, ten had been lost;—it was after resolving to part with my daughters, and send them to finish their school education at a public institution;—it was after this double experiment, that I gave my opinion in favor of educating girls at a female seminary or boarding institution. It is in intercourse with those of their own age, that the young learn to measure their own abilities; it is then that mind awakes, and thought enkindles thought. It is when surrounded by witnesses, whose good opinion is desired, that a regard for standing and character becomes a fixed and governing principle, restraining the wayward temper, stimulating the dormant faculties, and subjugating the passions to the empire of reason. In such an institution the young learn that most important lesson, self command, which is of far more value than merely intellectual attainments. It is here that the girl learns in the community in which she is placed, to consider the feelings and the rights of others, and to see her own character reflected, not in the flattering mirror of parental partiality merely, but as it really appears to the impartial view of teachers and companions. We admit that this situation, while it improves also tries the character. But if a parent, through morbid tenderness, desires to spare his child from such a test, and would suffer her to remain in ignorance, and in the indulgence of indolent and vicious habits, rather than bring her to the ordeal, he should remember that the time must come when he can no longer conceal her true character.

A husband looks with other eyes than a parent. Even small defects alarm him, as indicating others, perhaps, of greater magnitude. He is nice and critical, (at least, as far as his wife is concerned), in his notions of conjugal duty. The husband scans the temper, knowledge, self-government, and deportment of his wife, not less closely than before marriage, he might have regarded her beauty and accomplishments. Children, too, are as severe judges of their parents as the latter are partial to them, and commence the office of censors, over the actions of their parents, long before they are supposed capable of forming opinions.

Would it not be better to place girls in situations where their mental disorders, if they have such, may be subjected to judicious, salutary treatment, even though in effecting a cure, they may be exposed to some mortification, and self-denial, rather than leave them to become wives with no qualities to command confidence, and mothers with no substantial claims to respect?

We invite the attention of parents to this subject. Those who are opposed to the mode of educating girls in boarding institutions, are appealed to, whether they find it easy to carry on, in their own families, a systematic course of intellectual education? and whether there is

not in the indulgent atmosphere of home, an influence which enervates the moral energies, and renders it difficult to enforce that observance of duties which is necessary in the formation of a good and valuable character! If there are parents so happy as to have daughters who are entirely docile in disposition, energetic in action, self-denying in character—who are ever ready to pursue the path marked out for them;—to rise early without the call of a seminary bell, to withdraw voluntarily from agreeable company, or recreation, in order to pursue their solitary lessons; who are always careful to keep their apartments and wardrobes in order, merely because they are advised to do it, though subject to no penalty for neglect—in short, who need to be placed in no situation of trial, in order to strengthen their moral powers, and give firmness and energy to their minds—if there are parents thus blessed—and if, in addition, they can secure the proper intellectual advantages, we admit that there seems little necessity for sending such daughters abroad. But such instances, we believe, are, unfortunately rare, even among the best young persons, and in the best regulated families.

With regard to the "*time allotted to females for their education*," and the "*misnomer of a finished education*," subjects alluded to in Mr. Alden's letter, we perfectly agree with him, that there is great folly in withdrawing girls from school, at the very period when the mind is most capable of profiting by literary and scientific pursuits. We object to the term "*finishing education*," because our whole life ought to be spent, either in being educated, or doing the work of self-education. But what is here meant is the period of *school* education, to which there must be a termination, that the young may become actors in the busy scenes of life, and discharge the responsible duties of members of families, and of society at large. We do not consider a young lady at eighteen, out of place at school, and are always pleased to see females, at any age, entering upon a course of instruction, when they find their early education deficient. Parents who wish their daughters to leave school at an early age, should not think of crowding upon them instruction in all the branches which might be profitably pursued, if longer time were allowed. A girl of fourteen or fifteen has not the necessary strength of mind—she cannot have been susceptible of the necessary teaching, to fit her for the study of higher branches of mathematics, philosophy, and belles-lettres, which so beautifully complete a proper and systematic course of education. Young men do not usually leave college until about eighteen; and are then allowed several years more of study to fit themselves for professions; this is as it should be; as women are not to engage in these professions, they do not require that preparation, but we should like to see females of the higher classes, and those who are to become teachers, as well instructed in rhetoric, composition, and elocution, as young men on leaving college; we should like to see them able to read the Latin Classics, to write and speak the French lan-

guage, with a knowledge of some other modern tongues. Mathematics, the different branches of natural science, and the science of the human mind, are all equally important to the one sex as to the other. In addition to these studies, music, drawing, and other accomplishments are now considered as essential to a polished education, and if sufficient time be allowed, they may be obtained without detriment to the severer pursuits.

If institutions are necessary for the education of girls, it becomes a question, by what means they are to be established; and whether the subject is not of sufficient importance to engage the attention of parents and legislators. In order to promote the health, delicacy, comfort, and improvement of the pupils in boarding establishments, accommodations are necessary which require a liberal expenditure; and we reciprocate with Mr. Alden, the hope, that, "when the excitement of political party shall have subsided, our legislatures will dare to found and foster Institutions for Female Learning."

In the mean time, as political excitement among the guardians of the public weal, seems not very likely, at present, to give place to calm deliberation upon the importance of female education, may the cause find advocates among men of talents and influence, and benefactors among the rich and powerful. Then will temples dedicated to "Female Learning," become familiar to the eye, as are now colleges for males, and magnificent buildings for the insane, the blind, and the deaf mutes.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A VOICE TO THE MOURNER.

BY HANNAH F. GOULD.

"And the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations."—*Rev. xxii. 3.*

Would'st thou recall me, sorrowing child of earth?

Would'st thou recall me to my sleeping clay?
Time's richest treasures—all its joys are worth;
One breath of heaven would sweep as dust away!

I've done with all the shadow forms
That mortals yet pursue;
The changing hues—the vapour lights,
That shine to mock their view!
I'm safe above the thorny paths
They still must travel through!

Would'st thou recall me, there again to stray?

Here shines the glory cloud shall never shade;
Here flows the fountain of eternal joy;
This tree of life hath leaves that cannot fade—
Balm, pure and healing—fruits that never cloy!
Now, of love, and faith, and hope,
Comes the sure reward.
We are crown'd, an angel band;
In a sweet accord,
Singing to our golden harps,
"Holy is the Lord!"
Would'st thou recall me from the blest employ!

Written for the Lady's Book.

AN EVENING'S CONVERSATION ABOUT AUTOGRAPHS.

BY THE EDITOR.

"Did you not say that you thought the characters of individuals might be understood from their hand-writing?" inquired Ellen Marvin.

"Not exactly so," replied the schoolmaster. "Some qualities of character are undoubtedly to be traced in the chirography; and those faculties of the mind which the phrenologists denominate perceptive, particularly order, form, size, may be easily ascertained. Imitation, also, can be judged of—and the temperament of a writer gives, I think, a decided impress to his autograph."

"Then, Ellen, I told you"—began Charles Howard.

"No matter what you told me," interrupted Ellen, rather pettishly. "You have no taste for the study of autographs."

"Study! cousin Ellen!" exclaimed Charles.

"Yes, study! cousin Charles. You think nothing requires study but those crazy German philosophers, who may be studied till doomsday without any danger of being understood."

"Have you ever tried to understand them, Ellen?" inquired Charles.

"No, indeed! I should as soon think of attempting to understand 'animal magnetism.' Why, who supposes that Kant or Fichte ever intended their metaphysics should be understood? I am sure, Charles, that you have too much good sense to wish me to waste my time on such mysticisms."

"But I do wish you to study the writings of Cousin, the French philosopher; he is not mystical," said Charles, earnestly.

"It is not necessary," replied Ellen, with a careless toss of her head, which she knew would vex her cousin, because it implied a want of interest in his favourite author; then, as if to conciliate his feelings, she added, in a playful tone, "You know I am by nature an eclectic; I always select the good in every study and system, and I find good in all, even the study of autographs."

"No doubt," observed the schoolmaster, glad that he had obtained a chance to speak, "no doubt, a comparison of the different autographs of celebrated writers is interesting on many accounts. I think also, that traits of character and genius may be discoverable in the hand-writing—a fine taste in forms certainly is."

"Thank you for believing so much in my favourite theory," said Ellen. "Now I will show you my choicest specimens."

"Ah! the lady writers, I see. Well, you are right; always cherish respect and consideration for your own sex, if you wish to be held in estimation as a woman. Men never respect a lady who shows contempt for the opinions and society of ladies."

"Who could be indifferent to the opinions of such women as these?" said Ellen, producing

the autographs of *Mrs. Sigourney, Misses Gould, Mitford and Leslie.*"

"No one of either sex, who has a proper value for talents, genius, and excellence," said the schoolmaster, warmly. "Those are autographs which all must wish to possess."

"But can you distinguish aught of the peculiar characteristics of the writers in these specimens?" inquired Charles Howard.

"Yes, I think I can. We will first compare these two poets,

L. H. Sigourney.

and

H. F. Gould

"Mrs. Sigourney always writes the same beautiful and perfect hand. It seems as if her pen must be stereotyped. I have seen numerous letters of hers, and large MS, always the same—no blots—no erasures—no interlining; but all appears systematized and finished by rule and method which cannot fail."

"And so is her poetry—always beautiful and perfect," said Ellen.

"Yes, perfect of its kind," said the schoolmaster, "and often exquisitely beautiful. In elegiac poetry she has no superior in our language. That kind of verse admits of the order in arrangement which her chirography shows to be a predominating quality in her mind. The subject, also, admits of being perfectly finished. She delights, too, in themes of a calm contemplative character, or of those profound religious feelings, which have a tendency to tranquillize the soul. Rarely has she attempted to arouse the passions—and never successfully. Does not her handwriting accord with this perfectly governed spirit?"

"Indeed it does," exclaimed Ellen, triumphantly. "Only compare it with Lord Byron!"

"Stop, my sweet coz," said Charles Howard. "Don't draw your inference till I have given my testimony. I have seen the chirography of *Mrs. Sigourney*. She is one of the most accomplished penmen in the country. *Mrs. Sigourney* writes a hand very similar to that of her husband—not quite so perfectly finished and beautiful, but still it might almost be taken for his. Shall we draw the inference, that they are, in mind, taste, disposition, almost exactly similar? Or shall we say that she had a beautiful model of penmanship in that of her husband's chirography, and successfully imitated it."

"You can say which you please," said Ellen, hastily. "I shall believe and say that her perfection of character is manifested by her perfect penmanship."

"And what will become of the characters of those who write a shocking bad hand?" said the schoolmaster, smiling.

"O, we shall find some redeeming trait, I dare say," replied Ellen.

"If they will only cross their *t*'s, and dot their *i*'s, they shall be voted into good society," said Charles Howard.

"Miss Gould will need no such favour," observed Ellen. "She writes a plain, graceful, delicate hand."

"With something of an old-fashioned turn to her *d*'s," said the schoolmaster, "which accords with the quaint style of many of her poems. Then there is an easy flowing grace in the letters, which coincides with the mastery she possesses over the English language. She has a peculiar faculty of rhyming words which no other poet would dare attempt. Her lines to the 'Ground Laurel,' begin thus:

"I love thee, pretty *nursling*,
Of vernal sun and rain,
For thou art *Flora's* *frstling*,
And loveliest in her train."

"I recollect the amusement which these odd yet easy combinations of words, gave me when I read her poems," said Charles. "There was one on a 'Grasshopper and Ant,' in which she makes the wise ant say thus:

"When the cold frost all the herbage has nipp'd,
When the bare branches with ice-drops are tipp'd,
Where the grasshopper then be, that skipp'd
So careles and lightly to-day.
Frozen to death: a sad picture, indeed,
Of careles indulgence, and what must succeed,
That all his gymnastics can't shelter or feed,
Or quicken his pulse into play.
"I must prepare for a winter to come,
I shall be glad of a home and a crumb,
When my frail form out of doors would be numb,
And I in the snow storm should die.
Summer is lovely, but soon will be past,
Summer has plenty, not always to last,
Summer's the time for the ant to make fast,
Her stores for a future supply."

"Only a *real* poet would dare to write thus naturally," said the schoolmaster.

"Her language always has the ease of first thoughts," said Ellen.

"True, because she always uses the right word in the right place," said the schoolmaster. "You may well prize her autograph—fifty years hence her writing will be a treasure indeed."

"Do you think that a large organ of *ideality* has any influence on the chirography of a poet?" inquired Charles.

"Quite likely," replied the schoolmaster, "or on any person possessed of such an organization."

"I suppose the poet would write in flourishes when the inspiring fit was on him," said Ellen, laughing. "I wonder I have never rhymed."

"So do I—for your chirography evinces great *ideality*," said Charles. "And I believe there must be some truth in the theory; Pope, who every one knows, had but little imagination, wrote a hand as regular and methodical as that of an engrossing clerk, while that of Byron

seems to have been thrown off at a flash, like chain lightning."

"We rarely see the first MS of a poet, however," replied the schoolmaster. "Pope and Byron were alike in one particular—they both corrected with care, and were very particular respecting the printing and punctuation of their writings. But that has nothing to do with our present inquiry; the autographs of these two charming lady writers:

Miss Mitford

and

Eliza Leslie

"We must see how these will illustrate our theory. What say you to these specimens, Ellen?"

"I think that Miss Mitford writes a more free and flowing hand than Miss Leslie, but not so legible or finished," said Ellen.

"To my taste, there seems a piquant or epigrammatic turn in the letters of the American, and a dashing descriptive, off-hand style in those of the English lady," said Charles.

"And these different styles of chirography coincide remarkably with that of their published writings," observed the schoolmaster. "Miss Leslie is minute in descriptions of persons and events, but she always enlivens these with touches of sly humour and comic incidents which give piquancy and interest to the most common-place stories of real life. She never confuses her meaning—it is distinct and legible as her *e*'s and *l*'s. Her personages are distinct as portraits in a gallery of paintings, and each individual seems exactly fitted for his place and post. We have few pleasanter writers, none who have better sustained their literary reputation—she has published nothing inferior; nothing she might wish to blot."

"I am glad she is a favourite of yours," said Ellen; "to me she is something better—a friend. I always go to her books when I wish to correct my little faults, those trifles that few friends are kind enough to point out to us, but which it is necessary we should know, if we would not be odd or disagreeable."

"Her last article which appeared in the *Lady's Book*—'Peter Jones'—was capital," said Charles, "I would preserve her autograph were it only as a memento of that racy story."

"I shall not allow you to preserve this one, cousin Charles," said Ellen. "That is my prerogative; I intend to collect such a galaxy of the names of literary ladies as shall strike every disparager of female genius blind, even to look upon it."

"No need of the galaxy for that purpose, my dear girl," said the schoolmaster, kindly. "Such defamers are usually blind enough naturally, to all that is good and pure. But if you can use your collection to give a brighter radiance to woman's intellect in the estimation of her own sex, you will do the world a real bene-

fit. I have remarked that talented women, I mean those who show their genius in authorship, are rarely favourites with their own sex. It should be otherwise—it must be, before the intelligence of women will ever be truly appreciated by men."

"Some female writers are always favourites with their own sex," said Ellen. "Who ever heard a lady disparage Mrs. Hemans or Miss Mitford?"

"Exceptions prove the rule, you know," said Charles.

"I don't hold to the wisdom of that adage," said the schoolmaster. "Exceptions weaken the proof positive as far as their example has any influence. But I allow that those ladies have been uncommonly successful in securing the suffrages of both sexes in their favour. Mary Mitford is one of the most popular English writers of our day. Her pictures of country life, have about them the fascination of fairy tales."

"And a good-natured fairy, too, her prompter must be," said Charles. "I have always admired in her writings the warm interest she takes in the lowly and poor. She shows that wherever there is love and truth in the heart, there is beauty in the human character; her pictures are, no doubt, coloured and beautified by her rich fancy—her autograph shows she must have *ideality*, largely developed—but this power of shedding brightness on the dark canvass of poverty and misfortune, belongs only to the benevolent. She doubtless hopes all the happiness she describes."

"O, she must be a dear friend and the pleasantest companion in the world!" exclaimed Ellen. "How I have longed to ramble with her and Dash—the only dog I ever thought I should like—all over 'Our Village,' and down by the brook-side, where she always found violets among the moss; and even away to the cricket ground, though it does not seem exactly the sport for ladies to enjoy. But Mary Mitford loves every thing that gives innocent enjoyment to any breathing creature. I do think her heart is a perpetual fountain of good nature and happiness."

"Can you find all these excellent characteristics in her chirography?" inquired Charles Howard of the schoolmaster.

"To be sure he can," said Ellen, "and many others. He has admitted, or rather you have, that her autograph shows large *ideality*, and that accounts for her creative genius in tragedy; and then there is a peculiar picturesque manner in which she runs her syllables and words together, yet makes the whole distinct to the reader. It seems as though she never stopped to mend her pen, or even dip it in the ink, but only had to breathe her thoughts over the paper, and there they were. How I have wished for such power!"

"That would be the steam power of mind," said Charles, "which is often wished for, I believe."

"And were it possessed, we should need an Omar every half century to purify the world of books by a conflagration like that of Alexan-

dria," said the schoolmaster. "It is a blessed thing that labour-saving machines for the mind cannot be invented or used. Mary Mitford, I am sure, does not need one."

"But don't you think she writes with great ease?" inquired Ellen.

"Yes, the ease of long practice, both of thought and the pen. She seems to use the latter, as though it were a mere instrument, as in truth it is, of recording thought, but never the object of her care at all; as though she could write just as well with one sort of pen as another, and therefore rarely is troubled about mending pens. In short, her hand-writing shows quickness of intellect and fancy, with a steadiness either by nature or habit, which argues the capacity of great performances."

"I hope she does not write with that abomination of art, a steel pen," said Ellen.

"No—I think hers is a real feather; it may be from the same gray goose which furnished the Commentator Gill with his much enduring pen. You probably recollect the story, Mr. Howard?"

"No—I don't recall it at present," said Charles.

"Why he wrote a quarto of five hundred pages with a single pen, and concluded the book by the following lines—

"With one good pen I wrote this book,
Made of a gray goose quill:
A pen it was when it I took,
And a pen I leave it still."

Which shows," continued the schoolmaster, "that some things can be done as well as others," as Sam Patch used to say—and that little things may, when used for great purposes, gain a renown which properly should belong to great ones. I dare say the pen of Gill would be much more valued than his book."

"Yes," said Ellen, "I think Miss Mitford must have some such never-wearing-out pen, for I have seen many letters of hers, and all are written just in the same manner, as though her pen was always at play—I know she never makes writing a task."

"Yet, probably, she often writes with an aching head and a weary heart," said the schoolmaster, "for these are the lot of all the sons and daughters of genius—no eminence in literature is ever gained without study, exertions and trials of some sort. Remember this, while you treasure your autographs—every distinguished name is a lesson of industry and perseverance, or of self-denial and suffering."

"You see the importance of the study of autographs, now, cousin Charles," said Ellen; "I think you must be satisfied with it as a study."

"*Cui bono?*" said Charles, smiling.

"Oh, if you quote Latin to a lady, you abandon your argument at once," said Ellen.

"I think, too, that he will lose it on his own grounds," said the schoolmaster. "We have found *good*—that is, innocent amusement in the study this evening."

"The wise may gather wisdom from all things," said Charles. "There are sermons in stones, Shakspeare says—and who doubts that he could read them? But, do you believe that

character, or the predominating sentiments of the mind and heart of a person can be discovered in his or her chirography?"

"We have been interpreting the characters of these lady writers," said Ellen.

"Yes—because we knew the characteristics of their productions," said Charles. "But could we form an opinion of the disposition and talents of a stranger by his autograph? If so, we might, by examining the Babylonish bricks, learn the characters of the builders of Babel."

"I think, as I observed in the beginning of our discussion," said the schoolmaster, "that the perceptive powers, and some others of the intellectual faculties—say *imitation*, *constructiveness*, and perhaps *ideality*, have an influence on the handwriting, also, that temperament modifies it essentially. A person of quick intellect, whose thoughts rush like a cataract, will never show perfect equality of penmanship like one of a slower and more phlegmatic constitution. Our Washington as a specimen of the latter, compared with Bonaparte, will illustrate my meaning."

"But a knowledge of temperament is not decisive of character," said Charles.

"Certainly not; and I am willing to confess that the higher and better qualities of men and women—their moral powers and reasoning faculties, which truly constitute human character, because belonging to men and not to animals—can never be known or even guessed by their chirography. In the art of penmanship, an engrossing clerk may excel the greatest genius or the wisest man. Writing 'comes by nature,' to some, who would have marvellous little use for the accomplishment, did they only write it to express their own thoughts. And yet it is an accomplishment which the highest genius should strive to acquire. A fair autograph is what we expect from a lady's hand. Yet, those who write the most from original thoughts and the spirit's influence, seldom write so well as the copyists. A few exceptions there are, and Mrs. Sigourney is perhaps one of the most distinguished."

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

WHERE dwelleth it? Not in the festoon'd hall,
Where mirth's gay circles hold their nightly dance,

And wine and music keep the mind in thrall,
And madly quench its bright inheritance;
Nor dwells it in the smooth and measured line
Where sounding words usurp the place of sense,
But in the heart it builds its holiest shrine,
And on the world's broad page its splendours shine.

It fills our mountain land, whose rocks and woods
All wildly stand in their primeval form;
It is embodied in the waterfall,
And echoes in the voices of the storm!
Ours is the poet's land! its battle-grounds
With spectre steeds and spirit warriors swarm,
Unbroken silence fills its deep profounds—
Oblivion's rayless night broods o'er our ancient mounds!

Go out upon the hills when morning breaks,
And there it dwells in beautiful array;
Fair landscapes smile, and silver streams and lakes,
Laughing and leaping on their joyous way,

Seem like a young and renovated throng
Just waked from rosy dreams to hail the day!
It fills the air, and breathes in many a song,
And gentle gales are wafting it along.

Go when soft twilight casts its shadows o'er thee;
Veiling the glorious prospect from thine eye,
Till fancy's brighter regions pass before thee;
Go when the stars are brightest in the sky,
And mutely gaze and wonder as they shine,
Till aspirations that can never die,
Go upward from thy heart's devoted shrine,
Then shall that spirit meet and blend with thine.

Peasant, or sage, or child! when thou dost feel
That flame within thee blazing, quench it not!
'Twill trace, in characters of wo or weal,
Lines which eternity may never blot.
Oh! cherish the sweet sister of devotion!
'Twill smile on thee amid thy darkest lot,
Lighting each frown, and soothing each commotion,
Like moonlight beaming on a billowy ocean.
New Haven, Ct. HART OF THE VALLE.

Public charities and benevolent associations for the gratuitous relief of every species of distress, are peculiar to Christianity; no other system of civil or religious policy has *originated* them; they form its highest praise and characteristic feature; an order of benevolence so disinterested, and so exalted, looking before and after, could no more have *preceded* revelation, than light the sun.

Those who are embarked in that greatest of all undertakings, the propagation of the gospel, and who do so from a thorough conviction of its superior utility and excellence, may indeed fail in saving others, but they are engaged in that labour of love, by which they are most likely to save themselves, particularly if they pray that through God's assistance *both* ends may be obtained.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MARY MAGDALENE; A TRADITION OF NAIN.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

MARY arose from the crimson pillows on which she had been reposing, and approaching the window, drew back, with a silken rope, the heavy draperies of purple inwrought with gold, which shaded the apartment from the direct rays of the sun, and gazed with a thoughtful brow out on the quiet streets of the city of Nain. Beyond its walls lay the tranquil sea, whose waters reflected back to heaven the thousand resplendent lights and shadows scattered along the western horizon by the flashing rays of the setting sun, and in the far distance, like a streak of gray clouds lay the mountains of Judea. Many a shallop richly laden was gliding over the still waters; some bound outwards, freighted with the rich dyes and stuffs of Nazareth; some coming into port bearing treasures of gold and jewels from distant lands; others with costly silks and fine paintings—polished mirrors of steel, and silver, and pearls and wrought ivory from the Ionian isles. The chaunt of the oarsmen as their oars plashed lazily in the glowing waters, came faintly and sweetly on the ear, and the white sails, scarcely swelling in the breeze, looked like saffron-tinted clouds. Then came stealing and chirping on the stillness, the vesper hymns of the birds, and blending as they did with the gradually decreasing hum of the city as the evening mist brooded over it, they were sounds which shed over the spirit of Mary Magdalene a something like peace. A band of young and beauteous maidens now tripped along with jars filled, from the purest well in the city; then came a crowd of children dancing to the sound of symbols and lutes and trailing after them long vines of flowers and interwoven wreaths, and sending out their joyous laughter and sounds of mirth which well accorded with the sweet harmony of music.

Mary Magdalene turned her eyes wearily away from those tokens of peace and joy, and leaning her head against a marble pillar, wept. A low sweet voice aroused her, singing an old Jewish song which told in sad poetry the tale of a broken heart. The singer was a young and lovely girl just blushing into the morning of life, her skin was like polished ivory, save where a rose tint flushed her cheeks and dyed the tips of her taper fingers. Her large blue eyes were cast downwards and the full red lips just parted enough to reveal two rows of pearl-like teeth—her exquisitely formed arms and bust, combined with a slight and graceful figure, now half hidden by a profusion of sunny hair which fell back from her sad childlike forehead and swept the Mosaic pavement completed the beautiful picture. Mary started as the voice told her that her slave had been a witness to her emotion, and raising her magnificent form to its utmost height, while her commanding black eye flashed with anger, exclaimed, "Thou

here! away slave! how dost thou dare see me weep!"

The timid voice was stilled and the fair young head bowed in silence and tears. After gazing on the young maiden a few moments, during which short space, anger, contempt, and an expression of mysterious bitterness alternately changed her countenance, the touching and beautiful grief of Addi, moved her better spirit and chased away every feeling except pity. "Come hither Addi—come hither poor bird. Forgive thy mistress' wayward mood, and sing again—but sing something to lighten my heart, for it is heavy and sad child—sing something to stir the still fountain of its gladness—sing—sing Addi—is not thy cage a gilded one—then wherefore sad and silent?"

"The star that lit my path, lady, is gone out. Zimri, the widow's son, is dead."

"Ha! dead! poor child, I pity thee! Yet, Addi, come hither; I would tell thee, maiden, to cherish a love for the dead—let it not go out, and leave thy heart, like the waters of that sea whose sullen waves cover those olden cities which were destroyed in their might and glory by Jehovah. Thou hast heard of the fruits which grow on its banks?"

"Yea, lady!"

"Let love for the dead go out, and thou wilt become like—like—me—yes, Addi, me—beautiful and bright to the eye, but within bitterness and ashes!—but hark!"

"Oh, lady," sobbed the young slave—"that sound of grief is the wail of Zimri's mother and kinsmen—they are bearing him past to the grave"—and Addi rushed to the window, and straining her eyes through the misty twilight, saw the bier on which was laid the dead body of Zimri, and over it the bended form of his widowed mother, weeping; and by the torches light which they carried, the sorrowful faces of his kinsmen.

"They are coming, lady," she cried to Mary, who had thrown herself again on the crimson pillows of her couch—"Oh, Zimri, is that still form never more to move? Methinks, I see now the smile on his white lips, and the waves of shining hair on his gentle brow. See, lady! they are beneath the window, and the pall has fallen so closely around him that you can see the beauty of his form even in death—ha! why do they stop!—a crowd approaches—who—what—aha! it is the Prophet! Jesus, and his followers!"

Mary started from her recumbent posture, and throwing back the tresses of long black hair which had fallen like a veil around her, with a look of intense anxiety gazed on the face of Addi, who still, unheeding her mistress' emotion, continued—"He is like one of our mountain palms in his majesty—his brow is like the evening star, and his serene lips drop

honey. He approaches the widow—he looks on her tears with eyes of tender pity—he speaks—he raises his face towards Heaven, and reaches forth his hand and lays it on the dead—God of my fathers! the dead!”—and with a loud and piercing shriek, she rushed forth into the streets.

Mary started up with an expression of dread and wonder, and looking down on the crowd below, saw the youth arising from his bier at the command of Jesus. She saw him, with the warm breath of life in his nostrils, who a few moments past was dead and cold. And as the shouts from the assembled people rent the air, many of whom were now willing to believe on and worship Him who had wrought the miracle, he bowed his head meekly on his bosom, and gathering the folds of his garment around him, glided noiselessly away from the multitude.

* * * * *

After long hours of abstraction, Mary lifted her head from her bosom, and approaching a mirror, folded her arms, and gazed on her image with an expression of scorn and bitterness; anon tears coursed over her flushed cheeks, and her bosom heaved as if some pent up agony wrung her heart.

“Why art thou weeping?” said a voice near her—“why art thou weeping, Mary?”

“Ha! Phelon?”

“Aye, Phelon,” he answered—“Phelon, the King’s son, who abides here in the common garb of a Publican, to be near thee.”

“Go to thy father’s palace again, Phelon,” answered Mary, sadly, and without turning to look on the beautiful youth, with his brown curling hair and dark blue eyes, which gazed with incredulous wonder on her.

“Mary,” said he, “thou art angered with me—I came but to bring a parting gift, Mary. My father is wroth against me, because I am not at the head of his soldiery, and hath sent his chief officer to bring me to his presence; but I will go out of the city to-night, while he sleepeth, and ere the first watches of the morning, Phelon will be on his war horse with helm and battle spear and plume, ready for the fight.”

Her lips quivered and paled as she turned and looked on him, and her voice was plaintive as she replied—“Go Phelon! thou art bright and beautiful in mine eyes, and verily have I loved thee; but go, I pray never more to see that face again—I pray never more to hear the words of thy silvery and honeyed tongue again—I have sinned—go from me.”

He looked steadfastly and sternly on her while she spoke, and with a searching glance, said—“Hast thou seen the Nazarene who calleth himself Jesus?”

“I have,” she answered calmly—“and to-morrow, while thou art going to battle, I shall be kneeling in the dust at his feet.”

Phelon laughed tauntingly, and turning on his iron shod heel, replied:

“Look on my gift, Mary”—and he laid an exquisitely wrought casket at her feet. The light from the scented lamp which threw upward delicious odours from its silver pedestal, shone down on the interior of the casket, and

glittered on the gold and precious stones that were therein, in many hued sparkles of brilliance. There was also an alabaster box set round with jewels which contained spikenard and ointment, such as queens used.

“Hence, tempter,” she shrieked—“hence! or I will send thy name out on the ears of the sleepers of Nain like tenfold thunder.—Hence, I say, for the devils which tear my soul are rav- ing within me!”

Unaccustomed to her strange mood, he left the apartment hastily. She threw herself prostrate on the floor, and pressed her burning forehead against the cool marble, and writhed and wept, and sorrowed mightily—for mightily had the Magdalene sinned. When she arose from her humble posture it was past the middle watch of the night, and the inhabitants of the city had gone to rest, and all was silent save the watch-cry of the sentinel as he passed the wall, and the occasional clang of his armour as he changed from hand to hand his heavy spear. The rippling of gentle waves on the distant sea came singing past, mingled with scented winds, which had been sleeping through the day amid the orange groves and blossoms, and the moon, like a crescent of diamonds, showered a flood of serene and beautiful glory over the earth; but still Mary could not slumber, or rest. A costly robe of crimson, confined around the waist by a girdle inwrought with precious stones, fell in rich folds around her voluptuous form, and the long black braids of hair, which, when unconfined, swept the floor as she stood, were gathered up in plaits and curls, and secured by bodkins of gold, and strings of rubies and pearls. Her arms, bared almost to the shoulders, were entwined with links of precious stones and silver, and as she paced with a rapid step to-and-fro the apartment, the constant glitter of her feet displayed a costly taste in her sandals, which were embroidered with tiny pearls and gems, and fastened by clasps of highly polished silver. She looked out on the heavens—peaceful, and bright, in their glory of azure and silver—then scanned with a restless eye the calm landscape below—all were at rest, the very dogs had ceased baying at the moon, and were slumbering quietly in their chains. She turned and gazed round her apartment—the singing birds were sleeping with their glossy heads behind their wings, undisturbed by the fountain which bubbled from the marble laver, and trickled down its sides with a ringing sound. Addi, the beautiful one, was dreaming of Zimri, for there was a tear stealing over the roses of her smiling cheek. No where that she turned could Mary see or hear aught to still the agonies which tore her heart. She snatched her harp, and commenced many soothing melodies, but her fingers trembled, and her hand fell along the chords, and crushed the music; that was thrown aside, and crossing her arms over her bosom, she lifted her now pallid face, and closing her eyes as if to shut out every object which had grown familiar, sat like some breathless statue, awaiting the touch of Promethean fires, to start it into life; but soon her breast began to heave, and

her white ghastly teeth were pressed on her lips until the red blood gushed from beneath them—she threw her arms on high, and with a cry of anguish cast herself on her knees in all the despairing sorrow of a repentance like hers. She tore from her hair the gems which fell like a shower of glory around her, and trampled beneath her feet the casket of precious jewelry, until the floor was strewn with its rich contents, and beat her bosom in her agony, and sprinkled ashes on her head, and wept tears, such as had never swelled up from her heart before.

Addi, who had been awakened by the unrestrained grief of her mistress, ran and knelt at her feet and clasped her knees, and comprehending well, from her expressions, the cause of her woe, exclaimed—"Go to Him, lady—go to Him who raised the dead!"

"And wherefore, O maiden, should I, the sinful, go to Him?"

"Oh lady! if the sleeper in the shadow of death heareth His voice, *thy* spirit can hear it—and to hear it, is to live."

The mild and consoling words of Addi, as she told of what she had seen and heard at the raising of the widow's son, and of what the disciples preached daily, soothed Mary's troubled spirit; and something like hope of eventual peace sprung up in her heart; and she laid her head gradually on the bosom of her hand-maid-

en, who clasped her beauteous arms around her, and laid her cool innocent cheek on the burning, throbbing brow of Mary. And thus the two sat—one breathing hopes of forgiveness, the other, listening as if life hung on each word; until day began to dawn behind the blue hills.

On that day, while the Master sat at meat with Simon, a rich and learned Pharisee of Nain, a woman came and knelt at his feet, and bending her veiled head low to the floor, watered them with her tears, and unbinding her hair wiped them with the heavy, shining curls, then kissed His feet, and anointed them with ointment, the perfume of which filled the vast room. And He knew that she was a sinner, who thus humbly and silently asked for pardon, and said—"Thy sins, which are many, are forgiven thee—thy faith hath saved thee—go in peace."

Mary Magdalene was no more seen in Nain. After kneeling at the Saviour's feet, and hearing his assurance of forgiveness, she sold her gold and silver, and gems, and gave much goods to the poor. She was no more seen in Nain in the flushed glory of her beauty, but went forth alone into the wilderness; and in the solemn solitude of its silence raised an altar to Him who had forgiven her sins.

Baltimore.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO A FRIEND WHO DECRIED THE MEN.

BY MRS. HOSLAND, OF LONDON.

THERE are who say, that woman loves
With ardour, constancy, and truth,
To life's last day—whilst man but proves
Such passion, in the flower of youth.

It may be thus, with those who own
Ambition's proud and feverish joys;
Who sigh for splendour and renown,
And prize alone life's gaudy toys.

It may be thus with sordid souls,
Wrapt in the search of shining pelf,
Or those whose wish for all things rolls
On that one centre—self, dear self.

But men there are with hearts as kind,
True, tender, constant, and sincere,
As dwells in woman's softer mind,
Or melts with woman's frequent tear.

Man mingles with the busy train
Of action, passion, business, strife,
He scales the mountain—tempts the main,
And mingles in the war of life.

Yet midst the busy scene, his heart
Hath hours of happier feeling given;
And owns the charm that can impart,
All earth can ever know of heaven.

THERE are three modes of bearing the ills of life; by indifference, which is the most common; by philosophy, which is the most ostentatious; and by religion, which is the most effectual. It has been acutely said, that "*philosophy readily triumphs over past or future evils, but that present evils triumph over philosophy.*" Philosophy is a goddess, whose head indeed is in heaven, but whose feet are upon earth: she attempts more than she accomplishes, and promises more than she performs: she can teach us to *hear* of the calamities of others with mag-

nanimity; but it is religion only that can teach us to bear our own with resignation.

THERE are some frauds so well conducted, that it would be stupidity *not* to be deceived by them. A wise man, therefore, may be duped as well as a fool; but the fool publishes the triumph of his deceiver; the wise man is silent, and denies that triumph to an enemy which he would hardly concede to a friend; a triumph that proclaims his own defeat.

Written for the Lady's Book.

RANDOM SKETCHES.—NO. V.

BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

THE APOLOGY.

GOOD READER!—We will flatter ourself that the somewhat absence of our fragmentary discourses of late, have elicited thine observation. Many are the expedients by which we can honourably exonerate ourself. In the first place, the very title of our articles furnishes an apology. They are "*random sketches*," and we promised they should be conducted in a *random* manner. In the second place, we might offer the philosophical consideration, that a scribbler's effusions (liké many other things we might name,) often resemble in *one* respect, at least, the leaves of the Sibylline prophecy—the *fewer, the more precious!* But, in the third place, we might offer another yet more efficient reason—and, as we love honesty, we will give it at once—for it is, after all, the *true* one. Our coat was so—so—*unwell*, that we were really ashamed to write! Pardon us, kind reader! These *fret-work* ills will sometimes afflict the apparel; for there are evils in this evil world which even coats "are heir to." But *ours* has entirely *recovered*. We hesitate not to pronounce it a perfect "cure." And albeit, it is yet somewhat weak, and looks still somewhat pale, our fears have entirely vanished! We shall dine at home, to-day, and thou, reader, perchance wilt smile—perchance wilt yawn! "*To sleep—or not to sleep*"—that will be the question!

THE TWO ANGELS—A FRAGMENT.

Few years ago, and a good angel stood upon his distant watch-tower, looking with a troubled eye upon the far scenes of our troubled earth! A kindred spirit came sweeping by, on snowy pinion, and preferred the anxious salutation, "*Watchman! what of the night! what of the night!*"

"Clouds, many and dark, begloom the landscape! A great people and strong have just freed themselves from the shackles of mortal tyranny, and are now bowing their willing necks to the yoke of a greater tyrant—a darker despot—the *demon of Intemperance!* Darkness covereth the land, and gross darkness the people! Hope hath departed, and left the scene to brooding despair! The good and the just drink deeply of the damning wave, and even the followers of the LAMB do wear the mark of the BEAST in their foreheads! 'Darkness, darkness covereth the land, and gross darkness the people!' The sad angel turned away, and sought again the far city of the Blest!

A few years have measured their circuit, and again the heavenly messenger passed his accustomed rounds: and as he marked the faithful sentinel still at his lonely tower, again he

made the trembling salutation: "*Watchman! what of the night! what of the night!*"

"Brighter glows the landscape! The star of Hope is rising! The clouds of Death are vanishing! The darkened eyes are opened! The sons of freedom have resolved they will again be free; and the monster is dragging his loathsome and wounded form back to the pit of devils!

The glad angel turned on joyous wing—passed quickly through the boundless fields of ether, back to the Paradise of God. And there was joy in Heaven, for many sinners had repented, and many wanderers had sought again the fold of Peace!

AMBITION.

It would be amusing, if it were not provoking, to observe what wretched work some writers make of this subject. One points you, in indignant horror to "the slaughter-clogged chariot of Alexander:" another tells you of Napoleon, "with the crowns of the universe sighing at his feet:" a third will talk of "garments rolled in blood, and cities wrapped in flame:" a fourth will be more pathetic, and point you to some *martyr student*, wearing out the failing springs of life, by the flickering beam of some midnight taper!

"While the poor mother, pining to decay,
Weeps for her boy her wretched life away."

Now, perhaps our heart is very hard—but our sympathies are not so sympathetic as all this amounts to! Alexander was very naughty, to wish for "other worlds to conquer"—and Napoleon had better have stayed at home with his wife—but the *martyr student*—that is too much for us. Students had left off such intellectual deaths long before we went to college!

And the poets, too, are equally lavish of their anathemas upon this ill-fated theme. How does the sober, the ambitious Pollok, wander from his "course" to villify it. And the *almost* ever-to-be-admired Willis, must preach against the "*busy devil of the human breast!*" Oh! fie upon thee, Willis! it illy becomes thee to abuse thy "better angel!"

But what, pray, would all these gentlemen; prosaic and poetical, who love so dearly this darling subject, have? Why, forsooth, they would have us believe that ambition has been the author of every shameful deed upon the page of history! And that ambition is therefore diabolical in its influence! Sage philosophy this: first to advance a proposition, true only in a very limited sense, and assuming its *entire* truth, thence to advance a conclusion of an entirely unlimited character!

But is ambition truly chargeable with the enormities alleged against it! No doubt its unbridled sway, its lawless excess, *has* wrought crimes of the deepest dye! But to draw thence a conclusion fatal to its subordinate and rightful sway, were as idle as to condemn the utility of wholesome *reason*, from the miserable logic which a madman may employ! It were as idle as to condemn the beneficence of the Creator in the gift of the kind and nutritious fruits of the earth, *because* a fiendish invention has sometimes wrought from them baleful and deadly poisons!

Nay—ambition has its uses. We believe it was planted in the human breast by the all-wise Maker. It was designed to be, not the master, but the slave—the privileged servant, to provoke its possessor to

“Noble ends, by noble means attained.”

It is not, of necessity, allied more to evil than to good. If it be manfully restrained within its appropriate, its appointed sphere—if it be judiciously heeded, it will guide over every obstacle to usefulness, to dignity, and to glory!

“Show me a boy without ambition,” a friend once quaintly remarked to us, “and I will show you a candidate for a ‘poor-house!’” Aye, he said rightly. A boy without ambition is indeed a candidate for a “poor-house,” if he be not destined for the more elevated distinction of a halter! Were it ours to advise such a youthful traveller over the track of life, we would bid him *be ambitious!* We would urge him to

“place his standard high,” to aim at great things, and to *attain* them! We would say to him, as Willis said to his classmates, in his parting poem,

“Press on,
For it hath tempted angels! oh press on!”

or we would say in the words of a celebrated divine,

“Boy! let the eagle’s course ever bethine—
Upward, and onward, and true to the line.”

MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It seems to be an innate principle of the human mind, to treat with pious reverence the memory of the departed. They seem to us, in their narrow resting-places, to have been other than mortals like ourselves. Their faults, their follies, their foibles, are all forgotten. The hand of death has purified—sanctified! It is well! It ennobles human nature! Palsied be the tongue that would idly calumniate their character: palsied be the hand which would rudely disturb their repose!

How simple and beautiful is the sentiment of the Latin bard—

—“Nil mortuis nisi bonum.”

And an English poet, has said, with tender pathos,

“When low in the dust lies the friend thou hast loved,
Be his faults and his follies forgot by thee then:
Or, if for a moment the veil be removed,
Weep o’er it in silence, then close it again.”

Patient reader, we remain ever

Your humble servant, E.

Written for the Lady’s Book.

POLAND.

THE sound of the trumpet and clarion is still,
The war-drum is echoed no more from the hill!
The moon’s shining pale on the desolate plain,
Spread o’er with the heaps of the mangled and slain!
The battle is over, the Russ, in his might,
Has conquered the brave sons of Poland in fight!
’Tis the last strife for Freedom;—weep not for the slain,

For, though bravely they fell on the blood reeking plain,

To nourish the tree of their freedom with gore—
They know not, for Poland ’twill flourish no more!
They died, in the hope that their country would gain

Relief from oppression and tyranny’s chain.
But weep for the living, they’ro conquered in strife,
They’ve lost what, to Poland, is dearer than life;
Oh! rather each son bleed on Liberty’s grave,
Than live in subjection, the conqueror’s slave.

The monarch of Russia is gazing, in pride,
On the field where the patriots so gallantly died.
No sorrowing throb, for the fall of the Pole,
Is mingled with joy in the conqueror’s soul.
No regret, such as Nature’s nobility know,
That the victory ’s gained by the death of the foe.
From Humanity’s fountain no tear drop is shed,
For the fate of the warriors who gallantly bled.

The best blood of POLAND is spilt in the fight,
But the NAME still remains as the patriot’s right;
The day-star of Liberty, shedding afar,

Its glory in death, and inviting to war.
Barbarians, in victory, the vanquished will slay—
But the monarch of Russia’s more cruel than they.
Hark! hark! his decree! hear the tyrant proclaim,
“The home of the vanquished shall lose her proud name,

Her star has now fallen, her glory is o’er,
Let Poland be ranked as a nation no more!”

Oh! beats there the heart but for Poland that mourns,

And at such presumption indignantly burns?
From his list of nations he strikes out her name,
But her glory to others continues the same.
From father to son, and o’er hill and on plain,
Shall “POLAND” the watchword of freedom, remain.

He as well might decree that yon beautiful star,
Which is shining so calmly and brightly afar,
From its home in the heavens should headlong be hurled,

And hid from the gaze of a wondering world.
From his system of orbs he may blot out its name,
But high in the heavens the star will remain,
Still sending abroad its most luminous rays
And though the bright planet he’ll hide from his gaze,

’Twill hang like a gem on the brow of the night,
With millions admiring its far spreading light.

JULIET H. L.

Williamsport, Lycoming County, Pa.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FATAL COSMETIC.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

CHARLES BROWN sat with Mr. Hall in a corner of the room, apart from the rest of the company. Mr. Hall was a stranger, Charles the familiar acquaintance of all present. The latter evidently retained his seat out of politeness to the former, for his eyes wandered continually to the other side of the room, where a group of young ladies was gathered round a piano, so closely as to conceal the musician to whom they were apparently listening. The voice that accompanied the instrument was weak and irregular, and the high tones excessively shrill and disagreeable, yet the performer continued her songs with unwearied patience, thinking the young gentlemen were turned into the very stones that Orpheus changed into breathing things, to remain insensible to her minstrelsy. There was one fair, blue-eyed girl, with a very sweet countenance, who stood behind her chair and cast many a mirthful glance towards Charles, while she urged the songstress to continue at every pause, as if she were spell-bound by the melody. Charles laughed and kept time with his foot, but Mr. Hall bit his lips, and a frown passed over his handsome and serious countenance. "What a wretched state of society!" exclaimed he, "that admits, nay, even demands such insincerity. Look at the ingenuous countenance of that young girl—would you not expect from her sincerity and truth? Yet, with what practical falsehood she encourages her companion in her odious screeching."

"Take care," answered Charles, "you must not be too severe. That young lady is a very particular friend of mine, and a very charming girl. She has remarkably popular manners and if she is guilty of a few little innocent deceptions, such, for instance, as the present, I see no possible harm in them to herself, and they certainly give great pleasure to others. She makes Miss Lewis very happy, by her apparent admiration, and I do not see that she injures any one else."

Mr. Hall sighed.

"I fear," said he, "I am becoming a misanthrope. I find I have very peculiar views, such as set me apart and isolate me from my fellow beings. I cannot enjoy an artificial state of society. I consider *truth* as the corner stone of the great social fabric, and where this is wanting, I am constantly looking for ruin and desolation. The person deficient in this virtue, however fair and fascinating, is no more to me than the whited sepulchre and painted wall."

"You have, indeed, peculiar views," answered Charles, colouring with a vexation he was too polite to express in any other way; "and if you look upon the necessary dissimulations practised in society as falsehoods, and brand them as such, I can only say, that you have created a standard of morality more exalted and pure than human nature can ever reach."

"I cannot claim the merit of *creating* a standard, which the divine Moralist gave to man, when he marked out his duties from the sacred mount, in characters so clear and deep, that the very blind might see and the cold ear of deafness hear."

Mr. Hall spoke with warmth. The eyes of the company were directed towards him. He was disconcerted and remained silent. Miss Lewis rose from the piano, and drew towards the fire.

"I am getting terribly tired of the piano," said she. "I don't think it suits my voice at all. I am going to take lessons on the guitar and the harp—one has so much more scope with them; and then they are much more graceful instruments."

"You are perfectly right," replied Miss Ellis, the young lady with the ingenuous countenance, "I have no doubt you would excel on either, and your singing would be much better appreciated. Don't you think so, Margaret?" added she, turning to a young lady, who had hitherto been silent, and apparently unobserved.

"You know I do not," answered she, who was so abruptly addressed, in a perfectly quiet manner, and fixing her eyes serenely on her face, "I should be sorry to induce Miss Lewis to do any thing disadvantageous to herself, and consequently painful to her friends."

"Really, Miss Howard," cried Miss Lewis, bridling and tossing her head with a disdainful air, "you need not be so afraid of my giving you so much pain—I will not intrude my singing upon your delicate and refined ears."

Mr. Hall made a movement forward, attracted by the uncommon sincerity of Miss Howard's remark.

"There," whispered Charles, "is a girl after your own heart—Margaret Howard *will* speak the truth, however unpalatable it may be, and see what wry faces poor Miss Lewis makes in trying *not* to swallow it—I am sure Mary Ellis's flattery is a thousand times kinder and more amiable."

Mr. Hall did not answer. His eyes were perusing the face of her, whose lips had just given such honourable testimony to a virtue so rarely respected by the world of fashion. A decent boldness lighted up the clear hazel eyes that did not seem to be unconscious of the dark and penetrating glances at that moment resting upon them. She was dressed with remarkable simplicity. No decoration in colour relieved the spotless whiteness of her attire. Her hair of pale, yet shining brown, was plainly parted over a brow somewhat too lofty for mere feminine beauty, but white and smooth as Parian marble. Her features, altogether, bore more resemblance to a Pallas than a Venus. They were calm and pure, but somewhat cold and passionless—and under that pale, transparent

skin, there seemed no under current, ebbing and flowing with the crimson tide of the heart. Her figure, veiled to the throat, was of fine, though not very slender proportions. There was evidently no artificial compression about the waist, no binding ligatures to prevent the elastic motions of the limbs, the pliable and graceful movements of nature.

"She has a fine face—a very handsome face," repeated Charles, responding to what Mr. Hall looked, for as yet he had uttered nothing; "but to me, it is an uninteresting one. She is not generally liked—respected, it is true, but feared—and fear is a feeling which few young ladies would wish to inspire. It is a dangerous thing to live above the world—at least, for a woman."

Charles availed himself of the earliest opportunity of introducing his friend to Miss Howard, glad to be liberated for a while from the close companionship of a man who made him feel strangely uncomfortable with regard to himself, and well pleased with the opportunity of conversing with his favourite, Mary Ellis.

"I feel quite vexed with Margaret," said this thoughtless girl, "for spoiling my compliment to Miss Lewis. I would give one of my little fingers to catch her for once in a white lie."

"Ask her if she does not think herself handsome," said Charles; "no woman ever acknowledged that truth, though none be more firmly believed."

He little expected she would act upon his suggestion, but Mary was too much delighted at the thought of seeing the uncompromising Margaret, guilty of a prevarication, to suffer it to pass unheeded.

"Margaret," cried she, "approaching her, unawed by the proximity of the majestic stranger—"Mr. Brown says you will deny that you think yourself handsome. Tell me the truth, don't you believe yourself *very* handsome?"

"I will tell you the truth, Mary," replied Margaret, blushing so brightly, as to give an actual radiance to her face, "that is, if I speak at all. But I would rather decline giving any opinion of myself."

"Ah! Margaret," persisted Miss Ellis, "I have heard you say that to *conceal* the truth, when it was required of us, unless some moral duty were involved, was equivalent to a falsehood. Bear witness, Charles, here is one subject on which even Margaret Howard dare not speak the truth."

"You are mistaken;" replied Miss Howard; "since you force me to speak, by attacking my principles, I am very willing to say, I *do* think myself handsome; but not so conspicuously as to allow me to claim a superiority over my sex, or to justify so singular and unnecessary a question."

All laughed—even the grave Mr. Hall smiled at the frankness of the avowal—all but Miss Lewis, who, turning up her eyes and raising her hands, exclaimed, "Really, Miss Howard's modesty is equal to her politeness. I thought she despised beauty."

"The gifts of God are never to be despised," answered Miss Howard, mildly. "If he has

graced the outer temple, we should only be more careful to keep the indwelling spirit pure."

She drew back, as if pained by the observation she had excited; and the deep and modest colour gradually faded from her cheek. Mr. Hall had not been an uninterested listener. He was a sad and disappointed man. He had been the victim of a woman's perfidy and falsehood—and was consequently distrustful of the whole sex; and his health had suffered from the corrosion of his feelings, and he had been compelled to seek, in a milder clime, a balm which time alone could yield. He had been absent several years, and was just returned to his native country, but not to the scene of his former residence. The wound was healed, but the hardness of the scar remained.

One greater and purer than the Genius of the Arabian Tale, had placed in his breast a mirror, whose lustre would be instantaneously dimmed by the breath of falsehood or dissimulation. It was in this mirror he saw reflected the actions of his fellow beings, and it pained him to see its bright surface so constantly sullied. Never since the hour he was so fatally deceived, had he been in the presence of woman, without a melancholy conviction that she was incapable of standing the test of this bosom talisman. Here, however, was one, whose lips cast no cloud upon its lustre. He witnessed the marvellous spectacle of a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman, surrounded by the artifices and embellishments of fashionable life, keeping the truth, in all simplicity and godly sincerity as commanded by the holy men of old. There was something in the sight that renovated and refreshed his blighted feelings. The dew falling on the parched herbage, prepares it for the influence of a kinder ray. Even so the voice of Margaret Howard, gentle in itself and persuasive, advocating the cause he most venerated, operated this night on the heart of Mr. Hall.

For many weeks the same party frequently met at the dwelling of Mrs. Astor. This lady was a professed patroness and admirer of genius and the fine arts. To be a fine painter, a fine singer, a fine writer, a traveller, or a foreigner, was a direct passport to her favour. To be distinguished in any manner in society was sufficient, provided it was not "bad eminence," which was attained by the individual. She admired Mr. Hall for the stately gloom of his mien, his dark and foreign air, his peculiar and high-wrought sentiments. She sought an intimacy with Margaret Howard, for it was a *distinction* to be her friend, and moreover, she had an exquisite taste and skill in drawing and painting. Mary Ellis was a particular favourite of hers, because her own favourite cousin Charles Brown thought her the most fascinating young lady of his acquaintance. Mrs. Astor's house was elegantly furnished, and her rooms were adorned with rare and beautiful specimens of painting and statuary. She had one apartment which she called her Gallery of Fine Arts, and every new guest was duly ushered into this sanctuary, and called upon to look and admire the glowing canvas and the breathing marble. A magnificent pier-glass was placed on one side of the

hall so as to reflect and multiply these classic beauties. It had been purchased in Europe, and was remarkable for its thickness, brilliancy and fidelity of reflection. It was a favourite piece of furniture of Mrs. Astor's, and all her servants were warned to be particularly careful, whenever they dusted its surface. As this glass is of some importance in the story, it deserves a minute description. Mrs. Astor thought the only thing necessary to complete the furnishing of the gallery, were transparencies for the windows. Miss Howard, upon hearing the remark, immediately offered to supply the deficiency, an offer at once eagerly accepted, and Mrs. Astor insisted that her painting apparatus should be placed in the very room, that she might receive all the inspiration to be derived from the mute yet eloquent relics of genius, that there solicited the gaze. Nothing could be more delightful than the progress of the work. Margaret was an enthusiast in the art, and her kindling cheek always attested the triumph of her creating hand. Mrs. Astor was in a constant state of excitement, till the whole was completed, and it was no light task, as four were required, and the windows were of an extra size. Almost every day saw the fair artist seated at her easel, with the same group gathered round her. Mary Ellis admired every thing so indiscriminately, it was impossible to attach much value to her praise, but Mr. Hall criticised as well as admired, and as he had the painter's eye and the poet's tongue, Margaret felt the value of his suggestions, and the interest they added to her employment. Above all things, she felt their *truth*. She saw that he never flattered, that he dared to blame, and when he did commend, she was conscious the tribute was deserved. Margaret was not one of those beings, who cannot do but one thing at a time. She could talk and listen, while her hands were plying the brush, or arranging the colours, and look up too from the canvas, with a glance that showed how entirely she participated in what was passing around her.

"I wonder you are not tired to death of that everlasting easel," said Mary Ellis to Margaret, who grew every day more interested in her task. "I could not endure such confinement."

"*Death and everlasting* are solemn words to be so lightly used, my dear Mary," answered Margaret, whose religious ear was always pained by levity on sacred themes.

"I would not be as serious as you are, for a thousand worlds," replied Mary, laughing; "I really believe you think it a sin to smile. Give me the roses of life, let who will take the thorns. I am going now to gather some, if I can, and leave you and Mr. Hall to enjoy all the briars you can find."

She left the room gayly singing, sure to be immediately followed by Charles, and Mr. Hall was left sole companion of the artist. Mary had associated their names together, for the purpose of disturbing the self-possession of Margaret, and she certainly succeeded in her object. Had Mr. Hall perceived her heightened colour, his vanity might have drawn a flattering inference; but he was standing behind her easel,

and his eyes were fixed on the beautiful personification of Faith, Hope, and Charity—those three immortal graces—she was delineating, as kneeling and embracing, with upturned eyes and celestial wings. It was a lovely group—the last of the transparencies, and Margaret lavished on it some of the finest touches of her genius. Mary had repeated a hundred times that it was finished, that another stroke of the pencil would ruin it, and Mrs. Astor declared it perfect, and more than perfect, but still Margaret lingered at the frame, believing every tint should be the last. Every lover of the arts knows the fascination attending the successful exercise and development of their genius—of seeing bright and warm imaginings assume a colouring and form, and giving to others a transcript of the mind's glorious creations; but every artist does not know what deeper charm may be added by the conversation and companionship of such a being as Mr. Hall. He was what might be called a fascinating man, notwithstanding the occasional gloom and general seriousness of his manners. For when flashes of sensibility lighted up that gloom, and intellect, excited and brought fully into action, illumined that seriousness—it was like moonlight shining on some ruined castle, beauty and grandeur meeting together and exalting each other, from the effect of contrast. Then there was a deep vein of piety pervading all his sentiments and expressions. The comparison of the ruined castle is imperfect. The moonbeam falling on some lofty cathedral, with its pillared dome and "long drawn aisles," is a better similitude, for devotion hallowed and elevated every faculty of his soul. Margaret who had lived in a world of her own, surrounded by a purer atmosphere, lonely and somewhat unapproachable, felt as if she were no longer solitary, for here was one who thought and sympathized with her, one too, who seemed sanctified and set apart from others, by a kind of mysterious sorrow, which the instinct of woman told her had its source in the heart.

"I believe I am too serious, as Mary says," cried Margaret, first breaking the silence, "but it seems to me the thoughtless alone can be gay. I am young in years, but I began to reflect early, and from the moment I took in the mystery of life and all its awful dependencies, I ceased to be mirthful. I am doomed to pay a constant penalty, for the singularity of my feelings: like the priestess of the ancient temples, I am accused of uttering dark sayings of old, and casting the shadows of the future over the joys of the present."

Margaret seldom alluded to herself, but Mary's accusation about the thorns and briars had touched her, where perhaps alone she was vulnerable, and in the frankness of her nature, she uttered what was paramount in her thoughts.

"Happy they who are taught by reflection, not experience, to look seriously, though not sadly on the world," said Mr. Hall, earnestly; "who mourn from philanthropy over its folly and falsehood, not because that falsehood and folly have blighted their dearest hopes, nay, cut them off, root and branch forever."

Margaret was agitated, and for a moment the pencil wavered in her hand. She knew Mr. Hall must have been unhappy—that he was still suffering from corroding remembrances—and often had she wished to pierce through the mystery that hung over his past life, but now, when he himself alluded to it, she shrunk from an explanation. He seemed himself to regret the warmth of his expressions, and to wish to efface the impression they had made, for his attention became riveted on the picture, which he declared wanted only one thing to make it perfect—"And what was that!"—"Truth encircling the trio with her golden band."

"It may yet be done," cried Margaret, and with great animation and skill, she sketched the outline suggested.

It is delightful to have one's own favourite sentiments and feelings embodied by another, and that too with a graceful readiness and apparent pleasure, that shows a congeniality of thought and taste. Mr. Hall was not insensible to this charm in Margaret Howard. He esteemed, revered, admired, he wished that he dared to love her. But all charming and true as she seemed, she was still a woman, and he might be again deceived. It would be a terrible thing to embark his happiness once more on the waves which had once overwhelmed it; and find himself again a shipwrecked mariner, cast upon the cruel desert of existence. The feelings which Margaret inspired were so different from the stormy passions which had reigned over him, it is no wonder he was unconscious of their strength, and believed himself still his own master.

"Bless me," said Mary, who entering soon after, *banished*, as she said, Mr. Hall from her presence, for he retired; "if you have not added another figure to the group. I have a great mind to blot Faith, Hope, and Charity, as well as Truth from existence," and playfully catching hold of the frame, she pretended to sweep her arm over their faces.

"Oh! Mary beware," exclaimed Margaret; but the warning came too late. The easel tottered and fell instantaneously, against the magnificent glass, upon which Mrs. Astor set such an immense value, and broke it into a thousand pieces. Mary looked aghast, and Margaret turned pale as she lifted her picture from amid the ruins.

"It is not spoiled," said she, "but the glass!"

"Oh! the glass!" cried Mary, looking the image of despair; "what shall I do? What will Mrs. Astor say! She will never forgive me!"

"She cannot be so vindictive!" replied Margaret; "but it is indeed an unfortunate accident, and one for which I feel particularly responsible."

"Do not tell her, how it happened," cried Mary, shrinking with moral cowardice from the revealing of the truth. "I cannot brave her displeasure!—Charles, too, will be angry with me, and I cannot bear that. Oh! pray, dearest Margaret, pray do not tell her that it was I who did it—you know it would be so natural for the easel to fall without any rash hand to push it. Promise me, Margaret."

Margaret turned her clear, rebuking eye upon the speaker, with a mingled feeling of indignation and pity.

"I will not expose you, Mary," said she, calmly, and withdrawing herself from the rapturous embrace, in which Mary expressed her gratitude, she began to pick up the fragments of the mirror, while Mary, unwilling to look on the wreck she had made, flew out to regain her composure. It happened that Mr. Hall passed the window, while Margaret was thus occupied and he paused a moment, to watch her, for in spite of himself, he felt a deep and increasing interest in every action of Margaret's. Margaret saw his shadow as it lingered, but she continued her employment. He did not doubt that she had caused the accident, for he had left her alone, a few moments before, and he was not conscious that any one had entered since his departure. Though he regretted any circumstance, which might give pain to her, he anticipated a pleasure in seeing the openness and readiness, with which she would avow herself the aggressor, and blame herself for her carelessness.

Margaret found herself in a very unpleasant situation. She had promised not to betray the cowardly Mary, and she knew that whatever blame would be attached to the act, would rest upon herself. But were Mrs. Astor to question her upon the subject, she could not deviate from the truth, by acknowledging a fault she had never committed. She felt an unspeakable contempt for Mary's weakness, for had *she* been in *her* place, she would have acknowledged the part she had acted, unhesitatingly, secure of the indulgence of friendship and benevolence. "Better to leave the circumstance to speak for itself," said Margaret to herself, "and of course the burden will rest upon me." She sighed as she thought of the happy hours she had passed, by the side of that mirror, and how often she had seen it reflect the speaking countenance of Mr. Hall, that tablet of "unutterable thoughts," and then thinking how *his* hopes seemed shattered like that frail glass, and his memories of sorrow multiplied, she came to the conclusion that all earthly hopes were vain and all earthly memories fraught with sadness. Never had Margaret moralized so deeply as in the long solitary walk, she stole that evening, to escape the evil of being drawn into the tacit sanction of a falsehood. Like many others, with equally pure intentions, in trying to avoid one misfortune she incurred a greater.

Mrs. Astor was very much grieved and astonished when she discovered her loss. With all her efforts to veil her feelings, Mary saw she was displeased with Margaret, and would probably never value as they deserved, the beautiful transparencies, on which she had so faithfully laboured.

"I would not have cared if any other article had been broken," said Mrs. Astor, whose weak point Mary well knew; "but this can never be replaced. I do not so much value the cost, great as it was, but it was perfectly unique. I never saw another like it."

Mary's conscience smote her, for suffering

another to bear the imputation she herself deserved. A sudden plan occurred to her. She had concealed the truth, she was now determined to save her friend, even at the cost of a lie.

"I do not believe Margaret broke it," said she. "I saw Dinah, your little black girl in the room, just before Margaret left it, and you know how often you have punished her for putting her hands on forbidden articles. You know if Margaret had done it, she would have acknowledged it, at once."

"True," exclaimed Mrs. Astor, "how stupid I have been," and glad to find a channel in which her anger could flow, unchecked by the restraints of politeness, she rung the bell and summoned the unconscious Dinah.

In vain, she protested her innocence. She was black, and it was considered a matter of course that she would lie. Mrs. Astor took her arm in silence, and led her from the room, in spite of her prayers and protestations. We should be sorry to reveal the secrets of the prison-house, but from the cries that issued through the shut door, and from a certain whizzing sound in the air, one might judge of the nature of the punishment, inflicted on the innocent victim of unmerited wrath. Mary closed her ears. Every sound pierced her heart. Something told her those shrieks would rise up in judgment against her at the last day. "Oh! how," thought she, "if I fear the rebuke of my fellow-creature, for an unintentional offence, how can I ever appear before my Creator, with the blackness of falsehood and the hardness of cruelty on my soul?" She wished she had had the courage to have acted right in the first place, but now it was too late. Charles would despise her, and that very day he had told her, that he loved her better than all the world beside. She tried too, to soothe her conscience, by reflecting that Dinah would have been whipped for something else, and that as it was a common event to her, it was after all, a matter of no great consequence. Mrs. Astor, having found a legitimate vent for her displeasure, chased the cloud from her brow, and greeted Margaret with a smile, on her return, slightly alluding to the accident, evidently trying to rise superior to the event. Margaret was surprised and pleased. She expressed her own regret, but as she imputed to herself no blame, Mrs. Astor was confirmed in the justice of her verdict. Margaret knew not what had passed in her absence, for Mrs. Astor was too refined to bring her domestic troubles before her guests. Mary, who was the only one necessarily initiated, was too deeply implicated to repeat it, and the subject was dismissed. But the impression remained on one mind, painful and ineffaceable.

Mr. Hall marked Margaret's conscious blush on her entrance, he had heard the cries and sobs of poor Dinah, and was not ignorant of the cause. He believed Margaret was aware of the fact—she the true offender. A pang, keen as cold steel can create, shot through his heart at this conviction. He had thought her so pure, so true, so holy, the very incarnation of his worshipped virtue—and now, to sacrifice her

principles for such a bauble—a bit of frail glass. He could not remain in her presence, but complaining of a headache, suddenly retired, but not before he had cast a glance on Margaret, so cold and freezing, it seemed to congeal her very soul.

"He believes me cowardly and false," thought she, for she divined what was passing in his mind, and if ever she was tempted to be so, it was in the hope of reinstating herself in his esteem. She had given her promise to Mary, however, and it was not to be broken. Mary, whose feelings were as evanescent as her principles were weak, soon forgot the whole affair in the preparations of her approaching marriage with Charles, an event which absorbed all her thoughts, as it involved all her hopes of happiness.

Margaret finished her task, but the charm which had gilded the occupation was fled. Mr. Hall seldom called, and when he did, he wore all his original reserve. Margaret felt she had not deserved this alienation, and tried to cheer herself with the conviction of her own integrity, but her spirits were occasionally dejected, and the figure of Truth, which had such a beaming outline, assumed the aspect of utter despondency. Dissatisfied with her work, she at last, swept her brush over the design, and mingling Truth with the dark shades of the back ground, gave up her office as an artist, declaring her sketches completed. Mrs. Astor was enraptured with the whole, and said she intended to reserve them for the night of Mary's wedding, when they would burst upon the sight, in one grand *coup d'œil*, in the full blaze of chandeliers, bridal lamps, and nuptial ornaments. Margaret was to officiate as one of the bridesmaids, but she gave a reluctant consent. She could not esteem Mary, and she shrunk from her flattery and caresses, with an instinctive loathing. She had once set her foot on a flowery bank, that edged a beautiful stream. The turf trembled and gave way, for it was hollow below, and Margaret narrowly escaped death. She often shuddered at the recollection. With similar emotions she turned from Mary Ellis's smiles and graces. There was beauty and bloom on the surface, but hollowness and perhaps ruin beneath.

A short time before the important day, a slight efflorescence appeared on the fair cheek and neck of Mary. She was in despair, lest her loveliness should be marred, when she most of all wished to shine. It increased instead of diminishing, and she resolved to have recourse to any remedy, that would remove the disfiguring eruption. She recollected having seen a violent erysipelas cured immediately by a solution of corrosive sublimate, and without consulting any one, she sent Dinah to the apothecary to purchase some, charging her to tell no one whose errand she was bearing, for she was not willing to confess her occasion for such a cosmetic. Dinah told the apothecary her mistress sent her, and it was given without questioning or hesitation. Her only confidant was Margaret, who shared her chamber and toilet, and who warned her to be exceedingly

cautious in the use of an article so poisonous, and Mary promised with her usual heedlessness without dreaming of any evil consequences. The eruption disappeared—Mary looked fairer than ever, and clad in her bridal paraphernalia of white satin, white roses and blonde lace, was pronounced the most beautiful bride of the season. Mr. Hall was present, though he had refused to take any part in the ceremony. He could not, without singularity, decline the invitation, and notwithstanding the blow his confidence in Margaret's character had received, he still found the spot where *she* was, enchanted ground, and he lingered near, unwilling to break at once the only charm that still bound him to society. After the short but solemn rite that made the young and thoughtless, *one*, by indissoluble ties, and the rush of congratulation took place, Margaret was forced by the pressure close to Mr. Hall's side. He involuntarily offered his arm as a protection, and a thrill of irrepressible happiness pervaded his heart, at this unexpected and unsought proximity. He forgot his coldness—the broken glass, every thing but the feeling of the present moment. Margaret was determined to avail herself of the tide of returning confidence. Her just womanly modesty and pride prevented her *seeking* an explanation and reconciliation, but she knew without breaking her promise to Mary, she could not justify herself in Mr. Hall's opinion, if even the opportunity offered. She was to depart in the morning, with the new-married pair, who were going to take an excursion of pleasure, so fashionable after the wedding ceremony. She might never see him again. He had looked pale, his face was now flushed high with excited feeling.

"You have wronged me, Mr. Hall," said she, blushing, but without hesitation; "if you think I have been capable of wilful deception or concealment. The mirror was not broken by me, though I know you thought me guilty, and afraid or ashamed to avow the truth. I would not say so much to justify myself, if I did not think you would believe me, and if I did not value the esteem of one who sacrifices even friendship at the shrine of truth."

She smiled, for she saw she was believed, and there was such a glow of pleasure irradiating Mr. Hall's countenance, it was like the breaking and gushing forth of sunbeams. There are few faces, on which a smile has such a magic effect as on Margaret's. Her smile was never forced. It was the inspiration of truth, and all the light of her soul shone through it. Perhaps neither ever experienced an hour of deeper happiness than that which followed this simple explanation. Margaret felt a spring-tide of hope and joy swelling in her heart, for there was a deference, a tenderness in Mr. Hall's manner she had never seen before. He seemed entirely to have forgotten the presence of others, when a name uttered by one near, arrested his attention.

"That is Mrs. St. Henry," observed a lady, stretching eagerly forward. "She arrived in town this morning, and had letters of introduction to Mrs. Astor. She was the beauty of —,

before her marriage, and is still the leader of fashion and taste."

Margaret felt her companion start, as if a ball had penetrated him, and looking up, she saw his altered glance, fixed on the lady, who had just entered, with a dashing escort, and was advancing towards the centre of the room. She was dressed in the extremity of the reigning mode—her arms and neck entirely uncovered, and their dazzling whiteness thus lavishly displayed, might have mocked the polish and purity of alabaster. Her brilliant black eyes flashed on either side, with the freedom of conscious beauty, and disdain of the homage it inspired. She moved with the air of a queen, attended by her vassals, directly forward, when suddenly her proud step faltered, her cheek and lips became wan, and uttering a sudden ejaculation, she stood for a moment perfectly still. She was opposite Mr. Hall, whose eye fixed upon hers, seemed to have the effect of fascination. Though darkened by the burning sun of a tropical clime, and faded from the untimely blighting of the heart, that face could never be forgotten. It told her of perjury, remorse, sorrow—yes, of sorrow, for in spite of the splendour that surrounded her, this glittering beauty was wretched. She had sacrificed herself at the shrine of Mammon, and had learned too late the horror of such ties, unsanctified by affection. Appreciating but too well, the value of the love she had forsaken, goaded by remorse for her conduct to him, whom she believed wasting away in a foreign land—she flew from one scene of dissipation to another, seeking in the admiration of the world, an equivalent for her lost happiness. The unexpected apparition of her lover, was as startling and appalling, as if she had met an inhabitant of another world. She tried to rally herself and to pass on, but the effort was in vain—sight, strength, and recollection forsook her.

"Mrs. St. Henry has fainted—Mrs. St. Henry has fainted"—was now echoed from mouth to mouth. A lady's fainting, whether in church, ball-room, or assembly, always creates a great sensation; but when that lady happens to be the centre of attraction and admiration, when every eye that has a loop-hole to peep through is gazing on her brilliant features, to behold her suddenly fall, as if smitten by the angel of death, pallid and moveless—the effect is inconceivably heightened. When, too, as in the present instance, a sad, romantic looking stranger rushes forward to support her, the interest of the scene admits of no increase. At least, Margaret felt so, as she saw the beautiful Mrs. St. Henry borne in the arms of Mr. Hall, through the crowd, that fell back as he passed, into an adjoining apartment, speedily followed by Mrs. Astor, all wonder and excitement, and many others all curiosity and expectation, to witness the termination of the scene. Mr. Hall drew back, while the usual appliances were administered for her resuscitation. He heeded not the scrutinizing glances bent upon him. His thoughts were rolled within himself, and

"The soul of other days came rushing in."

The lava that had hardened over the ruin it created, melted anew, and the greenness and fragrance of new-born hopes were lost under the burning tide. When Mrs. St. Henry opened her eyes, she looked round her in wild alarm, then shading her brow with her hand, her glance rested, where Mr. Hall stood, pale and abstracted, with folded arms, leaning against the wall—"I thought so," said she, in a low voice, "I thought so;"—then covered her eyes and remained silent. Mr. Hall, the moment he heard the sound of her voice and was assured of her recovery, precipitately retired, leaving behind him matter of deep speculation. Margaret was sitting in a window of the drawing-room, through which he passed. She was alone, for even the bride was forgotten, in the excitement of the past scene. He paused—he felt an explanation was due to her, but that it was impossible to make it. He was softened by the sad, and sympathizing expression of her countenance, and seated himself a moment by her side.

"I have been painfully wakened from a dream of bliss," said he, "which I was foolish enough to imagine might yet be realised. But the heart rudely shattered as mine has been, must never hope to be healed. I cannot command myself sufficiently to say more, only let me make one assurance, that whatever misery has been and may yet be my doom, guilt has no share in my wretchedness—I cannot refuse myself the consolation of your esteem."

Margaret made no reply—she could not. Had her existence depended on the utterance of one word, she could not have commanded it. She extended her hand, however, in token of that friendship, she believed was hereafter to be the only bond that was to unite them. Long after Mr. Hall was gone, she sat in the same attitude, pale and immovable as a statue, but who can tell the changes and conflicts of her spirit, in that brief period?

Mrs. St. Henry was too ill to be removed, and Mrs. Astor was unbounded in her attentions. She could hardly regret a circumstance which forced so interesting and distinguished a personage upon the acceptance of her hospitality. Margaret remained with her during the greater part of the night, apprehensive of a renewal of the fainting fits, to which she acknowledged she was constitutionally subject. Margaret watched her as she lay, her face scarcely to be distinguished from the sheet, it was so exquisitely fair, were it not for the shading of the dark locks, that fell unbound over the pillow, still heavy with the moisture with which they had been saturated, and as she contemplated her marvellous loveliness, she wondered not at the influence she exercised over the destiny of another. Mr. Hall had once spoken of himself as being the victim of falsehood. Could she have been false—and loving him, how could she have married another? If she had voluntarily broken her troth, why such an agitation at his sight? and if she were worthy of his love, why such a glaring display of her person, such manifest courting of the free gaze of admiration? These, and a thousand similar interrogations,

did Margaret make to herself during the vigils of the night, but they found no answer. Towards morning, the lady slept; but Margaret was incapable of sleep, and her wakeful eyes caught the first gray tint of the dawn, and marked it deepening and kindling, till the east was robed with flame, the morning livery of the skies. All was bustle till the bridal party was on their way. Mrs. St. Henry still slept, under the influence of an opiate, and Margaret saw her no more. Farewells were exchanged, kind wishes breathed, and the travellers commenced their journey. Margaret's thoughts wandered from Mrs. St. Henry to Mr. Hall, and back again, till they were weary of wandering and would gladly have found rest, but the waters had not subsided, there was no green spot where the dove of peace could fold her drooping wings. Charles and Mary were too much occupied by each other, to notice her silence, and it was not till they paused in their journey, she was recalled to existing realities. Mary regretted something she had left behind—a sudden recollection came over Margaret.

"Oh! Mary," said she, "I hope you have been cautious, and not left any of that dangerous medicine, where mischief could result from it. I intended to remind you of it before our departure."

"Certainly—to be sure I took especial care of it, I have it with me in my trunk," replied Mary, but her conscience gave her a remorseful twinge, as she uttered the *white lie*, for she had forgotten it, and where she had left it, she could not remember. As Margaret had given her several warnings, she was ashamed to acknowledge her negligence, and took refuge in the shelter she had too often successfully sought. Had she anticipated the fatal consequences of her oblivion, her bridal felicity would have been converted into agony and despair. She had left the paper containing the powder, yet undissolved, on the mantel piece of her chamber. The chambermaid who arranged the room after her departure, seeing it and supposing it to be medicine, put it in the box which Mrs. Astor devoted to that department, in the midst of calomel, salts, antimony, &c. It was folded in brown paper, like the rest, and there was no label to indicate its deadly qualities. Mrs. St. Henry continued the guest of Mrs. Astor, for her indisposition assumed a more serious aspect, and it was impossible to remove her. She appeared feverish and restless, and a physician was called in to prescribe for her, greatly in opposition to her wishes. She could not bear to acknowledge herself ill. It was the heat of the room that had oppressed her—a transient cold, which would soon pass away—she would not long trespass on Mrs. Astor's hospitality. The doctor was not much skilled in diseases of the heart, though he ranked high in his profession. His grand panacea for almost all diseases was calomel, which he recommended to his patient, as the most efficient and speediest remedy. She received the prescription with a very ill grace, declaring she had never tasted of any in her life, and had a horror of all medicines. Mrs. Astor said she had an apothecary's

shop at command in her closet, and that she kept doses constantly prepared, for her own use. After the doctor's departure, Mrs. St. Henry seemed much dejected, and her eyes had an anxious, inquiring expression as they turned on Mrs. Astor.

"You say," said she to her, in a low tone, "that friends have been kind in their inquiries for me! Most of them are strangers, and yet I thank them."

"Mr. Hall has called more than once," replied Mrs. Astor; "he, I believe, is well known to you."

"He is indeed," said Mrs. St. Henry—"I wish I could see him—but it cannot be; no, it would not answer."

Mrs. Astor longed to ask the nature of their former acquaintance, but a conviction that the question would be painful, restrained the expression of her curiosity.

"Would you not like to send for some of your friends," inquired Mrs. Astor—"your husband?—My servants shall be at your disposal."

"You are very kind," answered Mrs. St. Henry, quickly—"but it is not necessary—my husband is too infirm to travel, and believing me well, he will suffer no anxiety on my account—I think I shall be quite well, after taking your sovereign medicine. Give it me now, if you please, while I am in a vein of compliance."

She turned, with so lovely a smile, and extended her hand with so much grace, Mrs. Astor stood a moment, thinking what a beautiful picture she would make; then taking the lamp in her hand, she opened her closet, and took down the medicine casket. It happened that the first paper she touched was that which Mary had left, and which the servant had mingled with the others.

"Here is one already prepared," cried she—"I always keep them ready, the exact number of grains usually given, as we often want it suddenly and at night."

She mixed the fatal powder with some delicious jelly, and holding it to the lips of her patient, said with a cheering smile—"Come, it has no disagreeable taste at all."

Mrs. St. Henry gave a nervous shudder, but took it unconscious of its deadly properties; and Mrs. Astor, praising her resolution, seated herself in an easy chair by the bedside, and began to read. She became deeply interested in her book, though she occasionally glanced towards her patient to see if she slept. She had placed the lamp so that its light would not shine on the bed, and the most perfect quietness reigned in the apartment. How long this tranquillity lasted it is impossible to tell, for she was so absorbed in her book, time passed unheeded. At length Mrs. St. Henry began to moan, and toss her arms over the covering, as if in sudden pain. Mrs. Astor leaned over her, and took her hand. It was hot and burning, her cheek had a scarlet flush on it, and when she opened her eyes they had a wild and alarming expression.

"Water," she exclaimed, leaning on her elbow, and shading back her hair hurriedly

from her brow—"Give me water, for I die of thirst."

"I dare not," said Mrs. Astor, terrified by her manner—"any thing but that to quench your thirst."

She continued still more frantically to call for water, till Mrs. Astor, excessively alarmed, sent for the doctor, and called in other attendants. As he was in the neighbourhood, he came immediately. He looked aghast at the situation of his patient, for she was in a paroxysm of agony at his entrance, and his experienced eye took in the danger of the case.

"What have you given her, Madam?" said he, turning to Mrs. Astor, with a countenance that made her tremble.

"What have you given me?" exclaimed Mrs. St. Henry, grasping her wrist with frenzied strength—"You have killed me—it was poison—I feel it in my heart and in my brain."

Mrs. Astor uttered a scream, and snatched up the paper which had fallen on the carpet.

"Look at it, Doctor—it was calomel, just as you prescribed—what else could it be?"

The doctor examined the paper—there was a little powder still sticking to it.

"Good heavens, Doctor," cried Mrs. Astor, "what makes you look so?—what is it?—what was it?"

"Where did you get this?" said he, sternly.

"At the apothecary's—I took it from that chest—examine it, pray."

The doctor turned away with a groan, and approached his beautiful patient, now gasping and convulsed. He applied the most powerful antidotes, but without effect.

"I am dying," she cried—"I am dying—I am poisoned—but oh, doctor, save me—save me—let me see him, if I must die—let me see him again;" and she held out her hands imploringly to Mrs. Astor, who was in a state little short of distraction.

"Only tell me, if you mean Mr. Hall."

"Who should I mean but Augustus?" she cried—"Perhaps in death he may forgive me."

The doctor made a motion that her request should be complied with, and a messenger was despatched.

What an awful scene was presented, when he entered that chamber of death! Was that the idol of his young heart, the morning star of his manhood; she, who lay livid, writhing and raving there? Her long, dark hair hung in dishevelled masses over her neck and arms, her large black eyes were fearfully dilated, and full of that unutterable agony which makes the spirit quail before the might of human suffering. Cold sweat-drops gleamed on her marble brow, and her hands were damp with that dew which no morning sunbeam can ever exhale.

"Almighty Father!" exclaimed Mr. Hall—"what a sight is this!"

The sound of that voice had the power to check the ravings of delirium, she shrieked and stretched out her arms towards him, who sunk kneeling by the bedside, covering his face with his hands, to shut out the appalling spectacle.

"Forgive me," she cried, in hollow and altered accents—"Augustus, you are terribly

avenged—I loved you, even when I left you for another. Oh! pray for me to that great and dreadful God, who is consuming me, to have mercy on me hereafter.”

He did pray, but it was in spirit, his lips could not articulate; but his uplifted hands and streaming eyes called down pardon and peace on the dying penitent. The reason, that had flashed out for a moment, rekindled by memory and passion, was now gone forever. All the rest was but the striving of mortal pain, the rending asunder of body and soul. In a short time all was over, and the living were left to read one of the most tremendous lessons on the vanity of beauty, and the frailty of life, mortality could offer in all its gloomy annals.

“This is no place for you now,” said the doctor, taking Mr. Hall’s arm, and drawing him into another apartment, where secure from intrusion, he could be alone with God and his own heart. There was another duty to perform—to investigate the mystery that involved this horrible tragedy. The apothecary was summoned, who after recovering from his first consternation, recollected that a short time before, he had sold a quantity of corrosive sublimate to a little black girl, according to her mistress’s orders. The servants were called for examination, and Dinah was pointed out as the culprit—Dinah, the imputed destroyer of the mirror, whose terror was now deemed the result of conscious guilt. Mrs. Astor vehemently protested she had never sent her, that it was the blackest falsehood; and Dinah, though she told the whole truth, how Mary had forbid her telling it was for her, and she merely used her mistress’s name on that account, gained no belief. The chamber-maid, who had found the paper and put it in the chest, withheld her testimony, fearing she might be implicated in the guilt. Every thing tended to deepen the evidence against her. The affair of the broken looking-glass was revived. She had been heard to say, after her memorable flagellation, that she wished her mistress was dead, that she would kill her if she could; and many other expressions, the result of a smarting back and a wounded spirit, were brought up against her. It was a piteous thing to see the fright and hear the pleadings of the wretched girl: “Oh! don’t send me to jail—don’t hang me—send for Miss Mary,” she repeated wringing her hands, and rolling her eyes like a poor animal whom the hunters have at bay. But to jail she was sent, for who could doubt her crime, or pity her after witnessing its terrific consequences? A damp, dreary prison-house, where seated on a pallet of straw, she was left to brood day after day, over her accumulated wrongs, hopeless of sympathy or redress. Let those who consider a *white lie* a venial offence, who look upon deception as necessary to the happiness and harmony of society, reflect on the consequences of Mary Ellis’s moral delinquency, and tremble at the view. She had not done more than a thousand others have done, and are daily doing; and yet what was the result? The soul of the lovely, the erring, and the unprepared had been sent shud-

dering into eternity, a household made wretched, the innocent condemned, a neighbourhood thrown into consternation and gloom. Had Mary confessed her negligence to Margaret, instead of telling an unnecessary and untempted falsehood, a warning message could have then been easily sent back, and the wide-spread ruin prevented. There is no such thing as a *white lie*; they are all black as the blackest shades of midnight; and no fuller on earth can whiten them.

When Mrs. Astor had recovered from the shock of these events in a sufficient degree, she wrote to Mary a detailed account, begging her and Margaret to return immediately, and cheer the home which now seemed so desolate. The letter was long in reaching her, for the travellers were taking a devious course, and could leave behind them no precise directions. Mary was in one of her gayest, brightest humours, when she received the epistle. She was putting on some new ornaments, which Charles had presented to her, and he was looking over her shoulder at the fair image reflected in the glass, whose brow was lighted up with the triumph of conscious beauty.

“I look shockingly ugly to-day,” said she, with a smile that belied her words.

“You tell stories with such a grace,” replied her flattering husband, “I am afraid we shall be in love with falsehood.”

“A letter from our dear Mrs. Astor; open it, Charles, while I clasp this bracelet; and read it aloud, then Margaret and I both can hear it.”

Before Charles had read one page, Mary sunk down at his feet, rending the air with hysterical screams. Her husband, who was totally unaware of the terrible agency she had had in the affair, raised her in indescribable alarm. Her own wild expressions, however, revealed the truth, which Margaret’s shivering lips confirmed.

“Oh! had you told me but the *truth*,” cried Margaret, raising her prayerful eyes, and joined hands to heaven—“how simple, how easy it had been—Charles, Charles,” added she, with startling energy, “praise not this rash, misguided girl, for the grace with which she *lies*—I will not recall the word. By the worth of your own soul and hers, teach her, that as there is a God above, he requires truth in the inward heart.”

Charles trembled at the solemnity of the adjuration, and conscience told him, that all the agonies his wife suffered, and all the remorse which was yet to be her portion were just. Margaret sought the solitude of her chamber, and there on her knees, she endeavoured to find calmness. The image of Mr. Hall, mourning over the death-bed of her, once so madly loved, the witness of her expiring throes, the receiver of her last repentant sigh rose between her and her Creator. Then, that radiant face, that matchless form, which had so lately excited a pang of envy, even in her pure heart, now blasted by consuming poison, and mouldering in the cold grave; how awful was the thought, and how fearful the retribu-

tion! She, whose vain heart had by falsehood, endangered the very existence of another, was the victim of the very vice that had blackened her own spirit. Yes! there is retribution even in this world.

Mary returned, but how changed from the gay and blooming bride! Her cheek was pale, and her eye heavy. She hastened to repair the only wrong now capable of any remedy. The prison doors of poor Dinah were thrown open, and her innocence declared: but could the long and lonely days and nights spent in that weary, gloomy abode be blotted out? Could the pangs of cold, shuddering fear, the dream of the gallows, the rope, the hangman's grasp round the gurgling throat, the dark coffin seat, the scoffing multitude be forgotten? No!—Dinah's spirit was broken, for though her skin was black, there was sensibility and delicacy too beneath her ebon coloring. Could she bring back the gladness that once pervaded the dwelling of Mrs. Astor? Every thing there was changed. The room in which Mrs. St. Henry died was closed, for it was haunted by too terrible remembrances. Bitterly did Mary mourn over the grave of her victim; but she could not recall her by her tears. No remorse could open the gates of the tomb, or reclothe with beauty and bloom the ruins of life.

Margaret, the true, the pure-hearted and upright Margaret, was not destined, like Mary, to gather the thorns and briars of existence. Long did the fragrance of *her* roses last, for she

had not plucked them with too rash a hand. She and Mr. Hall again met. The moral sympathy that had drawn them together, was not weakened by the tragic event that had intervened; it had rather strengthened through suffering and sorrow. Mr. Hall could never forget the death scene of Laura St. Henry. The love expressed for him at a moment when all earthly dissimulation was over, had inexpressibly affected him. Her unparalleled sufferings seemed an expiation for her broken faith. It was at her grave, that he and Margaret first met, after their sad separation, when the falling shades of evening deepened the solemnity of the scene. Sorrow, sympathy, devotion, and truth, form a holy groundwork for love; and when once the temple is raised on such a foundation, the winds and waves may beat against it in vain. Mr. Hall found by his own experience, that the bruised heart can be healed, for Margaret's hand poured oil and balm on its wounds. He could repose on her faith as firmly as on the rock which ages have planted. He knew that she loved him, and felt it due to her happiness as well as his own, to ask her to be the companion of his pilgrimage. If they looked back upon the clouds that had darkened their morning, it was without self-reproach, and remembrance gradually lost its sting. Who will say she was not happier than Mary, who carried in her bosom, through life, that which "biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder?"

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE EXILES.

Oh! sing to me, my own beloved,
But one such melting strain,
As thou wert wont in by gone days,
In lands beyond the main.

I know like me thou pinest
For that far distant shore,
And our own sweet Italian home,
Which we may see no more.

Mournful and sweet thy song hath been
As exile's songs *should* be;
How in this cold and cheerless land,
Should joy ere come to thee!

But thou with all a woman's love,
Hast sought thy grief to hide:
How can I mourn, when thou lov'd one,
Art ever by my side?

Yet it has been the worst to see
Upon thy lips a smile;
While those dark radiant eyes of thine,
Were dimm'd with tears the while.

Oh! Fate has spared us still what most
Had wrung a faithful heart;
Dost thou not feel, with our deep love,
That it were death to part?

Then sing to me my own beloved,
But one such melting strain;
As thou wert wont in by gone days,
In lands beyond the main.

Thy melody will make me weep,
And soothe my soul's unrest;
I will not mourn since thou art here,
My dearest and my best.

E. S. N.

Charleston, Mass.

AGAR said, "give me neither poverty nor riches;" and this will ever be the prayer of the wise. Our incomes should be like our shoes, if too small, they will gall and pinch us, but, if too large, they will cause us to stumble, and to trip. But wealth, after all, is a relative

thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more. True contentment depends not upon what we have, but upon what we would have; a tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too little for Alexander.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MERCHANT FARMER.

BY MRS. HALE.

[Concluded from page 262.]

"You have not yet inquired for your pretty favourite Lucy Miller," said Mrs. Samuel Waldron to George, when the whole family party had gathered, after tea, into the front parlor—"Have you no curiosity about her engagement?"

"Engagement!" exclaimed George—"she is not engaged!"—and in spite of his efforts to command his voice, there was a trembling eagerness in its tones which went to his mother's heart.

"Yes, she is really engaged," said Samuel, in that pertinacious manner which forbids all doubting—"and to one worthy of her. Doctor Jocelin is a real good fellow."

"Fellow!" repeated George contemptuously. "He ought to be something better to be worthy of Lucy Miller, if she is as good and lovely as she used to be."

"Why 'fellow' has some grand associations, brother George," replied Samuel, laughing at the earnestness the other exhibited. "He may be 'Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians,' for aught you know."

"True, true—I know nothing about him," said George rather peevishly, "and care nothing," he added, after a pause.

The family were silent for several minutes; each felt that a topic had been started which was giving pain to one whom they all wished to gratify. At length Mrs. Waldron remarked, that after all the report might not be true—she could not believe that Lucy was really engaged.

"Her father told me the news himself, so it must be true," said John Waldron, who was always straight-forward in his dealings, and hated every thing like evasion or concealment, as he did rain at harvest time, and snow on May-day.

"How long has this Doctor Jocelin resided in Charleston?" inquired George.

"About eighteen months?" replied his mother; "and he has got into practice wonderfully."

"Will they be married—soon," asked George, carelessly.

"Oh! nobody knows the time," said Mrs. Samuel Waldron, who was a great talker, and an indefatigable collector of news and gossip—"but probably in the spring. Lucy will put off the ceremony as long as possible, I guess."

"For what reason?" inquired George.

"Oh! she is a bit of a coquet, I think; and then I do not believe that she loves the doctor over much. I have heard that her father made the match."

There was an expression of such deep interest on the countenance of George, that his mother could not refrain from going into a de-

tail of the circumstances which had led to the engagement of Lucy. The amount of it was this—that the beautiful girl had been greatly admired and had had many offers, which she had refused, and therefore she had been by some accused of coquetry. "Though" Mrs. Waldron remarked—"how this could be said of her, when she never encouraged the attentions of any of her admirers, puzzles me very much. At length doctor Jocelin made his bow at Lucy's service, and was rejected, like the others. But Mr. Miller fell sick, and his life was, for a long time, despaired of. Lucy loved her father most devotedly; she was his nurse—Jocelin his physician. They were thus brought together daily for several months."

"And so he saved the father and won the daughter in the way of his profession," said George, attempting to smile.

"Pretty near the truth, I guess," said Samuel. "It was very natural, you know, that they should fall in love, meeting so often and confidentially."

"That he should—yes; but I cannot think that Lucy's heart was won through a pill-box," said George.

"I think propinquity causes more marriages than love does," said Mrs. John Waldron.

"But the doctor loves Lucy to distraction," said Mrs. Samuel Waldron.

"And I hope they will be married at Thanksgiving or Christmas," said her husband, who always liked to have a marriage among his acquaintance, because it afforded an opportunity for a bustle. He was a genuine "go-a-head" character in every thing, and could not believe but that George must be delighted to have his little favorite so advantageously settled.

"I am not certain that it will be a match," said his wife, "it don't at all accord with Lucy's fortune."

"Why, what is her fortune to be?" inquired George; moving his chair nearer to his sister-in-law.

"Oh! there was a sort of a conjurer here in Charleston about two years ago—he told a great many things that have come true; and he told Lucy that she loved a merchant, but would marry a farmer."

"Indeed! and so must be crossed in love," said George.

"Pho!—nonsense of the conjurer," said Samuel—"He crept into people's houses, and if he did not lead captive silly women, he persuaded them to tell every thing they knew or conjectured about their neighbors. The young ladies of the village have always said that Lucy was waiting for your brother George—(the face of the lover glowed like an anthracite fire) and just at that time young Ned Bellows, son of the

richest farmer in town, you know, was terribly in love with the girl. I always thought he put the prediction into the old impostor's head. But it wont prove true; Lucy will marry Doctor Jocelin, I think, as early as Christmas or New-Year."

The last remark brought the matter so palpably before the mind of George, that he could no longer endure the conversation. He started up, complained of the heat and closeness of the room, and walked out into the garden; then afraid of being followed, he crossed the orchard and hurried on to the meadows, where, on the banks of the calm-flowing Connecticut, he threw himself down, and indulged, unchecked his reflections. They were full of bitterness. His dreams of love and happiness in his rural life were ended. Never before did he know how dear to his heart was the little girl over whose childhood he had so tenderly watched.

She was the *flower* whose budding he had watched, and in whose beauty and sweetness he rejoiced as a blessing which none but himself could rightly appreciate—and now she was to be transplanted into another atmosphere, as it were—to adorn the home of another—of a stranger.

"He cannot love her as I do," thought George. "He has only known her for a few months—I was her companion from her cradle—her best friend, her teacher for years. Teacher! ah, that is it—she only regards me in the light of a mentor—a grave, formal lecturer, perhaps, she thinks I would prove now. Yet I am not older than—this—doctor. Confound the profession! they always contrive to insinuate themselves into the good graces of the ladies. But I must control my feelings—and I will—Lucy is engaged. They tell me her lover is a worthy man. He cannot be worthy of her though. But he has property, is in a liberal profession, can at once place her in a station of respectability and the enjoyment of affluence. I am a ruined man, as the world says, a broken merchant, about to commence laboring for my daily bread. Thank heaven, I am not ashamed to "dig"—but it would be dishonorable to dream of persuading a young and lovely girl like Lucy to share my darkened lot. No, I will bury my passion and disappointment in my own bosom. My parents shall never know my disappointment; Lucy shall never suspect it. I neglected her during my prosperity, I allowed the cares of business to engross my soul, and I am but rightly punished in losing now the opportunity of forming that tender tie which would shed peace and sunshine over my home in this retirement. Alone I enjoyed my wealth, alone I must bear my poverty. It is right,"—and stifling by a strong effort the groan that was rising to his lips, he returned to the parlor, and entered into a cheerful conversation with his friends.

* * * * *

Have you ever visited the "Granite State," or looked on its lovely and magnificent scenery as depicted by Doughty and Fisher? I hope, kind reader, that you have done both, and then you will feel that no written description can do

justice to its beauties, can bring its green hills, pastoral valleys and transparent lakes before the mind's eye, or impress on the soul the solemn grandeur of its lofty mountains, whose rocky summits seem to have gathered the white lustre of heaven's purest light.

If you have not seen these wonders of nature, you have a new pleasure before you for the coming summer. Make the White Mountain tour from Boston, by the way the most convenient, but return through the Valley of the Connecticut, you will then have visited the most grand and lovely scenery which America can boast; nor does the European world display finer—at least, such was the opinion of a celebrated clergyman of Boston, after he had made the tour in question. And he spoke of the people of New Hampshire, too, with enthusiasm, as worthy of their fair inheritance and the proud name of freemen.

"I was struck," said he, "on entering the State, and during my journey through it with the appearance and character of the inhabitants—so industrious, self-relying, moral and intelligent; and particularly at Charleston, where I passed a Sabbath and attended church, I thought that, never in my life, had I seen such an intelligent looking congregation."

The person to whom these observations were made, being a native of the "Granite State," could not but feel gratified with the compliment; but in order to prevent any mistake in the application, observed that there were in Charleston, a number of distinguished and educated men.

"I don't mean the educated men," interrupted Dr. C., in his peculiar and impressive manner—"educated people are alike every where, I mean the masses, as they are called, the labouring people, and I repeat, that I never saw any who equalled the people of New Hampshire, particularly that congregation at Charleston."

I have not now time to enter into an examination of the causes which have stamped this character of excellence on the inhabitants of the "Granite State." Are there not instances to justify the reverend gentleman's opinion! Look over the Union, and see what a proud position the sons of this State occupy. A son of New Hampshire was created a "Count of the Holy Roman Empire," and acknowledged as the Benefactor of the kingdom of Bavaria. And a son of this State is now the chief Naval Director of the Sultan of Turkey, and high in rank and influence.

The love of his native State had taken deep root in the heart of George Waldron before he left Charleston; and often, while busy in the crowded mart of New York, or sojourning in other cities, or travelling in Europe, had he felt what one of our own poets has so beautifully expressed, when he thought of his own home:

"Oh, greener hills may catch the sun
Beneath the glorious heaven of France;
And streams rejoicing as they run,
Like life beneath the day-beam's glance,
May wander where the orange bough
With golden fruit is bending low;

And there may bend a brighter sky
O'er fair and classic Italy—
Yet unto thee, New England, still
Thy wandering son shall stretch his arms,
And thy rude chart of rock and hill,
Seem dearer than the land of palms."

And yet George Waldron was not prepared for the full measure of intelligence which he now discovered among the citizens of Charleston. He found his brothers, and the community generally, better informed respecting every important measure of Government than he was—that the occurrences of the times, as they affected the interests of *all classes*, were better understood and more candidly canvassed by the farmers of this inland town, than by the merchants of New York. In short, he found that he had much to learn; that skimming paragraphs and reviews would not secure him the reputation of knowledge; and that he must actually read books through, and also entire speeches and reports. He felt, too, his own inferiority in point of judgment on many important subjects of national interest and improvement, when compared with these sagacious and reflecting dwellers in the calm atmosphere of the country; and he began in earnest a thorough course of historical and philosophical studies. These, with the assistance he rendered his father in getting in his harvest, and preparing the ground for another year's crop, fully occupied his time. He had no leisure for ennui; but he could not, by all his employment, keep the image of Lucy Miller from his thoughts. In the solitude of his morning walk, in the silence of the holy Sabbath, at the calm evening hour, and even in his midnight dreams, her idea was ever before him. Every object he saw, each familiar place he visited, recalled her to his fancy, such as she was in her lovely childhood, when her warm, innocent affections were breathed out to him with the freedom of the wild bird's song. "Has she forgotten all these scenes and associations?" he would say to himself—"Could she forget me?—Do none of these tender remembrances soften her heart towards me?"

They seldom met. He had called at her father's the day after his arrival; the old man received him most cordially, and Lucy's sweet face was lit up with such a bright smile of welcome, that George, for a short time, fancied that she understood his feelings and returned his affection. But she soon became reserved in her manner, even cold, he thought; he was embarrassed, and after an hour's conversation, chiefly with her parents, on indifferent subjects, he left the house, resolving to see Lucy as little as possible. She seemed to have formed the same resolution. She never came to visit, as had been her custom, his mother, but pleaded her numerous engagements at home; and the one which she did not plead, made George feel that there was an insurmountable barrier to all intercourse between them.

"We will have a glorious time at Thanksgiving!" said Sam Waldron to his mother. "All our family will then be gathered together, like the Jews at the feast of Tabernacles. I do

wish, George, you had a wife; we should then make up just a round dozen of children and grandchildren for our parents to feast."

"I want no wife," said George.

"Pho!—none of your single-blessedness-sentiment here," replied Samuel—"A farmer does want a wife; he cannot be comfortable or prosperous without one. Adam was wretched, even in Paradise, till a wife was given him."

"And lost Paradise in consequence," retorted George.

"But his wife went with him, which made all earth an Eden, as you will find your position is, brother George, when you are quietly settled here with the girl of your choice," replied the other.

George sighed as he answered that he saw no prospect of a choice for himself.

"Why there are twenty of the prettiest, and best girls in the world now living in Charleston; but I advise you to turn your chief regards to the young lady you met at brother John's the other evening."

"Miss Fanny Stevens?"

"The same; a fine girl she is, talented, handsome, and besides, her father is rich."

"Then I will not think of her," said George, decidedly. "I am too poor to seek a rich wife."

"But if she is willing!"

"No matter; I should despise myself and hate my wife, if I married for money," said George.

"But you may marry her for love," persisted Samuel.

"I shall never marry Fanny Stevens for love," replied George.

Yet she was just the character to interest a man who was suffering from disappointed affection. Full of spirit and vivacity, with a highly cultivated mind, and a fine expressive face, Fanny Stevens soon drew George Waldron into her fascinating society, and partly by the charms of her conversation, and partly by the tact with which she mingled the name and praises of Lucy Miller with all the descriptions she gave him of the events which had transpired in the village, she contrived to interest his feelings, and held him in many a *tete-a-tete*, which was quite a triumph, as he was the lion par excellence of the season.

The good people of Charleston attributed the misfortunes of George entirely to "the hard times," and gave him full credit for the generous use he had made of wealth while he possessed it; they therefore treated him with the same, or, indeed, more respect than they would have done had he returned in affluence. The farmers were all proud that he had adopted their calling—the merchants were glad that he had not intruded into theirs; so every body praised and honored him.

Thus the winter wore away. On the 22d of February, the birth-day of Washington was celebrated at Bellows' Falls, a romantic little village, about ten miles from Charleston. There was to be a grand ball and supper; all the beaux and belles of the country round were invited. George attended Fanny Stevens, and Lucy Miller was there with her Doctor. They

had a very gay time, and it was considered a settled thing that George Waldron, if he had not proposed to Miss Stevens, would certainly do so soon, as he scarcely danced or conversed with any other lady.

Towards the close of the evening he found himself standing near Lucy—he had remarked that her cheek was very pale, and now he thought she looked sad and weary, and he inquired after her health in a tone of such anxious tenderness that she could scarcely prevent the tears gushing from her eyes, as she assured him in a low voice, that she was very well.

"And happy, I hope!"

"I ought to be so," was her answer.

"Happiness is not duty, but feeling," replied George, earnestly.

"Yet the wise tell us we must perform our duties if we would secure true and lasting enjoyment," she answered, with a smile, but it was so sad that it quite melted the heart of George. "She is not happy," thought he. "Why have I not used the privilege of a cousin, which she certainly would have accorded me, though she was engaged, to discover her cause of sorrow? Perhaps I might now assist her." He moved closer to her side, and bending towards her, said—"Lucy, you once called me cousin and brother—will you now consider me as such?"

She started, and raised her dark eyes to his; they were filled with tears. He was about to take her hand, but Doctor Jocelin appeared and claimed it for the last dance. George shrunk back, and thought—she is engaged; she belongs to another—what a fool I am to think she needs comfort from me.

The spring with all its promises and cares, was at hand. John Waldron had on his farm a large plantation (as it would be called in England) of the Sugar Maple, from which he made about five hundred pounds of sugar annually. As this farm had formerly belonged to his father, George was familiar with the whole ground. Often when a boy, had he assisted in tapping the trees, gathering the sap and boiling it down; and always, till he went to New York, was at "the sugaring off." And now while he assisted his brother in the labors of sugar making, his mind was full of the recollection of those happy days, when Lucy Miller, the darling little fairy, was ever by his side, asking questions with her bright eyes as well as soft, sweet voice—and thanking him for his gift of the first wild violet and the ground laurel with kisses as well as words. "I cannot live here," thought he, "and I will not. I must return to active business, to the hurry and bustle of the city, and forget that I ever placed my happiness upon the chance of retaining the heart of the woman because as a child she had loved me. As well expect the fruits of summer will retain the beauty and fragrance of their opening buds.—I will struggle no longer here to subdue my passion—I will go far away where nothing shall remind me of her."

That evening George returned to his father's; he had been with his brother for several days, and had heard nothing from home. His mo-

ther greeted him warmly, but he saw she had been weeping.

"I have just come from Mrs. Miller's," she said.

"Well?"

"Lucy is quite ill."

"Not dangerously, mother? She cannot be."

"Yes—it is thought she is very dangerously ill. She has been pining her mother tells me, for several months—and ever since the ball at Bellows Falls she has failed rapidly. Now a fever has set in, and she has been quite delirious."

George sunk into a chair, covered his face with his hands and groaned aloud.—His mother approached, and bending down her face to his, said in a calm, clear voice—"My son, do you love Lucy Miller?"

"Do I love her?" he repeated, starting up—

"Yes, a thousand times better than my own life. Oh, why cannot I lay down my life to save her?"

"She will be saved, I trust, and you both will be happy yet. George, she loves you—in her delirium she has constantly called on you—since she recovered her senses, she has told Doctor Jocelin all—her early love for you—and that she cannot marry him. He is coming to see you—there he is now. I will retire to my room: but, my son, be very tender to the Doctor's feelings; he is struggling hard to act the noble part of a friend to Lucy. Be just to him."

What passed between these two young men was never known; the result was that George called immediately at Mr. Miller's and left a note for Lucy—the next day she was able to see him—and the marriage was fixed for the first of June. Before that time arrived Doctor Jocelin had removed to Mobile, where he had a brother residing, who was anxious to have him enter into practice in that growing city.

George is now settled with his parents, and so happy in his situation of an independent farmer, that although he has received the most flattering offers and pressing entreaties to join the old firm of Harris, Sturtevant & Co., in New York, he steadily declines. He says that, if one fourth part of the merchants would become farmers it would be better for the country and the individuals themselves, and that the lords of the soil are the legitimate aristocracy of our Republic, which dignity he means to preserve, Cincinnatus like, by holding his own plough.

Mr. Samuel Waldron declares that the fortune-teller was right—Lucy loved a merchant and married a farmer, which was certainly true.

Those who have resources with themselves, who can dare to live alone, want friends the least, but, at the same time, best know how to prize them the most. But no company is far preferable to bad, because we are more apt to catch the vices of others than their virtues, as disease is far more contagious than health.

For the Lady's Book.

THE YOUNG LADY WHO SINGS.

Those who are at all acquainted with society in — must have remarked, that in every neighbourhood there is invariably "a young lady who sings." This young lady in general has a voice like that of a tin kettle if it could speak, and takes more pride in reaching as high as D sharp than if she had reached the top of the pyramid of Cheops. Whenever she is invited out, her "mamma" invariably brings four songs, by "that dear Mr. Bailly," three German songs, two Italian, and one French song. Sometimes, but not always, an ominous green box is brought in the carriage along with the music, inclosing the valuable appendage of a guitar, with a sort of Scotch plaid silk ribbon of no earthly use dangling from the handle.

At tea, if you sit next to the young lady who sings, she is sure to talk about Pasta, and beyond a doubt will ask you if you are fond of music. Beware here of answering in the affirmative. If you do, your fate is sealed for the night; and while half a dozen pretty girls are chatting delightfully together in one corner of the room, as far from the piano as possible, it will be your unhappy destiny to stand at the side of the young lady who sings, turning over the leaves for her, two at once in your confusion. At the conclusion of each song, it will be your particular business to repeat over again the words "most beautiful" three several times; and, while inwardly longing to be flirting with all the six pretty girls in the corner, you will be obliged to beseech and implore the young lady who sings to delight the company with another solo. Hereupon the young lady who sings coughs faintly, and says that she has a severe cold; but, much to her private satisfaction, is overruled by her "mamma," who turning round from the sofa where she is seated, talking scandal with the lady of the house, says reproachfully, "Well, my dear, what if you have a cold—does that prevent your obliging us? For shame!" Then follows a short pantomime between mother and daughter, touching and concerning the next song to be sung. A German song is fixed upon at last, which the daughter goes through in the most pathetic style imaginable, quite ignorant all the time that the subject is a very merry one. All the company pause in their conversation, except the six young ladies in the corner, and the old deaf gentleman who is playing with the poker, on each of whom respectively "mamma" looks scissors. The young lady, having gone right through from beginning to end, stops at last quite out of breath,

as might well be expected when it is considered what a race her fingers have had for the last five minutes, in a vain attempt to keep up with her tongue. "How very pretty!" you observe; now that there is room for a word. "I think it is," replies the young lady who sings, in the most simple manner imaginable. "Mamma" now asks successively each of the other mammas whether any of their daughters sing, and, receiving a negative, addresses her daughter thus:—"Julia, love, do you remember that sweet little thing of Madame Stockhausen's, which she sang the other evening! Hereupon another song follows, and then another at the particular request of the lady of the house, who is all the time dying for her own daughters to exhibit. In this manner the evening is spent; and, if you are particularly fortunate, you have, in return for your patient listening, the exquisite gratification of putting on the young lady's shawl, before she steps into the carriage, in which she hums all the way home.

We have been a considerable frequenter of parties in our time, and never went to one but the pleasure of it was interrupted more or less by the appearance of the young lady who sings. At last, on this very account we gave up going to parties altogether, till one day we had an invitation to a very pleasant house, and received at the same time from another quarter authentic information that the young lady who sings was gone into Wales. This news led us to accept the invitation at once. "At last," thought we, "we shall enjoy an evening in peace." We went. Coffee came in, and there was no sign of our enemy. Our heart leapt with delight, and we were just beginning to enjoy a philosophical conversation on raspberry jam with the matter-of-fact young lady, when to our complete consternation, in walked the guitar, the young lady who sings, and her eternal "mamma," all three evidently bent on destruction. It appears that the young lady, hearing of the party, had kindly put off her departure for Wales just one day, on purpose to be present.

We can say nothing as to what followed this hostile incursion, for having been unhappily fated to the possession of a tolerable ear, we were obliged to beat a retreat at once. Since that memorable occasion we have never gone to any party whatever, without first ascertaining, beyond a possibility of doubt, that the young lady who sings is not to be one of the number.

That politeness which we put on, in order to keep the assuming and the presumptuous at a proper distance, will generally succeed. But it sometimes happens, that these obtrusive characters are on such excellent terms with themselves, that they put down this very politeness to the score of their own great merits and high

pretensions, meeting the coldness of our reserve with a ridiculous condescension of familiarity, in order to set us at ease with ourselves. To a by-stander, few things are more amusing than the cross play, underplot, and final eclairsissements, which this mistake invariably occasions.

THE LILY OF THE VALE.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

SUNG IN THE OPERA OF "ROSINA," WITH ENTHUSIASTIC APPLAUSE, BY SYDNEY PEARSON.

COMPOSED BY J. JONES—ARRANGED BY S. PEARSON.

Andantino con Espressivo.

pia. *For.*

The fragrant li - ly of the vale, So love - ly bright and fair, Where

p

sweets perfume the fanning gale, To Fan - ny* I com - pare— To

Fan - ny I com - pare. What tho' on earth it lowly grows, It scents the morning

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The tempo and mood are indicated as 'Andantino con Espressivo'. The score is divided into systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes dynamic markings such as 'p' (piano) and 'pia.' (pianissimo). The score ends with a double bar line.

* The word "Phoebe" is used in the opera of "Rosina," in the place of "Fanny."

tr.
gale, Its sweetness far excels the rose, The lily of the vale, The

pp

li - - ly of the vale— The li - - ly of the vale. Its

sweetness far ex - cels the rose, The lily, the li - - - ly of the vale.
tr.

mf *for.*

II.

There while it sheds its sweets around,
How shines each modest grace,
Enraptur'd, how its owner stands
To view its lovely face:
But pray, my Fanny, now observe
The inference of my tale,
May I the florist be, and thou—
The Lily of the Vale.

For the Lady's Book.

A BALL AT THE PARIS OPERA HOUSE.

WHILE I was amusing myself with watching the clearing of the house at the last ball, my attention was excited by a lady seated alone in a corner; it was evident from her manner that she was waiting impatiently for some one. She was in a black dominia, but the elegance of her *tournure*, the rich lace that bordered her robe, and last, though not least, the beauty of an embroidered pocket-handkerchief, which she frequently applied to her eyes, convinced me she was a person of distinction. Using the freedom of the place, I approached her and said, "You are waiting for some one?"

"Yes," answered she, quietly, "have you seen a tall, fair young man, with a white rose in his button-hole?"

I replied in the negative, and added some common-place compliment, but she turned from me with a gesture of impatience. I continued to walk up and down for some time, casting every now and then a glance at the corner where she was seated, but she never moved. At last I was myself forced to retreat, but the interest she had excited made me linger till I saw her come out, accompanied, to my surprise, by my old friend, Doctor —, so celebrated for his treatment of the insane. As she passed me, I heard her say, "No, he has not been here, I am sure of it, I have sought for him all the night in vain." The tone of sadness in which these words were uttered, went to my heart. I hastened to the house of my old friend as soon as I thought I could see him, to inquire into the cause of this poor unfortunate's malady.

"She is," said he to me, "unfortunate indeed; married at eighteen, and against her will, to a man old enough to be her grandfather, she was for two years the most virtuous and exemplary of wives. No one ever knew, or even suspected, what it cost her to struggle with the passion with which the young and handsome Vicomte de — had inspired her a considerable time before her marriage. He had not had an opportunity of avowing his love for her, but from his manner she was convinced that their affection was reciprocal, and from the moment of her marriage she avoided him with the greatest care. At twenty she became a widow, and mistress of a large fortune. The Vicomte was then absent from France, but before her year of widowhood was over, he returned, proposed, was accepted, and the day fixed for their nuptials."

"Near as she believed herself to happiness, there was always something in the manner of Gustavus, which struck at times a secret terror to the heart of Madame de —, and this was more particularly the case the night before the contract was to be signed. They had proposed to go together to the ball of the Opera, but she was indisposed, and could not accompany him. He was gloomy and agitated, and to her surprise made no offer of remaining with her. As they were parting, she presented him with a white rose. 'Wear this through the night,' she said,

'to remind you of me.' He went, and at the ball he met with an old mistress, a dancer at the Opera; he had been passionately fond of her, but she had broken with him previous to his engagement with Madame de —. In a quarter of an hour the white rose was trampled under foot; before morning the guilty pair were on their way to England, and by mid-day the poor widow was deprived of her reason.

"It is six years since this melancholy event took place. During the first year her state was pitiable indeed, but as the time of the Carnival approached, she grew calm, and announced to me—for she was then under my care—her intention of going to the ball to find Gustavus. Fortunately she recollected nothing that had passed, except his intention of going to the ball. I saw in a moment that some good might ensue, and no harm could arise from granting her desire. I accompanied her, but as my presence evidently made her uneasy, I quitted her as soon as we entered, keeping her however in sight. Poor thing! with what eagerness did she begin her search; if she saw at a distance a figure that resembled his, how did she hurry forward, and the sight of a white flower at a distance made her heart beat as though it would burst its prison. I need not tell you her search was vain; yet it had a salutary effect: in quitting the house, which she did not do till the very last moment, she said to me, 'Well, he may come next year.' And though she wept bitterly, she yet seemed to derive comfort from this hope, for she repeated the same words frequently. From that time she has regularly attended every year, a ball at the Opera, on the same day of the month as that on which she last saw her perjured lover. The effect is always the same; she grieves for the moment, and then consoles herself by repeating, 'Well, he may come next year.'"

Written for the Lady's Book

THE BLIND MAIDEN'S GEM.

[At the late Exhibition, at the Institute for the Blind, in this city, I heard one of the pupils sing a song of his own composing. Might it be permitted, through the medium of your Journal, to propose the following subject for composition?]

If the sweet rose, with accents bland,
That you have placed within my hand,
Should to the sight as lovely be,
As by the scent it seems to me;
A sigh must then its colours show,
For that's the softest joy I know:
And sure the rose is like a sigh—
Born but to breathe and then to die.

My father, when our fortunes smil'd,
With jewels deck'd his sightless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But dearer is this rose to me.
A tear of his bedew'd my cheek,
What language did that tear-drop speak!
And, ah! the gem to me most dear,
Was that kind father's pitying tear.

W.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE POET'S SONG.

BY PAUL SOBOLIEWSKI.

WHEN spring unfolds her foliage green,
And birds their songs begin to breathe,
My strain, like theirs, is free from care—
I fly above—descend beneath!

I fly, and haunt the vanished past,
'Mid tempests' low and wavering moan;
I gaze upon the regions vast,
And listen to the whirlwind's tone.

I feel the world's bright aspect 'round—
From flowers sweet I take my life;
I list to angels' praising sound,
And soon forget all earthly strife.

And if my heart at times complains
In spite of all its careless joys—
I try to soothe its bitter pains
As children do—with pleasing toys.

If for a while my bosom beats,
And trembles, filled with pain or fear—
My mind to Heaven then retreats,
And there dispels each bitter tear.

Thus, then, I pass away my time,
In joy my moments quickly glide;
Not fond of solving mysteries,
I smile at human thoughtless pride.

But when I end life's short career,
And bid this earth a last adieu—
Another world again will cheer
The heart, that seldom sorrow knew.

Although the body pass from hence,
The soul immortal shall not die—
A few remaining thoughts on earth,
May tell I soar'd beyond the sky.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Again we sit down to hold confidential intercourse with our friends. What shall the subject of our "table talk" be? The spring, its "buds and blossoms" have been said and sung till descriptive terms are exhausted. True, the subject never can be dull, while nature is so bright; but at this season one walk in the fields and woods is worth a hundred essays on the beauty of the trees and flowers. In the language of Mary Howitt, we say then to our kind readers

"Up—let us to the fields away,
And breathe the fresh and balmy air,
The bird is building on the tree,
The flower has opened to the bee,
And health, and love, and peace are there."

But there may come a rainy morning, when you will seek the Lady's Book for something interesting; there will be evenings of leisure, when the Editor's Table ought to furnish something new for your entertainment—so we will sketch the Great Fair for summer, which has just gone off, in our city of "notions," in fine style. But first, let us look over briefly, this matter of "Ladies' Fairs," in the cause of charity. Are they beneficial, on the whole, to the improvement of society? We do seriously believe they are:—that, though errors will creep in, as in every thing managed by human agency, that the results are beneficial, and that as large an amount of good is effected in this way, with as small a proportion of evil as in any other mode of raising money for benevolent purposes.

One most beneficial influence of Ladies' Fairs is, that they incite the rich to industry and awaken their ingenuity, by giving them a pleasant motive for exertion. The poor must labour to live, but a young lady who can have every pecuniary wish gratified without taking thought for the means, is in great danger of becoming indolent, useless, selfish, and unhappy. A taste for fine needlework, even the knowledge of plain sewing, had become almost obsolete, with the educated young ladies of Boston, before the fashion of Ladies' Fairs commenced; nor do we see how it could have been revived, had not this manner of charity become prevalent.

Those who disapprove this mode of charity, urge the impropriety of the display; that it encourages vanity in young ladies, and makes the motive of being seen and admired the predominating one in their hearts.

This would be a serious objection, if a Fair were the only place of display, or the most likely one to foster vanity. But this is not the case. Young ladies are seen at places of public resort, and in their promenades, with quite as much freedom

to the observers and more hazard to the observed. While the sexes are permitted to mingle together in elegant amusements, in the pursuits of literature, in the worship of God, to talk of the impropriety of their also meeting at the shrine of Charity is ridiculous—those who make such objection must have taken a partial view of the subject, or have weak minds or bad hearts.

But it is said that Fairs offer encouragement to those who would not otherwise be permitted to approach the ladies who manage the sales—that the purchase of a ticket will give to every fellow the freedom of the apartment, and the privilege of gazing on the fair marchands. So will the purchase of a ticket admit the same fellow to the concerts and gardens—the hall of the lecturer, and the picture gallery; and yet, what elegant, intelligent, and virtuous lady, refuses to appear at these places of resort, because the ignorant, disagreeable, and vicious, may.

But we need not plead the cause of Fairs; so strong are they now in public confidence, that the only fear is, they may be multiplied to excess and got up for trivial purposes. Yet there is small danger of this for the present.

Are you satisfied that Fairs, when well managed, are good and proper? Then you shall have a peep at the Fair for seamen, held by the Seaman's aid, in old Faneuil Hall, and at all its glory of decorations, which were really splendid. Captain J. Sturgis, of the Revenue Cutter Hamilton, took this duty on himself, and performed it to a charm. Flags and banniers were suspended around the galleries, pennants radiated from the centre of the ceiling to the pillars, which were wreathed with evergreen, and over the tables were mottoes, expressive of that interest for seamen, which had caused the effort of benevolence.

At the head of the hall, on a raised platform, was a beautiful and perfect model of a brig of war, armed with eighteen brass guns and manned with a hundred men. This brig fired a salute each evening at eight o'clock. On one side of the brig was the post-office, where, during the Fair, about a thousand letters were distributed; on the other side was Flora's Bower, or the Flower Tables. Eight tables, four on each side of the Hall, were covered with an immense variety of fancy work and useful articles, nearly all made for this purpose, in the course of eight weeks. No more time had elapsed since the Fair was decided on; and merely as evidence of the taste, skill, and industry of the ladies of Boston, this Fair for the Seamen at old Faneuil, will be a fair page

in their domestic history. And when its high and holy purpose is considered, that the time, taste, and talents of the ladies were consecrated to the cause of benevolence, in favour of a class of people who have been long and sadly neglected, we cannot but think that the Fair will find a warm approval in every heart.

We have not space to enter into any thing like a description of the "three days." Suffice it to say, that all went off well—that a great multitude came to the Temple of Liberty, and laid their honest oblations on the altar of Charity—that our receipts were about *six thousand dollars*—and the clear profit, to be devoted to the purpose of "*doing good to seamen and their families*," will not be less than *five thousand dollars*.

We entreat the forbearance of our contributors; their favours shall all be published in the order they are received. It was our intention to have leaved the matter in our future numbers, but we found that by so doing, we should not be enabled to give more than two thirds as much matter. The following contributions are on hand:

The Orphan, a Tale, by Mrs. Mary H. Parsons, of Pennsylvania.

The Heart's Trial, by Mrs. Ellet, of South Carolina.

The Widow Shamprou, by Mrs. E. W. Y., of Massachusetts.

The Elms, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, of Connecticut.

The Miniature, by L. A. Wilmer, Esq., of Pennsylvania.

A Village Romance, by Miss M. A. Brown, of England.

Newton Ainslie, by Mrs. Emma C. Embury, of New York.

The Runaway, by John Neal, Esq., of Maine.

Sketches of English Ladies, by B. B. Thatcher, Esq., of Massachusetts.

Richelieu, by Mrs. E. L. Cushing, of Canada.

Niagara, by Grenville Mellen.

The Master's Queue, by Miss A. M. F. Buchanan, of Maryland.

My Uncle Nicholas, by R. Penn Smith, of Pennsylvania.

Helen Claverling, by Mrs. Mary H. Parsons, of Pennsylvania.

A Novelette, by Miss Leslie.

Mary Lloyd, or the Rich Man's Daughter, by Ezra Holden, Esq., Ed. of Sat. Courier.

A late English Magazine publishes as original, that delightful piece of poetry, "It Snows," written by our coadjutor, Mrs. Hale.

We wish to publish—as we announced some time since—Portraits of Celebrated Literary Ladies—and we would, of course, prefer those of our own country, and especially the writers for this work; but it is hardly necessary to say this, for there is scarcely one lady of any literary standing, who has not written for "The Book." We find a difficulty, however, in procuring either paintings or miniatures—can any of our friends help us in this dilemma?

A slight error was made in our last, in stating that we gave *twenty-six* plates yearly—the number is *twenty-four*.

We have on hand a number of "Reports" and "Catalogues" of Female Seminaries, which we have never had leisure to notice. In the next number we shall attend to these.

LAURA BRIGHAM.

In our last number we gave a notice of the "Boston Asylum for the Blind." The interesting sketch of one of its pupils, to whom particular reference was then made, which we now subjoin, was omitted for want of room.

We will now give the account of the Trustees, by which it will appear that there was no poetic embellishment of this remarkable case.

"It has been ascertained beyond the possibility of doubt, that she can: not see a ray of light, cannot hear the least sound, and never exercises her sense of smell, if she has any. Thus her mind dwells in darkness and stillness, as profound as that of a closed tomb at midnight. Of beautiful sights, and sweet sounds, and pleasant odours, she has no conception; nevertheless she seems as happy and playful as a bird or a lamb; and the employment of her intellectual faculties, the acquire-

ment of a new idea, gives her a vivid pleasure, which is plainly marked in her expressive features. She never seems to repine, but has all the buoyancy and gaiety of childhood. She is fond of fun and frolic, and when playing with the rest of the children, her shrill laugh sounds loudest of the group.

"When left alone, she seems very happy if she has her knitting or sewing, and will busy herself for hours: if she has no occupation, she evidently amuses herself by imaginary dialogues, or recalling past impressions: she counts with her fingers, or spells out names of things which she has recently learned, in the manual alphabet of the deaf mutes. In this lonely self-communion, she reasons, reflects, and argues: if she spells a word wrong with the fingers of her right hand, she instantly strikes it with her left, as her teacher does, in sign of disapprobation: if right, then she puts herself upon the head and looks pleased. She sometimes purposely spells a word wrong with her left hand, looks rueful for a moment and laughs, and then with the right hand strikes the left, as if to correct it.

"During the year she has attained great dexterity in the use of the Manual Alphabet of the deaf mutes; and she spells out the words and sentences which she knows, so fast and so deftly that only those accustomed to this language can follow with the eye, the rapid motions of her fingers.

"But wonderful as is the rapidity with which she writes her thoughts upon the air, still more so is the ease and accuracy with which she reads the words thus written by another, grasping their hand in hers, and following every movement of their fingers, as letter after letter conveys their meaning to her mind. It is in this way that she converses with her blind playmates, and nothing can more forcibly show the power of mind in forcing matter to its purpose, than a meeting between them. For, if great talent and skill are necessary for two pantomimes to paint their thoughts and feelings by the movements of the body, and the expression of the countenance, how much greater the difficulty when darkness shrouds them both, and the one can hear no sound!

"When Laura is walking through a passage way, with her hands spread before her, she knows instantly every one she meets, and passes them with a sign of recognition; but if it be a girl of her own age, and especially if one of her favourites, there is instantly a bright smile of recognition—an intertwining of arms—a grasping of hands—and a swift telegraphing upon the tiny fingers, whose rapid evolutions convey the thoughts and feelings from the outposts of one mind to those of the other. There are questions and answers—exchanges of joy or sorrow—there are kissings and partings—just as between little children with all their senses.

"One such interview is a better refutation of the doctrine, that mind is the result of sensation, than folios of learned argument. If those philosophers who consider man as only the most perfect animal, and attribute his superiority to his senses, be correct, then a dog or a monkey should have mental power quadruple that of poor Laura Brigham, who has but one sense.

"We would not be understood to say that this child has the same amount of knowledge that others of her age have; very far from it: she is nine years of age, and yet her knowledge of language is not greater than a common child of three years. There has been no difficulty in communicating knowledge of facts—positive qualities of bodies—numbers, &c.; but the words expressive of them, which other children learn by hearing, as they learn to talk, must all be communicated to Laura by a circuitous and tedious method. In all the knowledge which is acquired by the perceptive faculties, she is of course backward; because, previous to her coming here, her perceptive faculties were probably less exercised in one week, than those of common children are in one hour.

"What may be termed her moral nature, however, her sentiments and affections, her sense of propriety, of right, of property, &c., is equally well developed as those of other children.

"She is now able to understand simple sentences expressive of action, as "shut the door," "give me a book," &c., or rather, as she expresses it, "shut door," "give book," for she does not know the force of the particles, *the* and *a*, any more than a prattling infant, who understands—give cake—but puts *in me* and *a* from imitation, without knowing their meaning; or than many a child in school understands the difference between a noun and verb, though he has gone through all the parsing exercises and can give a rule for every thing about it."

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

The Women of England, their Social Duties, and Domestic Habits. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 275.

Mrs. Ellis, (late Sarah Stickney), is favorably known to our reading community. Her "Poetry of Nature," and "Pictures of Private Life," are pleasant books, full of tender and pious thoughts, and in some of the scenes and descriptions, evincing that refined and just taste which accompanies genius when chastened by religious principle.

The present work is one of a more decidedly practical character, and, we doubt not, was written with an earnest de-

sire to do good. It has passages of great beauty, and contains sentiments which are very important to the improvement and happiness of society. Yet we do not think that it deserves unqualified praise. The style is verbose and tame, the arrangement of the matter so unskillfully made, that there is scarcely a chapter which might not be transposed with any other in the book, without detriment to the argument or object of the author. These are not faults which depreciate the moral truth of the sentiments; but there are observations contained in this volume which we consider objectionable, because teaching a false estimate of character. For instance, Mrs. Ellis insists that the class of females she addresses, "those who enjoy the privileges of liberal education, with exemption from the pecuniary necessities of labour;" in other words, the daughters of lawyers, clergymen, merchants, manufacturers, &c., the middle class of society in England, must not presume to call themselves "*ladies*," and yet she acknowledges that this class includes "a vast portion of the intelligence and moral power of the nation." But then they were not "born great," and therefore cannot be ladies—or, the men gentlemen, we suppose. Indeed, she considers the name *lady* to be fraught with incalculable mischief—she says—"The grand error of the day seems to be that of calling themselves *ladies*, when it ought to be their ambition to be only *women*," &c.

Now *woman* is a beautiful term, we allow, and we would be willing that it should be used to designate a female of the highest character and accomplishments; but while *lady* is supposed to convey the idea of more intellectual and moral refinement, we think every woman who possesses the character of a *lady*, should be entitled to the appellation. And how a Christian woman can lend her influence to increase the barriers of rank, or caste, in a Christian land, astonished us. Had she told the "middle class," that it would be preposterous and wrong for them to imitate the fashions and manners of the nobility, who had immense fortunes to support their extravagance, and high rank to screen their conduct from censure, she would have done well; but gentility is neither in birth, rank, or fashion, but in mind. Was the Dutches of St. Albans a *lady*? or is the Marquis of Waterford a *gentleman*? The Apostle praised the "elect lady," because he "found her children walking in the truth;" and whenever we find a family so educated, we may presume that the mother is a lady, and that the daughters will do honour to the title.

There are some excellent remarks on "Conversation," which we should like to lay before our readers; and in her observations on "Domestic Habits," much that is calculated to do good is urged on the young female. We hope that the work will be extensively read, though not so well adapted for our country as was Mrs. Farrar's work, "The Young Ladies' Friend;" yet many valuable hints and rules may be gathered from this volume to the women of England.

Life of Cardinal de Cheverus. James Munroe & Co.

Who Cardinal de Cheverus was, none of our readers, probably, need be informed; a residence of twenty-seven years among us, (at Boston,) in so distinguished an office as that of a Catholic Bishop—not to mention the subsequent and much higher honors conferred on him in his native country—was quite sufficient to introduce him thoroughly to American acquaintance, had he been but an ordinary man. The Bishop, however, was not an ordinary man—far from it. In mere intellect we might not, indeed, pronounce him quite *extraordinary*, (though we are hardly sure of that even;) we might not call him a *genius*, but this would not be from any lack on his part in that respect, for where intellect was wanted, where it was to *tell*, there Cheverus never was found wanting. It would be rather because his moral excellences were so brilliant as to monopolize one's notice and admiration. As a good man, he was indeed a rare example. We do not mean, neither, a good man in the common and common-place sense of these abused words. We mean a character formed signally on the model of Christ's own—and how much does this imply;—not sensibility, amiable instincts, liberality alone, but great energies—the executive faculties and habits powerful—enlarged views of society, and of humanity at

large; a mind, in a word, thoroughly disciplined, and balanced well. It would be exceedingly interesting to cite the volume before us sufficiently to show what was the *kind* of the Cardinal's goodness which we refer to; how much mind, how much *greatness*, in fact, there was in it. But our limits warn us to forbear. The most we can do at present, after commending the whole book to our readers, (and we might well add a compliment to Mr. Stewart's translation,) is to select the following passages, beautifully illustrative of a theme on which we have often dwelt, and which can never become wearisome, we think, to any well-ordered mind. The author speaks of the Cardinal's *mother*:"

"While she deemed it unnecessary to follow any formed system of education, the best, in her judgment, was the most simple and Christian. Making it her care to inculcate upon her children, by example, even more than by precept, the fear of God, the habit of prayer, love of their neighbors, charity to the poor, and a love for whatever is good, honest, and virtuous, she succeeded in securing alike their obedience and affection. She never had recourse to those severe reprimands which sour the disposition instead of improving it, and still less to corporal punishment, which may enforce an outward obedience, but produces no change in the heart.

"The care thus bestowed was not lost. To say nothing of the great and eminent virtues which were its fruit, the gratitude and affection of the children were a sweet recompense to the parents in this world, the recollection of so good a mother, especially, was cherished in the hearts of her children dear as that of virtue itself. Even to the latest period of his life the Cardinal never spoke of his mother but with veneration and tenderness; and whenever from the pulpit, he enlarged upon the duties of mothers towards their children, he always loved to cite the example and conduct of his own mother."

The American Flower Garden Companion. By Edward Sayer. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. 1839.

The love of flowers is an universal passion. It pervades all breasts; in all climates, conditions, and ages it is predominant. Rich and poor—old and young—wise and simple, alike acknowledge its influence. The cottage with its sweet-briars and honey-suckles—the green-house with its wealth of gorgeous exotics—the neat and trimly drest city garden—the lone plant, watched and tended amid all the harassing exactions of toil, peering from the window of a wretched hovel in a dim-lighted alley, equally attest the power which flowers exercise upon human sympathies. They heighten the enjoyment of pleasure; they soothe the pangs of affliction. The outward senses are delighted by their beauty and fragrance; the inward heart is purified and refined by their gentle associations. The lessons they teach are full of profitable admonition, for while they warn us of life's frailty and fleetness, they inspire us also with hope, and joy, and gladness; and if in their withering we can find types of our own decaying natures, their reproduction is eloquent of the power and goodness, and wisdom of our common Creator.

The little volume, the title of which is given above, contains practical instructions by an experienced florist, both as to the mode of arranging gardens, and the best methods of cultivation. It embraces all a list of the various flowers suitable to our climate, with directions as to the proper seasons for planting, trimming, &c. It is, in a word, a most useful manual for all who have the opportunity of indulging in the 'universal passion.'

The American Fruit Garden Companion. By L. Sayers. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co., 1839.

This little work is kindred to that we have just noticed, and will be found equally valuable. In a plain, clear, and unpretending way it treats of the various subjects connected with the cultivation of Fruit Gardens, giving such directions both for propagation and preservation as cannot fail to be successful if properly followed.

"The Ladies' Wreath—A Selection from the Female Poetic Writers of England and America. With Original Notices and Notes." By Mrs. Hale: pp. 436. Second edition, improved and enlarged. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

We name the new edition of this work, which has lately been published, not to claim any merit for our own share in it; but simply to inform our friends that if they wish for a volume of pure and beautiful poetry to adorn their own libra-

ry, or as a present to young ladies, we think this will satisfy their wishes. It contains selections from the writings of Mrs. Hemans, More, Barbauld, Norton, and Howitt—Miss Baillie, Taylor, Landon, Jewsbury, Browne, Bowles, and Mitford, English Writers. The Americans are Mrs. Sigourney, Embury, Willa, Smith, Osgood, Dinnes, Whitman, Gilman, Elliot, Hale—Miss Gould, and Lucretia Maria Davidson.

Robin Day. By the author of "Calavar," &c. 3 vols. Lea & Blanchard—1839.

This work is not equal in merit to the former productions of Dr. Bird. It is intended to be satirical and droll, but the humour is forced, and the satire is not sufficiently obvious for effect. It is wanting also in a good moral. If we are to judge from this specimen, the talents of Dr. Bird are not adapted to the comic—his power lies in a different class of compositions. His earlier novels are remarkable for strength and purity of diction, lofty eloquence, and vivid portraiture of the noble and chivalric, and it is in these he is most successful.

Chevely: the Man of Honour. By Lady Lytton Bulwer. 4 vols. Harper & Brother, New York, 1839.

This novel is said to have been written for the purpose of showing to the world the baseness of Mr. E. L. Bulwer's character. If such was the fact, which we doubt, we feel constrained to say, her ladyship, whatever merit may be accorded to her abilities, has shown but little womanly dignity or discretion.

"Chevely" is undoubtedly well written, but the morals it inculcates are as loose, and as deserving of condemnation, as those which the author of Ernest Maltravers himself, has sought to establish and defend. The profuseness of quotation from Don Juan is also in bad tone, as well as bad taste. Altogether the perusal of this performance has led us to the conclusion, that whatever faults may be imputable to the husband, and it is probable there are many, Lady Bulwer is by no means the injured woman she seems to think herself.

Cooper's Naval History of the United States, has just been issued by Lea & Blanchard.

A L'Abri, or the Tent pitched. By N. P. Willis. S. Colman: New York, 1839.

Notwithstanding the affectation of the title—a customary vice of the author—this is really a most agreeable book. Mr. Willis is singularly graceful in his light prose compositions, combining much elegance of manner with a sprightly flow of thought; and in none of his published productions are these characteristics more conspicuous than in that now before us. The volume contains a series of letters addressed from the writer's farm on the Susquehanna, to Dr. Porter, his present associate in the Corsair, and the sketches of scenery, the description of persons, and the incidental reflections they embody, are really admirable. These letters were originally published in the New York Mirror.

Lea & Blanchard are now publishing in numbers, "Jack Sheppard," by Ainsworth. The style in which this work is got up, is very creditable to the publishers.

Memoirs of Celebrated Women. Edited by J. P. R. James. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1839.

The word "edited," on the title-page of a book, has been, of late years, so frequently used for the purpose of mystification, and, in some glaring instances, has been so obviously a lure to catch purchasers, that Mr. James has found it necessary to state explicitly, that his only connection with the preparation of these volumes was the revision of the proofs, and occasional alteration of language. The author—whose name he does not mention, however—is, as he informs us, a lady of abilities, to whom he is related, and the work was submitted to him on account of her absence in Europe. Of course, a statement gravely made by an honourable man, is not to be disputed, but unless the bookseller expected to de-

rive advantage from the use of his name, there was no particular reason why, under the circumstances, it should appear.

The Memoirs include sketches of Joan of Arc, Margaret of Anjou, Lady Jane Grey, Anna Comnena, Marchioness of Maintenon, Queen Elizabeth, and Donna Maria Pacheo. As all of these women were connected with events of great political importance, their biographies are necessarily intimately interwoven with the history of their times, and we have therefore, to the pleasing detail of personal events, superadded startling incidents of several of the most remarkable epochs which the world has witnessed. The style of the memoirs is generally plain and unpretending: the facts are judiciously chosen, and the opinions are for the most part sound.

Lady's Equestrian Manual. Haswell, Barrington & Haswell; 1839.

This is a little book which we recommend to such of our lady readers as have the opportunity of indulging in the invigorating and delightful exercise of riding. It furnishes a variety of precepts well calculated to assist beginners, illustrated by drawings, which make them perfectly clear to every comprehension.

Flora's Interpreter. By Mrs. Hale—pp. 264—seventh edition. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon.

The sale of six large editions of this work, and the continued and increasing demand for it, is sufficient testimony that it finds favor with the public. This seventh edition has been carefully revised and stereotyped; we trust it will give satisfaction to our friends.

The Croppy. A Tale, by the O'Hara family; 2 vols. Carey & Hart: 1839.

There is no novel-writer of the present day who surpasses Mr. Banim in vivid portraiture of character, and fertility of invention. All his writings abound in these traits, and they are eminently conspicuous in the volume now before us. 'The Croppy,' is, of course, a tale of Ireland, and it depicts with vigour many of the scenes of suffering and desolation which the distracted state of that unhappy country continually involves. The day is one of deep interest.

The Phantom Ship, a Tale of the Sea, by Captain Marryat; 2 vols. Carey & Hart.

Since the gallant Captain's return to England, we perceive he has been involved in a Chancery suit with his publisher respecting this production. Whether the controversy has been settled, or if it has, in what way it was determined we do not remember, but one result has been to give the work to American readers before it is published in England. The publishers here hold a copy-right.

The 'Phantom Ship' is one of its author's best stories. The incidents are humorous and touching, and the descriptions have all that freshness and vigour which made Peter Simple so popular.

Advice to a Young Gentleman, on Entering Society. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard—1839.

There is a good deal of worldly shrewdness exhibited in passages of this work, but the tone of morality it inculcates is such as we utterly condemn. Mere conventional forms can never justify cheating, and the young man who shapes his conduct according to the 'advice' given by this writer, will perhaps improve in polish—though that is doubtful—but he will certainly depreciate in honesty. The surface may be made smoother, but the current of bad passions beneath will be rendered deeper, and its impressions will be more lasting. We had hoped the day had gone by when the old and heartless philosophy of Chesterfield could find advocates, and we are not a little surprised to see that bad man characterized as *great*, by one who professes to promote the instruction of youth. Yet this book both advocates his doctrines, and applauds his name, and holds him up as a model worthy of admiration.

Richelieu, or the Conspiracy; a Play in Five Acts. To which are added Historical Odes; by E. L. Bulwer. Harper & Brothers. New York: 1839.

'Richelieu' is Mr. Bulwer's best dramatic production. The subject is full of capabilities, and it is well managed. The character of Richelieu, bold, fearless, uncompromising, relentless, but not altogether without human charities and affections, is feelingly portrayed. The general conduct of

the piece is admirable; and in some of the scenes the highest interest is skillfully excited and maintained. Some of the best passages which Mr. B. has written may be found in this piece. The Historical Odes do not please us so well as the drama. They contain many fine thoughts, and much vigorous diction; but there is a striving after effect every where perceptible in them, which is not to our taste.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS, FOR THE SUMMER OF 1839.

Fig. I.—Indian green *gros de Naples* robe, the waist half-high, and the sleeves demi large; the border is trimmed with lace; India muslin *mantelet*, trimmed with point lace, set on very full and surmounted by a riband run through the brim. Drawn bonnet of white silk, trimmed with white riband, edged with pink, and the interior of the brim ornamented with light foliage.

Fig. II.—High dress of striped *gros de Naples*, trimmed with satin pipings. The waist of this very pretty spring dress, is made high and quite tight to fit the bust. The fronts as seen in the plate, are cut on the cross way of the material, so as to make the stripes meet down the front; the back goes the straight way, and has a slight fullness at the waist. The sleeves are full from the shoulder to the elbow, the remainder tight, they are confined, as may be seen in the plate, in regular flat plaits a certain distance below the shoulder, by three frills, cut on the cross way and not very full, and put on close to each other, that is, no space left between. The bottom of the dress is ornamented with a very deep flounce, with a heading formed of itself. The ceinture, which is of the material of the dress, is edged, as well as the frills on the sleeves, &c., with a satin piping of a different colour from the dress.

Hat of white *pou de sole*, trimmed with white riband and blonde. The front of the hat is large, coming low at the sides of the face, where the corners are merely rounded off and nearly meeting under the chin. A wreath of roses ornaments the underneath part of the front of the bonnet, and a veil of white blonde is put on at the edge. Double lace frill, tied with a coloured riband. White gloves, green silk parasol, and black shoes.

Fig. III.—Hat of casing trimmed with flowers. Half-high dress of white muslin, plain tight waist, fastened at the back,

a narrow lace goes round the top of the neck. Mantelet of white tulle lined with coloured silk, the mantelet has a deep cape, and is confined at the neck with large regular folds. It is trimmed all round with deep lace, and tied down the front at distances with bows of coloured riband. Straw coloured kid gloves, cambric ruffles, and black shoes.

CHIT CHAT OF THE FASHIONS.

At the first drawing for the season, the Queen of England wore a silver tissue dress, trimmed with rich bullion fringe. A magnificent diamond stomacher to the body. A train of pink satin trimmed with sable, and lined with rich white silk. Her head dress of diamonds, feathers, and lappets. The entire dress was of British manufacture.

Another dress is thus described.

"The body and train was of rich blue silk, splendidly embroidered with flowers in gold and chenille. The petticoat of rich white satin and gold, and blue cordeliere. A rosary, formerly worn by Mary, Queen of Scots, thrown over the bust, completed this rich costume. The gown is said to have been seventy years old, but the gold, being without alloy, is as fresh as the first day on which it was worn.

The Queen's new bonnets are of rose colour, lilac, and spring green glaze lace, rather deep, trims the edge of the brim, and goes round to the back forming the *bavolet*. On the brim a few small and light flowers fall. The brim comes down low—in some cases almost meeting under the chin. These bonnets are elegant, light, and defend the neck and face from the sunshine.

Foil de chevre is a new material for female dress. It is soft, silky, and light—never gets rumpled, and as bright as silk, fresh as muslin.

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THE FISH BOAT.

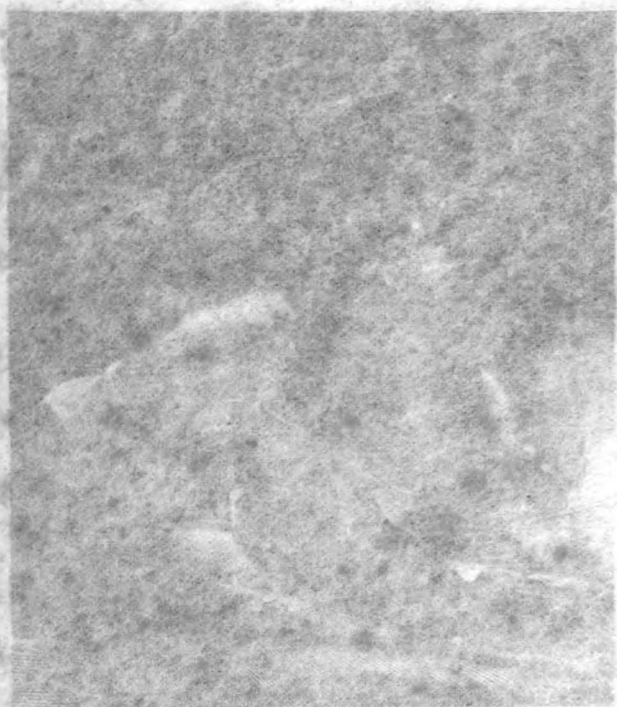
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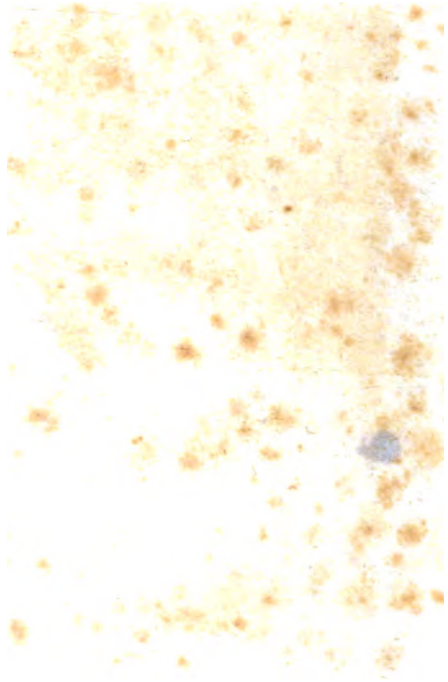


THE FISH BOAT.

THE FISH BOAT.



1900-1901 THE TOWN OF









JULY, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE LOVE LETTER.

A SKETCH.

BY L. A. WILMER.

THOUGH no great admirer of abstruse subjects, I have often pondered for hours, yea, for whole afternoons, and sometimes even after midnight, on that singular, and in some degree, incomprehensible theme—a love-letter. What is a love-letter!—what are its corporeal constituents—its elementary principles!—Dry-goods which have survived their own respectability, discredited their owners or wearers, been trodden under the feet of men, and perhaps redeemed from the kennel by some perambulatory dealer—half merchant and half mendicant;—these fragments, we remark, may—“to shame the doctrine of the Sadducee,”—arise in a beautified form, and assisted by a solution of nut-galls and the quill of a bird not remarkable for its amiable or brilliant qualities, may become, (wonderful transmutation,) a love-letter! Thus the silk-worm, after its period of usefulness is over, becomes a gay and volatile animal, and, in that form, is just as likely to do mischief as to be of any future service. The comparison, we say, holds good throughout, for *love-letters* have done mischief, and may, perhaps, do more; unless the world may be supplied with better models than some we have met with lately, in letter-books and “successful novels.”

Love-letters have done mischief, and what is more to our purpose, they have occasionally done good; as the following instance from real life, will serve to exemplify.

Mary Ashton—though unfortunate at the baptismal font—was recompensed in her after life with many and solid advantages. Considered as the heroine of a story, she had some notable peculiarities: her parents were both living, her eyes were not blue, and her hair was not auburn or flaxen; she was not troubled with dyspepsia, nor did she write stanzas, and, what is a most astonishing fact, she had never been dying with love. If this description by

negatives will not answer the purpose, the reader may inspect the accompanying portrait.

Miss Ashton's mother was an elderly lady who dressed in the most approved style of fashion, (that is, according to the Quaker standard,) and paid due attention to the concerns of her kitchen; of course, she cannot be expected to figure in this history. For it is one thing to be celebrated in the culinary line, and another thing, (as we take it,) to merit glorification in the walks of literature. Mary's father was a sterling old fellow, exquisitely cruel, admirably tyrannical, short in stature, and dilated in circumference, considerably pock-marked, and naturally bald. He wore a wig, buff small-clothes and white stockings.

Mr. Ashton did not subscribe for a newspaper. He could read three journals at a tavern, where he took a glass of Gray's excellent ale every afternoon. Three journals, at eight dollars each, would have cost him twenty-four dollars per annum; he saved six dollars and obtained his malt-liquor, as we may say, *gratis*. It was Mr. Ashton's custom in warm weather, when he arrived at the tavern, to take off his hat and wig and lay them on the table beside him. But what has all this to do with the story? We shall discover that presently.

Mr. Ashton, as we have observed, had a most delightfully tyrannical temper; he was, by no means, one of your easy, accommodating superintendents of youth who spoil so many good stories by agreeing to any arrangements which the young people may think proper to project. His was a disposition exceedingly productive of incident; he was in short, a maker of *obstacles*—without which, every love-story might be comprised in two or three sentences. Mr. Ashton was decidedly of the opinion that his daughter, then in her sixteenth year, was too young

to be married or given in marriage. Miss Mary thought differently, as there will be a difference of opinion on most political subjects, for although Mary had never, as yet, been in love, and never saw the man whom she could fancy for a husband, still as an abstract proposition, a question of moral right and wrong, she felt it to be her duty and privilege to fall in love on the first suitable occasion, and to accept the first eligible offer of matrimony. To be concise, old Ashton's arguments against early marriages had made Miss Mary suspect that her father's bald head was as destitute of interior furniture as it was deficient in external decorations. This, we say, was a private sentiment of the young lady; of course she was not so ignorant of her filial obligations as to give utterance to such an opinion.

Mr. Ashton kept a female domestic, a little advanced in years, whose especial duty was to observe and report any suspicious circumstances which might possibly be construed as interfering with the family regulations. In pursuance of this duty, Mrs. Birch communicated to her employer the important fact that a man—a tall young man, with dark whiskers and green glasses, had been seen reconnoitering in front of the dwelling. Worse than that, he had several times gained admittance into the hall; once under the pretence of canvassing for subscribers to a new and popular publication; again by pretending that he was an authorized agent to assist in taking the census, and a third time passing himself off as a health officer, in search of vaccine patients. Each time he had made some alteration in his equipments, but the keen glance of Mrs. Birch detected him in all his transfigurations.

To place the wickedness of his designs beyond all controversy, this mysterious mortal had attempted to bribe Mrs. Birch, by personal flattery and a pecuniary donation, to deliver a letter into the hands of Miss Mary. Mrs. B. indignantly rejected his money, (though she accepted his compliments,) and warned him to avoid the house in future, hinting something about *hot-water*; but, whether she used the words metaphorically, or actually menaced the young gentleman with a scolding, certainly he paid but little regard to her charitable admonitions. Though no longer able to contrive means of entrance, he walked before Mr. Ashton's house six or eight times every afternoon, rain or shine, nor could all the authority of Mrs. Birch prevent him from looking up at the windows. A shockingly bold, naughty man, was that individual with dark whiskers and green glasses!

From the moment of this annunciation by Mrs. Birch, old Ashton was an implacable enemy to all young fellows with sombre whiskers and green spectacles. The same afternoon, while going to take his diurnal allowance of Gray's superior beverage and paragraphs equally racy and pungent, he was struck with horror and amazement, on discovering that he was dogged—followed by a man with green specs and dark brown whiskers!—*Misericordia!* what a situation for a nervous, excitable old gentleman of eight and fifty! Mr. Ashton dodged

around a corner; Green Specs dodged after. Ashton was desperate; he stopped a strolling fruit-seller and purchased an orange. Green specs, instead of passing onward, in accordance with the hopes and wishes of Mr. Ashton, stopped and bought two oranges. Such insolence! The old cit, muttering something like a curse, increased his speed, till the sweat of agony and fatigue rolled from his forehead. The man of whiskers was not to be distanced; with the ease of an experienced pedestrian, he kept within five or six paces of his victim. When they arrived at the door of the tavern where Ashton was accustomed to spend his periods of relaxation, the unhappy object of persecution dropped in with the assurance of being relieved at once from his troublesome attendant. He threw himself into a chair, gave two or three loud respirations which sounded like the process of blowing off steam, and then the hat and wig were laid aside as usual. On the old fellow's bald pate, the exudation stood like dew-drops on the rind of a musk-melon.

But can we pretend to describe his dismay, when on turning his head, he discovered what to him was the most horrible of all spectacles, viz. the green ones, together with their wearer, at the other side of the table!

"A glass of ale," faintly ejaculated Mr. Ashton, to the waiter.

"A glass of port," cried Specs, in a loud, clear voice, at the same time regarding the old gentleman with a steady, though indirect glance, over his left whisker.

"That is too bad," muttered Ashton.

"Stop!" cried Specs to the waiter; "this gentleman says your port is too bad. Bring me Madeira."

"Abominable!" growled Mr. Ashton.

"Stop again," exclaimed Specs; "your Madeira is abominable. Bring me—(turning to Ashton,) 'what would you advise me to drink, sir?'"

"Aqua-fortis," answered Ashton.

"Bring me a glass of aqua-fortis."

"We have none, sir," said the waiter.

"Well, then, a little brandy and sugar, as a substitute. You should keep a better assortment."

Ashton took up the Pennsylvanian—Specs took up Poulson.

"Had you not better put on your wig, sir?" said Specs, after fingering the article and examining the inside of it, "as you seem to be in a perspiration, the draught of that window may be injurious."

"I protest"—said Ashton.

"Oh, you protest the draught. Very facetious!—quite a mercantile pun! Really, from that curl of your upper lip, and the circumflex lines about the corners of your mouth, I should take you to be a man of infinite humour."

"Outrageous!"

"So much the better, sir. I like humour when it is broad, or as you say, 'outrageous.' What is the use of doing the thing by halves? I am glad to see our judgments correspond so exactly on that point. I hope we shall agree as well in other matters."

"Sir," said Ashton, "not having the honour of your acquaintance"—

"It is certainly no fault of mine, sir," interrupted the other, "for having been prepossessed with your physiognomy, I laboured assiduously to obtain an introduction, and even went so far, (in the absence of other means,) as to address a note to your daughter, hoping that the proverbial kindness of the female heart would induce her to intercede with you to favour me with that friendship which I so much desired. But your servants, for some unaccountable reason, could not be induced to deliver my note."

"Amazing impudence!"

"So I thought; however, I forgive them; as fortunate circumstances have enabled me to present myself. I shall write to inform Miss Ashton, with whom I have been so happy as to establish a species of intimacy, giving and receiving glances of recognition through the window—(by the way, I often see her engaged in combing and adjusting your wig)—I shall write, I say, to express my gratification at having acquired the friendly confidence of her father, a gentleman so remarkable for his urbanity and benevolence. A letter can now be sent to her without difficulty."

"Do you think so?" said Ashton, maliciously. "By all that is good, bad, and indifferent, if you can send her a letter, she is yours, without a word of denial."

"Do you promise me that?" said he of the spectacles and whiskers.

"I do, on the word of a gentleman."

"Say, on the word of a man of business, and I shall expect more punctuality. The word of a gentleman is no longer current, even among tailors, and they are the most accommodating of creditors. If, within a week, I succeed in conveying a letter to the hands of Miss Mary Ashton, you promise me, on the faith of a man of business, that I shall espouse her."

"Provided that you, in case of a failure, shall discontinue your impertinent pursuit."

"A bargain!" cried Specs.

"A bargain!" cried Mr. Ashton.

They shook hands over the table. Mr. Ashton put on his wig and hat, paid his reckoning and departed. When he came home, he called up Mrs. Birch, and instructed her to be especially vigilant. Relying on the integrity and ability of the Duenna, Ashton chuckled at the idea of a riddance from that peripatetic who had caused so much uneasiness. On being released from anxious thoughts which have for some time oppressed us, we are apt to be unusually philanthropic; so it was with Ashton.

"My dear," said he to Mary, "this wig must have a kink or wrinkle in it; ever since I left the tavern, it has set uneasily on my head. Do take and examine it."

Mary obeyed. There was a "kink" in the wig, sure enough; a kink which she very well knew how to unravel. In less than a minute, she replaced the wig on her father's head, and asked "if it did any better."

"Much better," replied her sire, "I feel no more inconvenience; it is all smooth enough."

Mary smiled archly, retired behind her fa-

ther's chair, and placed something in her bosom. The poor girl, to whom good words were a rarity, perceived that the senior was in a better temper than usual, and felt encouraged to say, though with some timidity of utterance:—

"Father, will you answer me one question?"

"Perhaps I may—perhaps not; what is it?"

"Whose miniature is that which hung in the library?"

"Which hung there!—and is it not still hanging?"

"No, sir," faltered Mary.

"Where is it then?" demanded Ashton, haughtily.

"In—in my chamber. I carried it thither yesterday. The countenance strikes me as strongly resembling some person I have seen."

"It is the portrait of Mr. Granby."

"Who is Mr. Granby, Sir?"

"I have answered your 'one question,' Miss. Ring for Harriet, to take out the tea things, and hang my wig up by the kitchen fire, to be thoroughly dry against morning."

"Hang your wig!"

"What's that you say, Miss?"

"I'll hang your wig, sir, before the fire, as you directed."

"Do so;" and let me see no more of you till to-morrow."

The next day betimes, Mrs. Birch appeared before her commander-in-chief, to make her morning's report. There was something of perplexity, distress, and even horror in her countenance. These feelings were contagious; Ashton shivered, and looked like Priam receiving news of the conflagration.

"Any thing out of gear, Mrs. Birch?"

"Oh sir, it's he, as sure as I'm a respectable woman; it is he, himself!"

"Who?—where?" gasped Ashton; the crimson suffusion forsaking his angular cheeks, and concentrating itself, even more intensely than usual, in his nose.

"Spectacles and Whiskers, sir! How it got in is past my apprehension. I'm sure the doors were all locked and bolted and barred—and gimblets and nails were stuck over all the windows. It's witchcraft, sir, as I'm one of the elect; witchcraft of animal magnetism."

"Spectacles and Whiskers in this house!" cried Ashton indignantly; "felony, by Jupiter. Ha, ha, ha!—I'm glad of it—I'll have him indicted for burglary; five years to hard labor in the State's Prison. Excellent!—send Sam after a constable."

"The very image of Whiskers and Spectacles, sir, except that it has no spectacles and whiskers. I never saw a better likeness."

"Likeness! why then you are talking about a picture!"

"La, sir!—did't I tell you it was a picture!—I saw it myself, lying on Miss Mary's dressing table."

"Fudge!—you are dreaming. That is the portrait of Mr. Granby. She spoke to me about it last evening."

"But the letter," said Mrs. Birch, in a tone of dissatisfaction.

"The letter!" echoed Ashton, relapsing into

his former agony—"what letter?—you mentioned no letter."

"I did sir, but you're so forgetful. I opened her door softly this morning, and there she was, reading a letter, a letter on pink paper, as I hope for glory, and there was the picture lying close by her side."

"Send her down here immediately," cried Ashton.

"The letter, Mary, the letter; who sent you the letter?" said her father, tremulously, as the young lady entered the room.

"A gentleman, sir."

"Don't tell a falsehood, girl. Come, answer me honestly; was it not a fellow with whiskers?"

"Yes, sir, very handsome auburn whiskers."

"Auburn thunder and lightning!—and green spectacles?"

"Yes, sir; splendid gold spectacles."

"Just as much gold as he is a gentleman; only an imitation; solid brass, by all that's unlucky. Well, Mary, there's no help for it; I've pledged my word, and you must marry this puppy with fictitious whiskers and pinchbeck eye-glasses, unless we can succeed in having him arrested for a swindler, pickpocket, counterfeiter, or vagrant, before he comes to claim the fulfilment of my promise."

"Sir, in the letter which I read this morning, he informed me that his name is Granby, and that he has an ample fortune in South Carolina, where his father was extensively engaged in the cultivation of cotton."

"Granby—South Carolina—cotton!—can it be a son of my old friend, Frank Granby!—it is, it must be; Frank was just such another impudent rascal, when he was young. And now I remember, the nose and eye-brows are amazingly like Frank's. Frank's voice to a semi-quaver, when he sung out for a tumbler of brandy-toddy. Twist my buttons! if I had not been so frightened—angry, I mean—I could have known the boy and sworn to him, just as I would have sworn to one of my own offspring."

"Sir," said Mrs. Birch, opening the door "Whiskers is below and swears he must speak to you. Mercy on us, sir, what will be done! Shall I send for an officer?"

"No; let him come up. The impertinent son of (show him up, Mrs. Birch,) my most particular friend, Frank Granby. Mary, he is the very fellow that I should have chosen for your husband."

For the first time, Mary subscribed to her father's judgment. Granby made his appearance, and proved to be the identical person whom Ashton expected to meet with.

"But what scoundrel was it?" said Mary's father, "what scoundrel delivered the letter? The affair turned out well enough, it is true; but mischief might have been the consequence, and the traitor who brought the note ought to be guillotined; or, to speak with Christian forbearance, he ought to be scalped."

"I agree with you, sir," said Granby; he good enough to take off your wig. There sir, justice is satisfied; we shall dismiss the offender with a scalping this time, and reserve the penalty of decapitation for a future offence. This, sir, was the mail-bag," continued Granby, (exhibiting the inside of the wig, which had a double lining of black silk, in the outer portion of which was a slight laceration,) in this fortunate rent I thrust the letter, knowing it was the province of Miss Mary to keep the wig in order, and hoping that destiny, (which manages all the affairs of love,) would conduct the design to a successful termination."

"Well, if ever I pull off my wig in a tavern again," exclaimed Ashton, "may I be—you know what I mean, Mr. Granby—may I be more careful, that's all. For I'm too old at this day, for one of Cupid's messengers; and my poor wig has seen too much hard service to be turned into a post-bag, for the transmission of valentines, kiss-papers, and love-billets. However, as I said before, it's all well enough as it happens, and I'm heartily glad that the business has turned out no worse."

Written for the Lady's Book.

HOPE.

BY P. KENTON KILBOURN.

Though thick darkness glooms before us,
And a thousand tempests blend,
Hope's bright rainbow bending o'er us,
Tells us that the storm will end:
Cheating life of half its sorrow,
Chasing half its ills away,
With the solace that to-morrow
Will be brighter than to-day!

Radiant star! shine on forever
In the FUTURE'S distant skies;
Farther down life's rapid river—
There the land of promise lies.
On we glide, of glory dreaming,
Pride and Pleasure at the helm;
Ever art thou brightly gleaming
O'er that dim and distant realm!

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Though thou art as false and fleeting
As the phantoms of the glen;
Still pursued yet still retreating—
Cheating all the race of men;
Yet not one of them would barter
That celestial smile of thine,
For the glory-giving charter
Of Golconda's richest mine.

When the homeless stranger, sighing
O'er the last, last sand of life,
On the strength of God relying,
Nerves for him the final strife.
Hell may all its legions rally—
Fiends may startle or allure—
If thou lightest Death's dark valley,
He shall tread its gloom secure!

Written for the Lady's Book.

BURNS.

BY REV. CHARLES HENRY ALDEN.

HAD Burns written only the "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To Mary in Heaven," and "To a Mountain Daisy," he would have secured to himself the reputation of a great and original genius. In these pieces, as in most of his poetry, there is evinced an unusual force of conception, invested in the most appropriate language. There is none of the studied care and laboured execution of Dryden; nor the neat and classic taste of Thompson, Goldsmith, and Cowper, nor do we find that lofty daring, characteristic of the muse of Shakspeare and Milton. But, we do see, everywhere, nature in its purity and attractiveness:

"— Nor too sombre, nor too gay;
Wild but not rude; awful yet not austere."

He could not, like Milton, bring together the sublime and vast into amazing assemblages; nor with Shakspeare, call the startling, because unknown "spirits from the vasty deep;" but with a naturalness, peculiarly his own, he could range freely through the regions of fancy, and feel at home amid her varied climates. "Tame-ness can no where be found; but a clearness of perception and a facility of expression which captivate the reader; enlisting his sympathy with the animating inspiration of the author.

Some critics have produced our poet, as illustrative of two facts—as they are declared to be—in the history of our kind. He is said to prove that the most illustrious genius is indebted solely to nature; and that all the mental discipline in the world will never give to any one, the impress of intellectual greatness. This sentiment is often expressed; though it is not a little remarkable that we never hear it from the lips of those universally acknowledged as great in power, spirit, and originality.

The other opinion, or fact, as it is deemed by some, is, that a familiarity with the loftier ranges of knowledge, and the more spirited subjects of poetic inspiration, are unfavourable to the morals and piety of the poet. But Milton was so gifted, and he found the most exalted, enrapturing conceptions of the muses of personal piety. Thompson and Cowper made the experiment, and who has not found in their productions that which has restored from depression, given solace in sorrow, and aroused to chastened joy the social being? Need reference be made to the sublime strains of David and Asaph? How ignorant of moral and mental pleasure is he who lays to the charge of genius the vices of a depraved heart, or of an uncultured mind! Our poet may be adduced—so may Byron, as an instance of talents abused, and of knowledge perverted. But surely the abuse of what is good, does not prove the good to be bad! Bacon and Newton drank deep at the fount of both secular and divine knowledge, but "they dissolved not the pearl of their salvation in the draught."

It is believed that Burns was very little more of a prodigy than thousands of his contemporaries would be in similar circumstances. His knowledge was by no means scanty, nor was it intuitive. Since the Reformation, Scotland has well provided for the education of her sons. The policy of her legislative and ecclesiastical systems is based on the acknowledged necessity of mental culture: and if a Scotchman is ignorant of letters or the rudiments of the higher branches of knowledge, his ignorance is rarely his misfortune, but a crime. Nor does any nation afford a better refutation of the opinion that a general diffusion of knowledge is unfavourable to the moral and political happiness of a people, than the condition in these respects of Scotland. Nor can we but applaud the true born Scot, as he points to his happy, because educated and moral countrymen; to the provision for instruction in letters and religion: to the illustrious men in every department of science and literature, as he exclaims,

"This is my own, my native land!"

Though a peasant, and among the humblest of the peasantry, Burns was not an uneducated man. In the infancy of his years he could read and write; and, as books are no strange things in a Scottish cottage, besides "the big ha' bible," he cultivated a taste for general reading. This taste was encouraged by his parents and associates. He early became familiar with the French and Latin languages, and in some of the higher branches of the exact sciences. Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, and Thomson were his favourites, and were read and studied "o'er with mickle care," before he wrote a single stanza of original poetry himself. And are not these models worthy of study? True, that these authors, with the works of Ossian, the lives of Hannibal and Wallace, constituted the amount of his reading. Yet, with these was he familiar from boyhood, and again and again did he read, and reflect, and contemplate, and give reins to his fancy, till he caught the spirit of his authors and his heroes. Thus did he mould his taste and discipline his imagination, and correct his judgment, and lay the foundation of that immortality which we cheerfully accord to him.

Is it wise, then, to hold up to the world our poet as a prodigy? to pretend, that, from an ignorant ploughman, without any training, he became at once the wonder of the age and of the world? His condition, we think, was most favourable to the development of great poetical talents. His reading, though judicious, did not acquaint him with many illustrious names of other days, whom he could not emulate; and who, therefore, could not chill his ardour or repress originality. His lot was an humble one, and he had, therefore, no reputation to lose if he did not succeed. He had read enough to guide his ambition, and to direct the way to

excellence; but not enough to encumber his genius with the often useless helps of extended study and literary society. His acquired knowledge, matured by reflection, passed, so to speak, through the mint of his own mind, it became wisdom.

"Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own."

As to original gifts of poetic perception and fancy, Burns' were indeed of a sublime order. Quick, creative, excitable, and living in solitude and engaged in rural occupations, his ardent mind could scarcely fail to be roused to the love and practice of poetry. His country is highly picturesque, and therefore poetical; and his occasional intercourse with his simple fellow peasants called forth a warmth of feeling, and of the kindest character, which pervades most of his productions.

To the scholar the fact is well known, though worthy of remark, that all the great poets of every country have appeared in the early age of its history. Literature had not yet dawned on Greece, when Homer earned his immortal greatness; and the master poets of our language lived nearly three centuries since. So with Burns. Though a modern poet as to time, he is an ancient one in respect to untrammelled genius. Except as he learned them from the writings of Pope, he was ignorant of the purity, melody and chastened elegance of the literature, as well as of the manners of the Augustan age of England. He, therefore, knew of no severe rules of criticism to cramp his genius, and no learned censors from whom to fear condemnation. He had to obey merely the suggestions of his muse. What he wrote, therefore, must have, at least, one merit, that of originality.

Burns' best pieces of poetry are written in the vernacular Scotch; many of their beauties are, therefore, lost on the mere English reader. It is not enough to become familiar with a glossary; the reader should, if possible, know the genius of the language, and the habits and associations peculiar to the Scotch. Some affect to consider Burns' poetry, his Scotticisms, we mean, as provincialisms and vulgar dialects. Not so. It is the mother tongue of the Scot; the only language of his boyhood. The most attractive colouring of remembered childhood and domestic love, of early pastimes and friendships, and which find no pattern in maturer years, are intimately blended with such phrases. His language, too, is that of the Scotch poetry before his times; the national songs of gone by days—days esteemed the purest and simplest in his country's history. His Scotticisms are, then, his vernacular tongue; his household words; the language of his infancy, his boyhood and his youth, and in which the inspiration of his muse was most likely to be expressed. That he was well acquainted with pure English, his letters bear ample and delightful testimony.

As to his poetry in general, there is a great range of subjects and measures, though he avoids the extremes of the lofty and the puerile. *Fidelity to nature* is the prominent characteristic

of all his poetry. The emotions which predominate are the *tender* and the *ludicrous*. His most ludicrous pieces, however, lose much of their effect on the mere English ear, they being for the most part written in the broad Scottish language. His "Tam O'Shanter," and his expostulation "to a Louse on a Lady's Bonnet," are irresistibly ludicrous, and most beautiful poetry.

The tender emotions are portrayed in those pieces which contain the most touching pictures of humble life. So true seem these to nature, that we imagine ourselves the happy spectators and participes of the scenes described. Such tenderness is embodied most glowingly in "the Cotter's Saturday Night." Simple tenderness of feeling and faithfulness of delineation are also beautifully expressed in the lines written "On Turning up a Mouse's Nest, with a Plough." "To a Mountain Daisy," can never be too much admired for the exquisite sensibility, and elegant beauty of the sentiment and expression. That tenderness which seems to have been produced by gloomy and distressful impressions acting on a keenly sensitive mind is most affectingly perceived in his "Address to Mary in Heaven." The story of our poet's love of this Highland lassie, has too often been published, to need to be repeated here; and few incidents there are more full of pathos and genuine poetry.

Our favourite is too well known, to justify quotations from his spirited poems. To the young of our readers, in a familiarity with these, there will be found a rich return of benefit and pleasure. Nor in any way can a young lady better cultivate a taste for the genuine poetry of nature, as she presents herself to the cultured fancy of the refined and delicate. Such an acquaintance will afford a keener relish for the excellent poetry found in the writings of Mrs. Hemans, and our own Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Gould, Miss Lynch, and others. It will improve their perception of the poetical in nature and in morals, render them kindred to the elevated and the pure, and afford them pleasures, unknown to the multitude, but pleasures among the purest and most valuable that have "escaped the ruins of the fall."

No school can properly claim our poet but the school of nature. He has less of the pruned finical polished numbers of the school of Dryden and Pope; he avoids, too, all the puerilities of the modern Lake school. His language is the spoken language of passion and affection whenever the subject will permit; and when there will be no sacrifice of elegance and dignity. It is the language of refinement expressed in the most beautiful, because the most natural simplicity.

Those who visit foreign nations, but who associate only with their own countrymen, change their climate, but not their customs, "*calum non animum mutant*;" they see new meridians, but the same men, and with heads as empty as their pockets, return home, with travelled bodies, but untravelled minds.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE PYTHAGOREAN.

WHAT a state of incomprehensible existence is this of ours! Neither philosophy, nor abstruse metaphysics can define its origin, or designate its destiny. All that we know is that our sublunary path is directed to the grave—to the mansions of death; and that death is the decomposer of our physical structure. Mental darkness is around us; intelligence has no trans-terrene vision; learning is paralyzed; inquiry is blind. Yet, from causes which philosophy has not attempted to approach, visions and thoughts and speculations will invade our minds, and for a while monopolize the throne which reason alone should legitimately occupy.

To this train of reflection I was led by an occurrence which I am about to relate, and of which I regret to be the witness; I almost dread to recount it; the scenes were so strange, so mystic, and even in the noontide of imagination, so totally inconceivable. There was a time when a believer in the Pythagorean system of philosophy could have found no mercy at my hand, and a little respect in my mind: but, *tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis*.

About five o'clock on the morning of the 13th of June, 1834, (I have a very sufficient reason to remember the date,) I arose from my bed and proceeded to the Water Works on the Schuylkill. A steep flight of steps leads from the walks of that delightful place of public resort, to the reservoir on the summit of the hill. A little beyond the centre of these stairs, you meet with a resting place, being a kind of verandah, where the weary or the curious can indulge their disposition either for repose or observation. In this beautiful retirement I took my solitary seat. The sun had already climbed above the horizon—the east was shining with his presence; clouds, marshalled by clouds, and extending half way across the heavens, exhibiting all the colors of the Iris, resembled a heavenly encampment, over which waved the pennons and banners of every nation in the universe. The woods whispered their gladness in the morning air, the birds warbled their joyful orisons, and the waters of the beauteous Schuylkill rolled along in most approving melody.

While looking on this glorious scene, and contemplating the love and greatness of Him who called it into existence, I perceived an elderly gentleman ascending the steps; he was dressed in black, and his countenance was marked by deep contemplation. His step was solemn and measured, and his eye, lowering eye-lashes, and forehead wrinkled less by age than by thought, impressed me with a feeling of so powerful though indefinable a character, as completely to shut out from my view the fair face of nature, and concentrated my heart, soul, and eyes upon him. As he ascended the steps I heard a hymn of invocation; the words are lettered in my memory, though the tide of their music I cannot retrace.

I listened—I looked around, I surveyed the features of the old man, but his lips seemed to be “hermetically sealed.” All but that voice was mute; the very water-fall, merely artificial, seemed chained in silence, to acknowledge the superior melody of the sounds whose subject ran thus:

“Ye who would wish to know
The mysteries of the earth;
Ye who would wish to know
The laws that gave you birth:

“Ye who would wish to know—
To pause, to feel, to think;
And understand man's weal or woe;
Come, of this goblet drink!”

At the conclusion of this mysterious harmony, I looked around, and perceived that the gentleman in black was sitting by my side. He still seemed to be wrapped in deep meditation, and as I occasionally glanced at his features, an irresistible feeling of awe took possession of my mind, and literally tingled through every nerve. A goblet which I had not observed before stood beside him; it was filled with an amber-colored liquor, which he now and then tasted, while, at intermediate periods, he consulted a book which, as well as I could observe, was written or printed in hieroglyphic characters.

But a few minutes had elapsed, when, placing the book in his pocket, he addressed me in the usual strain of morning salutation; spoke of the weather, prospect of crops, woodland scenery, commerce in general, prices current, exchange, politics, &c. With all of these subjects he was quite familiar, and, in descending on politicians, observed that from the Athenian lawgiver down to the modern Jeremy Bentham, their ideas and suggestions were based upon false principles, arising solely from an ignorance of the laws of universal legislation, of the true mode of constituting mankind into one family, and of the impolicy of dividing them into moral sections; which has been proved to be the cause of international disunions, jealousies, wars, and a long train of evils, through the corruption of one party, the ambition of another, and the undermining intrigue of a third.

“Could these evils be obviated,” said he, “with how much more pleasure would man enjoy nature and his own society!—How much more independent would be his mind, and how much more extensive his *knowledge*. For nature has concealed nothing from the eye of man; his blindness and ignorance are voluntary, and he willingly draws a veil before those truths which were meant for his wonder, his glory, and his admiration. His capacity for reading the mysticisms of nature might indeed have long since passed away, had not some leading intellects, perceiving the progressive degeneracy of mankind, wisely preserved a few of our scientific records from destruction, for

the use of those solely who would become depositories of the invaluable treasure, until the sons of men generally would claim a share of their inheritance."

"And what are the conditions preliminary to the enjoyment of this treasure?"

"Did you hear that music a short time since?"

"I did."

"Listen again, and you shall receive the information desired."

The sky became instantaneously one vast field of midnight azure, filled with immense rings, resembling highly polished ebony, which, like the wheels of Ezekiel's chariot, contained countless eyes of starry light.

"Seest thou aught?" said my companion.

"I see glory, and mystery, and beauty," I replied.

"Now listen, and be thine the knowledge."

As he spoke, the choirs of heaven seemed to have combined to pour forth melody so awful and sublime as that which now came to my soul in the following words:

"Mortal, would thy spirit go,
Where the streams of knowledge flow?
Wouldst thou see the coral cells
Where the mystic mermaid dwells?
Where fruits and flowers and gardens be
Beside the fountains of the sea,
Wouldst thou the minstrel Triton hear
Singing welcomes in thine ear,
Wouldst thou see the sea nymphs there
Brighter than the gems they wear?
Then become what thou hast been,
And joy in all that thou hast seen.

Chorus. Spirit, take up
The goblet now,
And sprinkle him
On breast and brow.

Mortal, would thy spirit fly
Like an eagle thro' the sky;
On the morning sunbeam ride,
Or meet it on the Atlantic tide?
Or soar to Dian's silver car,
Holding converse with each star,
While she sheds her royal smiles
On her countless subject isles,
And behold how wondrous fair
Are the spirits dwelling there?
Yes:—the mortal will forsake
Chains, and paths of knowledge take!

Chorus. Spirit, take up
The goblet now,
And sprinkle him
On breast and brow.

The hymn died away; the darkness had disappeared, and I felt a strange sensation when the old gentleman congratulated me on my firmness and devotion to the cause of useful knowledge. "That music," said he, "was the music of the spheres; of which less laudably ambitious mortals must ever remain ignorant. And now it were as well that thou shouldst proceed upon thy search after knowledge. The goblet of truth thou hast tasted in thy reverie;—thy initiation is perfect. Thou needest neither staff or scrip, and instinct will direct thy path."

This observation I soon, to my regret, found to be perfectly correct, for the words were scarcely uttered, when, at a kind of cabalistic sign, I found myself on one of the leaves of his mystic book, in as fine a suit of rainbow beauty as any of our Philadelphia belles could possibly desire. In fact, I was metamorphosed—I beg pardon, it is more correct for me to say—Pythagoreanized into a butterfly!

"Curiosity, thou art my treasury!" said the old man, "thou wert born in Eden, and thou art now as vegetative as ever! Now, go forth, thou insect!—go forth, the type of what mortals, in general, are;—things of curiosity, folly, presumption, and vanity!"

So saying, he puffed me off the fatal leaf, and never was the blast of the simoon more witheringly hot than his breath; I felt as if I were on the confines of the condemned. As I floated forward, I heard a long, harsh, demoniac laugh, which every gust of air seemed to reply to in bitter mockery; and as I attained the opposite banks of the Schuylkill, I could distinctly hear, in voices of the most repulsive intonation, the accursed chorus:

"Spirit, take up
The goblet now,
And sprinkle him
On breast and brow.

Mortified at the result of my last lesson in philosophy, and quite exhausted, although I must acknowledge I felt much lighter, I hid myself away amid some wild flowers on the road side. But, having been observed by a young lady, who, very probably, like other young ladies, judged of me only by the brilliancy of exterior, she followed me, and as I was about to offer myself to "calm nature's sweet restorer," I was taken captive and carefully deposited in the loose folds of a muslin handkerchief, white as snow, and perfumed as if "a caravan of musk from Koten had passed over it."

"Well, not quite so bad, yet, at all events," I remarked, "fine white scented muslin sheets, instead of the democratic half-bleached, with no fragrance but that of the meadow grass. And better still to be in the possession, not of a demon, but of a divinity. So far, so good!"

My fair custodian having arrived at home, after a pleasant walk, during which I underwent several presentations to several blue-stocking entomologists—she carefully deposited me in the bosom of a fresh-blown lily—into which she very charitably poured about five drops of water, sweetened with a few grains, or rather particles, of refined loaf sugar. This, as she very liberally observed, was a kind of *dejeuner à la fourchette!* Hear it, ye gods!—Hear it, thou deity with the vine-clad brow!—Hear it, thou immortal spirit of the turtle-loving Sir William Curtis, Bart! Reflect upon it, all ye who love good feeding and the admirers thereof—that I should come to this—I,

Who at Barnum's, each day, had my twelve o'clock lunch,
Sam Lucas's ale, or Ned Boyle's whiskey punch.

O sad reversion!—O fall of greatness!—O wages of curiosity!—But as the old woman said to the decayed egg—"What must be, must."

To any person of reflection who has had the patriotism to drink the health of old Hickory and the memory of Washington, and who scorned to divide his patriotic feelings in one unpatriotic bumper—to any gentleman of sober reflection, it will become immediately presumptuous, and, by logical deduction, ultimately evident, that I could not long survive this treat-

ment. But the passion of curiosity was not yet extinct. In the following case, it was a mere peccadillo—a pardonable infraction. I resolved to make an effort to outlive a scene which took place on the morning previous to my decease, and of which I had a full view—having been transferred from the cup of the lily to sip the morning dew from the lips of a ripe honey-suckle.

It was about ten o'clock, A. M., when a carriage drove up the green-hedged avenue leading to the place where my entymological dissolution was so soon to occur. A rap, a double—a pull at the bell and great confusion in the interior. Amid the domestic hurricane of words, I could discover the voice of my guardian, soaring, in musical alteration, high above the others; but I could understand the subject merely by some words uttered in the *interregnum* of debate; such as “That ugly wretch, Mrs. Corsett—no more conscience than teeth—disappointment—delicate situation—blond lace—Paris fashion—best foot foremost—man of *ton*—expected proposal—Miss Rashleigh’s soiree—particular attention—curls—cotillions—waltzes—mazurkas—marriages—vexations!”

A minute more, and enter the lady of the mansion. The opposite door opens, and reveals the presence of a gentleman from whose exterior I immediately inferred that he was a man of fashion. Mutual compliments became high, and in an inverse but gradual ratio, bows and curtsies became low. The gentleman was rather of the poplar growth, the lady was of the elephantine configuration; he was in full dress, she in deep mourning; but the vivacity which was lost in the colour of her costume, was transfused into her discourse, as she ran a conversational chromatic to the name of “my daughter Louisa Cherubini Aspasia.”

“For you see, Mr. Edwards,” said she, “we have added the equipoise Cherubini, as indicative of the success with which she executes the compositions of that great master.”

“That selection of a name evinces great taste and judgment, madam.”

“Oh, Mr. Edwards, I have no claim on that score; it is all her own device. Dear creature! when I see this love of distinction, it leads me onward, in fancy, of course, Mr. Edwards, you know in mere fancy, to the days when she will take her place among the nations of the earth—oh, really, pardon me—I meant the composers of the earth—but I have just been reading a speech on that eternal subject, Canada.”

“Quite pardonable, madam; quite so, I assure you; but, as to *composers*, the earth never stood more in need of them than at present—especially that portion of it which you have just mentioned.”

At this moment, the *Cherubini* entered the apartment; Mr. Edwards advanced; the mother sent a missile of a wink and several admonitory nods over his shoulders to her “dear creature,” gave two or three exemplary folds to her own ringlets, which motions were instantly imitated by her scion. At last, the hands of Louisa and Mr. Edwards met; he led her to a seat, placed one for the mother, and, according to modern

fashion, found that he could very easily accommodate himself with *three*. Louisa’s portrait must be sketched: she seemed to be about twenty-four years of age—of her obesity we say nothing, as it had not degenerated in its inheritance. She wore a light fawn-coloured dinner dress, with a rich white lace kerchief thrown over her shoulders, with an *ad captandum* carelessness. Her hair, which certainly was of a bright and beautiful auburn, was turned up in ample folds and its most luxuriant length was fastened by a fine, ornamental tortoise shell comb. But, *horribile dictu*, the aforesaid comb was half hidden in a grove of roses and woodbine, which would have been sufficient to furnish the vases of the Palais Royale on a gala day. The roses were certainly not as red as those on her cheeks, but, despite of my nature and gallantry, I must say that they were more natural. The latter, in fact, were of that convenient kind spoken of so impartially by Mrs. Candour, which could be transferred at pleasure.

Miss Louisa’s eyebrows formed an *arch*, but there was nothing of that character in her eye; it was dull and ineloquent. Her nose was of the Ovidian shape, but her mouth was beautiful as that of Hebe. There are many physical defects which are cancelled by intelligence, and never did I meet a man who was a true connoisseur in beauty who did not strike his flag before a homely face, an intelligent mind, an affectionate heart, and a musical voice, rather than surrender to beauty, perfect, but cold as that which was formed by the inspiration of Phidias, Praxiteles, or Canova.

My entymological existence became a *non est*. It was a glorious morning, when I found myself



“A red—red rose,
That blows in the month of June,”

enlivening and beautifying a garden which Epicurus would or might have envied. The dews of heaven gave me bloom, my breath was balmy as that of the roses of Syria, my growth was rapid as the second light of the East. I remembered the words of a celebrated living statesman and philosopher, Henry, now Lord Brougham, which I pored over with the greater pleasure, as in all perplexities, whether morally, physically, or philosophically worthy of inquiry, companionship is a kind of sympathetic balsam. That illustrious searcher after and distributor of universal knowledge, says:—“It is surely a satisfaction, for instance, to know that the same thing, or motion, or whatever it is, which causes the sensation of heat, causes also fluidity and expands bodies in all directions;—that electricity and the light which is seen on the back of a cat, when slightly rubbed on a frosty evening, are the very same matter as the lightning of the clouds, *that plants breathe like ourselves, but differently by day and by night.*” And if he be in error on this subject, my own experience says I would be inconsistent not to err in the wake of one so clear in his propositions, so logical in his deductions, so happy in his illustrations, so powerful in his arguments, and so irrefutable in his conclusions.

Mine was a brief reign. No sultan ever sat upon the throne of Osmanlie with less security or more apprehension than I upon my stem. Nor was the apprehension unprophectic, for ere the little dislikes, and bickerings, and jealousies, which always attend the accession of a new monarch, could be possibly adjusted, I was decapitated. My decapitation, however, did not lead to immediate death, and it was some comfort that instead of yielding my sovereignty to a bowstring or the blade of a Janizary, I abdicated into the hands of as beautiful a peri as ever floated between heaven and earth.

Few know the application or practice of the "*est modus in rebus*," so well as an experienced lady of "a certain age" who understands the natural disposition of her children by the solicitude of her feelings and the fidelity of her maternal study. She is a kind of mental field-officer; every evolution is an object of sleepless vigil. She is now the family professor of *infantry* tactics, and anon the chief engineer to direct the field movements. Such an experienced female general was the mother of Louisa. It was my fortune, in my transformation to become the property of a junior branch of the same family. The truly beautiful little Sophia, the sister of Louisa, placed me in a glass of *cold water*, and my present state of existence seemed likely to be as insipid as that I had recently abandoned. Still I had an opportunity to observe; and from the angry conversations, held *sub rosa*, between Louisa and her mamma, I discovered that Mr. Edwards was not likely to be brought to the ring. This misadventurous result Louisa charged to her mother's hypermanceuvring, and the old lady placed the same misfortune to the account of her daughter's want of tact. In the midst of a tempest of re-creation, I began to droop, and probably long before the debate was terminated, my mind had gone in search of a new habitation.

Imagine—no—imagination is too ethereal, too much of the aeroscopic nature; it belongs to that which cannot be deemed "vulgar clay," it is the child of heaven, the cynosure of hope, the sun of the intellectual universe! But let fancy picture to the reader the wife of a member of Congress, from ———, a *perfect beauty*!—not one of your hour-glass waisted ladies, with a lily-coloured face, attenuated features, affected voices, blue-stocking pretensions. No, no; let not fancy misguide you by so ambiguous and trifling a picture. But sit upon that oriental carpet, (of which our boyhood has read in the Arabian fable, and of which our maturity is unwilling to abandon the remembrance,) whose instinctive magic was as rapidly locomotive as thought; and transfer thyself to room, No. —, in Gadsby's hotel, Washington city; and if thou canst, as other moderns have done, play the "invisible gentleman," thou mayest behold a contemplative beauty, dressed in purple velvet; care not for the splendour of the costume or the taste of the mantuamaker, but look upon that brow, white as the marble of classic Paros, and as expansive as intellect could effect, those silken curtains of the eye, so long, so bright, so black, so beautiful; half concealing the soul's

own living light, as it looked philosophically upon some object of meditation; but language ceases to be descriptive, and I return to myself.

I became a poodle;—yes—a white-coated, well-fed, woolly, most attractive, musical, (when I barked, it was an announcement of cessation for the piano,) most beloved little poodle; constantly seated on the lap, on the silk rustling folds, the satin softness, or the velvet richness of the dress of that lady whom I have attempted to describe. Her husband having decided, (as many other *modest* representatives do, when they fear the result of a canvass,) to retire from public life, took it into his head to take *canvass* for Calcutta. Such folks as Mr. Willis, Mr. Brooks, *et hoc omne genus*, might commit a long voyage to Europe—but my mistress's lord must evince his economy by merely proceeding to India, to pay a flying visit to the Black Hole, thence away to Bengal, Madras, Delhi, the Himmala mountain, and heaven knows where else, in order to learn from the construction of the pagodas and the mystifications of the sage pundits, what would be the best species of American currency, or the most advantageous system for the formation of railroads! So we were all shipped, and what with his and my lady's sea-sickness, I fared like a prince; for the delicate cabin fare which they could not eat, fell to my lot. So that I, like many other dogs in office, grew fat upon the spoils—with little consideration for who might suffer.

"Land!—ahead!" cried one. "Land ahead!" said another. A few days elapsed—"Is this Calcutta?" asked the ex-member of Congress. The captain replied affirmatively. "How excessively hot!" said the ex. "Oh," said the captain, "you have not come to Mount *Ætna*, yet." "What!" exclaimed the ex. "Why, *Ætna* is in Italy." "Well, well," replied the captain, "it's body may be there, but I'm bless'd if its spirit isn't here."

It is unnecessary to detail the circumstances of my oriental treatment. I was loved, nursed, fed, amused, and made, in fact, a complete *enfant gaté*. One day, the housemaid, to whose Nubian visaged charge I was consigned, sealed my destiny by her culinary ingenuity. I was supposed to be a kind of plague to her kitchen arrangements, and in the absence of my unspeakably beautiful mistress, I was poisoned. How deep, how severe her grief was, I never knew, for I soon discovered that my *post facto* residence was in a dense wood; where I discovered myself in the shape of an *ourang outang*, grasping a large stick. Soon after I was led, like a murderer, along the streets of Calcutta, with a rope around my neck and a platoon of Sepoye before, behind, and around me. This capture was effected by a Society Intelligent Wonder Providing, Incorporated Zoological Menagerie Band;—no matter;—there I was; and by whose agency was *then* a matter of no importance.

As I passed the house in which my recent mistress of delightful remembrance, dwelt, I observed her at the window, gazing at the *ourang outang*.—Ah! little did she think that it was her beloved and decently interred poodle!

that it was the flossy, snowy, silken amuser of her leisure hours, who was now exhibited before the public, like a convict destined probably to suspension, or as a mitigation of sentence, to transportation.

Thinking that our usual familiarity should be still existent, I popped my head, *en passant*, or if you please, in Paul Pry fashion, towards the window; when she screamed and retired, and fell into instant hysterics.

"Alas!" said I, "this is the world!—no matter whether occidental or oriental. When an old favourite, whether theatrical, mechanical, philosophical, (in all its ramifications,) editorial, prosaic, poetical, or theological, is made by dire necessity, as I was, a second fiddle in the orchestra of life, how soon does the smile of admiration decline—the accents of praise become silent, the look of affection lose its brightness! Oh, the world, the world, the world! and its imbecile inconsistency!"

But, let us come in *medias res*. I was exhibited to the gaze of one hundred thousand Cockneys, in the Zoological Gardens, London, whither I was transferred by my *beastly* captors. The curiosity was very attractive, and "paid well," and I became, as it were, "the master of the mint." I, however, was never fond of *such* popularity; and being of a habit somewhat retiring, I could not show myself off to advantage. The Times, the Chronicle, the Standard,

Bell's Life, and especially the John Bull, favoured my views, and I was "by particular desire," as the play-bills say, sent over to the United States. I was exhibited for the first time in my own dear city of Philadelphia, and a very pretty figure I cut there I assure you. So, finding myself at home, I took a liberty with a gentleman visiter, who (as even gentlemen visiting museums will sometimes do,) treated me rather rudely. The liberty I speak of, merely consisted in twisting his nose off. This offence was pistolled, and I became the victim. In a few minutes after, I found myself in my own perfect bodily proportions, on the seat of the pavilion or verandah of which I have previously spoken. The blue skies of heaven were cloudless, the sun scarcely ascendant, the waters of the Schuylkill flowed musically beneath my observance, and the landscape, with its own peculiar and intrinsic eloquence, exclaimed:

"Nothing is lost on him, who sees
With an eye that feeling gave;
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave."

The variegated map of nature was before me. Wisdom was my admonisher, and waving her pure hand, before which nature's sleeping power vanished, she said, "Mortal—such are the errors of idle speculation; thy philosophical mission WAS A DREAM."

Written for the Lady's Book.

MY FATHER'S AT THE HELM.

"Yet fear thou not!—the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath, e'en for thee, a father's care."

FAR out upon a stormy sea,
A helpless bark lay toss'd,
'Till 'mid the perils 'round its way,
Each ray of hope was lost.

The tempest's robe veil'd every star,
The wrathful waves roll'd high,
And fearfully the lightning gleam'd,
- Athwart the angry sky.

Wild fear o'er every heart had laid
Her paralysing spell,
And ashy lip, and frenzied eye
Despair's dread anguish tell.

But, smiling, 'neath the lantern's beams,
Reposed a fair young boy,
With looks of childish glee intent
Upon some treasured toy.

No terrors wrung his gentle brow,
Or blanch'd the cheek's soft hue,

But sweet contented mirth upon
Each feature, met the view.

And question'd—"Dost thou know no fears,
That sterner hearts o'erwhelm?"
With wondering eye exclaims—"Is not
My Father at the helm?"

Oh! why should we, when o'er life's wave,
The tempest, in its wrath,
Hath mantled up the stars that shone
Upon our earthly path,

Bow down the soul, in stern despair,
Beneath the chastening wo,
By Him ordained, to loose the links
That chain us here below?

Our bark beyond time's billows borne
Shall reach a brighter realm,
Beneath the watchful eye of Love—
Our "Father at the helm."

W—e, (Me.)

L.

NONE are so fond of secrets as those who do not mean to keep them; such persons covet secrets, as a spendthrift covets money, for the purpose of circulation.

THE true motives of our actions, like the real pipes of an organ, are usually concealed. But the gilded and the hollow pretext is pompously placed in the front for show.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A TALE OF THE RICHELIEU.*

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING, AUTHOR OF SARATOGA AND YORKTOWN.

Forever thine, whate'er this heart betide;
 Forever thine, where'er our lot be cast.—A. J. Watts.

AMIDST the tumults and alarms which have recently disturbed the peace and prosperity of Canada, many touching incidents have occurred, calculated to arouse the most dormant sympathies, and to wring from every heart, whatever may be its political prepossessions, a sincere tribute of pity and regret. Among those which have come to our knowledge, there is none more full of thrilling and affecting interest, than that which we now record.

M. de St. Vallery was seigneur of one of those fertile tracts which lie upon the banks of the romantic river Richelieu, in the Province of Lower Canada. It was a fief worthy to be coveted by the wealthiest of Europe's barons—spreading out into fair fields, and sunny slopes, and rich woodlands, teeming with the various bounties of the lavish earth, and glowing with a beauty unsurpassed even by the fabled regions of Arcadia. The lord of this lovely demesne was descended from the noblest blood of France, and though born and educated in Canada, he like many others in the Province, still claimed equality and alliance with the noblesse of his paternal country, and revered as a holy relic every memento of his ancestors which bore testimony to his illustrious origin. This absurd pride of birth, was a weak point in the character of M. de St. Vallery; but he had many virtues to counterbalance it. He was an affectionate father, a true friend, a kind master, and, though in common with the French population around him, he loved not the English, (for when did a conquered people ever love their conquerors!) he had been a peaceful subject till wrought upon by the specious arguments of the discontented, and the whispered suggestions of his own haughty aspiring spirit, he joined in the outcry against the ruling powers, and took part in the abortive insurrection, of which, speedily as it was quelled, we are at this moment feeling the effects.

M. de St. Vallery lived in the midst of his tenantry, like an ancient baron of France, equally proud, and enjoying as much feudal power, though perhaps on a somewhat smaller scale; and preserving as much state as was compatible with the simpler and more primitive habits of the country which by paternal adoption he called his own. Early in life he had married the daughter of an Irish officer, who brought him no other dowry than her beauty and her gentleness. She died four years previous to the commencement of our story, leaving to his care an only daughter, the sole fruit of their union.

Millicent de St. Vallery was now in her eighteenth year, as graceful and beautiful a

* A river in Lower Canada, on whose banks are situated those villages which witnessed the first scenes of open revolt among the Canadians; and where, several weeks previous to their resort to arms, they raised the cap of liberty, and swore to die in its defence.

creature as ever unfolded into womanhood. With her mother's name, she inherited some traits of her beauty—her sunny eyes and brilliant complexion—while her dark hair, shining as soft as the raven's plumage, her shape of perfect symmetry, her airy step, the grace and harmony of every motion, and the innate politesse and refinement which marked her manner, declared at once her origin from that "grande nation," who, from the highest noble down to the humblest peasant, are distinguished by these characteristic traits. Millicent loved her father, but her mother had been to her an object of passionate devotion. She resembled her in disposition and in character, and had imbibed from her a deep and fervent attachment for her maternal land. It can be no matter of surprise, therefore, that the excitement against that land, which was daily gaining strength and bitterness, should occasion her much uneasiness. When first her father and his friends began to utter their invectives, and express their discontents, she could wield many, and playful arguments in reply. But, as their hatred deepened and concentrated, and at last burst forth in threats and execrations, Millicent learned to be silent; because she saw her father's brow darken, when in her gentle and pleading tone, she ventured to utter one word in extenuation or defence. Many were her secret fears and forebodings, and how keenly now, even more than ever, did she miss the tender counsel and affectionate sympathy of her mother. Her father's love, nay, all the better feelings of his heart, seemed lost in the wild enthusiasm of party, so that amidst the tumult of conflicting hopes, and fears, and unaccomplished purposes, even the endearing presence, and gentle caresses of his daughter, ceased to possess the soothing power which had once been theirs.

To one being only, dared Millicent now give utterance to her fears, and use the language of earnest remonstrance; and, if here also, her eloquence failed entirely to subdue prejudice and soften asperity, it at least called forth the gentle soothings of affection, in place of the stern rebuke which now too often fell from the lips of her father.

Leon de Lorimier, was the ward of M. de St. Vallery, and the orphan son of a very dear friend. He had been brought up from childhood to mature youth in the family of his guardian, and, as was almost the necessary consequence between two persons so highly gifted, a mutual affection united Millicent and Leon, which, as time advanced, and ripened the virtues and graces of each, had grown into an attachment of no ordinary strength. M. de St. Vallery, who loved Leon like a son, saw with pleasure the sentiments he cherished for his daughter. Cheerfully he sanctioned the wishes of the young people, when appealed to by them,

and now that their troth had been plighted for more than two years to each other, he yielded to Leon's desires, and consented that the marriage festivities should be celebrated during the Christmas holidays which were approaching.

Leon, in compliance with his father's dying injunction had been educated at one of the literary institutions of the United States, and had there imbibed those republican sentiments, and that ardent love of liberty, which he ever after cherished. He had since visited Europe, had resided for some time in France, his father-land, and from thence crossing the channel, had remained long enough in England to become familiar with its laws and institutions. But the aristocracy, the magnificence, the luxurious refinement of the old world, could not weaken in his heart the sentiments imbibed in that land of freedom, where he had received impressions and adopted principles, never to be effaced or destroyed. Yet Leon was no bigoted partisan, and though he espoused the cause of the Canadians, the cant words of the party were never on his lips, nor would he allow that there was aught of tyranny or oppression to complain of from their rulers. But, in common with thousands of others, he wished for reform on some points, and he thought and declared also, that as a people wholly distinct from the English, in manners, habits, and religion, the Canadians would be far happier and advance more rapidly in intellectual power and improvement, were they to become an independent and separate nation. Still he did not advocate any open or violent rupture. Their object, he said, must be effected by time, and the aid of other causes, which were silently, but surely, and powerfully operating to bring about the desired result.

Notwithstanding the moderation which was urged as expedient by Leon de Lorimier, and by many others who deprecated any overt act, as premature, at all events, and tending to bring ruin to their hopes, the excitement which prevailed among all classes of the French population was so great, as completely to spurn all counsel, or control, from the policy or prudence of those more peacefully inclined.

Thus, the aspect of affairs became each day more gloomy and threatening, and Millicent's anxiety increased in proportion to the danger she dreaded. Her nights were sleepless, or disturbed with harassing visions in which her father or lover were presented to her in situations of horror, and when the day returned, it brought with it some conversation, some incident, or tidings from abroad, that put all the calmness she had struggled for to flight.

It was towards the close of a November day, when Leon had been absent since the morning, that, impatient for his return to cheer her now restless spirit, she had been watching from her chamber window to catch the first glimpse of his figure along the windings of the distant road. But she could not descry him, and the gathering dusk of twilight rendering her farther observation vain, she rose, with a heavy heart, to descend the stairs. When she reached the hall, she found it filled with armed men, and amidst them stood her father, distributing to each, arms

and a quantity of ammunition. They were his tenantry, receiving from the hands of their seigneur, those weapons, which once raised in open warfare, were to produce a train of consequences fearful, and terrible indeed. Millicent heard her father enjoin upon them secrecy for the present, and firmness, when the moment of action should arrive; she marked the excited and savage countenances of the peasants, hitherto so quiet and inoffensive, and as her ear caught their low fierce oaths of vengeance, she shuddered with undefined horror, and precipitately entering the parlour, she sat down in the deep recess of a window, and burst into a passionate flood of tears.

Long and silently she wept, and her bursting heart felt lightened by this indulgence of her grief, when she was aroused by the sound of horses' hoofs galloping up the long avenue of elms, towards the house, and the next moment she heard the voice of Leon greeting her father in the hall. The peasants had departed to their homes, and for a few minutes St. Vallery and Leon now remained in low and earnest conversation, and then together, entered the apartment in which Millicent sat. The crimson folds of the window curtain fell around her person, effectually screening it from observation, but the first words which her father uttered, in reply to something Leon had previously said, electrified her.

"We must arm, and join them Leon, and that too without delay."

"There seems, indeed, no other alternative," Leon replied, "but in my opinion this premature resort to open hostilities will be the ruin of our cause."

"Tush, boy!" exclaimed St. Vallery, contemptuously, "name not ruin with a cause like ours; utter but the cry of liberty, and look which way you will, a host of patriots answer to the call!"

"Yes," said Leon, "were they armed and disciplined, and experienced as are those whom we oppose, we might be sure of victory. But now—"

"But now," interrupted St. Vallery, "with all their ignorance and destitution, have you not told me that these valiant patriots beat back the trained soldiers of England from the attack on St. Dennis?"

"It was no attack, sir; I think it was not intended as such," answered Leon. "They did not face their enemies in the open field, but were fired upon from the houses as they peacefully entered the village, which even you, sir, will not pretend to call an equal and fair combat. Besides which, the poor soldiers were in sad plight, worn out by a dreadful night march, exposed to severe cold and rain, and many of them literally barefooted, having lost their boots in the mire of the roads."

"I cannot but admire your eloquent defence of those friends of peace and justice who come to enforce their oppressions at the point of the bayonet," replied St. Vallery, with a sarcastic sneer. "But let that pass—we are discussing the question of to go, or not to go, and methinks as we have taken hold of the ark of liberty, it

becomes us through weal or wo, to 'grip fast.' The war has at last commenced—whether prematurely or not, future events must decide—but the time has come for all lovers of freedom to buckle on their armour, and declare themselves soldiers of the republic."

A stifled sob from Millicent at this moment betrayed her presence, and while her father paused in his rapid walk through the apartment, Leon, pale with emotion, approached the window, and raising the folds of the curtain, led forth the weeping girl, and drew her gently to a sofa. The startling intelligence that hostilities had actually commenced, proved too much for her fortitude. She was well aware that aggressions and outrages had been committed, and dwelling as she did in the midst of discontents, and party excitements, she had heard many and dreadful threats of vengeance and war; but she had never yet been able to persuade herself that such an extremity would be resorted to. Now, however, that all, and more than she had dreaded was come to pass, she saw as with a prophetic eye, the ruin of her father's fortune, the destruction of her own and Leon's happiness, and possibly the lives of all, sacrificed in this vain and impotent struggle.

Thus suffering with all the acuteness of a feeling and tender heart, she could but weep; while Leon knelt at her feet, and by every gentle and endearing word implored her to be comforted. St. Vallery was annoyed by his daughter's excessive emotion, he thought it childish and weak in the extreme; but aware of her sensitive nature, he addressed her in a tone of gentleness.

"Millicent," he said, "these tears are unworthy the daughter of a patriot, of one ready to lay down his fortune and his life for the good of his country. He needs the cheering voice of affection to urge him on in the path of danger and duty, and should not be unnerved by the tears and terrors of a weak and cowardly girl."

"Pardon me, dear father," she said, in a subdued voice, "I cannot, you know I cannot see the cause in which you are embarking all most precious and valuable, in the same light in which it is viewed by yourself. To me it seems a desperate one—and I feel that instead of securing the rights, and immunities, and independence, for which you profess to struggle, you are casting from you all that has hitherto made life most dear, and perhaps sacrificing that very life itself in the contest."

"My dear," answered St. Vallery, with calmness, "it is impossible that you a woman, should be able to take so just and comprehensive a view of political affairs, as do men, who all, more or less, make them their study. You are in comparative ignorance, my child, on these matters, and this ignorance induces fears, which render you incredulous as to probable, I may almost say, as to certain results. Depend upon my word, in the north and the south, the east and the west, through the whole length and breadth of the land, thousands are waiting for the signal to rise in aid of this good cause, and what effectual opposition can be offered to the dense mass of Canadians, battling as one

man for their rights, and rendered invincible by that stern and concentrated courage which prefers death to slavery."

"Slavery!" re-echoed Mellicent, "nay, my dear father, had it come to that, and were we indeed slaves, or in any danger of becoming so, your daughter's voice should be the last to woo you to inglorious activity. In such a case, I think I could almost grasp the sword in my own weak hand, and go forth to battle by your side. But"—

"But," interrupted her father, in a chiding tone, "you have too much English blood in your veins. You love your mother's country too well to wish freedom to your own, and are content to remain beneath a British yoke, although the ancestors of your father, were among the nobles who upheld the thrones of the Henrys and the Louises of France."

"I do not forget that, my father," said Millicent, raising her tearful eyes to his face, while a proud glow kindled on her beautiful cheek, "but I do love my mother's country," she added in a softened voice, and Leon felt the tears which had stood in her eyes, drop fast upon his hand as she spoke. "It would be ingratitude in me not to love the land which gave me such a mother, and so long as I have consciousness to cherish and revere her memory, it must remain as dear to me as my own."

"And you will love it more innocently and more frequently my daughter," said St. Vallery, touched in spite of himself by her gentleness and the allusion to her mother, "when it shall cease to exert over us a despotic power, and as independent people, we may make and receive overtures for our mutual benefit and accommodation. But for the present, let us speak of arrangements that must be made. Leon has brought intelligence which renders it necessary for me, with all my followers, to repair immediately to the scene of action. He, of course, will accompany me, and as it is impossible for you to remain here unprotected, I propose, my dear Millicent, that you should repair to the city, and for the present seek a shelter with the nuns of the Hotel Dieu."

"What, my father," she exclaimed, "will you send your daughter into the very heart of your enemy, and expect her to find safety in the midst of a people against whom you are in open revolt?"

"The sanctuary of a religious house, will afford you a quiet and honourable asylum, my child," replied her father, "and if our arms prosper, (and we dream of nought but victory,) a few short months, and it may be weeks, will see us in possession of the garrison, now but weakly guarded by the few regular troops that are stationed there."

Not even the grief and anxiety which harassed the mind of Millicent, could prevent a smile of incredulity from playing an instant on her lip, as her father uttered this boasting declaration. She cast an inquiring glance upon Leon, but he replied only by a silent and melancholy gesture of his head.

"You are not then," she said, "equally confident with my father of success!"

"He is but half a soldier," interposed St. Vallery, quickly, and in an irritated tone, for he had marked the mute intelligence which passed between the lovers, "and I believe, on my life, he would rather remain and talk treason with the old Cure, in the dark little *salle à manger* of the presbytere, than go forth to the conflict, now that it has fairly commenced."

"Whatever may be my secret wishes," said Leon, haughtily, stung by the taunting manner of St. Vallery, "there is now but one course for me to pursue; and although, in the place of brilliant hopes and conquering arms, which glitter in your perspective, I see only the forms of ruin, disgrace, and death, I know I cannot pause in the career I have unwittingly commenced, and resolute as the boldest and most assured, I rush forward to fulfil my destiny."

"And have you then no confidence whatever in the justice of our cause?" asked St. Vallery, with a flashing eye, "and do you recognise no pledge of victory in the fearless bravery of those who have nobly espoused it?"

"None, whatever," answered Leon, calmly; "I wished only for reform, and I would have been content had that been granted. True it is still, as it ever has been my belief, that these provinces would be happier and more prosperous as an independent government, than subject as at present, to a foreign sway; yet I would not see the sword unsheathed, to attain even this desired object. Wo to the hands that rashly kindle the torch of civil discord, but here it has been done, and with an ignorant zeal and unpreparedness which must of necessity bring their own punishment upon the head of the aggressors."

"And how, my young Nestor, may I ask," said St. Vallery sarcastically, "how has it happened that with such feelings, and opinions so deeply rooted as they seem, you have become so identified with the partisans of liberty, as to deem yourself obliged to defend their quarrel, even in defiance of what you doubtless consider purer and loftier principles?"

"I have been deceived, with regard to the designs of those who are resolved to proceed to extremities," answered Leon, "and hurried on by the ardour and inexperience of youth, I found myself too deeply involved with them, too firmly pledged to their cause, to be able to retract with honour."

"It is not too late, even now, dear Leon," exclaimed Millicent, springing after him, as with an agitated step he paced up and down the apartment, and laying her small white hand entreatingly upon his arm. "It can never be too late to renounce an evil purpose, never impossible to do so with the strictest regard to honour. Think, dear Leon, of all you have at stake, remain at peace for my sake, and join with me in entreating my father, to renounce this fearful quarrel."

St. Vallery had approached the table on which lay an open map, and under pretence of studying it he took no notice of her words. But Leon deeply moved by the vehement grief of her he loved, drew her to a sofa, and placing himself beside her, he sat for some minutes in

silence, one hand covering his face, while the other closely clasped that of Millicent to his heart.

"You relent," she softly whispered, "I see that I have triumphed. The voice of conscience and of love has prevailed against the idle sophistry which was hurrying you on to acts, which neither reason nor religion would approve."

"No, Millicent," he said, "you who govern me in all things else, cannot now prevail. It may be sophistry, or insanity, term it what you will. But in my breast the feeling is resistless, that bids me go onward in the course I have begun. Do not oppose me, dearest, my honour is concerned, and I know my Millicent would not bear to see that sullied by the lightest shadow of reproach."

"No, no, not of deserved reproach," she said, "but how can your honour suffer, Leon, by refusing to espouse a cause which your heart does not approve."

"Nay, I said not so," he answered, "I do approve the cause, but not unreservedly. But be that as it may, I am pledged to it, and as you love me, Millicent," he continued, in a low and earnest voice, while a passing cloud for a moment darkened the serenity of his fine manly brow, "as you love me, dearest, urge me no more upon this subject. My word is given solemnly, irrevocably, and I must depart on the morrow with your father."

"And you will leave me, Leon, leave me alone and desolate," she exclaimed, in the accents of passionate despair. "A few short weeks, and I should have been your bride; and now, alas, that love, those hopes, that since the happy days of childhood, have dwelt within our hearts, strengthening and brightening with every added year of existence, must expire in darkness and gloom."

"Millicent forbear," said Leon, with strong emotion, "my heart is breaking. You know not, cannot know the anguish it endures—spare me now, and I swear to you upon this holy symbol," and he pressed to his lips the small crucifix of chased gold, that was suspended by a chain of the same metal, round her neck, "that if it pleases heaven to grant me life beyond the term of this unhappy conflict, no power on earth shall again separate us, and the untiring devotion of my whole life, will, I trust, make some amends for the suffering it is now my unhappy fate to cause your gentle heart."

"Ah, Leon," she sadly replied, "with such a dreadful gulf yawning between us and the future I can derive no comfort from your promises. I dare not look forward, for I feel too truly that the hopes, the affections of years, are about to be extinguished forever!"

Burning tears gushed from her eyes and her head drooped upon the shoulder of her lover. Leon dared not trust himself to speak, but he pressed her closely to his heart, and as he bent his face over that lovely head, which perhaps for the last time, and the thought was agony, found its resting place there, he breathed a silent prayer to the Virgin, to shield her from every ill, and restore her again to love and

happiness. A silence of several minutes was observed by each, they were both too miserable to find relief in words. It was broken by St. Vallery, who had been for some time too intent upon the map spread out before him, to heed the low-breathed and broken tones of the lovers.

"Leon," he said, abruptly, "I am not superstitious—never, that I recollect, had omen or dream any weight with me before—but now, I confess it, I am haunted by one which seems to me in very truth a supernatural warning. In glancing over this map, the island of St. Helens here laid down, brought it with fresh force to my mind; though, in fact, ever since its occurrence, the impression has been strangely vivid. Do* you remember in one of the most severe thunder storms of the past summer, how the lightning scathed that majestic elm, upon this island, beneath which the Marquess de Vaudrion signed those articles which transferred these provinces from the French to the British crown? It had battled with the elements for centuries, for it was not then in its youth—and it seems to me a visible token from heaven that the country, by right of discovery, of prior settlement, and conquest from the aborigines, justly appertaining to the French, is again about to pass into the hands of their descendants."

Leon could scarcely repress a smile at the avowal of this idle superstition, and he pitied the delusion of a naturally strong mind, so absorbed by the passion of the moment, as to seize upon all events, and wrest every physical occurrence to the favouring of a darling project.

"I well remember the tree," he replied, "from childhood it has been an object of my ardent admiration, with its broad majestic arms, its mass of living foliage, and its gigantic trunk, around which, in time gone by, have clustered the nobles of England and France, and beneath whose shade, before the face of the white man was seen by their wondering eyes, the red children of the forest sung their war songs and smoked the calumet of peace; and the last time I guided my canoe around the island, I could almost have wept over the stately ruin, as it stood scathed and blackened in the summer air. But, I cannot say, sir, that I read in its fate any omen of ill to the present possessors of the soil. It is a common thing to see a tree smitten by lightning, the state of our own minds only gives mysterious meaning to natural events. Else when the old oak at the head of the friar's walk was blasted in a like manner some years since, why did you not view it as a precursor of strange and wonderful events?"

"Because," said St. Vallery, impatiently; "because it was not a tree connected with the histories of the past; because the times demanded no supernatural indications, and because," he added, half smiling, "I am not, as I told you, superstitious. But let the thing pass—I have my own feeling on the subject, and you are welcome to the enjoyment of yours. In the mean time, let us settle other matters. We must be at St. Charles by to-morrow night, but,

short as the time is, I must first see my dear Millicent disposed of in safety."

"Dear father," she eagerly exclaimed, "my safety is with you and Leon. I will not, cannot be separated from you, and if your path leads to danger and death, there shall mine go likewise."

"Impossible!" exclaimed St. Vallery, "the beautiful village of St. Charles is converted into a fortified camp, filled with armed men, in hourly expectation of an assault. It is no place for women, even for those who have lost the attractions of youth, and for you, my child, so lovely, can you ask to be conducted there?"

"Yes, any where with you—with Leon for my safeguard," she answered, with passionate earnestness. "Plead for me, Leon—plead that we may not be separated—if we part now, it will be never to meet again in life!"

"Nay, dearest, yield not to such frightful thoughts," said Leon, tenderly, "and cease, I pray, to urge a wish of which you must assuredly repent."

"And do you, too, Leon, cast me from you?" she asked in a reproachful tone. "You, who have a thousand times sworn never to forsake me, and to whom I have plighted vows, which only the holy sacrament of marriage can render more binding."

"I cannot, my beloved, be with you amidst the noise of battle, nor can I consistently with the love, the reverence I bear you, expose you to the lawless gaze of undisciplined men, or the dangers and discomforts which must surround you in the midst of a beleaguered camp. Yield then, my own Millicent, to my earnest entreaties, to the wishes of your father, and relieve our minds of present anxiety on your account, by seeking a safe and peaceful asylum, till we again reclaim you, with the nuns of the Hotel Dieu."

"There is no other alternative," interposed St. Vallery, "I would have named the protection of my step sister, Madame D'Lorme, who lives as you know at St. Eustache, but that I fear, the sounds of war may ere long be heard in that peaceful village. Therefore, we are safest in seeking the convent, and so, my dear Millicent, I will myself write to the abbess on your behalf, and as I have just learned that M. de Montville, a *loyal* Canadian, departs for the city to-morrow, whither he is fleeing with his family for safety, I will place you under his especial care, and you will need no safer escort. Justine shall accompany you, but the remainder of the servants may be left here in charge of the house—I do not apprehend for them any molestation."

"And if not for them, neither is there any to be feared for me, and here, too, will I remain," exclaimed Millicent, in a firm and resolute tone. "Forgive, my dear father, this opposition to your will, but if banished to a distance from those I love, uncertain of their fate, and forbidden to attend them in danger, my heart would break with grief. Go, and leave me here—but wonder not at any moment to see me by your side—the restlessness of misery may drive me forth to seek you in the midst of scenes, which yesterday I should have shuddered to hear named."

* A fact.

St. Vallery and Leon, looked fixedly upon each other, dismay and wonder kept them silent, for the gentle being, whose gay and playful mood, whose ringing laugh and step of buoyant happiness, had been as light as music to their souls, seemed suddenly transformed into a resolute and desperate woman. There was an unnatural lustre in her eye, a heightened flush upon her cheek, that told of intense suffering, and of a spirit braced to its very utmost, to meet and to endure whatever might await it. Leon trembled with alarm as he gazed upon her he so passionately loved, and marked her unnatural excitement.

"Let her go," he said, yielding to the fears with which she inspired him, "do not oppose her, sir, her reason or her life may pay the forfeit, if you still persist—Millicent, my beloved, be comforted—we will not, no, we never will be separated," and he drew her tenderly towards him, till her head sunk upon his bosom, and her highly wrought feelings found relief in a grateful burst of tears.

"Foolish boy, you know not what you do," exclaimed St. Vallery, himself moved more than was his wont, "but as you have promised, so let it be, and remember that the consequences of this act must rest upon your head. It is absolutely impossible, however, to take her with us to St. Charles. On that I put my interdict. But I think, Leon, we may place her with Madalaine, your foster-mother; she lives, you know, at St. Marc's, just the other side of the river from St. Charles, and so near that we may pay her a daily visit if we choose. So, cheer up, and say, will that do? You are a true woman, Millicent, and had ever some wondrous tact by which to work out your will—though I cannot say that your new weapons please me quite so much as the winning and graceful ones of other days."

Millicent with kisses and grateful smiles, repaid her father for his indulgence, and made Leon almost happy by a gleam of her wonted playfulness. So relieved was she by the concession she had obtained, that the fears and forebodings of her heart ceased for awhile to torment her, and she sat about her preparations for quitting her hitherto happy home, with more lightness of spirit than she had thought it possible for her to feel under present painful circumstances.

The following morning saw them depart. St. Vallery and Leon throwing aside the more costly articles of foreign manufacture, which composed their usual dress, arrayed themselves in a complete suit of *etoppe du pays*, while Millicent assumed the habit of a Canadian peasant girl. But the small close cap which covered her beautiful hair, could not hide the graceful contour of her head—nor the coarse apparel which she substituted for her customary tasteful and rich attire, disguise the perfect symmetry of her figure, or destroy the air of superior delicacy and refinement which so highly distinguished her.

They reached St. Marc's without incident, and received a kindly welcome from Leon's foster-mother, the good Madalaine. Her little

domicil was neat and quiet, and she promised the anxious Leon, to do all in her power for mademoiselle's comfort. After partaking of a simple repast which the hospitable dame pressed upon the travellers, St. Vallery and Leon rose to depart, having to cross the Richelieu to St. Charles.

"I shall see you every day, dear Millicent," said Leon, as he pressed a farewell kiss upon her trembling lips. "Indeed, we are so near I can almost watch your motions," he added with forced gaiety, "and you have but to hoist a fairy signal, and I shall be at your side as quickly as a swift canoe can bear me over the waves."

And so it was during the first week of Millicent's abode with Madalaine, that Leon was daily with her, and frequently he came accompanied by her father. This state of things, however, could not long continue. Tidings came, that a military force, sent from the garrison at Montreal, was on its march towards St. Charles, and the insurgents therein collected were ordered to prepare themselves for the expected attack. Many were the trembling hearts, and many the brave ones, that obeyed this command. Among the latter was St. Vallery. Firm in the belief of victory, he hailed the approaching conflict, as the crisis which should give assurance to their arms, and terminate the doubts of those, who yet feared for the result of their cause. Under the excitement of these feelings, he paid Millicent a visit. He found her depressed, and he left her without being able to infuse into her mind a single ray of those bright and cheering hopes which so elated his own.

Nor was Leon more successful. It was on the eve preceding the battle, that he went to bid perhaps a last farewell to his heart's idol. Sad indeed was that parting; but Leon bore himself like a man, for he felt that his own rash folly had hurried him to the brink of the precipice upon which he now stood, and bitter was the thought that when the cause, he was lending his aid to uphold, should be overthrown, and soon, he was aware, that period must arrive, he should become an outcast, branded with the name of traitor, and condemned, perhaps, to expiate by a violent death, the crime he had committed against the offended laws of his country. Yet, false to his own belief, as in the part he was publicly acting to his own principles, he spoke to Millicent of comfort, and strove to cheer her with the hope of better days. She listened to him in silent sorrow—she knew that in this world she had done with joy and hope, and that peace, love, and happiness were wrecked forever.

"I will pray," she said, as they parted, "that your life and my father's may be spared, that blood may not flow in torrents to deluge this hitherto peaceful soil. But I cannot breathe so false a prayer to heaven, as to ask for the success of your unholy cause."

"Do not ask it, dearest, for it would be vain," said Leon; "but I have joined myself with it, and I must abide the consequence, be the peril what it may."

He embraced her again and again. The fountain of her tears was sealed up, and her tongue was mute from inward agony. She saw him depart with a fixed and tearless eye, and when he turned back to gaze yet once again upon her loveliness, she seemed to him like some fair statue, more exquisite than ever issued from the hands of Grecian sculptor, so still, so marble-like she stood, in her pure and motionless beauty.

Madalaine entered, in the kind hope, to soothe and comfort her. But the heart-stricken girl turned in silence from her, and pressing her crucifix to her bosom, she fell upon her knees in humble supplication to that Being who had so sorely smitten her. As the incense of prayer rose inaudibly from her heart, tears came to her relief, and as the evening darkened around her, she still remained struggling for

resignation, and commending those she loved to God. Night, with its silent watches, advanced, but the unhappy Millicent did not seek repose; she felt it would be sought in vain, she preferred rather to remain prostrate at the foot of the cross, where alone she could find balm for the poignancy of woes like hers. Suddenly the wild blast of a bugle came, borne on the night air to her startled ear. The sound thrilled her with horror; she sprung up, and, rushing to the window, looked forth in the direction of St. Charles. All was still; but the rapidly glancing lights in the camp, indicated unusual excitement; and, through the whole of that long night, this terrible sound was heard at intervals, shrill, and long, and loud, curdling the blood of the wretched Millicent, and racking her with intense agony.

(To be concluded in next No.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

NIAGARA.

[Written on the bank of the Niagara river, between the Rapids and the Cataract.]

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

THEIR roar is round me. I am on the brink
Of the great waters—and their anthem voice
Goes up amid the rainbow and the mist.
Their chorus shakes the ground. I feel the rocks
O'er which my feet hang idly—as they hung
O'er babbling brooks in boyhood, quivering
Under the burst of music.—Awful voice!
And strong, triumphant waters!—Do I stand
Indeed amid your shoutings!—Is it mine
To shout on this gray summit, where the bird,
The cloudy, monarch bird shrieks from his crag,
O'er which he's wheel'd for centuries.—I lift up
My cry in echo. But no sound is there,
And my shout seems but whisper. I'm afraid
To gaze or listen!—Yet my eye and ear
Are servants to a necromance that God
Alone can hold o'er nature!—Ministers
At this immortal shrine of the great King!
Ye never tiring waters!—Let me pass

Into your presence, and within the veil
That has no holy like it—a great veil,
Within which the Omnipotent outpeaks
In thunder and in majesty, within
The shadow of a leaping sea, where He
Opens his lips in wonder—and His brow
Beads 'neath his crown of glory from the skies!

II.

Tell not of other portals. Tell me not
Of all the awfulness of power. But stand
Within that curtain of Charybdis. If
You've seen and heard the far-voic'd flood above
Clapping its thousand hands, and heralding
Seas to a new abyss—you have seen all
The earth has of magnificent, like this—
You've stood within a gate that leads to God,
Where the strong beings of his mercy bend,
And do his will with power—while they uphold
Our steps, that grope the footstool.
Niagara.

Written for the Lady's Book.

DEDICATORY LINES FOR AN ALBUM.

How sweet in lone dejection's hour,
When rayless seems life's changing sky,
While clouds of sorrow o'er us lower,
And storms of dark despair are nigh:

To backward sail by memory's tide,
And call to mind departed years—
Those friends in whom we once relied,
The soothers of affliction's tears.

Oh, then, how prized some little boon,
Some pledge of their affection dear;
'Twill turn grief's night to pleasure's noon—
The soul from fell despondence clear.

And such may this fair Album be,
A casket of the brightest gems;
Sweet blossoms from affection's tree,
Pearls set in Friendship's diadems.
New Hampton, N. H. //

J. C.

Written for the Lady's Book,

THE TWO ROADS TO WEALTH.

"WHAT a fine thing it is to be rich!" exclaimed Charles Ashton, as he passed Esquire Wilkins' great house.

"A fine thing indeed," replied his friend, Frank May, "provided"—

"Provided what?"

"Provided we can have a few other good things with it."

"Other good things! why man, money will buy all the good things in the world."

"Not quite," replied Frank. "To be sure it will buy some small matters which are convenient, but there are things essential that it will not buy."

"Such as what?" interrupted his friend.

"Such as health, happiness, and a clear conscience."

"Well, Frank, I suppose it would not be exactly the right coin for these commodities, but I'll tell you of one nice article which it will buy."

"And what is that?"

"A wife!"

"Ah!" replied Frank, "that's the only article in the world which I should rather beg than buy!"

"Well, Frank, you are a man of independent feelings, but I'm afraid you'll never be a man of independent property."

"Why, Charles, what makes you think so? I like money, and I mean to get my share, provided I can do it honestly."

"Ah! you will be too much hindered with scruples, to make any head-way in the world. My motto is, 'Go ahead, hit or miss!'"

"And I," said Frank, "should as lief have nothing to eat but sugar, as to have nothing to enjoy but wealth."

Here the friends parted, one to his workshop, and the other to his counting room. These two young men lived in the pleasant village of B—, on the banks of the Connecticut. Charles Ashton was a merchant, and Frank May was a mechanic. They were both what the world calls "very fine young men." But the world is a superficial observer. Its eyes never look down into the heart. It is the prerogative of one Eye alone to look on the secret springs of action; to that Eye the difference between the two characters was very great.

Both applied themselves with all diligence to their respective callings, and both hoped to be rich.

Frank May resolved that every dollar should be gained, not only honestly, but honorably. As for Charles Ashton, he had but one purpose, and that was to acquire wealth—untrammelled by scruples about ways and means.

"I'll be a rich man before I die!" said he to himself one night, as he was studying his ledger—the only book in the world that he thought really interesting. He was untiring in his application to business; and if he did not

absolutely cheat, he made what are called pretty tight bargains." "Hard and honest" was his maxim, which some think means "hardly honest."

He soon acquired the reputation of a keen, money-making man. But making money is not always making friends. At the end of ten years, Mr. Ashton was a richer man than his friend May, but he was surprised to find himself not so much respected, or so happy. He began to think there were some things money would not buy.

"But I'll see if it won't buy me a wife," said he. "I believe its living a bachelor that makes me so blue!"

Now it never occurred to our friend that a wife who could be *bought*, might not be worth having. But it did occur, naturally enough, that while he was about it, he might as well try for a rich one. So he went peeping round amongst the heiresses—nothing doubting that a young lady who was heir to a fine fortune, would inherit every other fine quality. It was not long before he fixed his affections! no—his thoughts, on Miss *Jemima Wilkins*, the youngest daughter of Esquire Wilkins. It was not the color of Miss *Jemima's* hair, or the sparkle of her eyes, or the dimple of her cheeks, that attracted our hero's attention. Oh no, Mr. Ashton was too sensible and prudent to be influenced by such trifles in the important matter of choosing a companion for life. It was well that he quite forgot to look for graces of mind or person, for the young lady was scantily endowed. But then she had "ten thousand charms," in the shape of good round dollars, and that was enough for Ashton. He was the richest young man in the village, and that was enough for *Jemima*. So the bargain was struck up in a trice, and no time lost in moonlight walks and serenades, and no money wasted in rides and presents.

This interesting couple were married, and took possession of a nice new house, full of nice new furniture, and settled themselves down, to get as much comfort as empty heads and empty hearts, with a full purse, could give.

Here we will leave them in the full glory of the honey moon, to look after our friend, Frank May. Let us see what the lapse of ten years did for him. He was not a whit behind Ashton in activity and industry, and he reaped the usual reward of present comfort and prospective plenty. Though, as he told his friend, he meant to acquire wealth, it was not for its own sake, but for the benefit of others. It was good proof of his sincerity that he did not defer doing good till the time should arrive when he could call himself rich. He knew that if he did not form the *habit* now, he would not have the *heart* hereafter. He knew, and what is better he felt, that no one should live to himself—not even a young man, just setting out in the

world, who has his fortune to build up with his own hands. He early came to the conclusion that he had four things to attend to in this life, viz. his own temporal and spiritual welfare and the temporal and spiritual welfare of others—that is, of all the human family who should come under his influence, either directly or indirectly. Here was a wide field, a noble work; sufficient to fill the largest heart, and task the highest energies. This was the grand outline of his scheme of life, and he left it to the finger of Providence to point out daily the particular manner in which it was to be filled up. With these views he stood ready for every good word and work. He was never so busy about his own affairs, that he could not stop to do a good act. When called upon to leave his work to do something for a poor neighbour, or hand round a subscription paper in aid of some benevolent object, or do something for the Church, or the village, he did not call it an interruption, but considered it as a branch of his business.

Ashton used to laugh at him, and tell him he had chosen a strange road to wealth.

"Never mind," Frank would say, "my road is rather circuitous to be sure, but it is pleasant. You Charles, are on the high-road to wealth—a strait, dull turnpike, where there are so many driving by, and so many trying to overtake you, that you are blinded with dust. While my path is through a green, shady lane, among murmuring brooks and singing birds."

"Ah! good bye to you Frank," replied his friend, "you are welcome to your brooks and birds and shady lane; I like the turnpike best, and don't mind getting a little gold-dust in my eyes, provided the rest settles in my pockets."

Though Charles spoke so gaily as he turned away, there was a still small voice which whispered to his heart, and told him Frank was right, and he was wrong. But as this monitor had not been listened to when its tones were loud, was it to be expected that its whispers would be heard?

Among the poor neighbours who shared Frank's kind attentions, was one, whose peculiarly lonely and desolate condition gave her a strong claim to sympathy and kindness. The widow Green, as she was commonly called, had seen better days; but she had lost her husband, her children, and her property. One after another, she had laid her little ones in the grave, till only two remained, a son and a daughter. All the generous sympathies of Frank's nature were moved, when that only son was cut down just as he had reached an age at which his poor mother might begin to lean upon him. He resolved in the fulness of his heart, to make this widow his especial care, and do all in his power to supply the place of her lost son. He was unwearied in his attentions, and though time was money with him, he gave it freely to provide for her comfort. The widow Green had, as I have said, an only daughter; this was all that had been saved from the wreck of her earthly happiness. A rich treasure was this daughter—at least, so thought the widow—and so thought another.

Now I beg the reader not to call in question the disinterestedness of Frank's attentions to the widow; for I do assure you, that when he resolved to be a son to her, he had no idea of a literal fulfilment. But benevolence sometimes meets with unexpected rewards.

Mary Green was at this time about nineteen years old. I suppose you expect me to say she was the prettiest girl in the village; no such thing—there were a dozen as pretty, perhaps prettier; but I don't believe there was one who had a kinder heart, or more sweet and gentle manners. Though while her features were at rest, you would not say she was handsome, but when they were lighted up with thought and feeling, as they always were in conversation, you would acknowledge there was beauty there. And the very best kind of beauty too—that which will not fade. This was just the sort of beauty to take with Frank. He found too, that her views of duty, of the great end of life, accorded with his own. That the afflictions of her family had matured her character, and produced a chastened and elevated spirit, which eminently fitted her for the companionship of one whose great desire was to be good, and do good.

One evening Frank and Mary had been taking a long walk, (it was a bright moonlight evening, of course,) and they reached home just as the village clock struck nine. They stopped before the little gate, which was fastened with a string.

"Mary," said Frank, as he reached over to undo the string.

"Well."

"I have been thinking, Mary—hem"—here he stopped, and worked away for some seconds on the string. It had got into a hard knot, I suppose.

"I have been thinking," he began again, and then he waited so long, that Mary wondered what he had been thinking about, and whether he would ever be done thinking.

"I have been thinking, Mary, that"—as he had now advanced one word further, he would probably have got out the whole sentence, but just then widow Green, who had been sitting at the window, and seeing Frank working so long over the gate, the kind, officious old lady must needs come out, to see "what in the world was the matter with that 'are string." So Mary was left to finish the sentence according to the dictates of her own feelings or imagination. But Frank took the more satisfactory method of finishing it on paper.

How the sentence really ended, may be inferred from the fact that the next week Frank was bustling about, with an extra gleam of satisfaction on his fine countenance, making preparations for building a house. A light heart makes light work. In an incredibly short time he had finished one of the prettiest little cottages you ever saw. It was painted white, with green blinds, and a portico all round. It stood far enough from the road to allow a large garden, which was enclosed by a white fence, with a little gate fastened by a string. Behind the house at some distance, rolled the Con-

necticut river, with its beautiful expanse of interval land on either side, ornamented here and there with a solitary, graceful elm. Is there a river in the world whose path is marked with more beauty and verdure than the Connecticut? Among all the dwellers on its banks perhaps there never was a happier couple than the one who on May day took possession of the new cottage.

"And so," said Miss Jemima Wilkins that was, as she was returning with others from the wedding visit, "poor Mary Green is Mrs. Francis May! I suppose she will carry her head pretty high now."

"Frank's a fool," thought Mr. Ashton, "to marry a girl who hasn't a cent in the world!"

Years rolled on. Frank and Mary were happy in each other, and ever active in promoting the happiness of all about them. They had two children, Willy and Mary—the prettiest and most interesting children in the world—at least, in the eyes of their parents.

But when the sun of our prosperity shines brightest, the storm may be gathering. One night as the May family were retiring to rest, there was a knock heard at the door. On opening it, they found a poor beggar, who asked the favor of a night's lodging in the barn. He had rather a suspicious looking character, but Mary said, "Let him stay, poor fellow!" and Mr. May consented. The family then retired to rest, little dreaming how much their hospitality would cost them.

About midnight there was a cry of "Fire!" They started from their beds and rushed out of the house. What were their feelings when they discovered the barn in a blaze, and the flames just communicating with the house!

"Run Mary," exclaimed Frank, "take the children to the little grove, while I see what can be done."

But he soon found there was nothing to be done, for he could get no water; the well was so near the burning buildings that he could not approach it. Poor Frank stood still, and with his arms folded across his breast, looked on in silent agony; while the trembling family saw all from the grove. The village was alarmed, and in a few minutes almost every man was on the ground. But a fire is a thing of such rare occurrence in the country, that the people do not know what to do with it.

Though these worthy neighbours could do nothing but stand with Mr. May and look on, yet could you have seen their faces, as the light flashed upon them from the blazing pile, you would have read in each the strongest expression of sympathy.

When all was over—when the last rafter had fallen in, and the last blaze had flickered out, Frank turned away with a heavy heart, and went towards the grove, where Mary and the children were waiting.

"Well Mary," said he, "what are we to do?"

"Do!" replied his wife, "let us kneel down and return thanks that we are all safe."

"Ah, Mary, you are right. I was thinking only of what we have lost, you are thinking only of what we have saved. With such a

treasure left to me, how can I repine, even for a moment!"

And there, on the green grass, under the light of the moon, and the shade of the trees, they kneeled down, and poured out heartfelt praises for their merciful deliverance.

Some of their friends now approached, and perceiving how they were engaged, waited at a distance in respectful silence, till the little group arose, then they came up, and taking each by the hand, gave utterance to their feelings of sympathy and congratulation. The words were few, but they were such as go straight to the heart. One of these friends insisted on taking them all to his own house, where he said they should be welcome to stay till they could do better.

"I cannot imagine how this fire originated," said Mr. May, as they entered the kind neighbour's house.

"O, I can tell you, pa," replied little Willy, "it must have been the old man's pipe, for when he went out to the barn I saw him smoking. So I suppose he ran away when the fire first broke out, for fear you should lay it to him."

"So much for taking vagabonds into your barn," thought Mr. Ashton, who was one of the company, but he did not feel just then, like saying it.

Next day, I believe, every man, woman, and child, in the village, turned out to see the ruins. As they stood looking at the smouldering heap, the murmur went round, "that *such* a man should meet with *such* a calamity!"

"He has always been helping us," said one, "and now its our turn to help him. Come, let's show that we hav'n't forgotten old scores."

The suggestion took in a moment, and a subscription was opened on the spot. For want of paper and pencil, they took a piece of clean, smooth board, and a bit of newly made charcoal. It was handed round, and in a few moments every name was down. Enough was subscribed in money, labour, and materials, to rebuild the house. To work they went forthwith. If the former house went up in a hurry, this went up still quicker. In a very short time, a new house and barn were completed, exactly like the first.

I shall never forget the day the Mays took possession. As the men of the village had built the house, the women and children determined to furnish it. All day long the presents were pouring in. Mrs. Wilkins and Mrs. Ashton and a few of the first ladies, furnished the heaviest articles, for the parlour and chambers, while the farmers' wives filled up the kitchen, pantry, and cellar. One brought a tub of nice butter, another a couple of fine cheeses. One old lady brought a dozen pairs of nice woollen stockings which she had sat up nights to knit since the fire.

Among the rest, came Rosy Lynwon, Willy's favourite playmate, a sweet little girl about six years old. She had something wrapped up in her apron. When she came in, Willy, who had been capering about with childish joy all day, ran up to her, and peeping into her apron, exclaimed, "Why Rosy! if there isn't your little bantum chicken!"

"Yes, Willy, it's for you—mother said I might give it to you."

It was Rosy's pet, and the only thing in the world that she could call her own.

"There, Willy," said she, as she took her apron, and let it hop down on to the floor, "take good care of it, wont you, and don't let it get singed, as yours did!" And then she ran away, for fear Willy should see a tear in her eye.

Meanwhile, the farmers said the barn ought to be furnished too. So one drove in a fine load of hay, and another followed with a nice cow; another came dragging along a squealing pig, "because," he said, "Mr. May's pig got roasted before his time."

Such a scene of joyful bustle, as house, yard, and barn presented, you never saw. I believe it was the happiest holiday the village of B— had ever enjoyed. That night Mr. May was richer than he was before the fire.

"Well Frank," said Mr. Ashton, as he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking at the heaps of good things, "you have indeed taken a very circuitous road to wealth, but I believe you will get there before me after all."

And so it proved; for from this time, Frank continued to rise in wealth and influence, and at length became the richest man in the place. For a while Ashton went on as before, but at length he tired of his "turnpike," and concluded to make a *flying leap*. He and Esq. Wilkins engaged in a grand speculation, which turned out to be a grand humbug, and plunged them both in irretrievable ruin. Had Ashton resembled Frank, his ruin might not have been irretrievable; but in the day of prosperity he had cared for no one, and now in his adversity, no one cared for him.

S. J.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO THE MEMORY OF MISS S— B—, OF MARYLAND.

BY G. HILL, AUTHOR OF "THE RUINS OF ATHENS," AND OTHER POEMS.

Thou should'st have perished with the flowers
Of April, not of autumn hours;
Thy requiem should have been the lay
Of birds that come and go with May,
And not of winds, that o'er thy grave
The withered grass now sighing wave.
The violet, whose leaf the sky
Tinctures, was sister to thine eye,
The rose-bud to thy lip and cheek,
The lily to thy brow and neck.
With them, methinks, thou should'st have slept,
With them, when winter snows are swept
By March winds from the earth's green floor,
Wake—but, alas! thou'lt wake no more,
Till the last trump thy sleep surprise,
And angels help thee to arise.
The grave is now thy house of rest,
And, save the worm, admits no guest;
It has no window, from which, seen

By watchful lover, thou must lean,
Like a gay blossom from its bower—
A living rose, a lady-flower;
No threshold, where his band may meet
With songs thy sleeping ear to greet;
No torch has thy low, narrow room
To cheer or dissipate its gloom;
No friend to part, at peep of light,
The curtain there let fall by night,
The night, that though without a morrow,
Moonbeam or starbeam may not borrow,
That come, and go, rise, set, but bring
No brightness to thy burial-ring,
Veiled, like the eye that dimmed its ray,
In darkness, till the judgment day.

Thy better part is gone to dwell
With angels—spirit blest, farewell!
Washington, D. C.

THONA,

A Moorish Spaniard, who is called the Habeba of Valencia, was skilled in grammar, and jurisprudence, and wrote celebrated books on both subjects, which were of high authority in her day, and long afterwards. It was during the state of Moorish power, three centuries and a half before the conquest of Grenada, when the Moors were revelling in all the Arabian literature which had come to them from the days of Haroun al Raschid, who lived two centuries before her. Thona died in the year 1127. The prejudice of the Christians was so great against the Moors, that it is wonderful that any thing of taste or talent should have been suffered to have come down to this time, through the cells of the Inquisition. Still, it should be remembered, that in Spain, in former days, some bold and admirable doctrines, even of liberty, have been entertained and divulged.

TULLIA OF ARRAGON,

A Neapolitan lady, celebrated for her erudition, understanding, and poetical talents, was born at Naples, and flourished about the year 1550. She was carried to Rome in her infancy, and brought up in that city with the greatest care. When very young, the study of polite literature, and the exercise of that happy talent for poetry which she possessed, formed her highest enjoyment. She soon became known, and was early classed with the most illustrious of the learned. She afterwards passed several years at Venice, where her society was much courted by all people of merit or science. She wrote many miscellaneous poems, which appeared at first scattered in several different collections, but were collected and published at Venice in 1547. They bear marks of genius, and a sprightly imagination, and are much praised for purity of style.

Written for the Lady's Book.

EMILY WATERS.

—Forswear the bowl:
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters every hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.—*Armstrong.*

EMILY WATERS became an orphan at fifteen years of age. Prior to which event her father had given her a good education, and early instilled the pure principles of Christianity into her young mind. She was suddenly bereft of both her parents whom she had dearly loved, by one of those terrible occurrences which are so frequent and disastrous on the rivers of our country, making the hearts of so many family-circles bleed for the havoc of their members—a steamboat explosion. They had joined the tide of emigration to the far west, with the intention of seeking a home in that delightful region, where, with industry and prudence they expected to obtain a good support, and leave at their death, an only and beloved child, not entirely dependent upon the world for a precarious livelihood. They had left Emily behind them, until a home should be provided for her, when lo! father and mother were both suddenly cut off—the everflowing waters of the Mississippi engulfed their disfigured and lifeless bodies, with every soul on board that ill-fated vessel, never to surrender them, until time shall have run its course, and the sound of the last trump shall be heard. Thus, just springing into life, a beautiful and fragile being, without resources, without friends, unprotected, was Emily launched upon the unfeeling world, to meet with whatever of happiness or of misery, kind heaven saw fit to portion her with.

It is true, there was one individual upon whom she might rely in this hour of wretchedness, the first she had ever experienced—which he did, with all the confidence and pertinacity of woman's love, when that passion for the first time has taken possession of her breast. This person was Cecil Waters—to whom she had surrendered all the budding affections of her youthful heart. They had been waiting a considerable period for a favourable moment to be wedded, when she heard of the shocking catastrophe which had befallen her parents. Many long days and nights, in bitterness and sorrow did the orphan girl, in the solitude of her chamber, bewail their fate, than whom none were more kind or better loved. Methinks I see her now, as I beheld her on that occasion, sitting alone in the twilight of her apartment, with her eyes swollen and red, and face streaming with scalding tears, her fingers empurpled with blood, which was ready to start forth, as she wrung her hands together in agony—the very impersonation of grief. She would not be comforted—the rod had stricken too deeply, and nature was far too exquisitely wrought, for a time, to admit the voice of sympathy and consolation. It was many days before even her lover was received by her, so holy, so absorbing was this feeling, and then, with but a portion of the joyous alacrity with which he was accustomed to be greeted.

She married Cecil Waters—reluctantly, certainly: but this reluctance, however, did not arise from any disinclination on her part towards him, for they had been long betrothed to each other and ardently attached. It arose from the knowledge that their union would not receive the blessing of his father, who had expressed strong objections against his son wedding a portionless woman. It was after many repeated and urgent solicitations on the part of her lover, that she finally consented to marry him, in opposition to his father's expressed will and interdiction, and for which disobedience they were to feel almost immediately the unpleasant consequences—consequences which nearly drew perdition upon them both.

Mr. Waters was wealthy, proud, and opinionative, little inclined to accede to any act which in his judgment was unlikely to increase his consideration with the world, or of adding to the many thousands existing in his coffers; the virtue, the faultless beauty, and cultivated mind of the young woman, or his child's happiness being at stake, was a matter of perfect indifference to him—it would not flatter his vanity, nor augment his importance in the eyes of the multitude. After the marriage, consequently, Cecil was informed from his parent's own lips, that whatever expectations he might have formed of receiving assistance from him, he must now discard forthwith.

"You have disobeyed me, sir," continued his father, in anger; "you have disobeyed me, sir, and upon your own head must fall the fruits of your wilfulness—your own exertions must now give you a livelihood, or else you must bear the bitter consequences of want—from me, hereafter, expect nothing! I have brought you up, reared you with tender care, your least wants supplied, fulfilled all the duties demanded from a father to his offspring—and this, this is my reward—this is your gratitude! Ingrate!—from this time I know you not—begone—hence, begone, sir!"

They parted—not to meet again, until one of them had drank deep of sorrow and want, and wretchedness—and the other, lay cold, rigid, and senseless, in his winding-sheet, gone to his account. But, we must not anticipate.

Accustomed to idle and luxurious habits, and unused to any settled plan of obtaining a support, now, when his fate had become joined to that of another—now, when most in need of assistance and an encouraging hand—Cecil found himself friendless and a beggar. Poverty, of itself, however discouraging to the young when first starting in the race of life, is commonly the chief cause of their success, particularly when correct principles early instilled into their minds, is joined with industrious and frugal habits—indeed, in our country, scarcely without an exception, these are the best fortune that

can be given to youth. Wealth is proverbial for its instability—a thousand casualties may in a moment impoverish the richest—it is not so with honourable employment, the truly noble and efficient means of obtaining independence. With these in his possession, he is not poor who chooses to exert them—they are richer far in bringing interest than stocks which declare the largest half-yearly dividends; all is here clear profit, cent per cent, without drawback and without loss. Happy would it have been for young Hampton, had his education been in accordance with them—if, instead of idleness and unsettled pursuits, he had been inured to some regular business or employment—he would then have been comparatively independent of the smiles and patronage of any individual—could have laughed to scorn those who would pretend to withdraw their countenance, because he had chosen to act for himself, in taking to his bosom, the woman he loved.

This change, however, which came over the prospects of the young man, lost its wonted and legitimate effects. Instead of bearing up gallantly, as a race horse impatient to run his race and win the offered prize, after a few ineffective exertions, he drooped in spirit and effort, and at last, relinquished all attempts, as though fate had shut up every possibility of success to him—and what was far worse than all, with inactivity, he quickly imbibed vile habits, whose touch, as with the wand of the evil one, turned what was amiable into contamination, and what was once strong into incapacity. In a word, *intemperance* obtained the mastery over that, which was not shielded by pure and high minded principle.

* * * * *

In a narrow and obscure street of our city, the character of whose neighbourhood was of questionable respectability, there stood a two story frame building, which, from its dilapidated appearance, would denote to the passer by, that it had not for many long years felt the renovating hand of either painter, carpenter, or mason. Its begrimed and dirty front scarcely presented a trace of the coat of white paint it had once received, and its broken windows, there not being an entire pane of glass left in any of the six which faced the street, gave it a forbidding and desolate aspect. The interior of this domicile, for it was still inhabited by a number of wretched families, was not less gloomy and time worn, than its exterior was uninviting, and it needed no inordinate stretch of the imagination to conceive its occupants as being among the most wretched, if not the most debased, of the human kind.

In a dark and badly ventilated chamber, upon the second floor of this building, were two individuals. One of them a young man, about twenty-two years of age, though his pale and attenuated appearance would declare him to be some five or six years older than that, was lying upon a straw pallet in a corner of the room. His companion was a young female, who was sitting by his bedside, with a painfully anxious expression of countenance, and watching every gesture and movement of the invalid.

There was no furniture in the apartment,

3.

save some few articles actually necessary for the preparation of the most simple meals, if we except an old pine-wood table, deprived of one of its leaves, which was standing near the bed with some powders folded up in white and blue paper, and several vials containing medicine, lying upon it, two chairs, and the bed standing in one corner of the room. In the fire-place there was a small clay furnace and a handful of burning charcoal, upon which was a tin vessel, apparently containing some nourishment or drink for the sick man.

The natural gloominess of the chamber was now thickened as the dusk of evening was fast approaching, and the flickering light of the charcoal fire being unsteadily reflected through the apartment and upon the countenances of its inmates, gave a wild and somewhat supernatural appearance to every object, which was heightened by the noise of the boisterous and stormy elements without, as each fresh gust of wind struck upon the old building, causing its roof and sides to groan, and threatening their displacement, if not the destruction of the building itself.

The clamour of the storm awoke the invalid. He asked for drink, which was immediately given him by Emily, for she it was who was so sedulously nursing her sick husband. After having drank, with his wife's assistance, Cecil sat up in bed, and in a tone of soft endearment she inquired if his fever had abated.

"How do you, dearest! Do you feel better, my husband?" and with a napkin she wiped the moisture from his forehead, which had gathered there from his slight exertion. He answered faintly.

"I feel something better, Emily—though I am feeble, very feeble." And Cecil's hand, as he reached it forth, trembled as though its owner was far advanced in years, and decrepitude confirmed his assertion. "A little better," he continued, after a short pause, "it is a hard trial to be sick—to be laid prostrate and helpless as an infant; but I should not repine—for you, dear girl, have been a guardian spirit to me throughout the whole time of my painfully tedious days and sleepless nights. How can I repay thee for all thy care and goodness towards me—me, who am so unworthy of receiving kindness at thy hands! Do you not detest me, Emily—hate me, the degraded, the fallen, the dishonoured! Do you not wish that I were—"

His wife, with weeping eyes, flung herself upon his bosom, and sobbed aloud, as she cried, "No! no!—Detest you, my Cecil! You! my own dear husband—never!—nor are you indeed so fallen, Cecil, but all may yet, all will yet be well—not dishonoured—not degraded!"

"Kind, sweet girl!" he responded passionately, as he drew her still closer to his bosom. "Kind, sweet girl!—your husband has ever been blind to thy virtues—he knew not the angel he possessed in his Emily—until now, he never half appreciated thy sweetness, thy worth, thy goodness! Insensate that I am!—and, oh! horrible thought! that pain, and misery, and sickness, produced by cursed *rum*, should be the means of this blessed knowledge! How

can I requite thee, for all my injustice and brutality towards thee!"

"Nay, dear Cecil, you must speak no more on this subject. As your wife, I have done no more than my duty, in making you as comfortable as our circumstances would permit—and we must thank the great dispenser of all things that they are no worse—but get well soon, and I shall then be well repaid. No! you must speak no more now," she continued, interrupting him, as he was about to reply, and placing her hand over his mouth, "you must speak no more, now, I am fearful of your having injured yourself already—compose yourself to sleep, and when you awake, you will be enabled to converse without evil consequences ensuing."

"No! Emily, no—I must speak now," he cried, as he gently freed himself from her—"now? for I may again relapse into that dreadful state, where all was anguish, and horror, and annihilation—now, when I feel that asseverations made, will be recorded for weal or for woe, as they may be kept—now, before I am free from danger, and the issues of life and death are still at war—now, whilst I know what I am speaking and promising. Yes! hear me, Emily, and bear witness, as I promise now, before high heaven and before thee—that, if it please God to raise me from this bed of danger and suffering, I will become temperate—never to permit that damned liquor, rum, in any shape or form, to pass these lips again—never—so long as this immortal mind is cognizant of willing and doing—so help me God!"

"This is a fearfully solemn promise, Cecil!" said Emily; "but to me, not all the wealth of the Indies—nay, the whole world to me, is poor and pitiable, indeed, in exchange—to lose all hopes of its strict fulfilment. My petitions, dear Cecil, shall be incessant to that God upon whom you have so solemnly called, to enable you faithfully to keep this resolution, for without his assistance the strongest of us is weak. Now my husband, lay your head down upon your pillow, for I fear this excitement will delay your recovery—say no more at present, but lie down and may your dreams be sweet, and sleep healthful and refreshing."

After Emily had smoothed her husband's pillow and given him some drink, the invalid composed himself to sleep, with a conscience more lightened of its burden, and a mind more free from the anxieties of life, than had been his portion for many months previous—such being the reward of correct and virtuous resolves, when made in a true spirit.

And the wife, the young and virtuous Emily, she who was as beautiful in mind as in her person lovely—though in the deepest poverty and wretchedness, was well fitted to grace the magnificent abode of the gay, the rich, and the elegant—what were her feelings at this moment which she felt to be the crisis of her fate—what did she do? what was the state of her mind? To enter fully into her feelings and impulses is impossible. It must suffice to note some of the outward acts of the unhappy woman—unhappy—no! she was not unhappy—for at this moment Emily felt a dawning of hope within

her breast, she felt an inward feeling of self-applause, which is the tenant of his bosom alone, who has done what is to benefit his kind—*she had redeemed a man*, her husband, from beastly intemperance—a man, the image of his Maker, who had debased his godlike faculties, and fallen to the level of brute beasts. She was calm and sat by his bedside, with a heart beating high with a promise of happiness for the future. Observing that he had fallen into a tranquil slumber, she sunk upon her knees, and resting her arms upon the bed, with her hands clasped in each other, she lifted her eyes toward heaven, and there arose, in a soft and subdued tone of voice, from the lips of the sick man's wife, a prayer, pure, fervent, and humble, full of praise, full of thanksgiving, full of hope. She finished her prayer and arose from her kneeling position, when a sweet and gentle confidence took possession of her soul—she felt that her petition to the throne of grace, for her husband's forgiveness and speedy restoration to health, was heard and granted. Excellent woman!—excellent wife!

Thus was Cecil Waters, by that scourge of our land, brought low upon his bed of sickness, just escaping with his life, and depending solely upon the scanty earnings of his young and hapless wife, for indispensable necessities to prolong his wretched existence. Well might he say to her, "how can I requite thee?" She, a feeble woman, who had watched at his bedside, administering to all his wants, performing all the unpleasant, and not less arduous duties of nurse, day after day and night after night, soothing him in his pain, cheering him in his moments of gloom and despondency, and when spared from his couch, slaving for his support—he can never requite her.

But Emily had her reward—those endearing words and warm embrace—that promise of reformation which opened a hope for the future; and more than all, the conscientious discharge of her duties as a wife, and love for her husband, brought their recompense. What trials and hardships will a wife not undergo—what misery and deprivations not endure, for the man whom she truly loves!

Cecil rapidly recovered his health, and was weaned forever from his intemperate habits. He now conducted with propriety and decorum, and ere the year was past, the church numbered him among its communicants. From humble beginnings and untiring industry, being cheered forward by his faithful Emily, he gradually acquired sufficient to live in an easy and comfortable manner. His father died unreconciled with his son, leaving all his wealth to a benevolent institution. This event, however he may have felt the wrong his parent had done him, caused no regret or ill-feeling in his mind. Time past over their heads tranquilly. One an example of what a man can effect, when he chooses to exert his reason, rather than follow the dictates of a degrading sensuality—the other a heroine in a field, more truly noble and exalted, than the conquering of empires.

A. M.

New York.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SKETCHES OF ENGLISH LADIES.—No. III.

MISS BAILLIE.

BY B. B. THATCHER, OF BOSTON.

My readers may detect an inconsistency in this title. Miss Baillie is not only of Scotch extraction, as her name indicates, but her blood and birth themselves attach her to the land o' cakes. I think she first saw the light at Hamilton, in that country, and that the early part of her life was spent there. Be this, however, as it may, and though I must testify that her "speech betrays her"—for her northern accent is quite perceptible—it must be admitted that as one of the *literati*, as a public character altogether, we have known her for an English woman alone. Nothing, certainly, can be more English than her compositions mostly are—all those by which her reputation has been gained.

This anglicism in her is rather remarkable. The Scotch authors, especially the most distinguished of the Edinburgh coterie, have always been noticed for their good English; but this compliment itself rather intimates, that it was hardly expected of them to discover the cloven foot so little. The English are slow to believe that any body out of "head-quarters" can either write or speak just the thing. They believe, with Sam Slick, that we Americans, if we cultivate *their* language to some extent, have an American language also, and that the Yankees may be always detected as readily as the Irish, or Scotch, by their tongues. We shall decide, of course, that this is one of old John's most conceived and stupid mistakes. We may allow that we belong to "the provinces" in some respects, but not in this. Let it pass, however. As I said before, the Scotch have been obnoxious enough to the distinction. Some of the best and most famous of their writers have been and are so. An old literary tailor deceased at Bristol not a great many years since, to whose supervision David Hume was accustomed to submit the manuscript of his History of England, and he declared that he weeded the Scotticisms out of it by the hundred. Some of the historian's countrymen have availed themselves of like aid. Whether this is a custom of Miss Baillie's—or ever was—I know not. It is very clear, at all events, how much pains she has taken to *un-Scotticise* herself. Something she owes, of course, to her long residence in England, and to her continual association, not merely with that people at large, but with some of the most cultivated intellects of the day. Her opportunities of "seeing the world," so far as this goes, have perhaps exceeded those of most of her female lady cotemporaries. Miss Edgeworth says *she* is "all Irish." She has passed her life in the centre of that green land, certainly quite out of the literary fashionable world. And so have Miss Opie, Miss Mitford, Miss Brown. So did Mrs. Hemans. Hannah More only came up to town to 'visit.' All these, and many more of the same class, may

be called provincialists comparatively. Knowing the strong distinctions of language which prevail in different parts of Great Britain, and bearing in mind how almost inevitably we are inclined to adopt the practices, even the bad ones, with which we become early familiar, and by which we are continually surrounded, we might not wonder at a *countryism*, or a *countyism*, here and there slipped into the compositions (as into the conversation) of one of these writers. In some of them such things are decidedly traceable; but not in Miss Baillie. Her English is rigidly "first-rate." She writes it almost too well. If one might detect her extraction or education at all, it would probably be as an Englishman, let him speak the best possible French—and speak it all his life-time—and never fail or forget in his language—is still sure to be found out by the Parisians. He speaks *too* well. The Parisian allows himself *liberties* with the language; the Englishman dares not: or, if he does, he discovers himself by the *fuss* he makes about it, or the mistakes which he cannot avoid. Perhaps Miss Baillie would not have succeeded as well in every kind of composition, as in high tragic poetry, to which she has so largely devoted her attention.

I have spoken of her long residence in England. How long, precisely, I am not able to say; but we find her dating from Hampstead, (a portion of the suburbs of London, some four miles out of the city,) as many as thirty years ago at least—in her correspondence with her countryman, Scott, for example. In those days, which were in fact the prime of her life, as of his—though fortunately they were not so passed as to exhaust its energies, as in his case, prematurely—she seems to have mingled with society, and moved about in the world at large, with a sort of brisk activity which one who sees her at this time would hardly suspect her ever to have practised. She was fond of theatricals among other things, as one might infer from her writings, and we find her enjoying herself frequently at the London houses—an amusement which seems now in strange contrast with her remarkably staid Quaker-like appearance;—and she told me, I think, that it was many years since she had been in a theatre. At the date referred to, she was bringing out some of her own dramas, which doubtless enhanced her interest in the stage, and the premeditation and preparation of which, by the way—to say nothing of the publication and popular reception—clearly imply a good deal of free mixing with the world. A distinguished author calls her, in reference to some of these tragedies, the "*Female Shakspeare*;" an extravagant compliment certainly, but one which such a critic, however partial, would scarcely venture upon without having seen in her dramas *not* a

little of that knowledge of humanity which careful observation and deep study alone could furnish, and for which the *male* Shakspeare was so greatly distinguished. In the domestic way, I may mention, Miss Baillie's situation was quite different at the period referred to, from what it has been since. Her life seems stationary and isolated now. There are few *conductors* about her; she needs and seeks them not. The hum of the world comes up to her still retreat like the noise of the Great Metropolis which she cares for and visits no more. *Then* it was all interest to her—press, theatre, travel, a brilliant society, the study of mankind. Some opportunities of observation she had even in the highest sphere. Her brother, Dr. Baillie, then in full repute and practice, was among the most distinguished surgeons of the age. Scott writes to her of his decease, a few years after, as a public calamity. He was for many years employed in the Royal Household. The ill-fated Princess Amelia was one of his patients, and she was scarcely out of his charge, when he was called on to minister to the infirmities of his unfortunate monarch himself—the nominal sovereign, at least, of the realm.

I have called up these reminiscences, which belong to a generation now passed away, not merely because they relate to Miss Baillie, every thing concerning whose history must be matter of interest, but rather for the satisfaction of those, who, seeing and hearing of her only as she now is and long has been, are accustomed to regard some of her writings as an inexplicable phenomenon—a strange anomalous “curiosity of literature”—an effect without a cause. Certainly, as I have hinted before, no personal appearance, no ostensible existence, could indicate less than hers does the author, especially the author of *such* compositions, or the life she *must* have lived to produce them. I remarked of Miss Edgeworth that there was nothing of the profession about her. Were it not for the apparent paddyism, I should say there was still less of it about Miss Baillie.* The distinction I have in view is, that while in the former there is no affectation or ostentation of authorship, or indeed of any thing else, there is at the same time nothing in her manner which seems inconsistent with her reputation or pursuits. These are kept in the back-ground habitually, as a matter merely of good taste. When one is told who this lively and well-bred lady is, he says to himself—“The Novelist indeed! Well, I should never have thought of it. How stupid it was in me. I can see now. Such a woman can do what she pleases.” But the same person would see no cause to reproach himself at not guessing out the tragic lioness. He would be more surprised at her than himself. “This Miss Baillie—the Miss Baillie! Well, I confess I can see nothing of the poetess, nothing of the *litterateur*, even now.”

* Scott says, in a letter to Miss Baillie, in 1800, speaking of Miss Edgeworth, “I expect to find her a being totally void of affectation, and who, like one other lady of my acquaintance, carries her literary reputation as easily as the milk-maid carries the *leggen* on her head, walking as gracefully with it as a duchess.”

Miss Edgeworth passes unsuspected till discovered. Miss Baillie is never discovered at all.

And how should she be? I called her “Quaker-like,” and farther reflection affords me no better way of conveying the recollection I have of her. I find it thus in my note-book:—“Strikes me as a very conscientious, exact sort of woman, with plenty of Scotch common sense. Not a bit of romance about her. Serene, quiet, kind expression; neatness, *niceness*, remarkable; *almost Quakerish* in dress, manners, and general appearance. Very pleasing, after all. Wears well.—Bears acquaintance.—Like her very much.” And here is another passage, at an interval of some weeks:—“Very young and fresh-looking, but how calm and tranquil! Very nice *cap*. Natural hair, in plain locks, peering out—rather—rather greyish! Manners unobscurable. Conversation just what it should be, but I can't remember it, if I would. Does'n't say things to be remarked or remembered. Rather avoids occasion to do so. Keeps very still and cool, as if determined, ‘soberly,’ to live both as long and as snugly as she can. Satiated with notice and compliments, I see plainly. Willing to be agreeable—can't be otherwise—but wants to be *let alone*. Most respectable, sensible, amiable woman. How provoking! No Lion at all!”

Very young and fresh-looking, it is here written. The impression was a strong one. It was the first that occurred to me on seeing her—next to the surprise I felt that this lady I have described was *Miss Baillie*. The reader will not wonder at it when he considers the length of her literary career. I cannot now say when she began publishing, but we all regard her as one of a generation gone by—one of the class of Mrs. Barbauld and Hannah More;—remaining among us by accident, and that in a personal, not a professional sense of the word. Thirty years ago, as I have intimated, her poetry and her energy were in full flower. It was in 1809 that the first of her dramas ever tried on the stage in her native country—the “*Family Legend*”—was brought out by one of the Siddonses in Edinburgh. The reader of Lockhart's Life will remember Scott's writing the prologue for it; and the very kind, characteristic interest in the success of the play, which appears in his frequent letters to the authoress at this period. This, by the way, was the best received of all her dramas, and had a continued run of fourteen nights. Possibly something of the ostensible popularity might be due to her friends, and to nationality, for popular, strictly speaking, none of her compositions seem to me to be. In this respect she is hardly the Female Shakspeare. She differs from such a personage (yet unknown, I think) as John Kemble did from Garrick. David was the Shakspeare of the stage. He entered intuitively into the representation of the characters his great master intuitively conceived, let them be what they might. The fool was as easy to him as the hero. His *Abel Drugger* was no less a *chef-d'œuvre* than his *Lear*. In a word, there was no *Garricism* about him. His identity slipped from his shoulders like a stage-

cloak, never hanging in the way of a new transmigration. Self was nothing to him. It seemed as if he never *acted himself* long enough to get a habit of it, as other people do. Shakspeare, in his way, was hardly more omni-available—more of the “all things to all men”—than he was. Not so Kemble. The high dignity of tragedy was entrusted, in separate and solitary grandeur, to him. It possessed him like a genius. The robe, and the Roman aspect, were never laid by. And it was all very stately, very fine. It was classical; no fault could be found with it. But it was one and the same thing—tragedy, tragedy alone. And so, it seems to me, it is with Miss Baillie. Hers is the stately vein. Her characters are all of that school, and so are her sentiments and style. If conscious of this *possession*, as I call it in the actor, she labors to break up the spell of monotonous perfection, it is but a labor after all, and one sees that it is so. It is like a man trying to laugh when he feels quite serious. Kemble was her hero to write for, not Garrick. Shakspeare had no partialities—no veins—no style. Miss Baillie has but one; she is always Miss Baillie.

I remember her once saying of her friend Mrs. Hemans, whom she admired exceedingly—and I think she has lately spoken of her, in one of her Prefaces, as the most gifted poetess of the age—that, regarding the kinds of composition she tried, and the styles they were written in, she might be said to have had the materiel of three poets in her; but after all, she acknowledged there was a continuous identity about it; one never lost sight of Mrs. Hemans. Some persons complained of this indeed, but it was not good philosophy, if it was just criticism. They had only to read less of her at one time; to read her when they felt in the mood. Some minds might never feel that mood to be such. Very well—they were the very last who should undertake to pass judgment upon it, for that same reason; they should not read her at all.

I thought this very sensible—for an admirer, too, very candid—altogether characteristic of Miss Baillie, in fact; but it farther occurred to me, that she had described her own case quite as well as that of Mrs. Hemans. The chief difference was, so far as this subject is concerned, that the latter, in her plays especially, but often in her other poetry, tried the transmigration system, (so to speak,) without succeeding in it; that is, without the complete success which attended her in her own vein—for fail utterly, in any thing, she never did or could; but Miss Baillie was more cautious. There was a Scotch wariness about her. Her enthusiasm never seduced her to try experiments, or practice gratuitous manœuvres. She persisted in one course, content with arriving in that, as might be expected from such wise devotedness as well as such marked talent, to a perfection, which, in its kind, no other writer perhaps, certainly no other female has attained. Nothing but this can explain her great reputation. Great it became, almost as soon as she came out, and so it continues: great, too, with-

out popularity, as I remarked before; great with the critics, and the judicious few, (not a *very* few, I confess, neither,) while to the mass of readers—the readers of Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. Hemans, or Hannah More, or all of them even—her works are but a “stumbling block,” or an “offence.” They admire her, indeed. Every body does—because people do so that *know why*; but not one in a hundred of those who might rank her at the head of living poetesses, (as she deserves,) would probably be able to tell over the titles of what she has written. Ask one of her admirers even (like me) if he has read her works all through, as we read the *other* Shakspeare. Oh, no! only favorites—passages—reviews. Or consider if you ever saw Miss Baillie quoted—ever heard her, much more, as *he* is, by “all sorts of people,” in all regions of christendom, every day. Not at all so. Miss Baillie is notorious—famous—immortal, for aught I know—but not popular; and popular she never can be. She belongs, in literature, to the aristocracy, and the *aristoi* must sustain her.

I was speaking of the length of her literary career, and of her being one of the few survivors of a generation of authors mostly gone by. And yet she began publishing at what was considered a remarkably advanced period of her life—something after the fashion of Cowper; so much so, and with so little previous notification, that her friends were generally taken by surprise. I can imagine what the sensation must have been among them when her dramas came forth, “all armed and perfect, like Minerva from Jupiter’s head,” (as Mr. Preston says of nullification.) Springing up from such a source, too—personally speaking—as I have described! Any other quiet, Quakerish Scotch gentlewoman, of middle age, it would seem, might just as well have astonished the public in the same way. At all events, her place seemed taken among the *literati* at once, such as she has ever since maintained it. Whether these compositions were popular or not, there was something imposing about them. It was a little in the way, perhaps, that some of Croly’s and Milman’s have succeeded, in spite of a corresponding lack of the same qualification. They showed a remarkable mind, strong talent of a peculiar quality, most people allowed:—many said, genius of a high and noble order. Then they burst out so unexpectedly—so suddenly—from the mind of a woman—of such a woman; it was really something altogether new.

Of course, the deliberation with which the productions in question had been so long in preparation could not but enhance this effect. People soon found that the new light, instead of a mere whizzing meteor, blazing over the firmament for a moment, only to sink into obscurity, like the scores which have preceded and followed it every season, was really a star, ready-made, and full-grown, and as bright as one of the Pleiads; and that, as if conscious of this dignity—as the wandering Pleiad itself, which has been missed from its place so long, might be expected to do, if it thought proper to return and resume it—it streamed straight up into its

just position in the heavens, and there settled itself, without ceremony, to shine on forever.

So much for doing well what one does at all; carefully studying out one's capacity; giving it a thorough development and discipline first of all, and then taking time enough, and pains enough, to accomplish the object in view, whatever it may be, in the best possible manner, and to the utmost desirable degree. I gave Miss Edgeworth great credit for this rare wisdom;—a genius in itself, it deserves to be called, and it is in fact, in perfection, only the instinct of minds of the first order. Miss Baillie deserves still more. She must have known, herself, what she was capable of doing. She must have been meditating upon these themes longer than Horace himself would have required. She waited till the age when many authors are exhausted, some superannuated, most of them crowned with all the laurels they can ever expect to obtain; and then she came out, as I stated before. And her accounts with the public were settled as soon as seen. There is something satisfactory in gaining such a reputation in such a way. It reminds me of what Southey says of the mode which the mother of Wesley adopted in teaching him to read. The neighbors were worrying their children over the alphabet, according to custom, for years. She wisely let the young apostle alone till the right time came, and then, when he was six years old, with his brain as clear as amber, ambition awakened, and no disgust at the sight of books yet formed, she took him to her knees, and taught him, in one twenty-four hours, all that she wanted him to know. What a pity it is that our authors disdain to learn their lessons in the same way; that they insist upon being in such a prodigious hurry to astonish the public as to forget preparing their books before publishing them to the world. How small is the proportion of these crudities which endure even for a season! What waste of time, spirit, and intellect! What corruption of popular taste! Better to begin, like Cowper, at fifty; better to write on, like Waller, at eighty. By such a course, the mind, instead of fretting out and breaking down prematurely by efforts that, after all, are of little avail, may be brought to its highest condition, and preserved in its finest order and tone, to the last. What is done then is done to some purpose; it bears scrutiny; it wears well; it tells. Gray's poems are not greater in quantity than Byron or even Scott would have tossed off in some two days. But to what end? Who asks, or cares, when he looks at St. Peters, how many years the builders were at work on it? Or who—when a brick warehouse tumbles down in New York, the next year after its erection—who considers it a compliment or an excuse for the workmen, that they were only a month or two setting it up? The world has nothing to do with the author's circumstances. It has no allowances to make, no apologies to hear. It is inexorable as destiny, and deaf as an adder. It only sees, and it sees results. If they are built to tumble down, let them tumble; if to stand, pyramid-like, and be wondered and gazed at, as miracles of labor

and models of art, then stand they must. The world cannot prevent it if it would. Their life is within them. It grows stronger and stronger from age to age. It defies mankind themselves.

This tribute is due to Miss Baillie the more, since the wisdom I admire in her is, now-a-days, become so strangely out of repute. In this respect, she and her Irish cotemporary seem to be almost solitary specimens of a school in literature which it were better for us had not the public pronounced it "old-fashioned" so long ago. I wish it had never grown to that veteran dignity. I wish it were now the fashion, as once it was, for authors to make themselves before they make books, and to make books before they publish them. There is more life in Gray's Elegy than in all Scott's poetry, and Byron's too. By virtue of the same economy Miss Baillie has taken her "place on high;" and in spite of the limited class she addresses, and of the intrinsic partial nature of any popularity her works can ever be said to have, still they have lived on, and still will, for they are "founded on a rock."

The public usually like to know where a *distingué* lives, as well as how. The residence of Miss Baillie is not more poetical than her *personel*, being in this respect very inferior to the Edgeworthstown domain. I found her at what is called "Windmill Mill," in Hampstead, approaching that eminence by way of the whole length of as unsentimental-looking a street as belongs to the suburbs of London. These, as a general thing, remind one of Mrs. Hemans's description of Liverpool, as "the Capital of Prose." They are villages that do well enough for economisers of moderate incomes, or invalid constitutions, to practise their prudence or their promenades in, but are apparently void of all character or spirit;—neither countrified or cockneyfied, nor one thing or another. Here, however, one who is tired of the town has the comfort of looking down upon it with as much contempt as he pleases; and he gets just enough of the bustle and hum, and the smoke and dust of that mighty world, to serve, like the rattling of the cold winter's wind against one's windows who feels himself warm within, for enhancing the consciousness and the comfort of the sovereign security and solitary independence which he enjoys. But alas! the dwelling of the poetess is not so much as a cottage; only one of the inner sections of a long block of dingy three-story brick, with hardly a vine that I remember over the doorway, and only the little monotonous, insipid allotment, for a front yard, which one gets so weary of seeing everywhere attached to these houses in the suburbs of the city. The situation is rather elevated and healthy, rather verdant and quiet, and that is all one can say in its favor, unless I reckon, among its privileges, its vicinity to what is called Hampstead Heath. This is a somewhat noted spot, and the fame of its prospect has at times attracted the Lions to live about it—Coleridge among the rest. It is said to command a view of seven counties in clear weather, but I was disappointed in it. It seemed tame and vague. Probably I had heard too much in its

favor. The green plain itself, intersected with rural footways, running through ragged furze, with here and there an old and gnarled oak, offering the pedestrian shelter from sunshine he rarely feels—this was pretty and picturesque enough in the English way; and so were the caravans of donkeys, with groups of gipsy-looking people in charge of them, straggling and dozing about on the grass, in waiting for city customers to ride the poor animals at three pence the mile: but this was about all I could make out of Hampstead Heath. No Parnassus thought I, as I strolled away with the ebb tide of the London loafers, who are always to be found on the spot. The poetry of the boarding schools might gather its food in these pastures—a donkey diet; but not that of the “Dramas.” Their spirit was born and bred on the Hamilton Hills, where rivers roll in grandeur, and forest cataracts glitter in the sun. There, genius might live upon inspiration. Here, it might live upon half-pay.

I had no conversation with Miss Baillie on religious opinions, and of course could not be expected to report it if I had. What I know of her in this respect is common rumour, confirmed, however, by a late publication of hers, which I have never seen, or even seen noticed in this country. In London it has gone to a second edition, and was recently advertised in these terms:

“A View of the General Tenor of the New Testament, regarding the Nature and Dignity of Jesus Christ; including a Collection of the various Passages in the Gospels, Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, which relate to that subject. To which are now added a correspondence with the late Bishop of Salisbury; together with remarks on the Pre-existence of Christ, and on Toleration and Fanaticism. By

JOANNA BAILLIE.”

This work is strictly what it is here described, a composition, with just the commentary indispensable as a cement to hold it together. It discloses the author most distinctly as an *Arian*, and this faith she labors to sustain by her “Collection.” In that sense the book must be called controversial, but never, perhaps, was there less of the spirit of controversy in such a work. Not an expression escapes, not an emotion is indicated, unnecessary to the business object, so to speak, which she has in view from the beginning. The correspondence with the Bishop affords considerable scope for discussion. It embodies one, in fact, on the question which the volume was written to illustrate. Here the two parties are wide asunder in sentiment; but still the same temper is apparent. I give his Reverence credit for his share of this spirit, which is not quite universal with his brethren in their contests with dissenters. On the whole, I know not where can be found a more beautiful manifestation than the whole composition affords of the kindly and lovely feeling of genuine Christianity, as it seems to me. I believe it is quite characteristic of the authoress in this respect. All her conduct and conversation dis-

cover the same character—at least, in all the thousand little negative ways one sees in private intercourse with such a person—for she never introduces the subject in question, that I am aware of. I remember once mentioning the interest I had taken in the volume. She replied, very quietly, that she believed the composition was a fair one, and the discussion candid, as far as it went. She wished it should be, and she aimed at nothing more. Miss Baillie was educated, I presume, in the Presbyterian tenets so common with her countrymen, but no denomination of this sort probably exists at Hampstead, and I have understood that her attendance on public worship is divided between the English church and the Unitarian chapel.

I have frequently mentioned her in conjunction with Miss Edgeworth. There are many reasons why one thinks of the two together, differing in some things as much as they do. This difference is more, however, in social history and position, and in literary matters, than any thing else. In general character, I was often reminded of one by the other. Both are distinguished especially by the same genial Christian spirit; both are full of benevolence: and if the Irish writer, living as she does, has had more scope for the ostensible operation of hers, Miss Baillie, I believe, has never been wanting to such occasions of doing good and distributing happiness as occur in her more limited sphere. The reader of *Lookhart* will remember what Scott says of a proposition she made to him for writing in a book she was privately getting up, which must have cost her great pains, for the benefit of the family of some merchant, recently broken down by misfortune. This was a characteristic proceeding, and so was the quietness with which it was done. Probably none ever heard of her share in it, but the parties she was obliged to apply to for aid. Scott, who had something of the character himself, seems to have appreciated it deeply in her. She was apparently a special favourite among all his friends. He calls her sometimes “Sister Joanna,” and really discovers towards her the love of a brother. The little trait of kindness just referred to, comes out in his correspondence by a sort of stealth. I wish the whole list of Miss Baillie’s charities, which comes up now to my imagination, could be revealed in the same way, as they never, however, were meant to be, nor will be—but in heaven. I should enjoy it much more than I ever did the *Dramas*. There is more poetry, and better, in such a life, than any library ever contained.

As to person and manners, the reader will gather pretty nearly from preceding observations the data for comparing the two ladies in question. Miss Baillie, without, perhaps, quite reaching the average stature, is yet larger than Miss Edgeworth, whom I should rank, like the queen, with the *petites*. The latter, as I have hinted, displays in conversation the greater vivacity, much as one would expect indeed from their respective literary styles; both being still equally remarkable for a delightful serenity, quietness, and apparent benignity, which put even the stranger at once at his ease. The Novelist,

also, indulges in sallies of humor and pleasantry, condescending to bandy the brisk repartee, and even the positive pun, with the youthful circle which commonly surrounds her. The Tragedian, by the way, had her stern nationality, or her severer studies, ever left her much inclination for such indulgences, has had no such arena to practise in. Her domestic life has been, I believe, of the staid description, and for many years her elder sister has been her principal companion. This lady, the proper *Miss Baillie*, (the writer is usually known by her maiden name,) I had the pleasure of meeting, and I thought her hardly the less extraordinary woman of the two. One would scarcely say she was haler or younger-looking, but she

is certainly not the least lively in conversation. Her cheerful activity of intellect is what I have seldom seen at such an age, for I must presume that to be nearly eighty. Such society, and so much of it, for the fireside, I can fancy is just what the younger sister would choose. Neither mind nor heart, I am sure, could ever grow dull or cold with such companionship, while neither, at the same time, would be jaded with a needless excitement. I used to think, when I saw the two ladies together, that Cicero must have borrowed the beautiful thought of his "*Senectute*" from such a circle. It is, in fact, the place and the way to grow old gracefully, and that is just what they are doing.

Written for the Lady's Book.

"POPPING THE QUESTION."

It must be admitted by every one who is practically or otherwise acquainted with the topic, that "popping the question," as it is familiarly called, is one of the most thrilling circumstances in the life of "a man of real sensibility." Imagine a youngster of two and twenty, or thereabouts, with a tallow-coloured face, an agitated deportment, and a heart throbbing with various emotions, seated by the side of a simpering damsel, who is labouring strenuously to make it appear that she has no suspicion concerning the subject about to be introduced. It is twenty to ope, however, that she might relieve his embarrassment and abbreviate the period of palpitation by frankly telling him that she knows precisely what he intends to say. But etiquette and the usages of the sex will not sanction this piece of humanity. She cannot even be supposed to understand his hint, if he attempts to approach the affair by circumlocution. He wonders that such a divine creature can be so dull of comprehension.

Finding, at last, that he must either "speak or die," he nerves himself heroically for the task, his countenance becomes paler, if possible, one hand grasps his hat or cane convulsively, the other is usually laid on his heart, as if to still the tumultuous beatings of that troublesome little organ. Then from between his closed teeth and quivering lips, comes a scarcely articulate and almost inaudible sound, like the voice of a terrapin, when, in alarm, it closes the portals of its crustaceous habitation. Only two or three words can be distinguished, but these are sufficiently explicit to justify the lady in comprehending what is meant.

The answer depends entirely on circumstances. If it be unequivocally in the negative, the lover starts up, claps on his hat, and without the customary formalities of parting, leaves the house and hastens, it may be, towards the river, resolved on extinguishing his flames by a most infallible expedient. But, on his way, he usually finds some reasons to decline acting on this resolution, and sometimes compounds for the intended sacrifice to Cupid, by an extra libation to Bacchus.

If the lady should be more favourably disposed, she sometimes tortures the youth mischievously, remarking that she has never once thought on the subject of matrimony; when the probability is that she has thought of nothing else from her twelfth year upwards. This is a very naughty and unamiable piece of duplicity. Almost invariably, the nymph appears to be rather averse to the proposal, be it never so advantageous; or else so surprisingly careless about it, that it seems to be but the toss of a sixpence whether she shall be married or not.

Some young men are so chicken-hearted in affairs of this sort, that the least word which may be construed as a denial is sufficient to close the negotiation at once; and the inconsiderate belle is, perhaps, as much grieved at the result as the chap-fallen lover himself. No doubt, the terrors attendant on "popping the question," are so numerous that the very timidity of some men causes them to remain in unblest singleness for life. These poor fellows are objects of pity, and should not be included in those general anathemas which are promulgated against the fraternity of Old Bachelors.

THAT an author's work is the mirror of his mind, is a position that has led to very false conclusions. If the devil himself were to write a book, it would be in praise of virtue, because the good would purchase it for use, and the bad for ostentation.

As we ascend in society, like those who climb a mountain, we shall find that the line of *perpetual congelation* commences with the higher circles, and the nearer we approach to the grand luminary, the court, the more frigidity and apathy shall we experience.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MIND.

THAT there is much to call forth the energies of mind in this world, none can deny. Many are the motions which press, and many are the influences which prompt it to deep and vigorous thought. In this country, especially, there is much of this influence, as by it much is to be gained. The man who would secure the respect and confidence of the entire community, must be a man whose mental powers have been cultivated, and who by education, not in virtue of distinguished ancestors, may look for success. As alike the reward of, and the stimulus to, devoted application of the mind, there is presented to the young man just entering on active life, eminence in the pulpit, the bar, the medical profession, the senate; or he may aspire to the highest station his country can confer, the head of a mighty nation.

There are still other inducements to cultivate the intellect, which, if not stronger, exert a more extensive influence. These arise from the fact that the universe seems fitted up expressly for this purpose. Do we glance at the heavens? There meets us in that one look enough to exercise and strengthen the profoundest mind. We see the sun moving in its splendour, but we see not at once the law which keeps that bright orb in its path, dispensing light and comfort to man—that law is hidden, only to be revealed as the reward of deep and searching thought. Again we look, and the face of the heavens has changed. Instead of one shining orb, there are now innumerable starry gems, each affording materials sufficient to exercise the highest powers of mind. Or we are suddenly met by the bright Aurora, we gaze upon it, admire its mellow light, its blended tints; but by the student alone can be experienced the pleasure of knowing its cause, and of tracing in its ever-changing appearance, the operation of fixed principles. Or we turn to the earth, and the first thing which meets our eye may be the painted flower of the valley, or the mountain oak; and we long to know the *secret* process by which those bright colours are formed; or to trace the links which connect a feeble acorn with the mighty tree before us. It is the same in the world of mind; thought after thought rises apparently without connection, and then as quickly fades away, as if to tempt us to trace them to their fountain head; character after character meets us, as varied as are the changes of the kaleidoscope, as if to invite us to examine the numberless influences which must have met and blended together to form such diversities.

Thus it is throughout the universe; not one step can we take in life without meeting a thousand phenomena, claiming and richly rewarding our deepest thought; and ere we have entered upon the examination of one, the scene changes, and others quite as beautiful, as grand, and as incomprehensible, appear. That this might have been different seems obvious; instead of these secret processes, these concealed

laboratories, these hidden laws, all might have been laid open to man's inspection; and in place of requiring the mighty mind of a Newton to discover them, they would have been known to the simplest child. Or the same Almighty Being who formed these ever-changing wonders, might have caused an unvarying sameness to exist, and but one class of objects to demand our notice.

There are also other inducements to cultivate the mind presented by the condition of our world, aside from the mere instinctive love of knowledge. This earth is not what it once was, the abode of happiness and peace. Sin has entered, and with it a train of evils which no human power can estimate. Misery and want are now to be alleviated, sickness met, tears dried up, death, if possible turned back, and the raging passions of man restrained. To do this requires much study, much thought, much profound acquaintance with man in all circumstances, both as a physical and intellectual being; and so extensively has the necessity of thus meeting acknowledged evils been felt, that it has probably elicited more patient, unwearied research than any or all things else.

Amidst all these varied and powerful influences to cultivate the intellect, it is a melancholy fact that much is wasted and worse than wasted in schemes of wickedness, or allowed to lie dormant, which, if aroused and rightly directed, might bless distant nations, and be felt in the increasing virtue and knowledge of advancing generations.

This melancholy waste of mind perhaps never strikes us more forcibly than in contemplating the characters of the great men of by-gone days. Who can read, for instance, of Alexander or of Napoleon; enter into their deep laid and far-reaching plans, mark the workings of minds which could be satisfied with no honour, and no achievement while aught remained still to be accomplished, and not regret that this mighty intellect, this unconquerable will, this firm, unwavering purpose, served only to call down deeper condemnation on their own heads and prolong the cry of orphanage and widowhood? Who has not, in imagination, painted far other scenes—scenes of happiness and virtue, which might have been identified with their names, if they had been as eager in the pursuit of knowledge and truth, as of carnage and applause, as ready to devise expedients to alleviate misery as they were to plan the conquest of nations?

But, even were we able to contemplate all the instances of perverted intellect which history or memory could furnish, the gloomy picture would be but half seen; still would remain the *neglected* mind, the dormant talents, the amount of which no eye but His, whose gift it is, can scan. That many have minds, of whose existence they seem scarcely conscious, is a fact continually meeting us. We see it in the young man of dissipation and vice, whose only god is self, whose only shrine, the altar of Bacchus.

We see it in the daughter of fashion and gaiety, the nightly frequenter of the brilliant assembly, the sportive butterfly of life, whose thoughts centre exclusively on personal adorning, and whose noblest aim is to receive admiration and homage for external charms. From her the incitements of ambition are happily withheld, and other motives to cultivate the mind, affect her not. She sees no beauty or wisdom in nature's works, which can tempt her to trace them through their numberless changes; nothing wonderful in the mind which God has given her, sufficient to induce her to leave for a time the gay circle, and devote even one short hour to an examination of its powers and principles.

Such being the case, it becomes an interesting question, what will teach man universally, that he has an intellect which may and ought to be cultivated, and what will best elevate and expand that intellect? To this we would say the gospel of Christ, received in all its influence on the heart. It has been remarked that individuals who were regarded of but common endowments, have, when brought to embrace this gospel, and daily to study its inspired precepts, given evidence of high intellectual powers. And it is not to be wondered at; for although the gospel comes to us as a scheme to *save* the race, as fitted most expressly to sanctify the soul and guide to heaven, yet so closely is its influence on the heart interwoven with that on the intellect, that the same truths which pour light and peace on the one, elevate and expand the other. How could it be otherwise; for the subjects on which the Bible treats are such as baffle even the higher power of angels, and cause these superior beings to be charged with comparative folly. On the pages of Revelation, are written with clearer light the existence, continual presence, and glorious character of the one God, than on any page of nature's volume; there his wonderful acts are recorded, there his eternal purposes declared, and there alone are the splendours of his dwelling-place revealed. With such a Being, he who studies the Word of God knows he has much to do; he is there required to search into his character, to trace in all the occurrences of life his providential government, and to live remembering him continually; he is there even taught to call him *Father*; to confide in him, and to rejoice in every honour paid to him as does the child in the praises of a beloved parent. How with such a grand, inexhaustible subject continually before him, can any fail to find his intellect cultivated in a most eminent degree, and to possess a mind becoming increasingly more able to grasp the highest objects.

Besides, the hopes which the Bible excites are such as to meet and expand the intellect. It reveals to him who takes it as his chart and guide, a heaven of eternal bliss, where soon, perhaps very soon, he may sit down with angels and archangels, prophets and apostles; "the collected excellence of the earth," and even with Jesus, once an inhabitant of the same vale of tears. This heaven is not one of sensual gratification as is the Indian's future Elysium, nor of idleness, as many persons imagine; but

one where mind, freed from a corruptible body, and delivered from the withering influence of sin, may range among God's works, listen to the instructions of angels, and learn from nature as well as grace, lessons of that Being whose mind eternity is too short to exhaust.

Especially does the cross of Christ teach man the true dignity of his nature, and furnish space for his amplest investigations. Who can believe that the Son of God esteemed his spirit so precious, as to undertake and prosecute amidst toil and suffering the work of redeeming it, and not feel that he is capable of high and holy purposes? And can he believe that he was redeemed by such a sacrifice only to live for himself, while a world remains to be blessed with the same precious hopes that illumine his path? The very contemplation of such a subject, (for contemplate it, the Christian unavoidably must,) will expand his mind, and lead him to form higher plans and nobler purposes than all the combined influences of philosophy and science could do. He longs, it may be, in attestation of his gratitude to the Redeemer, to enter into this wide field of labour, and he finds employment not only for his heart but for his intellect, in being a missionary of the cross, or in guiding a Sabbath-school class, and endeavouring to render level to their comprehension the truths which he daily finds to rise in sublimity and grandeur before him.

In the Bible indeed, there is beyond comparison more to cultivate the intellect than in any book penned by uninspired men; and the student of this book, though he be unacquainted with earthly science, will find he possesses intellectual resources of which he once knew not even the existence. In the investigation of its great doctrines, he will find more to discipline the reasoning powers, than in the works of Newton, of Locke, or of Boyle; more to delight the imagination than in the strains of Milton, or in the wasted genius of Byron; for here poetry has attained its loftiest flights, and on the wings of the muse of David and Isaiah, of Ezekiel and St. John, he is conducted to the very throne of Jehovah. Here, too, memory finds abundant resources; for round every spot, and every scene, and every conversation, all pure and elevating, she loves to linger, as connected with a Saviour's life; and here is taught the profoundest study, that of ever-changing mind, certain that he cannot err, for it is the teaching of Him who "knew what was in man."

Again, the *duties* and *spirit* which the Bible enjoins are eminently adapted to elevate the mind. Let us glance at some of these duties. It enjoins the habit of secret prayer, a duty which has done more to elevate mind, than philosophy ever accomplished. It is a principle in our nature that we acquire the character of those objects with which we are much conversant, whether great or debasing; and this in proportion as we approach near them, and view them without intervening objects. This is so universally acknowledged, that it has grown into a proverb, "a man is known by

the company he keeps," and we need little more to become acquainted with an individual than to know who are his companions, who the persons with whom he holds most intimate converse. It is on this well-acknowledged principle that prayer is so eminently fitted not only to purify the heart, but to elevate the mind. Prayer is access to God, communion with God, with Him whose days have neither beginning nor end, whose power none can compute, whose knowledge is an unfathomable deep, whose ways are past finding out. It is communion with the one Infinite mind, which presides over every other mind; it is fellowship with Him whose plans reach from eternity to eternity, which none can oppose, and none retard. It is communion with God too, under most solemn circumstances. It is when alone, when no eye witnesses but the penetrating eye of Jehovah, searching the heart; when no ear listens but his, ever open; when no being is present but the ever-present Lord God. If any thing has power to expand the mind, to elevate the whole man, it is surely this communion with God; this telling him all our wants, all our plans, all our trials; this unbosoming of feelings which can be laid open to no earthly being.

Besides, the *objects* of prayer specified in the Bible are such as to elevate the mind. It teaches its student not to regard his own personal wants, or even salvation, as the only thing to be earnestly desired, but to regard the whole race as brethren; and to mingle in his daily worship, petitions that this entire world

may be recovered to virtue and to holiness; an idea which is sufficient of itself to stamp the mind which fully imbibes it, with greatness as well as benevolence.

Another of its great and leading requirements is *contentment*; the feeling that all our talents, and all the circumstances of our life have been arranged by an infinitely wise Being, and are to be acquiesced in as his appointment. Had this feeling reigned in the heart of many a man who wasted both time and intellect in vain repinings that he possessed not the genius of Shakspeare, the imagination of Milton, or the profound mind of Edwards, how much greater advance would this world have made in all that really tends to elevate and bless. If, feeling that having but one talent, he was responsible and only responsible for that, he had sought to improve it for a Saviour's glory; instead of the great mass of the race remaining still in ignorance and degradation, science would have diffused her light, and the Gospel of Christ, with its elevating and sanctifying influence, would have pervaded every nation. When the Bible, read in public and in private, and allowed to exert all its influence on the soul, shall circulate over the world, then shall we see man of every clime and colour, awaking to a consciousness of intellectual greatness, and consecrating his intellect, in all its freshness and strength to Him who gave it.

ELIZABETH.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE POET TO HIS WIFE.

BY JOHN C. M'CABE.

I love to give to dreamy thought
The reins, and let it wander free;
And still its wing comes sweetly fraught
With fancies, dearest one, of thee.
It pictures joys for years to come,
Sunshine and flowers my path to cheer;
When from the rude world's busy hum,
Thy smile shall banish every care.

I fancy time has pass'd along,
Still thou art dear as when we wed;
And still my spirit drinks that song,
Whose faintest tone hath never fled.
I dream thy lip to mine is prest,
Thy fairy arm around me thrown,
While on thy gently heaving breast
I lean my head; its home—its own!

I fancy too, that dear, dear smile
With which thou cheer'st me when we meet,
Is beaming on me free from guile,
So pure—so beautiful—so sweet!
Oh, would my loved one I could part

The veil that hides the secret shrine
Within thy altar-home—my heart—
Thou'd'st see each hallowed thought ~~was~~ thine!

And when I strike my wild, wild lyre,
And Flattery's voice comes to mine ear,
What care I tho' the world admire,
And thy bright eye should drop a tear?
Its praise is but a mocking tone,
An echo on the idle breeze;
A distant wave's low restless moan,—
These cannot charm—they cannot please.

But with thy smile to cheer my hours,
Each scene shall wear a fairy charm;
Music, and song, and bursting flowers,
And heavens all beautiful and calm,
And leaping waves, and green sward vales,
And birds of every note and hue,
And vines, and trees, and "spicy gales,"
Shall have a charm, if but with you!

Richmond, Va.

For the Lady's Book.

BIRTH-DAY OF THE EMPEROR OF BRAZIL.

[Extracted from the letter of an American Traveller, dated Rio Janeiro, December 20th, 1838.]

* * * * *

EARLY on the morning of the second of December, I was awaked by the firing of cannon, and on going to my window found all the ships in the harbour gaily ornamented with flags and streamers. After breakfast, I sallied out to see the show, though I had no expectation it would amount to much. I crossed the palace square and entered the principal street of the city, called "Rua Direita," that is *straight street*, though there are few in the place more irregular. As the Emperor, (who now lives at the palace of St. Christoval, about three miles out of town,) was to pass through this street on his way to his city residence, the houses were nearly all ornamented with hangings of the most brilliant shades of red, blue, and green—the red predominating. These hangings are of damask silk or satin, about the size of a large table cloth, and are displayed under the windows of the first and second stories. Across the streets were suspended lines of flags of all nations, among which the tricolour, and our own bunting were conspicuous. At length I arrived at the Rua de San Pedro, a long narrow street by which the Emperor was to enter. Here the display was much more magnificent. As far as the eye could look, nothing was to be seen but a gorgeous vista of waving banners and glittering silks. The flags were of every device, indicating what a mighty empire was this of Brazil, and what a wonderful little boy was at the head of it. There were also numerous lamps, with coloured oil, to illuminate the streets on the Emperor's return at night.

Where the Rua de San Pedro entered the Rua Direita, was an arch, very fancifully decorated, above which were placed two little children dressed *as angels*; as you may have some curiosity to know how this was accomplished, I will describe it. They wore, in the first place, long blue bodies, the sleeves slashed with crimson, then a petticoat of crimson silk, which by means of two or three hoops was made to stand out at an angle of forty-five degrees—each also wore a little blue apron, which they held filled with flowers to scatter upon the head of the young prince, and on their own heads they had little coronets of roses. If any body tells you that this is not the real genuine *angelic costume*, ask him *what is*, and that will pose him. At any rate, it is the costume of angels at the court of Brazil.

About noon, cannons began to roar, the bells rang out, the cavalry galloped down the street, the foot soldiers marched after them, looking very hot and dusty, a number of officers and courtiers in gala dresses rode by—and then came the carriage of the little Emperor of Brazil. The vehicle was carved and gilt in a very rich style; there were postillions and outriders, altogether making quite a pretty show, though the emperor himself was hardly to be seen.

After this came the chariot of the two young princesses, this was drawn by four white horses, the driver and other attendants being all clad in white. The carriages rolled along the street—while handkerchiefs were shaken from the windows and flowers scattered—and dashed up to the entrance of the palace, before which a crowd of negroes and some little boys were assembled, and raised a loyal *viva* as their majesties alighted.

When the Emperor had entered the palace, a number of gentlemen were presented to him, among them several officers of our navy. I was invited to join the party, but declined on account of not possessing a full dress. The first lieutenant of the ———, who is a bluff, sailor-like, dry sort of person, declared that the affair did not amount to much; "he went in at the starboard door, brought to within three fathoms of the Emperor, laid all flat aback, got stern-board on, and went out to larboard"—this will give you a very clear idea of the whole.

After this, the Emperor appeared at one of the windows of the palace, and the princesses at another. The troops had, in the mean time, been formed into a hollow square before it, and a general officer rode forward and requested permission to raise an acclamation, which his majesty was graciously pleased to grant; and thereupon a most tame and spiritless "*viva*," ran along the lines. The soldiers, (who, by the way, were of all colours, from white to ebony,) then fired off their muskets and marched away, while the spectators, among whom was myself, crowded forward towards the windows to enjoy a sight of the little royalties. The Emperor is a handsome boy, with light brown hair, fair complexion, and features expressive of a great deal of intelligence and firmness. The princesses are not beautiful, but there was something pleasing in their countenances. Poor girls! their elder sister is a queen, their younger brother an emperor, and they are only princesses! How very inferior they must feel their rank to be! They were dressed quite simply, in pink bodice and skirt, with a sort of transparent lace or muslin overdress, (I forget the millinery term.) One had a little coronet on her head, the other a single large diamond on the centre of her forehead.

In the evening, the Emperor, the princesses, and I, went to the theatre. This does not differ much from ours, except that the boxes are narrower, and are so completely separated from one another, that there is no possibility of seeing who is in the one nearest you. The Emperor's box occupied the whole of the side opposite the stage, and in it, he and his sisters, looking fagged and sleepy, stood up to be applauded and pelted with rose leaves, which were showered down plentifully on all sides from the gallery. The play was very dull and stupid, the house very crowded and hot, and I

becoming very uncomfortable, took my leave after the first act, in such haste that I forgot to apologize to his majesty.

In the evening the city was brilliantly illuminated, and the Emperor rode home about

midnight. Thus terminated the birth-day show of an emperor, which you may compare with the Birth day of Liberty, on the next Fourth of July. I think you will find no reason to wish yourself the *subject* of an Emperor.

Written for the Lady's Book.

EVENING.

'Tis evening; from the balmy west
How soft the breezes swell;
Bearing the low, sweet melodies
That stir the leafy dell;
Where the glad streamlet's silvery chimes
Blend with the night-bird's song,
And echoes of unearthly lyres
Float on the air along.

The glorious stars look gently down
Upon the fair green earth,
And chant their living hymns of praise
To Him who gave them birth;
Who sent their shining armies out
Upon the blue expanse,
And marshal'd them through boundless years
To wheel the mystic dance.

The harp-tone murmur'ing on the wind,
The gently whispering leaves,
The solemn spells of harmony,
That night's pale minstrel weaves;
O, who can tell their magic power
To soothe the throbbing breast?
When stern affliction's iron hand
Hath sadly on it prest.

Great Power, who rul'st the orbs that rest
Upon night's azure arch,
And o'er the vast etherial plains
Mark'd out their shining march;
O teach our humbled souls to bow
Before thy radiant throne,
And bid our trembling spirits rest
Safe on the Eternal One.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE QUEST FOR FAME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "SWISS HEIRESS."

Alas! how vain
The wreath that Fame would bind around our tomb—
The winds shall waste it and the worms destroy.
Ye who have toiled to earn
The fickle praise of far posterity,
Come, weigh it at the grave's brink here with me,
If ye can weigh a dream.—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

I've sought the laurel wreath to twine
In triumph, round this brow of mine,
This damp, and cold, and aching brow,
Where death's chill dews are resting now.—
I've sought to win the world's acclaim,
Nor that alone—to write my name,
On human hearts, where'er I mov'd,
And be, though envied, still belov'd.
How vain such quest for sympathy!—
A while—and who will mourn for me?

My health is fading fast away,
My life is fleeting day by day,
This languid eye and pallid cheek,
Of weary hours of suffering speak,
This tighten'd chest and lab'ring breath,
Come, fraught with whisperings of death,
This trembling hand and wasted frame,
A swift removal hence proclaim,
And nights of restless sleeplessness,
The same emphatic truth express.

My thirst for fame commenc'd too soon—
Ah! knowledge is a costly boon—
I've wak'd to read while others slept,
With the pale stars I've vigil kept,
And by the midnight-lamp bent o'er,
The witching page of classic lore,

And drank at poesy's lotus spring,
Unmindful of the withering
Of life's frail freshness, by each draught
Which with such eagerness I quaffed.

The spell was on me—this fair earth
And common ties seem'd nothing worth,
Without the dazzling meed I sought,
Which grew a part of every thought,
Oh! how I yearn'd to leave my name,
Embal'm'd in glory, shrin'd in fame,
The theme of many a poet's song,
In greenness borne time's stream along,
A beacon star of fadeless light,
Link'd with the beautiful and bright,
Pointing the path to pure renown,
What is of those high hopes the crown?
Listen and learn, who feel the same,
Relentless death prefers his claim,
I feel life's fetters slowly part,
Nor human skill nor human art,
The fluttering spirit's flight can stay,
Nor check the march of sad decay.

My dream is o'er, the idle chase
Is almost spent, a lonely place
In the still graveyard, soon will be,
The sole memorial here of me.

Mystic Glen, Md.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SALAMARIAN SPRINGS.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

"WHAT a delightful house we have!" said Mr. Carmony to his wife, as at the close of a summer afternoon, they reclined in their respective rocking-chairs, she with her feet on a squab cushion, and he with his feet on a high tabouret—he having just finished the evening gazette, and she just completing one of the long strips of ruffling that generally constituted her parlour-work. "And then," continued the old gentleman, "it is such a pleasant and satisfactory thing to live in a house planned by one's self."

"Ourselves, you mean, my dear," said Mrs. Carmony; "you know I designed the kitchen and the pantry, and the store-room, and all the closets and presses, and the parlours and chambers, and even the servants' bed-rooms. You planned the cellars, and the staircases, and the front steps, and I let you take your own course entirely with the garden, having myself so many in-door things to attend to."

"And a beautiful garden I have made of it," resumed Mr. Carmony. "As to my dahlias, there never was a more select selection. Have I not the Matchless, and the Incomparable, and the Invincible, and the Inapproachable; and also the Triumph, and the Glory, and the Conqueror and the Defiance; and four varieties of the Perfections, and as many Rival Perfections. And then my grapes—always successful—always free from blights and mildews, and green flies, and all the other ills that grapes are heir to. Next year, when I have bought that lot at the back of the garden, and pulled down the house that stands on it, fronting Prospect Alley, I think of raising my own tomatas and melonginas. Pepper-grass, you, know, we do cultivate in abundance. Certainly, we are singularly happy! And between ourselves, my dear Margaret, there is something very gratifying in the possession of an honourable independence: acquired by thirty years of industry, prudence, and integrity, and therefore of success."

"It is certainly very pleasant to think of and to enjoy," replied Mrs. Carmony; "and yet, my dear, you would not have made your fortune half so soon, had you been clogged with an idle, extravagant, worthless wife. Your wristbands and collars were in a sad state when I married you, from the buttons being sewed on so slightly: the strings of your waistcoats were all either too long or too short: several of your handkerchiefs had not been hemmed all round: (such hemming too as it was,) and nobody had run the heels of your new stockings. I had to set to work immediately, (bride as I was,) to get your clothes into comfortable wearing order."

"I am fully sensible of all that, my dear," returned Mr. Carmony; "and I am well aware that, from the day of our marriage, you have been to me a true helpmate. I take credit to

myself for not being caught in the hey-day of youth by a mere pretty face, and for not thinking of wedlock till I was old enough to choose discreetly: and then for selecting a woman of suitable age."

"Not so very suitable, neither," answered Mrs. Carmony. "You know there was a difference of nine years between us—I being twenty-eight and you thirty-seven."

"Very true, my dear; but we had both passed the giddy season of boyhood and girlhood."

"I do not know; I believe I was considered quite as lively at eight and twenty as I was at eighteen. And you talk of not being caught by a pretty face. It is not for me to talk of my face; but it is rather strange that I should have been frequently mistaken for Miss Rosalina Mayflower, whose beauty attracted so many gazers that when she went out she found it necessary to wear a muslin veil, and to keep it always down, so that few persons knew how she really did look."

"Perhaps that was the reason you were mistaken for her. But come now, to be serious, I only hope that when Edmund returns from Europe and settles down to business, and begins to look out for a wife, he may choose as handsome and as valuable a woman as his father has done."

"Nay, my dear," resumed Mrs. Carmony; "I think it was I that chose *you*, rather than you that chose *me*. I never could imagine why people always talk as if the whole choice was on the side of the man. If men would only tell how many refusals they get. But that is a secret they take care to keep to themselves."

"So they do, my dear; their pride will not allow them to disclose it. And yet, it is a secret that always becomes known to the public, notwithstanding that only two persons are concerned in it."

"For my part," continued Mrs. Carmony, "I never was in the habit of boasting of my rejected lovers; but at the very time you began to address me, I could have had Mr. Pennipacker, who was said to have made three or four hundred thousand dollars, and was such a thorough business-man that he stayed in his store, posting his books himself, and doing all sorts of things for hours after it was closed in the evening: and, except in church-time, he was shut up there at the same work all day on Sunday."

"More shame for him," murmured Mr. Carmony.

"Well, I did not like him, I must acknowledge," proceeded the lady; "for he had a way of saying continually, 'a penny saved is a penny got.' Then there was Judge Porkentire of Cabinloggaville, who had a good chance of running for congress whenever his part of the country came to be taken into the Union. He did not

save his pennies, for as often as he came to town he bought jewellery for all his sisters, but I did not seem to fancy going to live with him in the far back woods. And there was Flaxman Sing Sing Lillystock, a very promising young man, of no particular profession, but quite a gentleman, (business being irksome to his feelings.) He was so soft and amiable, and had so much mildness and tenderness, that some compared him to a lamb and some to a dove. He had a great turn for poetry and parties; and wrote verses all day, and spent his evenings in society. It was said he had by him an immense quantity of poetry, as much as would have filled twenty books if printed."

"Such fellows always have their poetry by them," remarked Mr. Carmony; "I knew this Flaxman Sing Sing. As to his being a promising young man, his taylor and shoemaker found him so undoubtedly."

"Nonsense, my dear, how you talk!" proceeded the lady. "Then there was Captain Duckworthy of the City Invincibles, who threw himself at my feet in full uniform, on the evening of the Fourth of July."

"The evening accounts for the act," observed her husband.

"Pho, my dear—but you will have your joke. Did you never hear of an offer I had from an officer that came here in a ship from the West Indies, Lieutenant Greyling of the British navy; four of whose daughters were already married, and two of the others engaged."

"Yes, as he would find his pay too abundant after all his daughters were brought up and married, he wanted you to share his surplus fortune with him."

"Really, my dear, you are too unmerciful," said Mrs. Carmony. "You must recollect another of my lovers, Mr. Redmond O'Dare, whose patriotism was the cause of his leaving Ireland."

"He could not have done her a better service," answered Mr. Carmony. "I was wishing that he would be equally successful towards his adopted country. He was one of the most impudent fellows I ever saw. Come, now, I will assist your memory to another of your beaux. Dr. Slauterman, the German physician, that understood all the languages of Europe, but spoke none, and whose interminable visits put every one to sleep, except myself, who was obliged to keep wide awake, being always resolved on outstaying him."

"At least you must acknowledge," resumed Mrs. Carmony, "that there was great variety in my suitors."

"Yes," replied her husband; "from such a goodly company, it is no wonder you selected me. But jesting apart, we have certainly much reason to be thankful for the extraordinary share of prosperity that has fallen to our lot, and which we are now enjoying with all the zest of good consciences, good health, and good spirits."

"You speak truly, my dear," answered Mrs. Carmony. "It is a pleasant thing to feel that we are clear of the world, with plenty of money for all reasonable purposes, living in a spacious convenient, and well-furnished house, surround-

ed by every comfort, and above all, having excellent servants."

"Good' mistresses make good servants," observed her husband.

"Not always, my dear," replied the lady, with a complaisant smile; "but we are really most fortunate in ours."

"And then how much happiness we have with our children," pursued Mr. Carmony. "Edmund improving so much by his travels in Europe, and writing us such amusing and sensible letters. Our eldest daughter is well married, and living only in the next street. And then our dear Lydiana—how handsome she is growing. Every day she looks more like her aunt, my beloved sister Lydia."

"Nay, my dear," rejoined his wife; "every body remarks that she is the very image of her other aunt, my sainted-sister Anna."

"Well, well," resumed the old gentleman; "let her resemble both aunts, as she was called after both."

"But here she comes," said Mrs. Carmony; "so now we will go to tea."

Lydiana Carmony, a very pretty girl of seventeen, had just returned from making some afternoon calls, and throwing off her bonnet, she took her seat at the tea-table, where her father assiduously supplied her with cream cheese, strawberries, cakes, and other delicacies of their abundant board; for the Carmony family were noted for living well, as it is called.

"And now, Lydiana," said Mr. Carmony, "where have you been, and whom have you seen, and what have you to tell us?"

"Oh! nothing, papa; only every one we know has gone out of town."

"We are fortunate," said Mr. Carmony; "in living at the most pleasant and salubrious end of the city. The air up here is as pure and cool as in the country, and every breeze is wafted to us over a range of beautiful gardens."

"All that is very true, papa. But as I tell you, all our acquaintances have either left town already, or are preparing to do so. Do, papa, let us go somewhere."

"We do go somewhere every summer. Sometimes to visit your mother's relations, and sometimes to visit mine. You have country enough at your uncle Freeland's, and at your uncle Merri-man's; and both their families have the means of making our visits at Hickory Hill and at Buttonwood Valley, quite as agreeable as we can make theirs when they return them in the winter."

"To be sure, papa," said Lydiana; "I have nothing to say against Hickory Hill or Buttonwood Valley; but still to go there is not like going to the Falls, or to the Sea-shore, or to the Springs, or to any of the places that every body visits in the summer. I have heard this afternoon from seven different persons that the Salamarian Springs are to be the most fashionable this season."

"I suppose from the name, the water must be an agreeable combination of saltness and bitterness," said Mr. Carmony. "But how have you ascertained that fashionable people are going to drink it?"

"Why, Mrs. Cashmere and Mrs. Blondmore have been there already, with their families, and stayed a fortnight. And the Goldacres, and the Fussingtons, and the Hornblowers, and the Over-swells, have either gone, or are all going."

"A goodly company," said Mr. Carmony. "But I see no reason why we should go because they go."

"Dear papa, must we never do any thing without a reason?"

"I never have as yet."

"Begin now, then, dear papa; try the experiment, for once, of doing a thing without a reason, the novelty will make it so pleasant. You know how improving it is to see the world, as Mr. Flyabout says."

"Well, my dear," what do you say, (to his wife.) Shall we begin to see the world?"

"With all my heart," replied Mrs. Carmony. "To be sure, we can never be more comfortably situated than at home. But then, as Lydiana says, every body does go to some place of the kind in the summer, which is a proof that these excursions must be agreeable."

To be brief, it was arranged that the Carmony family should go to the Salamarian Springs, and that Mrs. Talcott and her two children should accompany them. Mr. Talcott, whose business would detain him in the city, joining the party whenever he could spare the time. It was found, however, that they could not set out for the Springs in less than a fortnight, the ladies having ascertained that there was previously abundance of shopping to be done, and much business to be performed with milliners and mantua-makers, according to the custom of all persons who go to watering places.

At length the preparations were completed. Mr. Carmony had written for rooms at the Salamarian Springs, and the house in town was to be left in charge of their trusty servants.

A carriage conveyed them to the depot, and they were soon deposited in one of those immensely long railroad cars that look like moving galleries, having a passage up the middle and on each side a range of short settees, each intended to accommodate two grown persons. Mrs. Talcott and her mother occupied a settee with Lydiana and little Louisa on the one before them, and Mr. Carmony with his young grandson, Frank Talcott, on that behind. At the end of an opposite settee, in the immediate neighbourhood of the Carmony family, sat Mr. Davenant, an Englishman to whom Mr. Carmony had been introduced at the Exchange the day before, and whose appearance and manner were so prepossessing that the old gentleman was very glad to find that he also was going to the Salamarian Springs; and his presentation to the ladies took place immediately.

The passengers had not yet all got in, when two Irishmen made their entrance. They were evidently of the lowest class of day-labourers, very dirty, and in their working clothes. One of them was palpably a fresh importation, the other looked as if he might have had some experience of America. The younger seemed somewhat embarrassed at finding himself for the first time in his life in the same vehicle with

ladies and gentlemen, and casting down his eyes, he said to his companion, "Where shall I sit?"—"Just folly me, then," replied the other, "and I'll find a good place for both of us," and they proceeded up the car. "But we mustn't go and sit among the jantry," said the stranger in a low voice. "The jantry," answered the other. "Is it the jantry you're talking about? Isn't this a free country, and hav'n't we a right to sit where we please in it? I should like to see the jantry that's to daunten me now—here where every body is my aigual, and I'm aigual to any body!"

He then took his seat beside Mr. Davenant, and, with an impudent leer, motioned to the younger man to place himself on that which was occupied by Lydiana and her little niece. He was about to do so, but the face of Mr. Davenant became scarlet, and starting up he looked as if he could have struck the intruder to the floor, but recollecting himself in an instant, he seized him by the collar, and wheeling him round, said, "take my seat." And having deposited him beside his countryman, who grinned maliciously, Mr. Davenant walked hastily front to the outside of the car. Mr. Carmony, at the time, happened to be gazing out of the window, but his wife caught his arm, and turning round he saw that all the ladies of his party looked very pale, and in a few moments, Mrs. Carmony informed him of the cause, in a low voice, being much afraid of the two Irishmen. Mr. Carmony made a sign from the window to the conductor, who immediately came to him, and on hearing the circumstance entered the car to adjust the difficulty. At the sight of the man of authority, the two Irishmen immediately vacated their seats, one looking doggedly, the other fearfully, and followed him to the front of the car where he disposed of them in a more appropriate station, the older one, however, glowering malignantly at Mr. Davenant as that gentleman passed on to resume his former place.

"I declare," said Mrs. Carmony, "this is a very unpleasant beginning to our excursion. These long cars where there is nothing to divide the people, are certainly bad things."

"Yes," observed her husband, "it would undoubtedly be desirable to have all our travelling conveyances so arranged that we could not by any chance be incommoded by the encroachment of vulgar impudence, of which, however, I rejoice to say there are few instances to be found among native Americans, even of the lowest order, particularly when the feelings or the accommodation of a female are in question. Our common people, without being servile, are rarely presumptuous, and almost universally have sufficient tact, when travelling, not to obtrude themselves upon those who evidently belong to the genteel classes of society."

"You are right, sir," said Mr. Davenant, "I have visited all the principal cities of your country, and have never yet been treated with rudeness by an American. I am sorry to confess that foreigners, (particularly those from the British islands,) are very apt by their own insolence and arrogance to provoke that incivility which they afterwards so loudly deprecate."

Above all, the lower classes of English and Irish, finding themselves in a free country, become at once over free and take liberties which at home they would not dare to attempt."

All the Carmony family looked very much gratified at the candour of the stranger.

As they proceeded on their journey, the ladies soon found another inconvenience, almost equal to the intrusion of the Irishmen, in the sparks from the chimney flying continually into the car and endangering their dresses.

"Grandpa," said little Frank Talcott, "I now understand why the cushions of the seats are so full of small round holes. When I first got in, I wondered what made them, and thought they must be shot holes, and that may be when two cars met they had a battle, but I said nothing about it, for fear of frightening grandma."

The ladies came off worse than the gentlemen, from the materials of their clothes being so easy to ignite. Lydiana had two holes burnt in her embroidered muslin collar; Mrs. Talcott's black silk dress caught in three or four places; and once when the smell of fire was more perceptible than usual, and every one was looking about for it, little Frank discovered that a large spark had lodged in the cape or hind part of his grandmother's leghorn bonnet, and was actually kindling a blaze, the straw being very much heated by the sun shining into the car. Mr. Davenant instantly smothered out the fire by pressing his silk handkerchief upon it, but a hole was already burnt, and the knot of one of the bows was singed off. This accident was rather too much for the philosophy of Mrs. Carmony, who took it off, and looked at it despairingly, and began to announce the entire impossibility of wearing a burnt bonnet at the springs, when Mrs. Talcott suggested to her a way of making a sort of cockade out of the remains of the scorched bow that, being judiciously placed, would conceal the chasm in the straw. Little Frank now volunteered to keep a look out for the sparks that came in contact with the dresses, and he filled his office to admiration.

When they stopped to take in water for replenishing the boiler, and were letting off the steam, a man who sat near the front, and was evidently a novice in railroad travelling and in most other things, seemed in much consternation at the roaring, whizzing, and snorting of the engine; and, looking as if ready to jump down and save himself, he called out in a tremulous voice, "Civil engineer! civil engineer! don't you think the boiler's going to burst?"—"I'm not a civil engineer," answered the man of responsibility, "I'm a surly fellow."—"Another instance," observed Mr. Davenant, laughing, "among the many that have come beneath my notice of the promptness of reply and the quaint humour that seems natural to every class of Americans. Without much affinity to the broad practical fun of the English, or the airy gaiety of the French, your people have a freshness and point in their jokes which is peculiar to themselves."

Again the Carmonys looked gratified.

The road now ran for several miles along an

elevated ridge, looking down into an immense valley bounded by hills so distant that they seemed to blend with the horizon. This valley was intersected by the wandering branches of a creek that in Europe would have been called a river, and whose waters gave fertility to the banks, and afforded numerous locations for saw mills and flour mills; the one supplied with logs from woodlands that seemed too beautiful to cut down, the other rendering marketable the grain that was now ripening in the fields. Orchard trees threw their broad shade upon the sunny slopes, in the immediate vicinity of substantial farm-houses, with their never-failing accompaniment of a vast barn; while the frequency of the large square meeting-house and the small square school-house, showed that the wants of the soul and the mind were supplied as well as those of the body.

"Am I to suppose," said the Englishman, "that every man whose homestead adds a feature to this vast and beautiful valley, is actually lord of the soil and owner of the land he cultivates?"

"You may justly suppose it," answered Mr. Carmony, "for such no doubt is the fact. With us the class called peasantry has no existence. There are few Americans who like to have a landlord over them; and whether in town or country, the first wish of the respectable part of the community is to own at least the dwelling they inhabit, and the ground about it. I remember, in my early youth, being struck with compassion for your English husbandmen, when I heard at the theatre, in the song (beautiful in its way) addressed by old Blackberry to his landlord

"The farm I now rent on your honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd."

"Alas! alas! thought I, that a farm should be rented for three generations by one family; none of them in all that time being able to buy it. To say nothing of an honest respectable farmer addressing another man as 'your honour,' particularly when the said Mr. Valentine was really a very dishonourable personage. But I have since learnt to make due allowance for the customs of a country whose government and institutions are so different from my own; a country, too, in which there is so much to admire, and so much indeed to imitate."

It was now Mr. Davenant's turn to look gratified.

The passengers that were bound to the Salamarian Springs, quitted the car (the road now running in another direction,) and stopped to dine at an inn from whence they were to take coaches to the place of their destination. On the other side of the table were some country people, who having come thus far in conveyances of their own, were waiting for the cars that were going towards the city. Mr. and Mrs. Carmony sat together; Mr. Davenant placed himself beside Lydiana; and Mrs. Talcott sat between her two children. Directly opposite was a country boy, apparently about sixteen. He was rustic in dress and appearance, being habited in a suit of striped homespun; his face and neck were much sunburnt, and his

hands brown from exposure and coarse with farm-work. This boy, in the goodness of his heart, devoted himself entirely to the accommodation of Mrs. Talcott and her children, beginning by closing a shutter to keep the sun from their eyes. He presumed not to speak to any of the three; but he silently watched all their wants, and endeavoured to anticipate them, before they had time to ask the waiters for any thing. He placed within their reach whatever he thought it probable they would like, and to leave the more for them, he refrained from helping himself to any of the best things; he replenished their glasses with water, handed them the bread basket, pushed the salt towards them and the pickles and the butter; rose and walked to the other end of the table to get the castors in case they might want any condiments. When the pies came, he rose again to bring a sugar-bowl, and place it before them; and he finally took a fly-brush from the mantel-piece, and waved it in their immediate vicinity, to prevent them from being incommoded by the flies that the sweet things had attracted to the table. All this was done in the most respectful manner, the kindness of the boy's feelings seeming to struggle with his diffidence and his sense of their gentility and his own inferiority. Mrs. Talcott, of course, received all his civilities with a complaisance that she took care he should understand, and the children could not refrain from breaking out into expressions of gratitude, particularly when he brought the sugar-dish. When dinner was over, and they rose from the table, Mrs. Talcott, on turning to thank the boy for his attention to them, found that he had already disappeared, and they saw him no more.

"Perceiving that you were in such good hands," said Mr. Carmony to his eldest daughter, "Mr. Davenant and myself concluded not to interfere by any attentions of ours, but to let that poor boy have full scope with his simple and unpretending civilities."

"I was glad that you did so," replied Mrs. Talcott, "we could not have been better taken care of."

"I was not only amused," said Mr. Davenant, "but much more interested in observing the untaught politeness, and also the respectful silence of the country lad. Stranger as he is to the conventional forms of society, he has in him, with most of your people, the very essence of true politeness; a kind-hearted desire to contribute to the comfort of those about him."

Mr. Davenant was now drawn off by another gentleman, Mr. Ashbrook, who claimed acquaintance with him, and who took him to an upper balcony that he might see a distant field on which had been fought a revolutionary battle.

"Grandpa," said little Frank Talcott, "will you please to tell me what o'clock it is."

Mr. Carmony looked at his watch and satisfied him.

"Then," said the boy, "that must be a very good Englishman. I have watched him three hours and a half, from his first getting into the car; and in all that time, he has not said one bad thing about America. Neither have I once heard him say Hengland or Hireland, for I was

listening on purpose; and when we met that train of cars all loaded with pigs, I thought he would have called them ogs, but he did not; and whenever we passed a field that was ploughing, I was almost sure he would say hoxen, but still he never did. He does not talk a bit like our English writing-master, who don't know his own name, for he calls himself Hedward lcks; and who is always angry at our not keeping our faces when he tells us not to waste the hink, and to dot our hi's, and loop our he's, and to make our ho's hoval."

"Frank," said his grandfather, "though Mr. Hicks is an excellent writing-master, he has not like Mr. Davenant had the advantage of being familiar with the conversation of well-educated society. It is his misfortune not his fault, that he has the unaccountable habit peculiar to the common people of England, of always misplacing the letter H. Mr. Hicks should be pitied, and not laughed at."

"Indeed," resumed Frank, "he has no notion of being pitied; for he thinks himself far above any body in America, and so does his wife Hann as he calls her."

"Well, well," said Mr. Carmony, "it is not fair to judge of the English nation by the generality of the specimens that we find on this side of the water; many of them never having an opportunity of mixing in genteel society till after they come to America. But Mr. Davenant has evidently been a gentleman all his life."

"There can be no doubt of that," coincided Mrs. Carmony, and then in a low voice she said to her daughter, "Lydia, why have you been so silent all day?"

"Mamma, I have been so engaged in looking out at the country we were passing through."

"That's all very well, and a fine comfortable convenient looking country it is; but still you might have made some attempt at joining in the conversation with the English gentleman."

"I should not have known what to say to him."

"How can you be at a loss, after reading so many novels of English fashionable life?" asked Mrs. Talcott, smiling.

"And have you not a thick green book called the Picture of London?" said her mother; "that your father bought you when you were a little girl, and told you to study it."

"Then, you know," continued Mrs. Talcott, "all those volumes of Ackerman's Repository that were lent you by Mrs. Englemode. Beside the numerous British annuals with which you have been presented. Really, my dear sister, I think you must be au-fait to England and the English."

"It is true," said Lydia, "that they are a people for whom I have always had a great partiality, notwithstanding, papa, and Mr. Talcott and even little Frank—"

"Well, well," interrupted her mother;—"make a beginning—talk to Mr. Davenant; and if your courage fails, Harriet and I will help you out; for to say the truth, your father has the whole burden of the conversation on himself."

"Oh! I am very sure papa did not consider it a burden," replied Lydiana.

Mr. Davenant now joined them, and the coaches being at the door, it was arranged that he was to ride with the Carmony family. The other places in the vehicle were filled by a Frenchman who could not speak English, and an old lady who spoke nothing.

After the coach started, there was a silence of a few minutes, and Lydiana, not without a blush at her own temerity, made an effort at conversation with Mr. Davenant, by asking him "if the Duke of Devonshire had light hair or dark."

"I really do not know," was his reply.

"Is Lady Blessington as handsome as that engraving of her in which she is represented in a white satin dress with blond sleeves and a blond veil. Do you consider it a good likeness?"

"I have seen the plate," replied Mr. Davenant, "I should suppose she cannot now be so handsome as when that picture was painted."

"Has not the queen a very agreeable voice?"

"So it is said, but I have never been near enough to hear her speak."

"What, not on court days? Perhaps the drawing-room is always so crowded that it is impossible for all the company to get a chance of approaching her."

"I do not go to court," replied Mr. Davenant, smiling.

"You are in the opposition, then, I suppose," remarked Mr. Carmony. "But I am very sure

you would be well received, if you were to go."

"I should not be received at all," replied Mr. Davenant, (his hearers looked astonished.) "I am not presentable at the court of England."

Lydiana sat a little farther back.

"Really, sir," returned Mr. Carmony, "I am surprised to hear that, (excuse me for saying so,) but I should think that a gentleman of your deportment might be presentable at any court in the world. I must confess that if there is one thing I take pride in more than another, it is in the peculiar tact I have for discovering at once the character and station of a foreigner. And I have no hesitation in averring (notwithstanding you assume so little,) it is easy at a glance to form a tolerably correct opinion of the rank you hold in your own country."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," replied the Englishman, biting his lips.

"So different," pursued Mr. Carmony, "from the numerous British adventurers that flock to our shores. Boasting continually, as they do, of the superior society in which they moved at home; talking familiarly of lords and duchesses and of the squares and the parks, and pretending to be residents of the west end of London, when in reality they have most probably passed their whole lives among the furnaces and steam-engines of Birmingham or Sheffield; being nothing more than button-makers, or perhaps bag-men."

"I am a bag-man," said Mr. Davenant.

[*To be continued.*]

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MILL-STREAM.

BEAUTIFUL stream! thou art bounding along,
Buoyant and bright, like a being of song;
Love laughs in thy eyes, joy sits on thy lips;
Health in thy bosom his fresh pinion dips,
And thou boundest on in thy wild heart glee,
Swelling the forest minstrelsy.

Yet nor thy beauty nor music I sing,
These to my bosom faint extasy bring;
Love-lisping maiden may list to thy shell,
Romance sit mute in the sphere of thy spell;
Thou'st a charm more exquisite far for me,
'Tis in thy wild utility.

Thou fling'st o'er the verdureless bank thy wave,
The grass bursts in freshness its turf-bound
grave;
Thou swellest the heart of the humble flower,
And it woos the gale with a spirit-power;
Thou nervest the strength of the leafless tree,
It blooms in rich fertility.

Quaffs of thy fountain the labour-worn steer,
Breathes at thy margin the weary wild-deer,
The fisherman finds a prayer in his soul,
As he drops his hook in the still trout hole;
And the maid of the tub sings a song to thee,
Sweet in her rude simplicity.

Thou barest the strength of thine arm for weal,
The trip-hammer fashions the stubborn steel;
Thou wing'st the mill with the speed of a bird,
Anon the sound of the grinding is heard;
And the son of the shuttle blesseth thee,
Pent in his busy factory.

I too will bless thee, for bright were the hours
My boyhood hath known in the wood-scented
bowers,
That border thy marge;—I pluck'd the sweet bell,
With rapture admired the petrified shell;
O, like thy proud little wave, I was free,
Fresh in the heart's sincerity.
Lowville.

In 1663, the province of South Carolina was formed, and liberty of conscience was allowed by the charter.

In 1664, Nova Cassova, or New Jersey, was settled under the auspices of Lord Berkeley and others.

THO' MY SHIP ON THE DARK BLUE WAVE.

SUNG BY

MR. WALTON.

ADAPTED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

E. L. WALKER.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court, of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

ALLEGRO.

Resoluto.

f *ff*

Moderato.

Tho' my ship on the dark blue wave, Be borne up mountain high, It will ride on its

mf

crested foam, Nor sink tho' a rock were nigh. Brave are the souls we seamen wear,

pp *pp*

Pure is our wine as our hearts are free, Shipwreck and danger may be our fare, Yet mer - rily drink, drink

merrily we; On danger's brink we merrily drink, we drink.

ff *ff*

Brave are the souls we scamen wear, Pure is our wine as our hearts are free,

pp *pp*

Shipwreck and danger may be our fare, Yet mer - ri - ly drink, drink mer - ri - ly we.

ff

Shipwreck and danger may be our fare, Yet mer - ri - ly drink, drink mer - ri - ly we.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE DYING ONE.

THE clouds are bright in the crimson west,
And the day-king veils his glow,
As he journeys down to his fabled rest
In the fretwork halls of the ocean's breast,
Where the coral gardens grow.

And on her dying couch is one
Whose life-stream ebbing fast,
Tells that her sands are almost run,
And the light of another circling sun
Shall number her with the past.

She was a being of visions bright,
A child of hope and song;
Her glad eye flashed with its living light,
Like a star in the blue of a summer's night,
The silvery clouds among.

O, who can number the cords that sleep
In the bosom's secret bower?
Or tell of its numbers wild and deep
As the lyre-strings thrill to the magic-sweep
Of love's strong hand of power?

But a mildew fell on her early years,
Like the spring frost's cruel doom;
Or the poisonous blight of night's chill tears,
When she sadly weeps on the withering ears,
Or cankers the violet's bloom.

And soft as the dying swan she sings,
Along death's billowy wave;
The spirit hath plumed its sky-bent wing
For the land where living waters spring,
The realms beyond the grave.

"Sweet sister, I am dying,
The spectre-king is near;
I hear the death-wail sighing
Like the dirge above the bier:
But though the grave before me
Its shadowy twilight flings,
There still seems hovering o'er me
Bright ranks of plumed wings.

"No more these eyes shall linger
On the rainbow's beauteous form,
By love's unchanging finger
Engraven on the storm;
Or on the starry splendour
Of night's cerulean dome,
Or the moonbeams soft and tender,
Gilding the cascade's foam.

"But round my dying pillow,
The light of other days,
Like star-light on the billow
In fitful radiance plays;
As when in life's bright places
On childhood's happy dawn,
With ranks of sunny faces,
We ranged the flowery lawn.

"Remember'd forms are 'round me,
And tones of long past years;
Ere the golden links that bound me
Were dim with sorrow's tears;
When to each loftier measure
Hang hope's gay-wreathen lyre,
And the blooming bowers of pleasure,
Thrill'd to the mystic wire.

"Farewell, those harp-like numbers
Now in the distance roll,
The spell of chilling slumbers
Falls heavy on my soul;
And from the mental vision
Earth's fleeting glories fade,
But I see the fair Elysian,
With living gems inlaid.

"Lo, mercy's bow o'erarching
The High Eternal One,
Where cherub armies marching
Bow low before the throne;
And love's all-glorious banners
To heaven's soft breezes flung,
While songs and loud hosannas
Dwell on each raptur'd tongue.

"List, list, what strains of glory
• From seraph lyre-strings swell,
They peal the lofty story
Of prince Immanuel;
And oh, the thrilling cadence
Has still'd the death-tide's roar;
The waves now beam with radiance,
For Jesus walks before."

The young day mantles with ruddy glow,
The sea, and earth, and sky;
But that bird-like music has ceased its flow,
The death-shade rests on the snowy brow,
And veil'd is the flashing eye.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR JULY NUMBER.

The present number commences our eighteenth volume, and we make this an occasion to renew our thanks for the munificent patronage which has been bestowed on us. It is in no spirit of vain boasting, but because we wish to record a fact so honourable to the liberality of the public, that we mention that our list now exceeds the combined number of any other three monthly publications, and if we can judge of the future by the past it will reach by next year, the astonishing number of 25,000. Impelled by ample encouragement like this, we shall of course continue and redouble our exertions to deserve favour. In our mechanical departments we contemplate various improvements. We have ordered for our next volume

an entire new supply of type of the newest and most beautiful character and paper of a superior quality. We have also made arrangements with artists of skill and celebrity to furnish us with a series of original engravings; in addition to those already promised; and we expect to be able to secure the services of an eminent composer to prepare a succession of musical gems expressly for our work.

As regards the literary department of the Lady's Book, we have and shall use unremitting efforts to maintain for it the high character it has so long sustained. To this end we offer the most liberal payment to contributors whose articles we approve. Among those who have heretofore contributed to our pages, or from whom we have received articles for publication, we may mention,

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney,
Mrs. F. S. Osgood,
George P. Morris,
Miss M. Miles,
Ezra Holden,
Mrs. Cornwell Baron Wilson,
Miss Leslie,
Grenville Mellen,
William B. Tappan,
James S. Fields,
Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe,
M. A. F. (Stockbridge)
C. W. Everest,
John Howard Willis,
Miss A. M. F. Buchanan,
Professor J. Alden,
Joseph T. Pickering,
Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz,
A. McMakin,
L. A. Wilmer,
Paul Sobolewski,
Charles F. Deems,
B. B. Thatcher,
Mrs. M. St. E. Loud,
Rev. Charles H. Alden,
Mrs. Harrison Smith,
Mrs. E. L. Cushing,
E. Elliott,
J. E. Dow,
Dr. Clinton,
J. Elliott Knight,
J. G. Hamilton,
J. Jones,
Mrs. Thayer,
J. Hickman, Jr.,
R. Penn Smith,
Mrs. Mary H. Parsons,
Joseph R. Chandler,
Mrs. Lincoln Phelps,
Mrs. Hoffman,
E. E. Le Clerc,
Miss A. D. Turnbridge,
Miss Hannah F. Gould,
Mrs. A. H. Dorsey,
Mrs. S. J. Hale,
Mary E. Lee,
Sydney Pearson,
Mrs. Emma C. Embury,
Mrs. E. F. Ellett,
Rufus Dawes,
John Neal,
Joseph C. Neal,
Judge R. T. Conrad,
J. C. McCabe,
Alexander Dimfory, A. M.,
Morton McMichael,
Miss M. A. Browne,

Isabel, or Sicily. By H. J. Tuckerman. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1839.

This is a very agreeable volume. The object of the author, as avowed in his preface, has been to furnish a description of the antiquities, general aspect, and peculiarities of Sicily, free from the formalities of an itinerary, and clothed in such a garb, as while it attracted attention would also convey serviceable information. For this purpose he has chosen a fictitious story as his vehicle, the incidents of which are sufficiently lively to interest the general reader, and which at the same time serves as the basis of various and curious knowledge of the appearance, manners, customs, habits and literature of the unfrequently visited country to which it refers. In this plan Mr. Tuckerman has been quite successful. The merely imaginative portion of his book is well conceived and judiciously maintained, and his facts are interwoven with no little skill and effect, and it is, therefore, really pleasant and instructive.

Tortosa, the Usurer. A Play in five Acts. By N. P. Willis. S. Colman: New York, 1839.

This is the third number of Mr. Colman's Dramatic Library, and a very handsome, well printed pamphlet it undoubtedly is. Of the merits of the play we must express a divided opinion. Passages there are singularly beautiful, but as a whole, we are free to say we do not much admire it. The principal character, Tortosa, is unnatural. Men who behave with the brutality and coarseness—the rudeness and indecency which characterize this person in the earlier scenes, are incompatible with the magnanimity and self-sacrifice which are made the turning-point of the play. The incidents generally strike us as undramatic: and the comic portions of the dialogue are tinged with a freedom that approaches more nearly to grossness than humour.

Phantasmion, Prince of Palmland. 2 vols. S. Colman—New York, 1839.

Mr. Colman is a most enterprising publisher. We have already noticed and recommended his Library of American Poets, and his Dramatic Library, and we have now to offer him additional praise for a new undertaking, the "Library of Romance." Of this projected series, "Phantasmion" forms the first number, and that it is worthy to be the pioneer of the enterprise will not be doubted by those who know that it has been selected by our esteemed correspondent Grenville Mellen. Mr. M. is the editor of the "Library," and his introductory chapter is written with force, fervour and elegance. Upon his recommendation, for we have not found time since its receipt to read it ourselves, we venture to pronounce "Phantasmion" a production of rare merit, combining the richness of poetic imagination with the solid instruction of graver thought, and conveying in the most agreeable form a high and useful moral lesson.

Statesmen of the Times of George III., by Lord Brougham. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

This collection comprises sketches of the most eminent of the Statesmen who flourished during the reign of George III. Among them are Burke, Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Grattan, Canning, Thurlow, and many more of that brilliant constellation which at the period referred to shed an amazing lustre upon the British nation. It is scarcely necessary to say that biographical memoirs and personal descriptions of men like these, from such a writer as Lord Brougham, are highly interesting. So far as we can judge they are unprejudiced and impartial in the relation of facts which they contain, but the inferences of the noble author of course are coloured to some degree by his own peculiar political opinions.

Mr. Adams' Jubilee Oration.

Mr. S. Colman, of New York, has published in a good sized pamphlet of 136 pages, the address delivered by John Quincy Adams, before the Historical Society of New York, on Tuesday the 30th day of April, 1839, being the fiftieth anniversary

It is with great pain we announce to our readers the death of David E. Hale, eldest son of Mrs. S. J. Hale, editor of the *Lady's Book*. Mr. Hale was a lieutenant in the army of the United States, and had endeared himself to all his brother-officers, and all others with whom he was associated, by his stern integrity, his high and honourable deportment, and his straight-forward uprightness, blended as these qualities were with talents of a superior order, and the most kind, conciliatory and amiable dispositions. Mr. Hale was a graduate of West Point, and received the highest honours bestowed by that Institution; and in his subsequent military career in various trying emergencies, he so discharged his duties as to secure to himself reputation and distinction, and to create a well founded expectation of future eminence in his arduous, but glorious profession. In his private relations Mr. Hale was tenderly beloved by all who were connected with him. Uniformly gentle, generous and affectionate in his intercourse, ardent in his attachments to home, and zealous in the fulfilment of his obligations as a son and brother, the members of his own family circle were bound to him by the closest sympathies. To all of them his untimely decease is an event of no common affliction, and to his widowed mother in an especial manner, it is a sad and solemn bereavement. As her eldest child, she was accustomed to regard him as a counsellor and friend, and in times of trial and suffering to lean upon his advice and assistance. As may well be supposed, this heavy blow has bowed down her spirits, and our readers, therefore, will for the present month be deprived of her usual contributions to their enjoyment and instruction.

Since writing the above, we have received a letter from Mrs. Hale, which, although private, breathes so much of the mother that we feel we are not doing wrong in giving an extract from it to our readers. If we are in error, we beg pardon of the only person who has any right to complain—the bereaved mother.

"It is not a common loss that I mourn. My son was so noble and disinterested, that his character would not fail of exciting the affection of all who knew him, and to me his life has been one unbroken scene of obedience, love and generosity. I depended on him as a friend who would never disappoint me, and as the protector of my daughters and young son.—His death has destroyed all my plans of life; and though I know and feel that it is all right, that God, who gave me such a precious blessing, knew the best time to recall him, yet I cannot, at once, summon fortitude to enter on the occupations of a world so dark and desolate as it now appears. But I will not trouble you more—I know that you sympathize in my sorrow."

of the inauguration of General Washington as President of the United States.

This address contains a large amount of interesting information. The difficulties that preceded the formation, and the inefficiency that marked the progress of the confederation originally adopted by the States, are depicted with great vigour; and the causes, growing out of the unfitness of this league, which ultimately led to the formation of the present Constitution of the United States, are given in most attractive detail. No man, now living, perhaps, is so well qualified as Mr. Adams to furnish an ample and faithful history of the period referred to. Intimately connected with the leading men of the revolution by ties of blood and friendship, and trained from his earliest youth for the career of a statesman, he became necessarily familiar with all the political events that marked the progress of our separation from the mother country; and having for nearly half a century acted a conspicuous part himself in the subsequent development of our institutions, he is thoroughly conversant with all the principles, springs, and movements which have been brought to influence them. His discourse, therefore, abounds in thrilling facts, and to these he has applied in illustration of his own views, an acuteness of argument, which, however it may fail to satisfy those who are opposed to him, cannot but be admired as indicative of undiminished vigour of intellect.

The Oration is for sale by Mr. O. Rogers of this city.

Concealment, a Novel. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

This is a work with nothing particular to recommend it, on the one hand, and nothing particular to condemn it on the other. It is a love-story in fashionable life, and contains the usual amount of courtships and gossiping; sentiment and dialogue: set down in very decent English.

Charles Tyrrell, or the Bitter Blood. By G. T. R. James. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1839.

Mr. James is a most prolific writer. Scarcely has one work issued from the press, before another is announced as ready for delivery. This rapidity of production, while it betrays great fertility of invention, and great facility of writing, leads at the same time to carelessness and blemish. The effects of this haste are evident in "Charles Tyrrell." The style is loose, frequently tautologous and faulty, and the incidents are occasionally confused and undiscriminated. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, the story is full of interest, and one or two of the characters are as life-like and faithful as any Mr. James has sketched.

Lady Chevely, or the Woman of Honour, is the title of a little poem of little merit, intended as an answer to *Chevely* or *Man of Honour*. We think *Lady Bulwer* has richly earned the disgust of the good, and the scorn of the wise, by her late ill-advised publication; but these two-penny poetical pamphlets will neither cause her repentance, nor the public advantage.

Sketches of Public Characters, Discourses, and Essays. To which is added a Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients, by Henry Lord Brougham. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1839.

These volumes are in part made up of the introductions to speeches delivered on various occasions by Lord Brougham, including descriptions of many prominent public characters. They contain also several speeches of his Lordship, and his Dissertation on the Eloquence of the Ancients.

We have already taken occasion to express an high opinion of Lord Brougham's talent, and the work now published will detract nothing from his lofty reputation. Shrewd, sagacious, profound and discriminating in his views and opinions; thoroughly familiar with all the leading events of the memorable times through which he has passed; capable of forming just estimates both of the motives and conduct of the eminent statesmen by whom he was surrounded, his work necessarily acquires a degree of value beyond that of most cotemporary history. In the explanation which it furnishes of many leading measures of policy, the development of secret springs of

action and the unravelling of much that to mere observers seems wholly inexplicable, it will be found especially interesting.

Francia's Reign of Terror, being a Sequel to Letters on Paraguay. By J. P. and W. P. Robertson. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1839.

Dr. Francia is among the remarkable men of this age. From the condition of an obscure lawyer, without political connection, or other external advantages, he has risen to the most absolute despotism, over an immense and fertile country, which modern times have witnessed. In uncontrolled dominion—pure, unmixed, and unmitigated authority—the grand Sultan falls far behind him, and in cruel, cold-blooded, heartless ferocity, the annals of eastern tyranny cannot find his parallel. By his system of terror he has reduced the most teeming and luxuriant province of South America almost to a waste: converted a peaceful and happy population into cringing and suspicious slaves: broken down all the barriers of religion and morality: suspended a flourishing commerce: uprooted domestic institutions, and trampled on domestic affections: and substituted for the government of mild and equitable laws, the rigorous and exacting government of the sword.

These letters furnish an account of the character and career of this wonderful man. The authors, men of intelligence and observation, resided for many years in Paraguay, and having, at first, enjoyed the confidence of the despot, possessed many opportunities of studying his policy, as well as of beholding his unmatched atrocities. The result of their observations are here embodied in a fanciful and agreeable style; and it is scarcely necessary to say they are of a character calculated deeply to engage the attention of every reader.

The Barber of Paris, or Moral Retribution. By Paul de Kock. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1839.

We are not of those who greatly admire the modern school of French Romance. We acknowledge the genius of Victor Hugo; but his terror and monstrosities, his far-reaching after effect, and above all his revolting and unnatural conceptions make us revolt from his productions. From the grosser immoralities of George Sands, Dumas, and others, we turn with disgust. Paul de Kock occupies a middle ground. Not wholly free from extravagancies, nor entirely without the taint of indecency, he is more natural than his contemporaries: entertains juster views of society, and his feelings flow in a kindlier and healthier channel. He does not so often outrage us with the improbable, nor repel us with the coarse pictures which disfigure the pages of most of the class to which he belongs; and he occasionally shows a tenderness and pathos, an exquisite sense of the beautiful and true, which few of them can aspire to. His humour is graceful and delicate, sometimes, it is true, bordering upon the license of his competitors, but rarely rivalling them in grossness. In "Andrew the Savoyard" there were many traits of benevolent dispositions, simple and open-hearted honesty, careless good-nature and genuine worth, and these characteristics are said to distinguish the Author no less than his writings. The "Barber" though one of the most popular of De Kock's works is by no means the most pleasing. There is a painful interest in parts of the story, and a violence in the catastrophe, which are unpleasant to the reader; but it abounds also in well painted delineations of manners, curious observations of society, and accurate perceptions of motives.

It is but justice too to De Kock, to say that he has been wretchedly marred by his translator.

FASHIONS AND WINDOW CURTAINS.

We have nothing particular to say this month as a description of our plate—but we can say that a better Engraving of a Fashion plate has never been offered to our patrons. The dresses are neat and will answer as patterns for morning dresses at any time. It will be perceived that the sofa is an entirely new article and as convenient as it is novel. The window drapery is unexceptionable.

Our August number will contain a novelty, which we think will astonish and gratify.

August





THE

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

AUGUST, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

BY L. A. WILMER.

I stood on the beach 'neath a rock that projected
O'er the smooth level sand whence the surges retire;
The sun had sunk low, but his last rays reflected,
Gleam'd o'er the still waters, from casement and spire.
Slowly the labour-worn fishermen pace
On the wave-beaten path, or in parties recline;
I mark'd how contentment illumin'd each face,
For cheerfulness fill'd every bosom, but mine.

From the groups that surround me, one figure I single,
A youth, who repose'd from his comrades apart,
And though in their mirth he appear'd not to mingle,
I knew all was sunshine and peace at his heart.
For the breast that is happy and innocent, knows
No motive its offspring of thought to conceal;
Each sinless conception unblushing it shows,
And feels that 'tis virtue's own act to reveal.

As the fisher-boy looks on the village remote,
Now fading in twilight and dimly descried,
Some inward emotion his features denote,
For there, (it may be,) his belov'd ones abide:
Soon will he be to their presence restor'd,
And the arms of affection soon opened will be;
What more could he hope—or could heaven afford?
Oh, had it reserv'd such a solace for me!

Poor boy! (as the giddy and vain would miscall thee,
No object of scorn or compassion art thou:
The world with its fetters but little can gall thee,
Or sadden thy bosom, or furrow thy brow.
Methinks thou hast never for riches repin'd,
That fiend, most efficient opponent of grace,
Which merely to hate, is a heaven to find,
And merely to love, is to forfeit that place.

Nor yet has the hope of distinction allur'd thee,
That hope which all others hath vanquish'd and slain!
Be thankful, bless'd youth, for the lot that secur'd thee
From struggles that end but in sorrow and pain,
Tho' crown'd with success; in anxiety worn
Is the chaplet when gain'd; but to gain it—how few
Are bless'd even thus!—and how many must mourn
For the hope that has faded, no more to renew!

And was it for this that the vigil was pass'd?
 For this all the languor and labour were borne?
 For this all the treasures of art were amass'd
 And bestow'd upon men—to be paid back with scorn!
 For you, ye sad votaries, well might I sigh,
 And oh, let humanity check every sneer!
 If false aspirations have borne you too high,
 Repentance must come, and the penance is dear!

But thou, my poor fisher-boy, never hast known
 The hell of that mind which its hope hath surviv'd;—
 Thy means of felicity all are thine own,
 From fickle *opinions* not vainly deriv'd.
 And could that base feeling but enter my breast,
 I should grudge thee thy lowly, yet happy, estate;
 I should envy thy moments of passionless rest;
 But mine were an envy unmingled with hate.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VEILED LADY.

(See Plate.)

INTRODUCTION.

WITHIN a few months, the newspapers have recorded a deplorable event, which, at the time of its occurrence, excited much commiseration and sympathy from the friends and patrons of the belles lettres. As the editor of one of our standard literary journals was perambulating the fields, enjoying the freshness and fragrance of the morning's breeze, a sudden puff of wind blew off his *hat*, which contained all the literary matter prepared for his next number. The consequences were prodigious: odes, which before could scarcely creep on Iambic feet, began to move with astonishing velocity and were wafted to a height of which the authors themselves had no previous conception; heavy essays rolled cumbrously along the ground; from which even the force of the little tornado could not succeed in giving them an elevation; flippant tales and sketches skipped over the green grass and pretty flowers with that celerity which is easily to be attained by racers who carry no weight. The favourable *critiques* alone escaped the general calamity; these had been mostly prepared by the writers of the books under review, and, besides their natural *inertia*, were each laden with a *Mexican dollar*, (the price of ferriage to author's Elysium,) owing to which causes their escape was impossible, and perhaps this was the most consolatory circumstance of the case. One sheet, of a different character, was less fortunate; Monsieur *Æolus* conveyed it directly to our feet, and, as literary thefts are not capital offences in these days, we have availed ourselves of the god-send, which we hope will appear to more advantage and be likely to do more good than if it had reached its original destination.

COPY OF THE MANUSCRIPT.

"In a fashionable resort—I cannot be more particular, as many of the persons who figure in this little record of facts are now living and have sufficient vindictiveness, and what is worse, have the pecuniary ability, to institute a suit

for damages against the narrator, if he should commit himself so far as to leave no reasonable doubt concerning the parties intended to be signified by the fictitious names here adopted. Of course I shall be excused for using a little caution in meddling with a subject so delicate, a matter which has hitherto been kept a profound secret. So much so, that one of the gentlemen implicated in the affair, gave to the waiter of the hotel which is hereafter to be mentioned, a black cloth coat, just beginning to give indications of decay in the buttons and elbows, and a pair of boots which, with a slight patch on the vamps and a stitch or two on the insteps, may be made to look almost as well as new ones, gave them, I say, to the waiter, a coloured lad, named Jerry Hawkins, in order that the said Jerry may be induced to preserve a proper degree of taciturnity with reference to the adventures, which we, by singular circumstances of good fortune, are enabled to present, in an original dress, or rather dishabille, to the public. As for the facts themselves, their authenticity may be relied on, as we received them through a channel which is entitled to the most implicit confidence. We need do no more than mention the names of Mr. Aaron Briggs and Miss Ann Rebecca Hinkle, both of whom live on the spot and were eye-witnesses of a majority of the events about to be related. Their reputation for veracity stands on too firm a basis to be overthrown by carping incredulity, malicious mendacity or libellous illiberality.

On the afternoon of August 15, 1835, as the company at the hotel of — was assembled in the piazza, arranged in a diversity of groupes, elderly fat ladies with lean, sickly children, handsome young misses with beaus, some not young and many not handsome; old gentlemen with furrowed visages and long waistcoats, and many other varieties of the human species which we have not leisure or inclination to particularize. Some were seated on benches or chairs; some were leaning over the ballustrade or against the pillars of the portico; some were

walking to and fro, through the elegant arcade, shaded by trellis work and a profusion of foliage which was wreathed around the columns that supported the roof. Perhaps many who read these pages may have observed that, after a residence of three or four days at a fashionable watering place, you are apt, unless you have some special object in view, such as picking up a wife or procuring a husband, you are apt to find that the place is duller, more monotonous, and less satisfactory than you could have previously imagined. To exemplify this, it is found that every trifling occurrence which may be construed as a novelty, a relief of the otherwise changeless aspect of affairs, occasions an undue portion of gratification to the visitors. A new arrival, for instance, though an incident trivial enough in itself, and certainly not a surprising or unexpected event, is sure to produce a remarkable display of curiosity, not to call it inquisitiveness, in those who have been long enough on the spot to become initiated into the mysteries (ay, and the miseries,) of idleness.

A close carriage, resembling a mourning coach, drew up in front of the hotel. Among the occupants of the piazza all was in immediate motion; conversations on various instructive topics, were suspended; courtships were interrupted; many a sigh and oath, commenced in the most approved modes, were left half finished, cleft in twain, like the hearts from whence they emanated; tails of poodles reposing under the benches were trod upon; boys, rushing towards the ballustrade, were entangled in the drapery of the ladies, like heedless young flies in a cobweb; old valetudinarians were tottering in the same direction, some on one stick, some on two, some with crutches and some with cork legs, some in incurable consumptions, and all in incurable curiosity, to see—what?—a coach with two sorrel horses, driven by a hump-backed negro and containing—but more of that hereafter.

A party, consisting of four persons, two gentlemen and two ladies, stood near the steps of the porch. The most conspicuous person of this group was a young man in a handsome black suit, (to begin the description with the most momentous item,) in height he was nearly six feet, or in the prescribed phrase, "somewhat above the middle stature," (by the way, six feet approaches the Patagonian,) the countenance of this person was less handsome than some we have seen, and more intellectual than a majority of phizzes to be met with in Broadway, and perhaps we may add Pennsylvania Avenue, (if when Congress is not in session.) However his political enemy would have called him "a tolerably good-looking fellow," and that such praise from a political enemy would be worth more than an apotheosis from a political friend. The other male member of the group was a smaller man with a pleasing, though rather effeminate cast of features; his whole appearance was more amiable than heroic and his countenance exhibited more thought than vivacity. His person was slender and his dress was not modified according to the best and latest examples. Still, his apparel was not

shabby, and not wholly and absolutely unfashionable, but there was that in it which bespoke a degree either of recklessness or poverty in the wearer. The younger of the two ladies was—every thing that is elegant, rare and delightful in reality, and common-place in romance, where superlative beauty and transcendent virtue are degraded into every-day qualifications. Description is our forte, but, as the great poet of modern times remarks, "every fool describes in these days," and we must seek originality in some other channel. Of the other lady, and last person of the group, we should say more, as there was much more of her; she being fat enough for a sultana, in those oriental climes where fatness is said to have elevated some ladies to imperial dignity. Otherwise, this damsel, (for she had never committed a matrimonial folly,) had nothing to distinguish her from scores of her sex, who have arrived at *extra* years of discretion, and then benevolently labour to impress on the minds of their more juvenile acquaintance a full sense of those perils of wedlock which the amiable instructresses themselves have so luckily escaped. Let us now, to give the reader a better understanding of the materials we have to work with, refer to those persons more particularly; beginning at the first of the four, and so proceeding to the last, in a systematic and business-like manner:

No. 1. Was Mr. Thomas Hooper, (by this the reader will know that what we relate is true, for no fabulous personage was ever christened Thomas; the reason whereof is said to be because the abbreviation of that name, "Tom," is vulgar and unsanctioned by the best precedents of romance,) he was the junior partner in a mercantile house, and enjoyed fine prospects of pecuniary success. He was, besides, in love with No. 3, to whom we shall come presently.

No. 2. Was Mr. J. Hervey Higden, a gentleman whom not to know were a crime, he being a distinguished correspondent of various periodicals, especially the Baconsburg Literary Knapsack. He was decidedly the most modest, candid, honest and above-board man of his profession that ever we have met with. He never was known to solicit a puff, much less to write one himself and beg a particular editorial friend to insert it; things which some of our literati take to be necessary for the establishment of their reputation. Mr. Higden's modesty and fair-dealing were the causes of his rather unfashionable appearance, and we shall not be surprised to hear that they were the causes of his final starvation.

No. 3. Was Miss Elizabeth Markley, (in love with No. 1.) a maiden of uncommon attractions, and daughter of Mr. Markley, the wealthy sugar refiner. Certain we are that none of his saccharine commodity was sweeter or more refined than the young lady who called him father, and in this opinion Mr. Thomas Hooper aforesaid, happily coincided. Their families resided in the same neighbourhood, their union was projected, ratified, and every thing but consummated. The friends of both parties had unanimously agreed to the arrangement, and a priest and prayer-book were all that was necessary to

finish the chapter. For some reason which I am not bound to explain, the nuptials were postponed until the completion of three months; and in the interim, the young lady, under the surveillance of her aunt, had visited the springs, where we have found her.

No. 4. Was Miss Hortensia Markley, aunt to No. 3, and unhappily no friend to No. 1. More unhappily, she was in love with No. 2— which passion, (to cap the climax of infelicity,) No. 2 did not reciprocate. But to this species of affliction Miss Hortensia had been schooled; she was inured to it, and bore it with becoming fortitude.

Having thus made out our schedule of characters, and chuckled over the plain, lucid book-keeping style of our arrangement, we hesitated and debated whether we should or should not pursue the same method to the end; distinguishing our dramatis personæ as No. 1, 2, &c., but as this plan might make us liable to the charge of affectation, (which we dread,) we shall take the old fashioned course and call the ladies and gentlemen by their proper names; calling, at the same time, on all mankind to witness that we herein sacrifice both perspicuity and originality, to conform with the taste of our contemporaries.

"There is something in the appearance of that carriage,"—said Miss Hortensia, in a sentimental tone, as the vehicle formerly noted, paused at the entrance of the hotel—"there is something in the appearance of that carriage which produces a thrilling sensation—a sort of gloomy grandeur of conception in the inmost recesses of my bosom;—but"—

"But they spoil the appearance of their horses," said Hooper, "by docking their tails in that hideous manner. The poor animals resemble precisely those Dutch toys which are made to answer the double purpose of horses and whistles."

Without seeming to hear this *mal-a-propos* observation, Miss Hortensia proceeded: "But there is no accounting, at all times, for the manner in which sublime impressions are produced. Would you believe it, Mr. Higden, I have been overwhelmed, actually overwhelmed, at the sight of a churn of buttermilk; and I have wept, positively wept, over a plate of cucumbers!"

"Perhaps because there were too many onions chopped up among them," remarked Hooper, "I have experienced something of that kind myself."

"And," proceeded Miss Hortensia, "the sight of a coach, a mourning coach especially, never fails to recall to my mind the sensations I experienced on reading your celebrated poem, entitled *Jupiter's Chariot*. Even now I was about to repeat those magnificent lines:

"The vapours 'round him hung like sable rags,
And flashes went before, which in the gloom,
Seem'd like a pair of fiery sorrel nags,
That kick'd against the clouds as if for want of room."

"I assure you," said Mr. Higden, blushing deeply, "the poem you refer to was intended for a burlesque, a fact which appears not to

have been suspected by the critics who have hitherto commended or villified it. So much for literary glory, and critical infallibility. But Hooper, observe that lady who is just alighting from the carriage—did you ever see a more graceful figure!"

Miss Hortensia glanced at her own person, which was any thing else but graceful or sylph-like, and something like a sigh proceeded from her expansive bosom. But fat people are like fat pigs, the rubs and knocks of the world are scarcely felt through the density of their exterior. Miss Hortensia glanced at the lady, and remarked:

"But she wears a veil."

The tone in which this was spoken seemed to imply something more than the words expressed. Elizabeth replied to the meaning:

"Indeed, I do not doubt that the lady's face is as handsome as her person is elegant. I fancy there is something in her air which bespeaks a woman accustomed to admiration; she appears to be little embarrassed by the attention which she excites at this moment."

"Her foot is small and exquisitely shaped," said Higden; "such a foot seldom belongs to an ugly woman."

"Or to one destitute of refined sentiments," added Elizabeth.

"Or to one deficient in intellectual beauty," superadded Mr. Higden.

"Well, this beats phrenology," said Miss Hortensia, "I expect that, ere long, people's characters will be found indicated in the protuberances of their great toes."

"If they have corns," said Hooper, "their characters for patience and equanimity may no doubt be tested in that manner. But really, as Elizabeth remarks, there is something in the demeanor of that lady which speaks of admiration both enjoyed and deserved."

Meanwhile, the veiled lady, attended by an elderly gentleman, had crossed the piazza, and entered the hotel. That poor veil!—many were the curses, not loud but deep, which were directed against its flimsy embrasure; not because it was flimsy, but because it was sufficiently dense to *conceal* the features it surmounted. "However," thought the guests, "we shall have an opportunity for criticising her hereafter." "She shall come before us," thought the ladies, or a portion of them, "she shall come before us, as open to censure as a new novel, or the latest poem—which any one may 'use up' who is disposed to take that much trouble." Ere the lapse of an hour, the lady appeared, promenading the piazza, leaning on the arm of her attendant, and still veiled, impenetrably veiled! I will not say, or even insinuate what was said or suspected by the visitors at this salutiferous fountain. Day after day came, and still the veil!—The wearer of the ominous article never appeared at the public table, or in any other situation where a withdrawal of the screen would have been indispensable. Not the most indefatigable watcher could catch a glimpse of her features.

It was on the fourth evening after the arrival of this lioness—who was indeed the subject of

more than half the conversation of all parties, and by the anxiety of mind which she produced, I am satisfied that she neutralized all the beneficial effects of the waters, especially with such guests as were afflicted with nervous disorders;—on the evening of the fourth day after her arrival, two gentlemen met in a retired angle of the piazza; the meeting at that time and place seemed to be by appointment, and the subject of discourse was evidently intended for no other ears than their own. These persons, to deal plainly, were Messrs. Hooper and Higden. After some conversation in a very low tone, the former said, with a slight elevation of voice:

"It is true, my dear friend;—it is too true; my affections are alienated from Elizabeth!"

"You promised to communicate that which would surprise me," said Higden, "and I must confess you have kept your word. I am more than surprised; I am ashamed. Heavens! do we accuse woman of fickleness?—could they suspect one half the baseness of our own hearts, they would know how to retort the charge."

"All this my own feelings and reflections have suggested," said Hooper, calmly, "but self-reproaches do not always lead to amendment. I am in the grasp of destiny; I have struggled, and find that I am not a free agent in this. Condemn me as much as you will, but counsel me if you can."

"Do I err in supposing that Elizabeth has been rivalled by another?"

"That surmise does me no injustice; and doubtless I have a still greater marvel in reserve for you—the veiled lady—"

"Hooper!" said the poet, "I was disposed to be angry with you, but I find now that your case is pitiable. Still, I should not have expected this from a man of your character, or of your temperament. I have hitherto taken you for one of those matter-of-fact individuals who are supposed to be eminently free from the whimsies and shadows which too often delude our poor votaries of imagination."

"Such, for instance, as falling in love with

the impersonality of a periodical poetess, who is known only by her fictitious signature, the excellence of her composition, and the thrilling tone of her ballads," said the merchant.

"Ay, Hooper, that was *my* folly," answered the other, "observe if yours be half as excusable, or half as innocent. If I loved, as you say, it was for excellence acknowledged and apparent. To realize the mental superiority which I admired, it was not necessary to behold a corporeal figure; the *mind* which enchanted me was visible. You are captivated by a mystery; that which is not seen you imagine to be transcendent. The simple act of *unveiling* would restore your reason, and put an end to your passion."

"That shall be brought to the test of experiment," rejoined Hooper, "and for this purpose let me beg your assistance. Let us see if our united exertions can procure me a sight of those features the beholding of which you think will be so medicinal to my diseased fancy. My honor, my reputation, and perhaps all my earthly happiness are embarked in this adventure."

"I will assist you," said Higden, "hoping thereby to take the scales from your eyes, and to perform a kindly act for the deserving, and as yet, *unrepentant* object of your legitimate vows, Elizabeth Markley. In the meantime, let me entreat you to conceal this change of mind from her observation."

Here ends the sheet of MS. which came into our possession in the manner recited at the commencement. Another sheet which is supposed to contain a continuation of the narrative, was blown by the wind in a north-easterly direction. A search which was immediately instituted, has since been carried on with great vigor; and should it be crowned with success, the public may rely on being supplied with the sequel, through the same medium which has been used for giving publicity to the preceding fragment.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Lady's Book.

BACHELORS—TAXATION.

We find it stated in some of the papers that a number of ladies lately petitioned the legislature to pass a bill laying a tax on Old Bachelors. One of the members, (a bachelor himself,) became the advocate of this measure, on the ground that *luxuries* ought to be taxed. He meant to say, peradventure, that *Old Bachelorship* is a luxury; certain we are that Old Bachelors themselves are no such matter. As for taxing them, we doubt if that would be just; for it is not often their own fault that they are bachelors. It is generally an involuntary penance, and all the luxury that attends it is not to be envied. Where is the bachelor of thirty or upwards, who has not received at least half a dozen rejections, or *flats* as they are techni-

cally called? If an exception can be found, it is because the gentleman had not the *courage* to make proposals of matrimony. An old bachelor has usually been either too *sheepish* to woo a lady, or too little attractive to win one. And yet these oddities have the effrontery to insinuate that they *would* not get married, because they could not find a wife to their taste!

"Ah ha! my noble fox will eat no grapes."

No; we are decidedly opposed to the taxation of bachelors. All commodities taxed should have some specific value, else how shall the rate of duty be determined? If bachelors be taxed *ad valorem*, the tax will amount to little or nothing, and the advantages public or private, will be nugatory and scarcely worth the trouble.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE ELMS.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

I do remember me,
Of two old Elm Trees' shade,
With mosses sprinkled at their feet,
Where my young childhood play'd;
While the rocks above their head
Rose up, so stern and gray,
And the little crystal streamlet near
Went leaping on its way.

There, side by side, they flourish'd
With intertwining crown,
And thro' their broad, embracing arms
The prying moon look'd down.
And I deem'd, as there I linger'd
A musing child, alone,
She scann'd my bosom's inmost thought
From her far silver throne.

I do remember me,
Of all their wealth of leaves,
When summer, in her radiant loom,
The burning solstice weaves—
And how in naked majesty
They brav'd an adverse sky,
Like Belisarius, doom'd to meet
His country's wintry eye.

I've roam'd through varied regions
Where stranger-streamlets run,
And where the proud magnolia flaunts
Beneath a southern sun;
And where the sparse, and stunted pine
Puts forth its sombre form,
A vassal to the northern cloud,
And to the tyrant storm:

And where the pure unruffled lakes
In placid wavelets roll,
Or where the dread Niagara shakes
The wonder-stricken soul;

I've sought the temple's sculptur'd pile,
The pencil's glorious art;
Yet still those old green trees I wore
Depictur'd on my heart.

Years fled;—my native vale I sought,
Where those tall Elm Trees wave,
But many a column of its trust
Lay broken in the grave;
The ancient, and the white-hair'd men,
Whose wisdom was its stay,
For them I ask'd—and echo's voice
Made answer—"where are they?"

I sought the thrifty matron,
Whose busy wheel was heard,
When the early beams of morning
Awoke the chirping bird;
Strange faces from her window look'd—
Strange voices fill'd her cot,
And 'neath the very vine she train'd
Her memory was forgot.

I left a youthful mother,
Her children round her knee,
Those babes had risen into men,
And coldly looked on me;
But she, with all her bloom and grace,
Did in the church-yard lie,
While still those changeless elms upbore
Their kindly canopy.

Tho' we, who 'neath their lofty screen
Pursued our childish play,
Now show amid our scatter'd locks
The sprinkled tints of gray;
And tho' the village of our love
Must many a change betide,
Long may those sacred Elm-Trees stand
In all their strength and pride.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MRS. MACLEAN.

THE circumstances attending the death of this young lady are of the most painful nature; and particularly so because they have been made the subject of invidious remark. We do not hesitate to say that all insinuations about suicide are cruel and most unwarrantable. A woman of such refined sentiments, one who had doubtless received the best religious instruction and who, from childhood, had been distinguished for habits of reflection, would be, of all others, most unlikely to commit the appalling crime of self-destruction. But, besides all the negative evidence which forbids us to judge so harshly of this amiable and gifted authoress, there is no foundation, as far as we have been able to discover, on which to erect a charge which must greatly depreciate the fame of the deceased. That her last days were unhappy is most probable; her removal from friends, acquaintances, and the scenes to which she had

long been accustomed, must have been a source of many bitter regrets to a mind such as hers. But this, with every other cause of grief which we may imagine to have affected her, subsequently to her marriage, by no means justifies such a suspicion as that just spoken of. Thousands are unhappy and yet think not of suicide. Moreover, the causes which were said, in the first place, to have produced the fatal event are such as may easily be credited. It is just such an accident as might be expected to occur frequently; and indeed it is a subject for wonder that instances of the kind are not offered to our daily observation, while the most dangerous drugs are unadvisedly used as medicines. When the untimely death of Mrs. M. is so reasonably explained, it is monstrous to assail her reputation with suggestions that are at once foolish and malignant. Let the dead, at least, escape the breath of calumny.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MY UNCLE NICHOLAS.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

Call no man happy 'till you know the nature of his death; he is at best but fortunate.—*Selen to Cræsus.*

TIME eats the children he begets, and the memories of few men outlive their monuments; nay, myriads pass into oblivion even before the elements have sullied their epitaphs. My uncle Nicholas, notwithstanding his deserts, has not escaped this order of things. I knew him in the April of my years—the flower-time of life; and as my mind reverts to those sunny days, the first object it rests upon is the beloved image of my uncle Nicholas.

He was a placid being, overflowing with the best of humanities. His heart and his doors were open to all his fellow beings, and there was not a creature endued with animal life, towards which he did not studiously avoid giving pain. His dogs loved him, and he could not walk abroad into his fields but his cattle followed him, and fed out of his hand.

"He was a scholar, a ripe and a good one," at least I viewed him as such in my boyhood. His mind was stored with good learning, but his favourite companions were those hearty old poets who have retained their freshness for centuries, and who possess a re-productive faculty that will make them blossom through succeeding ages. With what delight would he pore over the harmonious numbers of Spencer and Drayton, and Drummond, and the vigorous dramatists of those times! and there was scarcely a gem of the minor poets that he had not culled to grace his memory. These he would recite with all the feeling and enthusiasm of early life, and at times I imagined they were golden links that inseparably bound him to his boyhood. They appeared to possess the faculty of making him young again.

He was a quiet humorist, but with no more gall than might be found in a dove. His face was ever mantling with some pleasant thought and his mind flowed on as gently as a secret brook, that ever and anon dimples and smiles at its own babbling.

He was married, and my aunt was one of the gentlest of creatures. You might have searched the world without finding a pair whose hearts and minds so perfectly harmonised. She was a delicately attuned instrument, ever breathing the softest music; never depressed to sadness, and seldom exhilarated beyond a placid smile. If perchance she laughed, it was at some jest of my uncle Nicholas; not that it excited her risible faculties, but that she perceived by the mantling of his countenance there was more intended than came within the scope of her apprehension; and she would laugh outright that he might more fully enjoy the freak of his imagination. How they loved each other!

My uncle dwelt on a farm on the outskirts of a village. He had selected it as his residence in early life, and had lived long enough to see the primitive settlement assume something like a name on the map of his country. He was identified with the spot; all the villagers in a

measure looked upon him as their patriarch, and even the children would break off their amusements to salute him as he passed; and he ever had a kind word and a jest to bestow upon the humblest of the little troglodytes. They all called him uncle Nicholas, and he was so kind to them, that many grew up in the belief that he was actually the uncle of the whole village.

His residence was a delightful spot. His farm was well cultivated, and his buildings, while they afforded every comfort, were not so ostentatious as to awaken the envy of his less prosperous neighbours. A river flowed beside it, and in the rear were shady walks of sugar maple, to which the villagers would resort of a summer afternoon for recreation, and few would fail in returning to stop at my uncle's cottage and partake of the hospitality of his board. Indeed he and his were looked upon as common property.

At these social gatherings, all the belles of the village would rival each other to secure my uncle's attentions. He was ever the gayest among the gay, while his gentle manners and playful fancy, ministered to the delight of all; and it was amusing to behold the quiet complacency of my aunt as she gazed on his little gallantries, and to watch her countenance gradually light up, as her mind would pass from the scene before her, to the halcyon days when he wooed and won her, and then she would turn to her next neighbour and whisper in a tone mingled with pride and fondness, "You see his winning ways have not yet left him."—And then she would smile and look on in silence, as if life could afford no delight like gazing on my uncle Nicholas when he was happy.

Happy!—The heavens themselves are never so bright and clear, but that a cloud overshadows some portion, and there lives not that man whose mind is so free, but that at some period a phantom pursues it, from which he fears escape is impossible. My uncle's phantom was the dread of poverty. He had lived generously and from his habits and tone of mind was ill calculated to increase his possessions. As he advanced in life he perceived that his property had imperceptibly wasted away; and to increase his terrors, there was a law suit against him that had been pending many years. He dreaded its termination would result in ruin, though convinced that justice was on his side; but the boasted trial by jury is by no means as infallible, as its encomiasts pretend, for it is a difficult matter for one man who does not understand his case to explain its merits to twelve, who frequently are incapable of comprehending the matter under any circumstances. And by this frail tenure do we cling to our possessions, liberty and life. The sword of Damocles is a type of the trial by jury.

It was a melancholy sight to behold the old gentleman, term after term, attending court to

learn the issue of his cause. It absorbed all his faculties and sapped the very foundation of his mind. He was wont to have a word and a cheerful smile for all he met, but now he would pass his next neighbour without token of recognition. His little friends, the children, no longer followed him. His favourite volumes remained undusted on the shelves—their charm had passed away, and those vernal fancies, that were wont to make his heart like a singing bird in spring, had died, and it sung no more.

He would at times struggle to disengage his mind from the phantom that embraced it with iron clutches, and affect more cheerfulness in the presence of my aunt, for he perceived that his melancholy was contagious. How tenderly she watched over him, and soothed him and encouraged him! God bless her!—At one of these tender interviews which were frequent, he appeared suddenly animated with hope—the world was open to him—he was a man and could labour like other men—his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed exultingly:

“The spider taketh hold with her hands and is in kings’ palaces.”—He fondly looked into the recesses of his wife’s heart through her glistening eyes, and continued, “The ants are a people not strong,”—he paused, and finished the proverb in a tone scarcely audible,—“yet they prepare their meat in the summer. Alas! the snows of many winters are on my head.”—A tear dropped from his eye on the pale forehead of the partner of his bosom. She consoled him no more that day.

He had contracted various small debts with the tradesmen of the village, among whom were some new-comers who had not known him in his palmy days. And even if they had, the chances are that it would not have altered their conduct towards him. Few can make an ægis of the past to shield them from present evils. True, he had been as liberal as the sun that shines on all alike without distinction; but how soon do we forget the splendour of yesterday, if the sun rise in clouds to-morrow!

His creditors became impatient, and though there was some hesitation in taking out the first execution, yet that being done, others followed as regularly as links of the same chain. There was a time when he felt as confident and secure among the villagers as in the bosom of his own family; but now there was no longer safety for the sole of his foot on his hearth-stone. He was humbled, and he moved among his neighbours, a broken down man, with fear, and trembling, and shame, dreading all whom he chanced to meet.

At length his library was seized upon and sold. His books were of no great value to any other than himself, but he prized them beyond every thing. He had bought them in his boyhood; they had been the companions of his life—never-failing ministers of purest delight—and they at length had departed from him. True, their places might have been filled by modern reprints, but he would not have known his old familiar friends in their gaudy dresses. To take from them the rude simplicity of their birth, was to break the wand by which they

charmed him. To take the little treasure of his boyhood was to sever the chain that bound him to happier days, and as he beheld them scattered one by one, he wept as if they had been things of life that had abandoned him in his misfortunes.

It was a melancholy sight to behold him after this event, seated in his study, gazing on the empty shelves, and repeating various choice passages from his favourite volumes. I witnessed him once, looking intently on the vacant spot where a fine old copy of Herrick’s poems had stood for near half a century. I knew the place well for at that time it was my delight to delve for the pure ore of that “very best of English lyric poets.” A melancholy smile came over his bland countenance, and he repeated in a low tremulous voice

Call me no more,
As heretofore,
The music of the feast;
Since now, alas!
The mirth that was
In me, is dead or ceased.

Before I went
To banishment
Into the loathed west;
I could rehearse
A lyric verse
And speak it with the best.

But time, ah me!
Has laid, I see,
My organ fast asleep;
And turn’d my voice
Into the noise
Of those that sit and weep.

His eyes slowly moved along the empty shelves until they rested upon a place that had been occupied by a collection of the old dramatists. He smiled though he shed tears, and continued to repeat in the same tremulous tone:

Adieu; farewell earth’s bliss,
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life’s lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die—
Lord have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth;
Gold cannot buy you health.
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made.
The plague full swift goes by,
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

Haste, therefore, each degree,
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player’s stage.
Mount we unto the sky.
I am sick, I must die.
Lord have mercy on us!

“Beshrew me, but thy song hath moved me.” I turned from the window through which I was gazing, unperceived, and left him repeating fragment upon fragment.

My uncle was accustomed to rise with the sun, and he continued his habit to the last. But he no longer enjoyed the songs of the birds, the babbling of the waterfall, nor the fresh breeze of morning laden with fragrance—their influence had departed from them; still he adhered to his custom, and would wander from his green meadows to the maple grove, and from the grove to the river, as if in pursuit of something—he knew not what. On his return, his usual re-

mark was, "Is it not strange that the flowers should have lost their fragrance, and the little birds their skill in singing!" In happier days how he would praise the flowers and the birds!

As term-time approached, his malady ever increased. His morning meal would scarcely be over, when he would adjust his dress, and call for his hat and cane, and on being asked whither he was going, he would invariably reply, "To the village to see my friends. Of late they have ceased to come here, and it is right that I should see them." He would for hours walk from one end of the village to the other, and bow to all who accosted him, yet pause to converse with none. And on his return, when my good aunt would inquire whether he had seen his friends, the constant reply was, "No; I have fallen in with none of them." Alas! my poor uncle, how thy brain must have been shattered to imagine that a man in adversity can ever find his friends!

At length the dreaded day arrived—his cause was marked for trial, and in a few hours the result would be known. The matter in dispute was not of such great moment, but he had brooded over it until his fears had magnified it to vital importance. His opponent was a coarse and brutal man, and in their protracted contest, the abruptness of his demeanor had awakened whatever latent asperity had found a hiding-place in my uncle's bosom. He looked upon that cause, trifling as it was, as the most important matter of his life. His daily thoughts and irritated feelings had magnified it. Even the little ant by constant application can create a mound altogether disproportionate to its own size, and there is not a column so beautiful that may not be defaced by the trail of a slimy snail. My poor uncle feared the ant hill and recoiled at the filth of the worm.

The morning his cause was to be tried, he dressed himself with unusual care, and my aunt knowing the bent of his mind, exercised all her little appliances to encourage him. He went to the court house, and took his seat, a dejected man. He looked around, as if in search of some one, to sit beside him to aid and sustain him, but none such were present, and he sat alone.

The cause was called, the jury empanelled, and the investigation proceeded. Every question that arose in its progress, wrought up my uncle's mind to painful intenseness. In the ardour of his feelings he at times interrupted the proceedings, and was rudely ordered by the court to sit down and be silent. He obeyed, while every fibre of his frame shook with passion, and offended pride. His opponent smiled in triumph as he beheld his confusion; my uncle sat alone; no one approached to sympathize with him, and he felt as if deserted by all. In consequence of the distracted state of his mind, his defence, though a just one, had been imperfectly made out. Facts had escaped his memory; papers were missing that should have been produced, and the result was, the jury returned a verdict against him without leaving the box. It fell like a thunderbolt upon him; he fancied the last business of his life was over, and in the triumph of the moment, his adversary taunted

him, and openly charged him with dishonesty. The old man rose to repel the insult, while every limb shook with passion as if palsy struck. All was confusion. The judges interfered to restore order. My uncle heard them not. He was commanded to sit down, but still persisted to vindicate his character. A second—a third time was he called upon to sit down and be silent, which awakened him to a sense of his position. He beheld his antagonist still smiling; he slowly sunk into his seat, and as if abashed, his head hung over his bosom, and gradually descended until it rested on the desk before him. Order was again restored, and the court proceeded in its business. A few moments after, some one approached my uncle, and on raising him, he was found to be dead.

Thus died that good old man. There was a time when I looked upon him as being secure from the shafts of fate; but who may boast of tomorrow!—He was wealthy, had health and friends, and his gentle spirit made his home a paradise. His sources of enjoyment were boundless, for all nature, from her sublimest mysteries, even down to the petals of a simple flower was one mighty minister, and he drew wisdom and delight from all. And yet a single cloud was magnified until it overshadowed his heaven of happiness, and he died friendless and heartbroken: all had vanished that made earth beautiful. But is this strange?—The flowers of life pass away as the flowers of the seasons, without our being conscious of the cause of their decay, and there breathes not that man, however prosperous, but like my poor uncle, hath his phantom, and in time, discovers that "even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

HYPATIA,

A learned and beautiful lady, the daughter of Theon, a celebrated philosopher and mathematician, and president of the Alexandrian school, was born at Alexandria, about the end of the fourth century. Her father, encouraged by her extraordinary genius, had her not only educated in all the ordinary qualifications of her sex, but instructed her in the most abstruse sciences. She made great progress in philosophy, geometry, astronomy, and the mathematics, so that she was esteemed the most learned person of her time. At length she was thought worthy to succeed her father in that distinguished and important employment, the government of the school of Alexandria, and to teach out of that chair, where Ammonius, Heracles, and many other great men had taught before; and this at a time when men of learning abounded in Alexandria, and in many other parts of the Roman empire. Her fame was so extensive, that she had a very crowded auditory. But, while Hypatia reigned the brightest ornament of Alexandria, a kind of civil war, which broke out between Orestes the governor, and Cyril the patriarch, proved fatal to this lady. In 415, about five hundred monks attacked the governor, dragged Hypatia from the chair, tore her to pieces, and burned her limbs.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MARY LLOYD, OR THE RICH MAN'S DAUGHTER.

AN AMERICAN TALE, DRAWN FROM LIFE.

BY EZRA HOLDEN, EDITOR OF THE SATURDAY COURIER.

CHAPTER I.

THE family of "the Lloyds" was as respectable in the "Athens of the North," as it had ever been ancient in the Old World, whence the principal pioneer of the house emigrated, in the early history of the Colonies. It is not in our way to sketch even the outlines of their descent, as they came down from their original progenitor, Major Lloyd, who had been a distinguished officer in the army of England, ere he gave up his commission and crossed the Atlantic for a permanent abode in the New World. All that is necessary for us to write on that head, is to say that the family ever boasted of the honour of its line, and that wealth and honours uniformly followed the varied members in their proud descent.

Winthrop Lloyd, Esq., a descendant, was a rich and respected merchant of the commercial emporium. Through a long series of years, the uninterrupted streams of commerce had been pouring wealth into his coffers, until he became one of the most wealthy men of the city. His residence, in the immediate vicinity of one of the most delightful promenades which the country can boast, was a palace indeed, adorned in every respect with all that boundless wealth and cultivated taste could impart: and no family in the whole city were courted more in society, by the refined, the proud and the wealthy.

Mr. Lloyd was married early. His lady was from a high family. She was the first daughter of General Hampton; and Juliet Hampton, there are some of the present day can well recollect, was the belle of her time, ere she was wedded to Mr. Lloyd.

They had a family of three daughters and two sons. It is almost unnecessary to apprise the readers of this narrative, that they had every attention bestowed upon their education that ample means, refined taste, and cultivated intellects could secure. After leaving college, Edward, the eldest son, "read law," and Joseph "took to the counting-house," as they say in mercantile phrase. They were gay and fashionable young men, and as to their professions, they bestowed but little attention upon them, acting always upon the idea, that it was wholly unnecessary for them to know much of "the ways and means" of getting a living, as their father had enough for them to live upon in luxury and ease.

Juliet Lloyd was the eldest daughter. She was handsome, and she knew it. She was very proud, but she did not appear to know *that*; and, what was infinitely worse than every thing else, it was all false pride. Her pride was of family, of high associations, of great wealth, and of being above, (as she thought herself,) other young ladies of her age. It is true she was

admired, by the gay, the uplifted, and the boasting; and it is doubtless true, that there was not a young lady in the whole city who had such a cloud of butterfly admirers among the fashionable and thoughtless of the other sex. Of course she had "a swarm of lovers." There was a fortune in the way, and besides, Juliet was just the girl to please a train of adorers, who float along the giddy mazes of what is termed "the height of fashion." It will surprise, no one, therefore, when this history declares, that Juliet was married during the following year, to Colonel Wilton, whom she met for the first time at the springs, the preceding summer. The Colonel was a fashionable man, who, having been left with a fortune by his father, had ever been at leisure to cultivate all "the routes and rounds" of a life of ease and affluence.

Soon after the nuptials, the Colonel took home his bride: and the "mansion of Spring Grove" thenceforward became the head quarters of fashion, gaiety, and luxury, throughout that portion of the southern country in which it was situated.

CHAPTER II.

MARY, the second daughter, was the antipodes of Juliet, or as she was now styled, "Mrs. Colonel Wilton." She was not so handsome as Juliet, and she had never had the crowd of admirers which followed the footsteps of her sister. Mary was modest, sensible and retiring—as unpretending as she was intelligent. She was always remarkable for her good sense, estimating those about her by their real virtues rather than the appearances which they put on. She won warm friends among the truly deserving, and was cherished as much for the simplicity and purity of her heart as for the warmth of her affection and the kindness of her disposition.

The summer after the marriage of Juliet, one delightful afternoon when all nature appeared clothed in loveliness, Mr. Lloyd entered the little back parlour, where Mary was seated alone, in a pensive mood.

"I'm glad, Mary, to find you alone for a moment," said Mr. Lloyd.

"Why, my dear father, you might see me alone any day you wished. But why are you pleased that I'm alone, father?"

"Because," replied Mr. Lloyd, with evident emotion, "I have something to say to you, Mary, that should be uttered in confidence—something that may affect your happiness as well as that of the rest of the family."

"Pray, father, what can it be?" asked Mary, colouring as she spoke.

"Edward Burton, Mary, *must* discontinue his visits at our house."

Mary coloured more deeply than ever, but made no reply.

"Yes, Mary, you must think no more of Ed-

ward. He is a respectable young man, I know. I never had a steadier or more industrious one in my employ, and from the moment he entered as the cabin-boy of the ship *Pocahontas*, until he arose by his application and intelligence to the command of the *North America* to India, he has ever shown himself possessed of integrity, morality and unwearied perseverance."

"And these, father," (said Mary, almost unconscious of what she said,) "are certainly praiseworthy virtues in any young man."

"Yes—yes—Mary, they are: but you know that Edward's origin was plebeian, he has to support his poor widowed mother even to this day—good woman I believe she is, and certainly he is a good son for doing it."

"There is nothing very criminal in all this, father," added Mary, with a more confident smile.

"Nothing, no, nothing, Mary; Edward would be a good match for an equal; but he must forever give up all hope of marrying into the ancient family of the 'Lloyds.'"

"Perhaps he will become more worthy in a few years, father," said Mary in the suppressed tone of one who is about to breathe forth the last hope.

"No, never," said Mr. Lloyd, with anger. "The respectability of our house must be supported by proper alliances—so *Miss*, from this day, think no more of Edward Burton."

Mary hastened to her chamber, as her father left the room. "I must not disobey my father. Then there is no alternative. I must address Edward a note, for he is forbidden to come here any more. I must do it, though my heart break in the writing. He was to have come to-night, but my father forbids him."

"Edward, dear Edward—my father forbids you to visit us more. Put seas between us. You must not live on the same continent with me. I can write no more. MARY."

The servant handed the note into Edward's hand, at his own apartment, within the neat but unpretending residence in the north part of the city, which he had two years previously purchased as a house for his widowed mother.

"Yes—it is but too true. The changed deportment of Mr. Lloyd is now explained. I am the son of a poor widow. Why did I for a moment take counsel of my foolish heart? The ocean shall roll between us. Mary must become the bride of one more nobly born."

And with all speed did he make his arrangements to depart in the ship *Siam*, which was to sail in a few weeks for the East Indies.

When Mary read in the list of passengers, the name of Edward Burton, she burst into a flood of tears. "I thought he might have seen me. No, my father forbade him. Well—I am happy now—he is gone, and came not to say farewell."

CHAPTER III.

For several years forward, nothing material occurred in the family of the Lloyds. The business of Mr. Lloyd continued to flourish, up to the period of the war with the mother country. All readers familiar with the commercial vicis-

situdes of those days, need not be told that many of the most wealthy merchants were ruined by the privateerings and spoliations which spread devastation in their train. Mr. Lloyd was a deep sufferer. "Misfortunes did not come singly," for one ruin appeared to follow another. Besides his enormous losses upon the seas, he was heavily concerned in several insurance companies, whose losses became so great as to bring utter ruin upon them. An extensive house in London, with which he was largely connected, four months afterwards was forced to stop, by which his endorsements were immensely augmented; and, as if there were fate in it, when he was daily expecting the arrival of his last ship, "*The Pocahontas*," richly laden from the Indies, the fatal tidings came that she had been captured and plundered of every thing. This was the death-blow to his hopes. He was unable longer to sustain the credit of his house; and the remnant of his property was sacrificed to meet liabilities that could not be put off. He was a ruined man, reduced from affluence, almost to a state of dependence; for he was a proud, but an honourable merchant, and gave up every thing.

In the midst of this ruin, there was a last hope left, which would afford the family a home. At the death of General Hampton, he had settled his country estate, after the death of his widow, upon his only daughter, Mrs. Lloyd; and as her mother had died several years before, the family retired to the old homestead as their future abode. It was a comfortable one; and though a great change from their former princely residence, they learned gradually to moderate their desires; and for three years, blessed with the good sense, the assiduity, and the ever-beaming smiles of Mary, who became now their greatest consolation, they were comparatively happy and contented.

Juliet came every summer, from her southern home to visit them, usually accompanied by her husband, who had continued "to live a gentleman of fashion," and, as idleness begets vice, it was known that he had materially diminished his estate by the pharo-table, having become professionally a fashionable player. The family still thought "*The Colonel*" well off, for he maintained his splendour of living. It was not surprising, therefore, that he did not find it difficult to obtain the security of Mrs. Lloyd for the payment of a claim of fifteen thousand dollars, which existed against him; and which he said he did not pay, because he preferred not to sacrifice some stocks, the prices of which were at present down in the market. "But," added the Colonel, "I'll give you a mortgage on my estate, and then all will be abundantly safe, if I should not sell the stocks at the time I propose." The security was on time. The two years for which it was given elapsed; but the Colonel had not made his preparations to pay any thing more than the interest, and the holder of the claim agreed to its extension for two years more, provided, of course, Mrs. Lloyd continued her security. The family had now become a little alarmed about it; but, nevertheless, there was no way to avoid a re-

newal of the security, and so it was given, on the most positive assurances of the Colonel, that he would not fail to dispose of some of his property to meet the claim long before it should again become due.

CHAPTER IV.

It was now eleven years since Edward Burton took his departure for the Indies. What vicissitudes had befallen the family in the mean time! What hopes and fears had alternated in the mind of Mary. That she loved Edward with a most holy affection, was too true. That he loved her, she knew too well. But with her, there was no alternation between duty and feeling. Obedience to her parents was the only rule of her existence. In this, Mary was certainly an uncommon girl. At her age of life, sixteen, when Edward was forbidden any longer to cultivate her acquaintance, it was scarcely to be expected so much coolness of judgment in an affair of the heart could have been exhibited. Probably, more than ninety-nine out of every hundred of young ladies, similarly situated, would have contrived clandestine meetings with their lovers, which would ultimately have ended in running away to get married, and then getting on their knees to beg forgiveness. But Mary had a mind too well balanced and noble to be guilty of any thing of the sort. And though it cost her a struggle, such as great minds are alone capable of enduring, she did not hesitate as to the course to be pursued. But years had now rolled away. She thought of Edward. Indeed, she never could forget him. Yet she had accustomed herself to think of him as a dear friend, whom she might never see again, as he had but consulted her desire to leave the country forever.

The two years had now nearly rolled away, within which the payment was to be made of the debt, for which the mother had given her personal security, at the solicitation of Colonel Wilton. In the mean time, he had not, as he had most sacredly pledged himself to do, made any arrangements for the payment, but, on the contrary, he had been pursuing a life of pleasure and dissipation that little comported with the demeanor of a man who had received security from the mother of his wife, on a reliance upon his honour; and which he knew would rob the family of their home and last and only hope, if not promptly paid. Mary, who had for some time been much alarmed about this security, now became deeply excited. She urged her mother to hold a secret interview with Wilton, to persuade him to make some disposition of his property, so as to meet the debt. She did so; and when he was pressed upon the subject, he had to confess the astounding truth, *that his whole estate had been mortgaged for as much as it was worth, before it was pledged to Mrs. Lloyd!*—but that he had hoped to clear it at the pharo-table, so as to be able to meet the debt. There was now no hope, especially as it was soon ascertained that the claim, for which Mrs. Lloyd was security, had passed into the hands of Mr. Sanderson Bradlee, a man of great wealth, who had two years previously proposed

himself to Mary in marriage, and been rejected.

It was now within a single month of the time, when the limit of the claim would expire. Mary was all but heart-broken; not on her own account, but to think that her parents who had now become somewhat advanced in life must be turned out of the home in which they had hoped to pass the rest of their lives. To her this appeared the severest trial of her life; and as she was seated in the little back parlour, looking out upon the verdant lawn, she wept in the anguish of her soul that every day was bringing them nearer and nearer to the most fatal catastrophe which had yet befallen them.

"Oh! that I could avert this awful doom from the heads of my beloved parents," she uttered aloud to herself.

"So you may," said Marie Anderson, who had entered unperceived. "Yes, Mary, I have been importuned to offer you a way of escape."

"How!" exclaimed Mary, "in the name of heaven, I conjure you to tell me."

"You will not hate me for the offer?" said Marie, inquiringly.

"No, no, dearest Marie. Show me any way to avert the calamity that hangs upon us, and I will gladly embrace it."

"Then I will tell you Mary, that Mr. Bradlee offers to relieve the security, and place the homestead unencumbered to your mother."

"If I will accept his hand in marriage," interrupted Mary, with the deepest disappointment. And she relieved her feelings in a shower of tears, as Marie attempted to excuse herself for having breathed such a thought.

"Give yourself no uneasiness, Marie," said Mary, becoming more collected. "You did it to show a way for me to secure a home for my parents. I thank you, dear girl. But you must not go to-night. Stay with me, Marie. I'll think more of what you have been saying."

That night when they retired, Mary told her friend that she had thought of nothing but the intimation that she had made, and she added, with a resolution peculiarly her own, "Marie, I have made up my mind. I will accept the proposal—and my parents will not be driven from the Hampton Farm."

On the following day the parents were much surprised with the arrival of Mr. Bradlee at the farm, for they had had no intimation of what had happened on the preceding day; and they were more surprised still when he announced to them that "now they could keep the homestead."

That moment Mary entered the parlour, and was welcomed by Mr. Bradlee with that overflow of smiles which is apt to proceed from one who feels self-confident of having won a hand for which he has been long seeking. Ere he returned to the city that night he had prevailed upon Mary to fix the wedding that day two weeks.

The preparations for an event, for which a man so rich as was Mr. Bradlee had so anxiously desired, were soon accomplished. He had kept an elegantly furnished mansion in the city, ever since the death of his mother, with whom he resided while she was living. So that Mary

was to come with him to his own residence, as soon as the nuptials were performed, and it was arranged that the Wilton claim should be discharged on the same day, although it would be a few days in anticipation of the foreclosing of the mortgage upon the "Hampton Farm."

Thursday, the day of the wedding, at length arrived. Nothing that wealth, taste or luxury could procure, was wanting to render it a magnificent *fête*. Mr. Bradlee was connected with some of the first families of the metropolis; and a large throng had been invited to join in the festivities of the occasion. The mansion at the "Hampton Farm," large and capacious as it was, was literally filled to overflowing; and all was fashion, gaiety and hilarity within. The nuptial-hour was fixed at eight o'clock, and already the shades of evening had passed, when the carriage of Mr. Anderson drove into the court-yard, and Marie alighted with apparent haste. She passed in at the side-door, and meeting Mrs. Lloyd, asked for Mary. She was shown up at once to her apartment, and met the bride-to-be, adorned for the wedding.

"Why did you not come before?" asked Mary, with great emotion, "for it seems as if my very soul is sinking at the approach of this most fearful crisis of my life. Oh God, that I could escape it with honour and yet preserve the home of my parents."

"And if Edward Burton were here, Mary, with means to pay off the claims upon the farm, would you accept him, if he had nothing beside?"

"Yes, Marie, I would go with him to the

ends of the earth. Dig with him—sail with him—do anything to escape the toils of the man who takes me as the price of my parents' home."

"Then shall you this night become his wedded bride, for Providence has returned him in riches, to save you from a life of unhappiness and the abode of your parents from the spoils of the *rickster*."

To many of the readers of this unpretending story, it will not be necessary to add, (because they know it to be true,) that Edward Burton and Mary have ever since been bright and admired examples of society. He is not only one of the richest men of the day, but one of the most unpretending and benevolent. He saved the brothers of Mary, by putting them in the way of business, in which they have become well off and respectable. He protected the declining years of Mary's parents with an affection that could not have been excelled; and, when, a few years ago, the father was gathered to his rest, beside the remains of the partner of his life, who died the year preceding, he caused a chaste marble obelisk to read to visitors of the most charming "Home of the Dead," in America, this pathetic truth, "Lloyd an honest man." It is only two years since Wilton ended his career; and Mary and Edward threw open their mansion as Juliet's future home; and they are now carrying Charles Wilmot, the widow's only son, through a college education, bestowing upon him the same kindness and affection which they do to their own Edward, who is the class-mate of the adopted Charles in the same Institution.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SHE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

BY J. JONES.

O, she was gay in youth's bright morn,
And beautiful when young,
And 'midst life's roses knew no thorn
Till her sweet breast was stung:
The plighted one forgot his vow—
She said it gave no pain—
But a sadness settled on her brow—
She never smiled again!

She spoke not of the cruel one
And sought the merry throng;
But changed was her once silver tone,
And mournful her low song.

She glittered next with jewels bright,
And danced to merry strain;
But the stricken one knew no delight—
She never smiled again.

She strayed along the sedgy brook,
And marked the blue-bird's song—
But neither flower, bird, nor book,
Could cheat her memory long.
Her thoughts flew back to moments past,
And then she sighed in vain;
Her drooping heart was broke at last—
She never smiled again!

THE truly great consider first, how they may gain the approbation of God; and secondly, that of their own conscience; having done this, they would then willingly conciliate the good opinion of their fellow-men. But the truly little reverse the thing; the primary object, with them, is to secure the applause of their fellow-men, and having effected this, the approbation of God and their own conscience may follow on as they can.

THERE are some characters whose bias it is impossible to calculate, and on whose probable conduct we cannot hazard the slightest prognostication; they often evince energy in the merest trifles, and appear listless and indifferent on occasions of the greatest interest and importance; one would suppose they had had been dipped in the fountain of Hammon, whose waters, according to Diodorus, are cold by day, and hot only by night!

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE SALAMARIAN SPRINGS.

A SKETCH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

(Concluded from page 43.)

At this information his audience somewhat started and somewhat stared—and the children looked about for his bag.

"Yes"—continued Mr. Davenant—"I am indeed what many of my countrymen would call 'a real Brummagem harticle.' My occupation at home was that of rider, or collector of orders to a large manufacturing house in Birmingham; and the business on which I came to America is not very different. It was formerly the custom of our fraternity to travel on horse-back, or in small one-horse vehicles, carrying a bag containing samples or pattern cards of the commodities manufactured by our employers; for instance, knives, scissors, buttons, &c. But of late we go more at our ease in stages, and in rail-road cars, and take our specimens in our trunks."

"Sir, give me your hand," said Mr. Carmony, with much energy—"whatever may be your profession, you are a man and a gentleman. And your frankness on this occasion only makes me the more desirous of cultivating an acquaintance with you." And in the warmth of his heart he introduced Mr. Davenant over again to the ladies.

Mr. Davenant made a suitable reply, and smiled while explaining that his visit to the springs was not, however, on business, but merely for recreation. The old gentleman then fell into a brisk conversation with him respecting the manufacturing interests of England, which soon diverged into a discussion of the corn-laws, and of the views and proceedings of the conservatives and the radicals. On all these subjects, Mr. Davenant discoursed with much good sense and ability; and in language fluent, polished, and luminous. Lydiana whispered to her sister that she had never before had a clear idea of the corn-laws.

Clouds had been gathering in the south-west ever since noon, and the wind rising, they now came up rapidly, and very soon broke into a pouring rain. It became necessary to close the leather curtains of the coach, but none of them fitted tightly; on one side the eylet holes were so torn as to be useless, and on the other, most of the brass buttons that should have fastened them down had disappeared. Therefore the rain came in, in spite of all the contrivances that were resorted to for endeavouring to keep it out; and the passengers were all more or less wetted by it, notwithstanding the cloaks and shawls in which they had wrapped themselves as soon as the storm became certain. "Your bonnet, my dear," said Mr. Carmony, looking at his wife, "seems fated to suffer both by fire and water." "It does, indeed," said Mrs. Carmony—"and the bonnets

of the girls are now getting as wet and shapeless as mine; we shall have to send them to the nearest town to be put in order, if it is possible that any thing can ever restore them. And in the meantime, we must wear those common grass cloth ones that we brought with us to stroll about in."

Mr. Carmony thought in his own mind it would have been better had they chosen the common grass cloth ones to ride in, but seeing that his wife and daughters were all very uncomfortable, he forbore any farther animadversions, and began to apologise to the Englishman for the rain.

"Generally, Mr. Davenant," said he, "our American rains give us warning the day before. It is only in the very heat of summer that they take us in this way, by surprise. Ours is by no means a showery country—I can assure you it is not."

"Of that I have had sufficient proof, already," replied Mr. Davenant. "And really this rain will be so serviceable in laying the dust, that I should consider it a thing to rejoice at, were it not for the inconvenience it has occasioned to the ladies, who I earnestly hope will take no cold in consequence."

"Oh! no," replied Mrs. Carmony—"we depend on the excellence of our American constitutions."

This was going a little too far, for Mr. Davenant glanced all around, and it struck him that none of the ladies present (though all of them looked very well) had that appearance of glowing health which characterizes the women of England; nor is it possible they should, in a country where the females are brought up with so much delicacy, and in a climate remarkable for the extremes of heat and cold, and for the suddenness with which these alternations succeed each other.

Luckily (as the rain continued) our travellers had but little farther to go. A sudden turn of the road brought them in full view of the Salamarian Springs; and at the first sight of the house, they all, (particularly Lydiana,) looked somewhat disappointed. She had imagined an elegant and imposing mansion, resembling either a Grecian temple, or an Italian villa; and she looked in vain for a noble portico, its lofty columns, interspersed with exotics growing in vases of antique form; or for verandas, round whose light and graceful pillars, roses and honeysuckles were twining in mingled beauty and fragrance. And she saw neither ground-windows, nor bay-windows, nor a level roof with a balustrade; for such were the ideas she had entertained of this resort of fashion and refinement. On the contrary she beheld a tall four-story house, much resembling a factory, (only that it was not very large,) the windows

being all smaller than the usual size, and having no shutters. It was rough cast, or coated all over with white, and the wood-work had been painted red. A few wooden steps led up to a tavern-looking porch, into which opened a small square front door. A few yards from the main structure, (but quite detached from it) stood what was called the wing, a long low frame building, with porches at one side and one end; and a roof with a double row of garret windows, evincing two sets of those dormitories which under the burning rays of an American summer, can only be exceeded in heat by the leaden-roofed prisons of Venice. From these pigeon-holes they saw ladies looking out. Behind was a neglected garden; in front lay a green, denominated a lawn; and in the centre of the green an edifice formed entirely of wooden bars, and resembling a gigantic chicken coop, stood up high and dry; and as they afterwards found was to be called the summer-house.

When the stage stopped at the door, the ladies in their travel-stained habiliments were much disconcerted at having to make their entrance through a double line of young men, all assembled in the porch, and in the passage, to see the strangers arrive. They were met by Mr. Scantling, the landlord (or proprietor rather,) of the Salamarian Springs, a fair-faced smooth-looking man, with eyes always modestly cast down, and a mouth spread into a perpetual smile. This gentleman, in answer to Mr. Carmony's inquiry, informed him that excellent rooms would soon be ready for their party, but that notwithstanding the receipt of their letter they could not have been obtained, only that Mr. and Mrs. Goldacre and family had just departed after a stay of three weeks.

The ladies felt somewhat appalled on finding the entrance hall covered with what is termed a rag carpet, very greasy and clustered with flies; and they stole a glance at the Englishman to see what effect it had upon him. But they could not discover by his looks, whether or not he had observed this least genteel of all floor-coverings.

While their chambers were preparing, they were shown into what was called the drawing-room, which was in the frame building, or wing; and to reach it they had to cross in the wet a portion of the yard. They found this apartment insufferably warm and close. (the sashes having been shut down to keep out the rain) and its aspect was altogether mean and comfortless. The ceiling was dark blue-washed; the walls were covered with yellowish party-coloured paper of a handbox pattern. The floor was spread with matting of the cheapest and coarsest kind, consisting of several pieces, laid together, and so imperfectly tacked that they slipped about under the feet of the walkers. In the centre stood an old-fashioned round tea-table, covered with a green woollen cloth, which was saturated with grease and stains, and strewn with three or four tracts, and a newspaper of last week. On the darkest side of the room was situated an ancient piano, with two of the brass screw-covers twitched

off by the children, and the others standing out horizontally, just ready to be brought off by the next twitch. Numerous bits of the inlaying had also been peeled away, and one of the feet, having lost its castor, was propped by a book wedged under it. Near the piano was placed an old yellow chair, which by sawing off a part of the back had been razed into a music-stool. On this sat a nurse-maid, who by way of amusing a fretful infant, and causing it to forget the irritation of the prickly heat that covered its neck and arms, was drumming with one hand on the tenor part of the instrument, while on each side of her stood an accompaniment of boy and girl, one thumping the lower bass keys, and the other tinkling up in alt. On the opposite side of the room was a yellow wooden settee, called "the sofa," on which lay a coarse green moreen cushion, which in consequence of the strings being broken off, would have slipped all about, and perhaps slipped off, only that it was kept down by four more nursery-maids, all ranged in a row, and each holding a hot baby. There was not a chair in the apartment, chairs being afforded only for the dining hall; so some of the ladies sat on the window-sills, some on the stairs that went up out of the drawing-room to the next story; and some (notwithstanding the drizzling dampness of the weather) had recourse to the porch, placing themselves bolt upright on the hard narrow benches fixed against the wall of the house. The gentlemen sat no where, the common lot of that uncommiserated and unprovided-for class of beings, when they seek for pleasure in places where ladies "most do congregate."

Finally, after a long and uncomfortable standing about, and frequent sendings of a man-servant (whenever they could catch one) to bring them a maid-servant, the Carmony party were shown to their rooms that they might get off their wet clothes, and prepare for their appearance at the tea-table.

These rooms, (situated in the third story) were very small, with low ceilings, and little windows not constructed to slide down at the top, and which had been shut to exclude the rain. The heat and closeness of the atmosphere was intense; there being, of course, no chimnies in the sleeping apartments of a summer hotel. The rain not coming in on that side, Lydiana, in spite of the damp, would have raised the sash; but the button that was to keep it up had long since departed, and the stick used as a substitute had been allowed to fall out into the yard when the window was last shut down. She managed, however, to prop it with her hair-brush.

The only furniture in the room was one solitary green wooden chair, on which hung a damp, dingy cotton towel; a very narrow, mean-looking, red-painted, low bedstead, standing in a hot corner against the wall, and covered with a thick patch-work quilt, the sheets and pillow-case being made of coarse whitish cotton; a small yellowish washing-stand, without a drawer, and unfurnished with any receptacles for tooth-brushes or soap; the dry

pitcher, containing nothing but two or three bed-feathers which had flown in and stuck to its dirty sides; and a host of flies were walking over the smeared and sticky tumbler. A red-framed mirror, about the size of a window pane, hung over the washing-stand, but at so great an elevation that Lydiana had to climb on the chair to see her face in it. There was no table, no bureau, no press, no closet; and Lydiana saw that the only disposal she could make of her handsome dresses, (if she removed them from her trunks) was to expose them unprotected on a few pegs that were fastened to the wall.

The room had been partially swept, that is the brush had been moved over the small open space in the middle, leaving under the bed an accumulation of flue evidently of a week's gathering; and the turkey-wing (which in such houses is generally the only duster) had done its office so imperfectly, that Miss Carmony was fain to wipe the chair with her pocket-handkerchief before she could venture to sit down. There was no bell in any of the rooms, and Lydiana having unluckily let the chamber-maid escape as soon as she had pointed out the apartment, found it impossible to recover her. She looked out into the long passage that ran between a double row of small bed-rooms, and saw her mother and sister doing the same thing; their empty pitchers in their hands, and turning their heads anxiously up and down in quest of some one who could procure them a supply of water. None of the domestics, however, being likely to appear, Frank was dispatched down stairs in search of one, and he prudently volunteered to take two of the empty pitchers with him, that in case no servant could be procured in any reasonable time, he might fill them, and bring them up himself one at a time. His little sister proposed carrying her aunt Lydiana's pitcher; and the party were now quite happy at having some prospect of water. In the mean-time Lydiana discovered that the rooms allotted to the other members of the family were fac-similes of her own—as to furniture and cleanliness. They all agreed that their accommodations were certainly not of the first order, and strikingly inferior to those they were accustomed to at home; but they enjoined on each other the expediency of making the best of things, and of enduring without discomposure, a small quantity of pain, for the sake of a large quantity of pleasure. It was also resolved in conclave that the deficiencies of the establishment were not to be unnecessarily pointed out to the Englishman.

Had their apartments been more inviting, the ladies being much fatigued, would have remained in them all the evening, gladly dispensing with the trouble of dressing and appearing at the tea-table; but the aspect of things was such that they felt inclined to defer as long as possible the evil hour of retiring for the night.

At length the tea-bell rung, and they went down to a long, narrow room, furnished with a double range of cross-legged red-painted tables, covered with dirty cotton cloths; all the other

appliances, cups, plates, knives, forks, and spoons, being of the most coarse and common description. The servants (in number not sufficient for one-fourth of the numerous guests) made a disgustingly dirty appearance, and looked like the sort that were to be had cheap. The tea was so devoid of taste and colour that it was impossible to distinguish the green from the black; the bread (being made in the house) was so sour and heavy as to be scarcely eatable; the butter soft, oily, and ill-flavoured; and there were no butter knives. The relishes as they were called, (though few could relish them) comprised some little dishes of warm, tough cucumbers, made amazingly salt; tumblers of hot, purple, overgrown radishes; and small plates of fat gristly chips of black-looking dried beef. Here and there, at great distances apart, sat a saucer containing three or four of those dry, tasteless, choking, and always unpopular compositions, dignified by the name of Federal cakes.

Lydiana thought in her own mind that she had never sat down to so uninviting a repast; and Mrs. Talcott silenced little Frank as he said to her in a low voice—"Mamma, I have looked all over this table, and I don't think there is the least danger of any body eating too much." Mrs. Carmony whispered to her husband to talk to the Englishman about parliament, or some such thing, to divert his attention from the badness of the fare. Mr. Carmony assented at once to the suggestion, and did talk about parliament.

Tea over, they would have adjourned to the drawing-room, but the sofa was occupied by five scrambling boys. There were no chairs and no light, and a young lady who could perform in the dark was eliciting from the jarring and tuneless piano sounds that were intended to be understood as a Scotch air with variations, playing as she said quite *ad libitum*; the instrument introducing variations of its own by means of a loose wire or two that kept up a continual jingling accompaniment, and a broken string that caused one of the most important keys to be dumb. The rain having ceased, most of the company resorted to the porch, (it being too damp to go out on the green before the door,) and those who could get no seats promenaded. Mr. Davenant talked awhile with Mr. and Mrs. Carmony, and walked awhile with Mrs. Talcott and Lydiana. The company was broken entirely into sets; the Fussingtons, Hornblowers, &c. forming the first, and carefully excluding all the others. It was afterwards some satisfaction to Mrs. Carmony to learn that the sleeping apartments of the Fussingtons and Hornblowers were no better than her own.

Talking in the dark soon becomes a very drowsy business, and almost every one retired before ten o'clock—"to bed—perchance to sleep"—not without a well-founded suspicion of the chance being against them.

"This is a sorry night!" said Mr. Carmony, on looking round his bed-room.

"Did you never sleep in a worse place, my dear," asked his wife.

"Yes—often—in my younger days, when travelling in the far-west of that period; but then I did not set out for an excursion of pleasure."

Mrs. Carmony said no more. She had in vain protested to the chambermaid against the coarse cotton sheets, and had as vainly requested a bolster with sufficient feathers to give it some little elevation. She was told that all the bolsters were alike, that it was the rule of the house to have muslin sheets, and that Mrs. Fussington had said nothing against them. All that Mrs. Carmony could achieve was to have the heavy quilt exchanged for a dirty spread of coarse dark calico, too short to reach the feet. She was informed that Mrs. Goldacre had slept under a calimanco quilt stuffed with wool, and made no objection.

Mrs. Talcott grieved that she could not have a light in her bed room all night, in case her children should be taken ill, (as seemed very probable) but there was no chimney to set it in, and it would soon have been extinguished by the air from the window which it was absolutely necessary to keep open. Notwithstanding the heat, she was obliged to take her little girl to sleep with her on a bed, which though called a double one, was found too narrow to accommodate even one person comfortably; there being a strip of mattress down the middle only, while the sides were sacking-bottom and cords. As for Frank, nothing by way of bed could be obtained for him, but an old worsted quilt, with tufts of wool poking out here and there. This quilt was laid on the floor, and spread over with a sheet, and an old red calico spread.

"Mamma," said Frank—"I really don't seem as if I could sleep in such a bed as that. It looks so very mean. I'm a genteel boy, an't I."

"When genteel people go to the Springs," replied his mother, smiling, "they are obliged to submit to very ungenteel things."

"But *must* people go to the springs," asked little Louisa.

"That's what I was thinking," said Frank. "For my part I don't see the use of putting oneself in the way of eating bad victuals, and sleeping in bad beds, and sitting without chairs."

"Frank," remarked his mother, "I thought you had a more manly spirit than to complain of such little inconveniences. Think when you grow up and go out into the world (as all men must do) how many worse things you may have to encounter. Suppose yourself, for instance, in the army or the navy, or travelling in the wilderness, or settling on back land. I am really disappointed in you."

This view of the case silenced poor Frank; and he took quiet possession of his uncomfortable couch, as did his mother and sister of theirs. The little girl was the first to close her eyes in a feverish and uneasy slumber. Mrs. Talcott did not get to sleep till near morning. Once in the course of the first hour, Frank raised his head, and finding that his mother was awake, said—"I'm trying to bear it." The next half hour he said—"I'm bearing it better now;"

finally he murmured—"I'm bearing it very well indeed"—and shortly after, he sunk into unconsciousness.

Lydiana, after stopping up various mouse-holes by stuffing into them bits of wrapping-paper from her trunk, laid herself on her hard and uninviting mattress, which was filled with musty straw, and like all in the house was so narrow that whenever she turned during the long and restless night, she found herself on the cords and pins of the sacking; the bolster and pillar both together did not contain a half pound of feathers, and the cotton sheets, in addition to their heat and roughness, were sadly deficient both in length and breadth. She could not help contrasting her present dormitory with her large, airy, and handsomely furnished apartment at home. About midnight, however, "cribbed, cabined, and confined," as she found herself, the fatigue of our heroine overpowered all other sensations, and she was "hushed with buzzing night-flies to her slumber."

Morning came, and few of the company being so "falsely-luxurious," as to have the least desire to remain on their "beds of sloth," they generally deserted them at a very early hour; not, however, to engage in the shoe-wetting and gown-draggling exploit of "treading the morning dews," so earnestly recommended by Thomson to his Amanda, but to wander about the porch, or to pace quietly along the gravel-walk which led to the springs that gave rise to the establishment, by causing an ostensible pretext for resorting thither.

Lydiana, (who had read poetry as well as novels,) expected to see a fountain sheltered by a Grecian temple, containing an altar to Hygeia, and perchance guarded by the statue of a water-nymph. She saw only a low bank of grey stone half surrounding a small natural well, near which lay a tumbler, fixed in a tin ring with a long handle; lots of broken glass, (the remains of former tumblers) being scattered about the vicinity. Close by was a rude frame building, looking like a small stable; and this enclosed the bath.

"Here then," said Mr. Carmony, "are literally the Salamarian Springs." And after dipping up a glass of water for each of his family, and tasting it himself, he pronounced it as slightly salt and so slightly bitter, as scarcely to keep the promise of its name.

"Grandpapa," said Frank, whose curiosity to try the water had brought him to the spot before any one else—"I was quite disappointed at finding it did not taste half so bad as I had supposed. I thought it would be as salt as pickle, and as bitter as gall."

"True," said Mr. Carmony—"with regard to these chalybeate waters, the more unpalatable the more efficacious."

"That means the worse the better, don't it?" resumed Frank—"Then I hope this is quite as bad as any of the springs in England, for here comes Mr. Davenant."

"My dear," said Mrs. Carmony, turning to her husband, "it is not worth while to mention before the Englishman how badly we all slept

last night, and what paltry beds we had. And above all, do not tell him that when you wanted another towel they brought you a doily; and that we heard a gentleman in the next room say that they had furnished him with nothing but an old pocket-handkerchief to wash with. You know it rained yesterday, and perhaps they could not get their towels dried; and then the house is so full of people that it *must* be difficult to make them all comfortable."

"Mr. Davenant," said Lydia, "has not yet made one single unfavourable observation about any thing in America."

"That's very true, aunt Liddy," said Frank, "for I've been watching him all the time. But perhaps, like the parrot in my fable-book, 'he thinks the more.'"

Mr. Davenant now joined them, and Mr. Carmony having duly apologized for the want of flavour in the Salamarian water, (which the Englishman pronounced to be at least, refreshingly cool,) Lydia hastily inquired if he had ever seen Mrs. Gore; and she was highly delighted to hear that this very talented lady had once been pointed out to him at the theatre. She then talked of Mrs. Gore's novels, and asked if they were not correct representations of fashionable life in England. To which Mr. Davenant replied laughingly, "You forget that persons in my station can have no opportunities of judging."

"Yet I understand," pursued Lydia, "that Mrs. Gore is herself a woman of fashion, and certainly her novels give the same pictures of that class of society that we find in those of Lady Dacre, Lady Blessington, and Lady Charlotte Bury."

"Well then," replied Mr. Davenant, "out of their own mouths we may condemn them; and if their books, and those of Bulwer and D'Israeli furnish a correct delineation of the private life of the nobility of England, it is time indeed that the order were abolished."

All the Carmonys looked with amazement at this declaration of the Englishman, and the old gentleman again shook hands with him.

Seeing that both the porches were now filled with people, our party went and sat in the chicken coop, as Mr. Carmony injudiciously called it, till his wife checked him by a whispered hint not to make the summer-house ridiculous in the eyes of the Englishman.

Lydia inquired of Mr. Davenant concerning the watering-places in England, and was glad to hear that he had visited most of them; and all the family were pleased with his delicacy in making no boast of their superiority to those of America.

At breakfast the table was not more inviting than at tea, and the morning seemed warmer than ever from the atmosphere being redolent of the fumes of tough beef-steaks swimming in fat; hard thick slices of rusty ham ditto; mutton chops consisting chiefly of long blackish bones; and dishes of salt mackerel, which last seemed more abundant than any other article. There were a few eggs in the proportion of one egg to every ten people. The coffee was as vapid and colourless as the tea, and the chief

dependence in the bread and cake line was on some slices of crusty toast, and a few thin flat hard-baked squares of Indian meal mixed only with water and a profusion of salt: very much like saw-dust and extremely fatiguing to masticate and still more so to swallow.

After breakfast the company seemed at a loss to know how to dispose of themselves. Mr. Carmony and Mr. Davenant set out on an exploring ramble into the adjacent country, others sauntered about the precincts of the house, but the sun soon became too hot, and its full effulgence began to beam upon the porch and the drawing-room. The ladies would have retired to their own apartments, but the chambermaids were so few that not half the rooms could be put in order before afternoon, and there was no great enjoyment in passing the morning in an oven-like place with the door shut, seated on a high hard chair, by the side of an unmade bed, and a slopped washing-stand. In consequence of the negligence or the scarcity of the servants, the pitchers in most of the chambers were allowed to remain empty during the greatest part of the day, and the heat being intense there was no little suffering in consequence. Except in Mrs. Carmony's, no water had been left in either of the rooms belonging to our party. Frank and Louisa Talcott were at play with some other children in the summer-house, and therefore were not at hand to procure water, and the ladies having put on their loose gowns were not in order to go up and down stairs at the risque of meeting gentlemen. At length our heroine, having dressed herself on purpose, prepared to explore her way to the kitchen with an empty pitcher in each hand, but her mother positively forbade her to carry them up when filled, saying, "If we once indulge these people by waiting on ourselves, it will so lessen their respect for us, that they will leave us to do so all the time."

Having finally found a chambermaid who faithfully promised to fill the pitchers and bring them up, Lydia returned to her room, and having left her door ajar, she saw after a very long delay the welcome sight of the girl coming along the passage with the two pitchers; a wholesale supply by means of a large water-bucket being a convenience not according to the rules of this house. One of the numerous doors hastily opened, and a lady looking out from her chamber said in a peremptory tone, "Give me one of those pitchers." "They are for some ladies that came last evening madam." "No matter, I have had no water in my room since yesterday morning, and I must have some let who will go without." She then seized the pitcher, and Lydia ran out and made sure of the other, lest that also should be appropriated by a fellow sufferer in these desert regions. In case the girl should appear no more notwithstanding her promises to bring a further supply, Lydia shared the contents of her jug with Mrs. Talcott; and it may be mentioned in this place that during the remainder of their stay at the Salamarian Springs the respectable Mr. Carmony was frequently to be seen going up and down stairs, pitcher in hand, conveying water to

his family, in which kind but humble occupation he was kept in countenance by many other gentlemen of equal respectability.

For half an hour before dinner, the company having put themselves into full dress notwithstanding the extreme heat of the weather, stood about down stairs, every chair being in requisition to place at the dining-tables. The dinner was scanty, ill-dressed, and consisting of the commonest and cheapest articles. The only delicacies were a few half-fed chickens, dispersed about singly, one on a dish. There was something called soup, which was mistaken by Mr. Carmony for weak rice-water with the rice left in it; and which was uniformly sent away almost as soon as tasted by those of the company that were helped first; and this prompt rejection was lucky for those that were helped last, spoons being very scarce. A half-grown pig had been made into six dishes, but having been fed only on trash the pork tasted accordingly; indeed, no summer pork is either palatable or wholesome. The vegetables were few and far between. On one little plate were two or three half-boiled potatoes; on a second, the fourth part of a cabbage; on another, two slips of split beet-root hard and stringy; on a fourth, a couple of spoonfuls of ill-drained beans cut almost into atoms; and on a fifth, a dab of greasy watery squash; while here and there stood a saucer of wet grayish slimy-looking rice for the benefit of any unfortunate Carolinians who might chance to be present.

The last course was of tasteless unseasoned bread-puddings having a puddle of whey in the bottom of each dish; stale and sour pies whose paste was of the description that soldiers call *target*; a sort of blueish sweetish froth designed for floating island but in which no island could be found, and a few glasses containing ice-milks, flavoured with nothing.

There was great scarcity of table-furniture. Some of the guests after petitioning in vain all dinner-time for tumblers, were not accommodated with those articles so indispensable in warm weather, till others of the guests (having made their meal as short as possible,) had left the table; and then a waiter turned his back round, dabbled the glasses in a pan of slop-water that stood in a window, and wiped them with his knife-towel or perchance with his apron. Some of the company had to wait in a similar manner for forks to their knives or for knives to their forks, and some were constrained to dine *à la sauvage* without a morsel of bread.

Those of the visitors who had been longest at the springs, might be distinguished at once by the adroit manner in which they took care of themselves and their own interests, and those who had but recently arrived could be recognised by their novice-like unwillingness to join in the scramble, and the disgust with which they seemed to regard it.

It is not to be supposed that the deficiencies of the table were allowed to pass without murmurs of dissatisfaction from some of the company, though most of them seemed to consider it as a thing of course. The landlord, Mr. Scantling, was all the time alertly moving

round behind them, and heard every remark with the same placid smile, and a countenance as difficult to discompose as that of Talleyrand, considering it like the great diplomatist a part of his system to receive all affronts amiably.

After they had left the table and returned to the porch, "I now see," said Mr. Carmony, "why the eyes of that man are always so down-cast. He is ashamed to look his guests in the face, and well he may be."

"Allow me to say," observed Mr. Davenant, "that much of this evil and of many others that afflict or inconvenience the society of America results from the passive disposition of every class of your citizens to submit to imposition rather than give offence by deprecating it. There is in your country a strange disregard of physical evils, very commendable no doubt when those evils are unavoidable, but not so praise-worthy when they might easily be prevented by a judicious remonstrance, or by a spirited determination to assert the right which every man ought to enjoy of obtaining a fair equivalent for the money he expends. I acknowledge the over-fastidiousness that characterises the generality of my countrymen, and their consequent unpopularity with the people of all other nations; but you Americans err on the other extreme."

"Aunt Liddy," whispered Frank. "Mr. Davenant is talking against America now."

"He is only telling the exact truth," replied Lydia.

On the third evening of their visit to the Salamarian Springs, none of our party could hold out any longer, and the discomforts of the place were openly discussed even in the presence of the Englishman. "But I assure you, Mr. Davenant," said Mrs. Carmony, "you must not judge of all our watering places by this. I have heard some of them described as delightful. It is very unlucky that this place happens to be fashionable this summer, and certainly very amazing that it is so."

"I have been at several American watering-places," observed Mr. Davenant, "where every thing was as well-conducted as possible, where all the apartments were genteelly and conveniently furnished, the table excellent, the servants attentive, and where the guests had nothing to regret but the shortness of their visits."

"And I," said Mr. Ashbrook, who had joined their party, "have been round them all, and I pronounce that at least one half of them are places where there is nothing but inconvenience, imposition, and the entire absence of all comfort, and where the guests are expected to pay enormously for being half-starved at table, and for sitting in dirty rooms, ill furnished, and for sleeping in detestable beds. The bad accommodation at places of public resort in a country so abounding in every thing, is an abuse that calls loudly for reformation, particularly as the charges are always extravagant. But I fear we can hope for no improvement as long as fashion in one of its most absurd shapes, has made it customary to visit them on any terms and in the hottest weather, rather than to stay quietly at home in a commodious house where

all is pleasant, cool and convenient. For myself I have the misfortune to be a bachelor, and therefore I cannot boast of a comfortable home."

"These abuses will continue," said Mr. Carmony, "as long as people unresistingly submit to them out of tenderness to the feelings of a mercenary fellow who has no scruple in consigning his guests (as you say) to all the miseries of paltry half-furnished rooms, bad and scanty food, worthless servants, and wretched sleeping; and who on presenting his usually unconscionable bill ought to be reproached firmly and fearlessly with his misdeeds, and assured that his house should be reported as it deserves. I ask if this is ever done?"

"Never, I believe," replied Mr. Ashbrook; "the guests only vent their dissatisfaction in remarks to each other, which however heard are never heeded, and the papers are filled with puffs of the delightful accommodations at every watering-place throughout the union."

"Also," resumed Mr. Carmony, "those places (bad as most of them are) will always be crowded, that the ladies may have an opportunity of displaying their finery in the summer as well as in the winter."

"The worst of it is," said Mrs. Carmony, after Mr. Ashbrook had left the porch, "we have no place in the chambers to put our clothes in. My dresses are all ruined from hanging up in the dust, and sun, and damp."

"And what have we gained, my dear, by this visit to the Salamarian Springs. To say we have derived any advantage from the water would be absurd."

"At least," replied Mrs. Carmony, "we have learnt that there is no place so pleasant as our own home, and we shall enjoy it the more when we return thither."

"I am glad to find you so candid," answered her husband. "I observed last evening how feelingly every one responded when the young lady who sat so long at that old piano was singing 'There's no place like home.'"

"Oh! but papa," said Lydia, "people always do so whenever they hear that song. It is customary."

"You are right," observed her father. "I have heard 'Sweet-sweet home,' murmured by girls that had young step-mothers, and by wives that had drunken husbands. Well—to-morrow we return to our own sweet home, as I begin to perceive that springs are not my forte."

"Nor mine—to say the real truth"—added his wife.

"Nor mine," said Mrs. Talcott, "for the children are neither so well nor so happy here as in our own house."

"That's very true, mamma," said Frank, "I am neither well nor happy. I looked in the glass the morning after we came, and found I had grown thin and pale already. Aunt Liddy, I think you looked much brighter and prettier at home."

"I am quite willing to return to-morrow," said Lydia, quickly.

"Well," resumed her father, "there is nothing like gaining wisdom by experience. And in

future I think we will leave travelling excursions in the dog-days to persons who have the misfortune to live in such small confined houses that almost any change must be for the better; and when we go from our own home in quest of pleasure we will seek it either before the warm weather begins or after it is over. To that home, Mr. Davenant, you will always be a welcome, and I hope a frequent guest. I think I heard you say that you intend returning to the city to-morrow?"

Mr. Davenant expressed his gratitude for the invitation and his wish to avail himself of it, and shortly after took his leave for the night.

"Papa," said Lydia, "how soon can we leave this place?"

"Early to-morrow morning," answered Mr. Carmony.

"Oh!" exclaimed Frank, "I am so glad to think that I shall have but one more night in that old bed. How charmingly I shall sleep to-morrow night in my own nice cool room, on a bedstead, with regular sheets and a bolster. It is a pity when we are sleeping pleasantly that we cannot be awake to know it. And then our own nice parlours, with plenty of chairs and sofas to sit down on."

The next evening saw the Carmony family comfortably re-established at their own house, which they now admired more than ever; and Mr. Davenant when he made his first call admired it quite as much as they did. He was a frequent guest, and they found that he even improved on acquaintance. In about a month he returned to England; but early in the winter they were surprised to see him back again. He informed them that his employers had been so satisfied with the manner in which he had transacted their business in America, that they had taken him into the firm, with an arrangement that he was to reside chiefly on our side of the Atlantic, and attend to their interests there, receiving from them large consignments.

The following spring Mr. Carmony had the satisfaction of purchasing, and Mrs. Carmony of furnishing a handsome new house, next door to their own, as a residence for their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Davenant; who dating their first acquaintance from their visit to that place, were always inclined to soften the disapprobation with which the old people spoke of the Salamarian Springs.

Nothing is more common than to hear directly opposite accounts of the same countries. The difference lies not in the reported, but the reporter. Some men are so imperious and over-bearing in their demeanor, that they would represent even the islanders of Pelew, as insolent and extortionate; others are of a disposition so conciliatory and unassuming, that they would have little that was harsh or barbarous to record, even of the Mussulmen of Constantinople.

Most of our misfortunes are more supportable than the comments of our friends upon them.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MALE COQUETRY.

"This even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
To our own lips."—*Macbeth*.

CHARLES LINTON and myself were idling away an hour of twilight, in a careless saunter along the pavement of the quiet village, where we were mutually pursuing our collegiate studies. The garniture of autumn bedecked the hills—the tropical leaf sways to no gentler breeze than our lips were parted to receive—our mental toils had ceased with the changing vibration which still lingered in the chapel steeple, and groups of our fellow students were passing to and fro, enjoying keenly the loveliness of the hour, and exulting in their release from the daily routine of study. Arm in arm we pursued our walk, yet our manner was free from that bustling sprightliness and noisy joviality, which is so striking a contrast to the silent reserve of manhood and invariably betrays the light-hearted student. Our eyes were not making their usual excursions to the open windows of our female acquaintance—even the slight drafts upon our politeness, as some fair form of their number flitted by, with a twinkling step and furtive glance of coquetry, were met only by an absent and mechanical bow, and our friends among the labouring classes, as they trudged from their daily toil and sent in our pursuit some piece of rustic satire, stared at the unusual silence of two such college blades as ourselves. Even the village boys displayed their agility and minstrelsy, with a sinister design upon our pence and praises, in vain. In truth, we were too much absorbed in our own conversation, to be heedful of passing "sights or sounds."

It will be a difficult task to give a mental or personal description of my companion. During an acquaintance of four years, I found his character a continued study. My reader will imagine a form imposing in proportion, graceful, instinct with buoyant and exulting health, and an irregular yet expressive cast of features, of which a keen gray eye and a mouth of intellectual outline, would most vividly impress an observer. I read Charles Linton like a book, when we first took our seats together in the college chapel, by the flash of the one and the passionate curve of the other. His uniform demeanour was courteous and fascinating in the extreme, yet I could never rid myself of the impression that his manner was artificial—rather moulded from the heartless maxims of Chesterfield and Rochefoucault than the free gushings of a kind and generous spirit. And it was so. Although nearly hidden in the glitter of splendid qualities, still Charles Linton's reigning and most repulsive foible was selfishness, an instance of the exhibition of which may be traced in the present sketch. Linton's intellect was active, strong, restless, and admirably disciplined. He was the only collegiate *genius* I ever knew, that sustained the character of an industrious and successful student. His self-control was remarkable. I have known

him literally tremble with passion; yet with an overmastering effort, his eye would clear, and the lip which he had bitten until it was bathed in blood, would be wreathed in smiles. These imperfect and rambling details premised, I hasten to sketch a detached passage in the conversation before alluded to.

"Yet what will be the result of this flirtation upon the feelings and peace of Helen Richmond? Have you thought of this, Linton?"

"I have thought little and care less about the result."

"Has it not occurred to you," I replied, "that a young and susceptible girl of sixteen, who has known few companions beside the poets and her own fancies, may repay your marked attentions with the gift of her heart?"

"Suppose such a catastrophe should occur," rejoined Linton, "Helen Richmond or her sex should not complain. Coquetry is their 'being's end and aim,' and by a little harmless flirtation we only repay their attacks upon our peace of mind in their own coin."

"Really, Linton, you are becoming very chivalric of late. We 'lords of creation,' are much obliged to you for couching lance in our defence. But, why not tilt with a knight of your own degree—some accomplished coquette, who could meet your stratagems with corresponding wiles—rather than this unsuspecting and confiding girl?"

My sarcasm took. Linton's pride revolted from this view of the subject, although in his countenance I could read no dawnings of generous emotion. His manliness was questioned by my remark, and his hasty reply referred to no other consideration.

"You mistake, Trevors," he said, "you mistake. My attentions to Helen Richmond may have been noticed, yet have they gone beyond the limits of sheer politeness!"

"I think they have been too invidious, by far. The politeness of a gentleman would justify such a manner toward *the sex*, but not toward a single individual. The distinction immediately established is apparent and wrong, unless you are prosecuting a matrimonial suit. This remark applies in your instance. You have stationed yourself near Helen Richmond in public rooms—your eye had a milder expression for her, and your voice a more impassioned tone, and I am not alone in the opinion, that a first love is the requital."

"Well, well," replied Linton, in a tone of impatience, as if the subject and my direct treatment of it were irksome, "This would make a fine peroration for some future speech, in a suit of breach of promise. As for Helen Richmond, I love her not, and I regard my late intercourse with her only as a momentary flirtation. But hush! we are passing her house!"

The caution came too late, for at that moment

a low exclamation, unnoticed by Linton, reached my ear. As mine was the interior of the walk I turned my head in its direction, and my eye met the agonized glance of Helen Richmond. She was leaning against an elm, evidently for support, and the anguish stamped upon every feature of her pale countenance, assured me that the heartless remark of Linton had been overheard by its subject. As I caught her eye, she hastily recovered herself, and with a gesture of silence disappeared.

"How Trevors?" exclaimed Linton, who was totally unconscious of this thrilling "*aside*" in our conversation. "Peering so anxiously through old Richmond's alleys. Your stare is really quite dramatic! What is the matter, man?"

I replied evasively, and the little incident above-mentioned having indisposed me for farther conversation, we soon parted.

I must here pause to recal some lagging portions of my narrative. Helen Richmond thus abruptly introduced to the reader, was very young—just lingering upon the threshold of tearful and passionate womanhood, and far from beautiful; for from her earliest infancy, hers had been the weary lot of an invalid. Yet, though disease had stolen the bloom from her cheek, and the elasticity from her step, still there lingered in her delicate and symmetrical features, traces of noble and intellectual beauty. A brunette in complexion, her eye was an anomaly in female loveliness—dark as night, yet tender as sorrow. Her voice was low and musical, and there was always a hush of my pulse as I listened to its sad cadence. My usual reminiscences of this period are indistinct, yet how well do I remember the artless *naïveté* of her manner—her keen apprehension of the beautiful in nature and intellect—the magic of her conversation and the insensible drafts upon your sympathy, as you listened to her painful breathing and marked the pallor of her cheek.

She was an object of interest and sympathy, and I dreaded the influence of the above incident upon her feelings—morbidly sensitive as they had been rendered by a long course of illness. That the blow was a severe and cruel one, I could not doubt. The question often occurred to me—would she fling over its wound the *ægis* of a woman's pride and secure future peace of mind by a conquest of herself? Sincerely and frequently did I wish her this best and most effectual solace!

In a few days Helen Richmond departed from the little village which is the scene of my sketch, for a residence in the extreme south. She went in the pursuit of health. It was the last resort of an anxious circle of relatives, and as a numerous troop of friends cordially united in the desire, that the issue would realize their hopes, I thought of that twilight scene beneath her father's elms, and included forgetfulness of Charles Linton and his repulsive selfishness among my "good wishes" for Helen Richmond.

* * * * *

We were enjoying the dignified leisure of a senior vacation. Layers of dust were gathered upon our shelves of text-books, and had their

venerable authors visited our chambers in person, they might have complained most bitterly of our neglect. We had all survived the fiery ordeal of a final examination—our respective parts for commencement were duly assigned, and most of the class had taken advantage of their release from the "parental discipline" of our worthy faculty, to disperse to their homes. A few of us still lingered behind, in a delightful state of alternation between our collegiate rooms and the parlours of the village. Indeed we were hourly reminded of our privileged ease and freedom, as our compeers in the lower classes, whom we complacently dubbed "*wider-graduates*," in anticipation of the coming ceremonies of commencement, toiled patiently to and from their allotted tasks.

Charles Linton occupied my cushioned arm-chair—always the post of honour in a student's room—and we were devoting the cool hours of a summer morning to rambling speculations upon books and authors, an occasional reminiscence of collegiate incidents, and the disposal of certain prime cigars. I was laughing most heartily at some trifling affair, which Linton was relating with all the tact of an admirable mimic, when we were interrupted by the entrance of a servant, who, leaving in my hands a couple of delicately folded billets, bustled away on the same errand to the inmates of an adjoining room.

"Ah! Linton," I exclaimed, "this surprise is worth even the remnant of your story. Here are notes of invitation to Mr. Richmond's."

"How! old Richmond's?" was the reply. "That carries us back to Freshman days. For the last three years, that parlour has been a 'sealed book' to company, as much so even, as those of the old Dutch housewives, that the venerable Diedrich Knickerbocker describes."

"During the absence of Helen Richmond it has been so truly. But have you heard of her return?"

"No!—Is it possible?"

"She returned a day or two since, with her health perfectly restored, and quite a *belle*, as I am told. This party is doubtless given in consequence. You will go, of course?"

"Certainly," said Linton. "You must remember she was an old flame of mine. When we were Freshmen together, you used to read me long lectures upon my 'male coquetry'—I believe that was your phrase."

"Very likely," I replied, and wishing to turn the conversation to a more agreeable topic, I reminded him of an intended fishing excursion. The hint was effectual, and off we sauntered, to catch trout which would have gladdened the old heart of Christopher North.

For *once* in my life, I was punctual to an appointment, as I entered, that evening, the parlour of Mr. Richmond. I felt anxious, I confess, to renew my acquaintance with Helen Richmond, who had been an absentee for years from her native village, and whom I recollected as the sickly girl, whose youth had been shadowed by the gloomy presence of disease. The *élite* of the place were assembled, and a more fascinating circle never gave life to the dullness

of a country village. Perhaps a group of lounging seniors like ourselves were interested judges on such a topic; yet even at the time of present writing, with my blood cooled by some years of mellow bachelorhood, I feel that it would be hardly safe to trust myself in a description of the belles of E—.

I recognised Helen Richmond only by her smile and voice—the one retaining its modulated sweetness and the other its lovely expression—as she advanced to greet and welcome me. She was changed—wonderfully changed. She had left us a wasted invalid, but now the hue of health glowed upon her cheek and lip—her bowed form had become full, graceful, and buoyant, and her eye, which once would have haunted you with its subdued and pensive look of sadness was now radiant with health and beauty. She replied to my congratulations upon her return, with an ease and grace which was eminently southern. Our conversation was of “*lang syne*,” yet as I left her side at the approach of others, I could hardly realize that the bright and beautiful girl, whose whole appearance was such a dazzling surprise to all her acquaintance, was really the same Helen Richmond I had known three years before.

“Trevors,” said a laughing coquette to me in the course of the evening, “look at Linton, he is fairly caught.”

“Linton!” I replied, “is he here? I have not seen him enter.”

“Yonder he is, talking with Miss Richmond. See, how completely absorbed! We will all share in her triumph, if she leads him captive. I have long given him over as incorrigible.”

“I thought you had him in your toils, a month since,” I replied. “Has he broken loose?”

“He was never fast! It was only one of his flirtations—merely playing round the hook!”

“I understand,” I replied, “Greek meeting Greek!”

The experienced eye of the beauty had not deceived her. Linton was evidently struck with the fascination and loveliness of his companion—seconded as her personal charms powerfully were, by a graceful and brilliant conversational tact. I watched her narrowly, as Linton, with his usual animation of tone and gesture, sustained his part in the *tele-a-tete*. Her manner was that of polite and graceful attention. She was perfectly self-possessed. Not the least flurry of manner—not the slightest change of colour, nor a single faltering glance of her eye indicated any internal agitation. Not a tone of Linton’s voice seemed to touch a heart string. Was a certain passage in her early intercourse with Linton forgotten?

The festivities of the evening being over, Linton and myself loitered slowly to our quarters. He talked gaily and freely upon every subject, except the one which would most naturally occur to us—the return and appearance of Helen Richmond. My least allusion to this, was received with a reserve and indifference of manner, so evidently assumed, that I was not deceived for a moment. I needed no other proof, that a deep impression had been

made upon his usually volatile temperament. I observed him closely thenceforth, and every day convinced me that his proud spirit was bowing before the influence of an absorbing passion. I saw the whole man—his vigorous intellect, and strong yet subdued passions—taking that direction with a convulsive energy characteristic of himself. His want of confidence continued, yet by me, who had studied his character for years, the disguise was easily penetrated, and I abided the event with increasing interest.

It was the festival week of a collegiate institution—that which ushered our commencement. The village was crowded with gay company. Balls, parties, and excursions of pleasure made every hour a festal one, as if to drown the regrets of the graduating class, who were so soon to leave the sheltering shadows of their Alma Mater. Among the giddy round, I remember well the levee of our venerable President, the evening immediately previous to commencement. Will my readers accompany me thither?

The gathering was a motley, yet a brilliant one. “Fair women” radiant with beauty and smiles, gave life and animation to the various groupings of the assemblage, and even the few of their number, with whom certain susceptible seniors had been suspected of depositing vows of rather a tender character, appeared regardless of the morrow’s pangs of separation. The professors were moving among their former pupils, recognising by their bland and affable courtesy, their new character as “citizens of the world.” And “the class,” now scattered the wide world over, seemed resolved to fling care to the winds, in the enjoyment of the passing festivities. Was not theirs a true philosophy?

It was a lovely summer evening, and slipping from a gay group gathered upon the piazza, I strolled leisurely and alone, through the delightful and tangled walks of the President’s garden. The air was cool and fragrant—the slight curve of a crescent was dropping over the hills, and as its soft and lingering light half revealed the landscape, methought that moonlit scene was not unlike the future of our hopes and schemes, dim, uncertain, and indefinite. The cheerful sounds of merriment came swelling from the lighted apartments, and thoughts of a saddened nature were stealing over me, when I was startled by the sounds of approaching footsteps. A moment, and Charles Linton and Helen Richmond were within such a short distance from the arbor, whose clustering vines concealed me, that every word of their conversation was distinctly audible.

Linton was repeating with an earnest and passionate emphasis, “a tale of love.” Their steps grew slower and slower, until there was an abrupt and mutual pause. The countenance of Linton was pale and agitated with emotion, and a single glance satisfied me, that the present moment was a crisis in his existence of thrilling interest. He paused, and with a feverish anxiety, I awaited the reply.

It came, after a momentary pause, in a measured, yet musical tone—ah! how unlike the trembling articulation of Linton—it came—like the knell of hope to his shrinking ear—a calm disavowal of the least reciprocal feeling, and a courteous rejection of his addresses.

“For heaven’s sake! Miss Richmond, Helen, dearest Helen!” exclaimed Linton, “recall what you have said! Is there no encouragement—no hope?”

“There can be none, Mr. Linton,” was the reply.

“Surely time may work some change in your feelings. At least, qualify your refusal! Is there no condition—no alternative but this cold—this cruel rejection?”

“Listen to me, Charles Linton. Justice to you requires that I should be explicit. The time has been when I might have received your avowal differently, but it has passed forever. Do you remember, three years since, I was a poor sick girl, drawing every breath in pain, and looking into every face for love and pity. You were attentive and kind, and I was grateful. Your attentions became so marked and exclusive, that they were noticed by every one. Do you doubt how I construed them?—Charles Linton, I loved you! I confess it freely, for I

was unused to society, weak, and confiding. Do not interrupt me. One day, I overheard you boasting to a companion, that your attentions to me were only designed as a heartless flirtation, for the gratification of a personal vanity, and from that moment I ceased to love, ay! or to respect you, Charles Linton. It was a cruel struggle, yet a woman’s *pride* sustained me. Had that last blow been spared, I might have lived and loved on, for I should have attributed the long hours you spent at my side, the softness of your tone, and the kindness of your eye, to a generous sympathy for a poor invalid. But I discovered your selfishness, Charles Linton, and here I am, the cold and tearless woman, who tells you, as her last and kindest wish, to go and *forget her*.”

She spoke rapidly, but collectedly, and as her last words thrilled upon the ear of Linton, she was gone.

I trusted but one glance to his countenance. That man of iron nerve and high intellect was in tears.

‘Twas a fearful retribution—that of Helen Richmond.

Penn Yan.

TREVORS.

Written for the Lady’s Book.

“THE PALACE IS NOT FOR MAN, BUT FOR THE LORD-GOD.”

1 Chron. xxix. 1.

O! fair and glorious Temple! Richest gem,
That art e’er set in nature’s diadem!
Footstool of heav’n’s high monarch! silver star,
That cheer’d the weary pilgrim from afar;
Rainbow of promise to that race oppress,
That gazing on thee, dream’d once more of rest:
Too glorious for decay! Perchance the march
Of time, falls printless on each massive arch
And portico and column, and the glow
Of sunset lingers on a “mount of snow.”
Perchance from Zion’s height, thy master-swell
Yet steals o’er thousands, harp of Israel!
Soft, spiritual, and liquid, half divine;
As when at first along the sacred shrine,
The new-born anthem rang, and trembling trod,
By paths celestial, to the throne of God.

Alas! not so; the silver-footed mist,
Seeks now in vain, the brow so often kiss’d;
The morning, waking from the night’s caress,
Clothes young creation in her varied dress,
But not on thee she shines, thy birth-right fair,
Is lavish’d now on meaner tenants there.
No lofty column ‘neath the ivy’s sway,
Stands forth a remnant, lovely in decay;
No broken arch or serpent-peopled dome
To call the spirit of weak fancy home,
And not a stone is left, thy name to speak,
And make, like Egypt’s piles, man’s glory weak.

And is it thus? and does a dreary waste
Spread now, where stood the temple thrice defac’d?
That Temple, where the Ark of safety dwelt,
And mighty kings in adoration knelt?
Does no new fabric rear its sainted pile,
And on the wreck of ages seem to smile?
Not so, from many a place of peopled dust,
Fresh structures rise to tell a nation’s trust.

From countless regions o’er the earth’s wide
bound,
Where’er Religion’s working arm is found,
Fair temples to the living God are given,
That stand like beacon lights, ‘twixt earth and
heav’n.

Oh! holy thought! that ‘mid the empty show
And gilded pageantry of all below,
There still is left one tribute, *one of love*,
That lifts Jehovah’s temples, far above
Man’s palaces in beauty; blessed tie!
That binds to heav’n, e’en earth’s idolatry.

And yet all these must perish. Through a span
Of coming years, their ruins, we may scan.
Is there no fane eternal? ne’er o’erthrown
By time’s strong hand, nor to oblivion strown?
No changeless palace for the changeless God!
Ah! yes, there is an altar, ever trod
By white-robed thoughts, as ministers; where
rays

Of light celestial fall, and angel lays
Find echo. There, the pearl of price doth lie,
And faith, whose crystal columns pierce the sky.
The heart! it is that altar. Let us strive
To keep it ever steadfast, and so live,
That earth’s rude passions shall innoxious play,
Around its hallow’d precincts; nor delay
To bless it with thy presence, King of kings!
Who dwellest far beyond these lesser things,
In glory’s unapproachable recess,
Where centre suns, on centre suns, that press,
Seem but nocturnal sparks, and yet who art
Felt, tho’ unfathom’d, in each human heart:
Great architect! complete the growing shrine,
And fill it with a sanctity divine.

Charleston, S. C.

M. E. L.

Written for the Lady's Book.

NIGHT.

BY P. KENYON KILBOURN.

MYSTERIOUS dome!—cloudless and undefaced—

How beautiful the wreath that circles thee!

On thy illimitable scroll are traced

The hieroglyphics of eternity!

How does my inmost spirit yearn, to-night,

To read those glorious characters aright!

Philosophy, to its great truths appealing,

May teach me that the orbs which round me shine
And blaze forever on thy beautiful shrine,

Are each a world in endless cycles wheeling:

Yet, seen in view of the Almighty plan,

What are they all but one vast caravan,

Laden with souls, and bound to that 'great day,'

When God shall make his jewels of such gems as they!

Written for the Lady's Book.

A TALE OF THE RICHELIEU.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING, AUTHOR OF SARATOGA AND YORKTOWN.

(Concluded from p. 19.)

It is well known, that on the night preceding the battle of St. Charles, the experienced commander of the British force, ordered a bugle to be frequently sounded as if in menace of an immediate attack. This *ruse de guerre* produced its desired effect, and the skilful officer had the satisfaction of seeing his men arise in the morning eager and well prepared for action, after the refreshment of a night of undisturbed repose, while he was fully aware that his enemy had been kept constantly on the alert, by his cunning feint, expecting every instant, an onset, and of course, wearied and dispirited by the anxiety and excitement of the night.

To Millicent, however, the cause of those fearful sounds was unknown, and it was no wonder that every blast of that piercing bugle seemed to her ear, as to that of many others, like the fierce note of instant and deadly onset. Slowly passed that miserable night, and with the first dawn of morning, she sent forth a messenger to bring her tidings from St. Charles. Before his return, however, hostile sounds, of a nature too decided to be mistaken, smote upon her trembling ears. Quick and distinct, came the rattling noise of musketry, and the loud roar of the cannon told too plainly that the work of death had commenced. We will not attempt to describe the painful suspense of Millicent during this dreadful and uncertain interval; strength, however, seemed given her according to her day; strength which she felt to be from above, in answer to her earnest prayers, else would she have wondered at her own calmness.

In a few hours all was again still on the opposite side of the river. The battle was over, the patriots were defeated; but the interest, which under different circumstances, Millicent would have felt in these tidings, was lost in the absorbing anxiety which consumed her, for her father and Leon. The dreadful loss of the Canadians, great as it actually was, came exaggerated to her ears, and with feelings of mute and passionless despair, she yielded to the conviction that the last blow was struck to that feeble hope, which alone remained unwithered in her breast. They were gone, she thought—all she had loved on earth, and the world was never more to be a scene of happiness for her. With the first rays of the morning sun, she

would go forth to seek their disfigured forms among the slain, and when she had laid them in their parent earth, she would take the vows of some religious order, and never more abide among the busy haunts of men.

Thus thought and resolved the desolate girl, in the first moments of her calm, but utter wretchedness; and after another sleepless night had passed sadly and wearily away, she prepared with the first gray light of dawn, to depart and execute her harrowing task. Justine, her childhood's nurse, and still her faithful attendant, who had striven in vain to dissuade her mistress from her purpose, was to accompany her, together with a priest, who went, if need should be, to shrive the dying, and perform the last offices of religion to the unburied dead.

The ice in the river was not yet sufficiently formed to prevent the passage of boats; a canoe was therefore got ready, in which the little party seated themselves, and were quickly rowed across, by Madaline's son, a boy of sixteen years. Millicent's heart sunk within her as she approached the opposite shore, and, absorbed in mental devotion, she scarcely heard the low tones of the priest who strove to whisper words of consolation in her ear. And when the light bark ceased its onward motion, and she felt assured she was nearing the fatal spot, she strove in vain to raise her drooping head; it sank still lower on her bosom, and an involuntary trembling seized her frame. The good priest, with the tenderest pity, marked her emotion.

"Courage, my daughter," he said, "it is God who chastens, and he has power to comfort you," and as he spoke, he gently took her arm, and assisted her to leave the boat. Millicent made a strong effort to subdue her feelings, and as her kind conductor led her onward, she strove to acquire the resolution necessary to support her in her fearful undertaking. But she had not yet been able to look around her, when an exclamation of horror, which burst from the lips of Justine, warned her that they had reached the fatal scene of the recent contest. She started convulsively, but rallied in an instant, and by a desperate effort raised her eyes and looked forth upon the objects which surrounded her.

Terrific indeed was the spectacle which met her view. The late pretty and peaceful village

of St. Charles, the queen of the Richelieu, renowned for its beauty and prosperity, was deserted by its terrified inhabitants, and that part of it, around and in the vicinity of the Seigneur's house, which the stockade included, was now a smouldering ruin. Nay, even yet, from the unconsumed buildings issued clouds of dense smoke, and gleams of lurid flame, that still found food for its rapacity in the charred and crackling timbers. Around, in promiscuous heaps, lay the mangled bodies of the slain, and dispersed among them, were groups of weeping women and terrified children, searching for the bodies of those whom they had lost.

Millicent could not endure the sight; a cry of anguish burst from her lips, and she clasped her hands across her eyes, to shut out the horrid spectacle.

"Courage, my daughter," repeated the good priest; "it is a sight of woe, but they are our brothers, our sons, our fathers, who lie unburied here, and we must nerve ourselves for duty. To-morrow we will weep—to-day is for action."

So saying, he began to search among the ghastly faces that lay upturned about him, grim with the last agonies of a violent death, for the familiar features of M. de St. Vallery, of Leon, and others, to whom his first services were due. Millicent followed, silent and shuddering; but as she became more accustomed to the horrors of the place, she found her gaze attracted as by a spell to every prostrate body, yet trembling every instant lest she should recognise in each the well known garb and features of those she sought, yet feared to find. Too soon, however, was this fear, in part, verified. As she pursued her eager search, still shrinking with instinctive dread, she approached a heap of slain, who from the situation in which they lay, seemed to have fallen in the first heat and fury of the combat. The priest was bending down to examine one whom he fancied still breathed, when he was startled by a shriek of intense and bitter agony—he turned quickly, and beheld Millicent kneeling beside a figure, that lay with its face upon the earth, but on the rigid finger of the extended hand, sparkled her father's ring—it was an emerald which had descended to him with his name—he had always worn it, and by this token, though his features were hidden, she had known him. And now that lifeless hand, which was never more to clasp hers with the fond pressure of affection, was bathed with her tears, and strained in mute agony to her lips and her heart. The benevolent priest touched to the soul by this spectacle, forbore by word or sign to violate the sanctity of a daughter's grief.

Suddenly, however, the tramp of steeds and the noise of an armed troop was heard approaching. "Les Anglois! Les Anglois!" resounded from the groups of terrified females, who were still prosecuting their melancholy search, and snatching their children in their arms they fled with precipitation to the shelter of the neighbouring woods. It was, in truth, the royal force returning to the field of battle, for the humane purpose of burying their enemy's dead, and it was in vain that they shouted to the frightened

women, entreating them to return, and promising that no harm should befall them. But they continued their flight, turning a deaf ear to the kind voices, which, in their ignorance, they believed were intended to lure them to death. So successfully had their leaders instilled into them a hatred to the English, and a belief in their vengeful and cruel purposes.

Millicent and her companions alone remained stationary. For an instant, she had turned to gaze upon the tumult, and then, indifferent to all around her, sunk again beside her dead father, and relapsed into absorbing sorrow. The soldiers immediately commenced digging trenches in which to bury the dead; but the priest, anxious for Millicent's sake, to rescue the body of St. Vallery for more honourable interment, with her consent approached a group of officers, who stood discoursing together, and made known to them his wishes. They were instantly acceded to, and after ascertaining beyond a doubt that Leon de Lorimier was not among the slain, upon the battle ground, he again sought Millicent, and proposed, now that the object of their coming was accomplished, her immediate return to St. Marc's. Her reluctance to quit the lifeless remains of her father, was vanquished by the priest's declaring his intention to remain and see the body safely conveyed across the river, while she and Justine should make their short voyage back with the lad who had rowed them over. Millicent pressed his hand in token of her thanks—she could not speak them—nor could she tell him, the conviction he expressed, that Leon was not among the slain, had sent one ray of comfort into a heart, which she had thought was utterly bereaved and desolate.

As she slowly quitted the scene of recent slaughter, an officer who stood intently observing her, uttered some words of commiseration that touched her inmost soul. She did not raise her eyes for they were streaming with tears, but she bowed her head with that grace and gentleness which were her peculiar attributes, and which still distinguished her, even in this hour of intense and bitter suffering. Yet she passed on unsuspected and unknown—disguised less by the peasant's garb, than by the air of misery and deep dejection, which threw so strange a veil over the beautiful and brilliant daughter of St. Vallery. Humble as she seemed, respect and pity sat on every countenance as she moved along—and she was grateful for it; nor could she be insensible to the humanity of those who had come thus early to bury the dead of their vanquished enemy, and to bury them too with the rites of their own holy religion, for the English had summoned hither priests of the catholic faith, who were uttering over the slain the funeral service of their church. Her heart swelled as the unuttered thought arose, "and these then are they whom we denounce as tyrants, and against whom we have arisen in our importance! Oh, country of my mother, why wast thou not also the land of my father's love."

That evening the good priest reached St. Marc's, bringing with him the body of M. de

St. Valéry. It was no time for delay—the funeral services, therefore, were immediately performed, and before midnight the mortal remains of the once haughty and ambitious St. Valéry, were deposited in their last resting place, among the humble graves of the village cemetery. It were impossible to describe the grief and desolation of Millicent after this rite was ended. Then she indeed felt that she was an orphan—she forgot all that she could have wished to change in her father—his recent coldness, the madness of his political career, the deliberation with which he had sacrificed all on the shrine of his vain ambition. She thought only of all she had loved in him—of the affection he had lavished upon her—of those sunny days when her home was a paradise of joy, and the tenderness of her parents, and the love of Leon constituted her sum of worldly bliss. And now what a change had come over her earthly lot; she could not, dared not dwell upon the thought; she strove to lose the sense of present misery in the sublime hopes and promises of a glorious immortality. But her woes were of a date too recent to yield at once, even to a source of consolation so perfect and entire. Added to the grief which she endured for her father's loss, was the intense anguish of her anxiety for Leon. His fate was wrapped in dark uncertainty, and the torture of her fears for him, occasioned her a degree of suffering as keen and more restless than that caused by her father's death. But exhausted nature could not longer endure these tumults of the mind—and yielding to her call, the unhappy Millicent threw herself upon the bed, and for several hours enjoyed the balm of quiet sleep.

The dawn was just breaking, when she was awakened by an unusual bustle in the outer apartment. She started up.—It was surely Leon's voice! She listened again; yes, she heard him ask for her—she sprang up, she had not undressed herself, and with one bound reached the door. It burst open, and the next instant she was in Leon's arms, clasped with a passionate embrace to his heart. She felt his scalding tears upon her cheek, but her's fell like balm, for he was restored to her, and she was not utterly desolate.

Their first words were of her father, and long and sadly they conversed upon his fate. Leon strove with love's tenderness to comfort her, and grateful was his gentle sympathy to the wounded heart of Millicent. But he spoke with a feeling near akin to envy of the event which had made her an orphan; so strongly indeed did he express himself on the subject, speaking with animation and fervor of the conduct of St. Valéry, "who fell like a valiant soldier, fighting manfully for the cause he had espoused," that Millicent surprised, asked in an accent of reproach,

"And can you then regret your own escape? Thank God, dear Leon, if only for my sake, that you are here and safe; and oh, let the experience of the last few days, that have brought misery and wretchedness to so many, and all through your means and that of others equally infatuated, lure you to renounce

this fatal contest, and return to peace and happiness."

"Millicent," he said, "to do this is impossible. I am a marked man—I have drawn my sword against my sovereign, and to sheathe it now would be to relinquish liberty and life. I have been urged on by evil councils and false guidance, to embrace a career, which neither my reason nor my conscience could approve. But I am pledged by solemn vows to my party," he continued in a voice of deep emotion, "I cannot recede, and if you love me, dearest Millicent, rather wish that I may fall beneath the sword of an honourable adversary, than live to meet the ignoble death of a traitor."

A look of reproachful grief was Millicent's only reply; she was unnerved by her sufferings, and she hid her face and wept in silent agony.

"Millicent, my beloved, forgive and pity me," said Leon, with returning gentleness, "I am a wretch, a selfish unmanly wretch, to increase the poignancy of your sorrows by the utterance of mine. I spoke with envy of your father's fate, for so should all have stood, winning with resolute valor either death or victory. But after the first onset of the foe, the fortune of the fight seemed against us, and they fled; I strove to rally them but in vain. The charge with bayonets had stricken terror into every soul; and I, what could I do against a host? I turned to follow them, and heard myself branded with the name of coward. Even now, although I sealed in death the lips that dared to utter it, the insulting epithet rings in my ears. I feel that I have been degraded by it, and more blood must flow to wash away the stain."

Millicent shuddered as she looked at his pale and agitated face, and listened to his rapid and excited utterance.

"Leon, dear Leon," she said, "how are you transformed! I can scarcely recognise in you the being to whom I gave my whole heart, with all the strength and purity of its first and fondest affections. Talk not of shedding blood so lightly, Leon; too much has flowed already, and for an idle word; be not so swift to grasp the murderous sword."

"Pardon me dearest," he replied, "the remembrance of that taunting word has driven me to dwell upon a theme too harsh for one so gentle as my Millicent. I am getting a soldier's roughness in this war," he added with a melancholy smile, "I fear I may often wound you by it—but not designedly—no, believe me, dearest girl, never in the fondest, brightest moments of our intercourse, when happiness shone cloudlessly and full of promise on us, was my heart more loyal to its love, more wholly, more entirely your's than now."

Millicent returned the fond pressure of her lover's hand, but her heart was too full for words, and she spoke not. Leon too, remained silent, absorbed in painful thought for many minutes. He had indeed become a desperate man. In partially adopting the views and feelings of the discontented, he had inadvertently compromised his honour and his principles, and the extremities to which he had at last found his party resolved to proceed, and the overt acts,

which within a few days had been committed by them, revealed to him the precipice on the brink of which he stood, and convinced him that there was no longer any avenue open by which he might retreat. He must now, he felt, stand or fall with the cause to which he had unwillingly pledged himself. Of its ultimate success he entertained no hopes—whatever might have been their prospects, the premature resort to arms had ruined them. There was no concert among the leaders, no unanimity among their followers, no discipline nor system in the ill organized plot. When Leon became fully aware of all this, he had gone too far to recede, and his only prospect now was, to fall like a brave man in the cause for which he had bartered all his earthly hopes. Foreseeing his inevitable fate, he was anxious immediately to provide for Millicent a safe and honourable asylum. In case of his death, he well knew her desire would be, to end her days in the retirement of a convent; and without apprising her of his designs and presentiments, he resolved to prevail on her at once to seek the protection of one of the religious houses in the city. He had pledged himself immediately to join the malcontents, who were banding themselves together in the county of Two Mountains; and though he knew Millicent would propose claiming the protection of Madame D'Lorme, her father's step sister at St. Eustache; he shrunk from conveying her to a spot where another scene, similar to that of St. Charles, would probably ere long be acted. Leon's love for Millicent had been an absorbing passion; and it was no less tender and devoted now, for she was a creature formed to inspire a fervent and endearing attachment. But more consistent in his love, than in his political conduct, Leon could not endure the thought of dragging the being he most loved on earth, down with him to destruction. Not even for the joy of having her beside him while in life, could he consent to link her fate longer to his. It was but to protract her misery, and in that asylum which he wished her to seek, she would dwell in the midst of gentle and holy beings, and there only could she acquire the fortitude which she so much needed for the trials that still awaited her. Urged by these considerations, Leon spoke of the discomforts of her present situation, and ventured to suggest the expediency of her retiring to the Hotel Dieu, till happier times permitted him again to claim her; urging as a strong reason for her doing so, the oft repeated wishes of her father on the subject.

"You were rejoiced when I was permitted to follow you here, Leon," she said quickly, "and why do you now urge me to quit you? Why, since you alone are left to me, may I not be suffered to dwell where I can hear from you, and sometimes see you."

"My love, were I always sure of being near you, I would not ask you to seek a distant asylum. But I know not how soon events may send me far from you, where perhaps I cannot even hear of your welfare. The changes and chances of a career like mine, cannot be calculated upon, dear Millicent, and it is

for your sake only that I speak of this measure."

She looked at him with tearful eyes, and her lip quivered as she said, "Leon, if it is your wish I will leave you. My heart may break, but I will not remain to burden you with any care. No, let me begone, it matters not whither, since you wish me away."

"Millicent, my beloved, do not misunderstand me," he vehemently exclaimed, "it is like plucking out a right eye to have you quit me; but it is the fervour, the intensity of my love, that impels me to urge this step, solely for your safety and comfort."

"I am safe any where," she answered, "but only near you can I find comfort. Should any thing but good befall you, Leon, which God forbid, I will gladly bury myself in a cloister and have done with the world for ever. Till then let me dwell where I may sometimes hear the sound of your voice, and learn tidings of your weal or wo."

Leon's heart was deeply touched by her self-sacrificing and endearing love. Never had she seemed more dear than at this moment, and while most purely alive to all the joy and peace her presence and affection brought, his reluctance grew proportionably strong, to expose her, so lovely and beloved, to the uncertain perils of a life like his.

She saw his perplexity and she said gently,

"Leon, if your fears are for me dismiss them; only suffer me to choose my own path, and I ask not whither it leads—to death or life, if you are my companion, still I will pursue it, for then we shall not be separated."

"Ah, Millicent," he said with strong emotion, "I ill deserve from you this noble self-devotion! Alas, I have won your young and pure affections, only to cast on them the fatal blight, destined to fall on every thing I love!"

"Let us not accuse fate, nor utter vain and bitter self-reproaches, Leon," she said, "but humbly place our reliance on that good Being who controls all our actions. And now tell me whither you propose to direct your steps."

"To St. Eustache; the spirit of revolt is active there, and I have pledged myself to aid it," he answered with a bitter smile.

"To St. Eustache!" echoed Millicent; "and why did you not tell me this sooner, Leon? Madame D'Lorme lives there you know, and she will gladly afford her brother's orphan shelter and protection; and surely of no one else could I ask it with so much propriety."

"It shall be so, dearest Millicent," said Leon, "we will not separate till compelled to do so, and may that day be more remote than my fears whisper. And now let us prepare for our departure; we must be gone immediately."

Within the short space of an hour, Leon and Millicent, attended by Justine and driven by Madalaine's son, in one of those high and clumsy vehicles called a caleche, which is to be seen only in Canada, we believe, but is there in common use, commenced their progress towards St. Eustache. Avoiding the usual route by the city, they crossed the St. Lawrence at the northern extremity of the island, and pass-

ing on by the way of Terrebonne, reached the village of St. Eustache at a late hour in the evening.

Madame D'Lorme received Millicent with a kind and cordial welcome, and for that night Leon also remained beneath her roof. She was a widow, without children, of simple habits, and though descended, on the father's side, from the same ancestors as St. Vallery, she was tainted with none of that inordinate hereditary pride, which had been the bane of his life. The tidings of his death deeply affected her, and she bewailed the necessity, which she had been taught to think unavoidable, of turning their peaceful villages, the abodes of plenty and comfort, into the theatres of bloody strife. She was the most gentle and humble of human beings, and soothed by her kind sympathy, and by the perfect tranquillity which reigned throughout her little ménage, Millicent might have regained some of her former cheerfulness, and been won perhaps to the indulgence of brighter hopes, but for the consciousness that all around her were in a state of open insurrection, preparing with what force they could muster to resist the peaceful authority of their sovereign, and maltreating and driving from their homes every individual who dared remain loyal in the midst of rebellion. As for Leon, he passed his time, much of it at least, at St. Benoit, a village about twelve miles distant from St. Eustache, the inhabitants of which were also engaged in preparations of a hostile nature. He was often absent for two or three days together, and when he returned to spend an hour with Millicent, he seemed disturbed and restless, and often maintained a moody silence, which she seldom ventured to break. Once, and once only, she summoned up courage to remonstrate with him on the course he was pursuing. He listened to her with an impatience which he had never before exhibited; and when she ceased, implored her as she valued his love, never again to speak upon the subject.

She obeyed him—and from that day no word of entreaty or expostulation ever escaped her lips. She yielded without a murmur to her fate, for she felt that she had no longer any earthly prop. That on which she had so long and fondly leaned, had proved in truth

"A spear, on which peace bled, and hope expir'd;"

and with the fervour of a soul that had abandoned earthly hopes and joys, she implored of God his guidance and support through all her mighty trials. In the privacy of her own apartment, and at the altar of the village church, she was daily a humble and earnest suppliant for that resignation which she found it so hard to attain. Bitter and fearful was the struggle, and too soon were its effects apparent in the wasting of her fragile form, which each day became more and more attenuated, in her fading cheek, her faltering step, and in the sad and downcast glance of that dark and eloquent eye, once so radiant with delight and love.

Madame D'Lorme marked with inward anguish this melancholy change in the person of her lovely niece. Nor was Leon, absorbed as

he seemed in the hostile preparations of his party, insensible to her altered appearance. But he dared not indulge the feelings it awakened; he was aware, that should he venture to express them, his heart would be at once unmanned, his arm unnerved. He had devoted himself to one course alone—he called it yielding to destiny; and desperate and infatuated, as he was, he madly cast from him the blessings which a bountiful Providence had scattered in his path, and reaped in their stead the vengeance and maledictions of those who might have been to him as brothers. Seldom now did he manifest towards Millicent any token of his love; and one might have thought it had no longer any place in his heart, but for the occasional bursts of impassioned feeling, which he seemed at times unable to control. But even these testimonies of still warm affection, were gradually losing their power over the stricken soul of Millicent. Her gaze was fixed on heaven. Earth was to her a disencharmed place, for soon she felt she should be beyond its power to wound or give her joy. Grief and anxiety had too surely done their work; and the brilliant glancing of her eye, the vivid hectic on her cheek, sadly presaged the brief hour allotted to one who, a few short weeks before, shone bright with joy, and looked gaily forward through a long and smiling vista of happy years.

Thus passed on more than a fortnight, when intelligence reached St. Eustache, that a military force was preparing to march thither immediately from the garrison of Montreal. These tidings served only to increase the ardor and activity of the malcontents; the bustle of preparation ceased not night nor day; every thing that could be converted into ammunition for the ill-supplied Canadians, was used for that purpose; even the common iron utensils for culinary use, were cut up into circular pieces, to supply the only cannon in their possession. The women zealously lent their aid, and employed themselves in making cartridges and flags—rather miniature in size certainly, but displaying various patriotic emblems and mottos, which they confidently expected would shortly wave in triumph over their defeated foes.

It was on the morning of the fourteenth of December, that some scouts who had been sent out returned, bringing the intelligence, that a large body of troops, headed by the commander-in-chief, had encamped on the preceding night at St. Martin, and were already on their march towards the village, which they would probably invest before noon. At these tidings, many a heart that prided itself upon its courage quaked, and not a few fled to St. Benoit from the scene of immediate danger. Among this number were the leaders of these deluded people, who secured their safety by flight, as they had uniformly done, with the exception of one or two instances, wherever there was peril to be met. On this occasion one only,* disdaining the cowardice of his allies, stood firm, and by his side remained Leon de Lorimier, undaunted by the fearful odds which he saw arrayed against them.

* Dr. Cheulier.

Early in the morning of that day, Millicent ignorant of the tidings which had arrived, went as was often her wont, to offer up her prayers at the altar of the church. It was still used for religious purposes, though intended as a place of defence in case of attack, and therefore, the lower panes of every window were broken out, and through each aperture protruded the end of a musket. Its state of preparation was not new to Millicent, neither did she wonder, in times of such excitement, that armed men in groups, and singly, were constantly passing in and out. Other females were kneeling around her, and indifferent to the bustle, she sank upon the steps of the altar, and was soon so absorbed in her devotions, as to become insensible to the rapidly increasing tumult. Some time elapsed, and still Millicent remained in motionless abstraction, when she was aroused from her heavenly communings by a hand laid gently upon her shoulder, and a voice that in a startled tone softly uttered her name. That voice, in spite of many struggles, had not yet lost its power over her heart, it ever drew her back again to earth, and, with a kindling cheek, she looked upward to the speaker.

"Millicent, repeated Leon, "what do you here, this is no place for a woman; we have tidings that the foe is near; come, then, and let me bear you quickly away."

She looked around her; the females had all fled, and she alone was kneeling in an attitude of peaceful devotion, amidst a band of armed and desperate men. "I do not fear," she replied, "let me remain, Leon; God can protect me here as well as elsewhere."

"Millicent, you are mad!" he exclaimed, in an agitated voice. "Even now the British forces are in sight, and in a few minutes more, the deadly knell of battle will be sounded."

"I do not fear, dear Leon," she repeated, calmly; "you are here, and where should I be, but near you, in the hour of danger."

"If you could lend us aid," he said, "it were another thing; but you expose yourself to needless peril, and me to torturing anxiety! Come, away, dear Millicent, I earnestly implore you, I cannot do my duty while you remain in danger, and I would not again be branded with a coward's name."

His voice became hoarse with emotion, as he uttered the last words, and she felt his hand tremble as it grasped hers. She looked imploringly in his face, "Dearest Leon, let me abide here," she said, "at least, till the danger becomes imminent, and then, if need be, I can escape, or seek refuge in the vaults beneath the church; no harm can reach me there. Do not send me away, dear Leon, I will pray for you all the while, and if death comes to you to-day, I shall be near, and I know you would rather breathe out your life on my bosom than elsewhere."

There was sad music in her low and touching voice as she uttered this appeal, and Leon could not withstand its melting influence. Tears blinded his eyes as he fixed them for a moment on her still kneeling figure, but he felt there was now no time for the indulgence of softening

emotions. His services were instantly and pressingly required, but he could not yield them while Millicent remained in a situation that must soon become one of extreme peril, and again he addressed her, imploring her by her love for him, to quit the church, before the near approach of the English should render it impracticable.

"Leon," she said, in the same low and tremulous voice as before, so low, indeed, that it cost her an effort to make the sounds audible; "Leon, I will go, in one short minute, but do not adjure me by my love, for fearfully already has its strength been tested. It is that which has destroyed me—may, start not, dearest Leon, but rejoice rather that my sands are running low—I cannot hide from you that they are numbered—look at me, dear friend, and say if it is not even so."

He did look at her with a long and fearful gaze, as if for the first time, he now marked the ravages which grief and illness had made in the form and features which had been perfection in his sight. Yet, still that lovely upturned face, seemed to him like the face of a seraph, so pure, so chastened was its beaming expression, so full of that high and holy hope which heaven only can inspire. Her person was enveloped in a cloak, but the hood which had covered her head was thrown back, exposing to view its exquisite contour, while her dark hair braided and twined around it with unstudied grace, assisted to define its beautiful and classic outline. Her eyes had lost the playful archness which once shone in their sparkling beams, but a soft and heavenly expression endued them with a mute and touching eloquence, unknown to words. The glow of her cheek was gone, except when fatigue or emotion called forth the momentary flush, which faded as quickly as it came, and she seemed to Leon's gaze as he fixed it sadly upon her, like some fair and fragile rose, which had been removed from its own sunny garden, and was dying for the genial air and cherishing kindness of its dear natal soil.

"Leon," she at length said, as unable to speak, he still stood regarding her, "if we are destined to part this day, it will be soon again to meet. I have never been a dreamer, as you know, but last night I had a vision, which sure I am the blessed virgin sent to comfort me. I saw my mother, Leon; she was radiant with celestial joy and beauty, and as I stood with you upon the margin of a stormy river, she beckoned to us from a golden cloud, on which she sat, with other angelic forms, listening to seraphic melody. I stretched my arms towards her, when suddenly the bank on which we stood, gave way, and we were plunged into the dark and turbid stream. We struggled, but a moment, when we rose with angels wings and soared with rapturous flight towards her. Then I awoke, but the harmonies of heaven were yet ringing in my ears, and the unutterable bliss of that vision has infused into my soul the peace which passes understanding."

She sank down upon the steps of the altar as she ceased speaking, exhausted by her unusual

excitement, and Leon, overpowered by emotion knelt in silence by her side. But he felt the necessity of self-control, and quickly rallying himself, he said in a tone of assumed cheerfulness,

"You were ever a sweet enthusiast, my Millicent, though this bright vision was doubtless sent to give us strength and courage. But let us not suppose it intimates a certainty of our immediate summons hence. No, my beloved, before death drops the veil upon our earthly vision, we must surely be allowed to realize those promises of bliss, which but a few short weeks ago courted our eager grasp."

A smile of holy resignation brightened the angelic face of Millicent, and she gently shook her head, but she attempted no reply, and Leon becoming more and more uneasy at her protracted stay in the church, again earnestly pressed her departure. The building was fast filling with men, but the one interest which absorbed them, prevented their observing the lovers, who were somewhat retired from notice at one of the side altars.

"I will go immediately, dear Leon," she said, in reply to his entreaties, and rising slowly, she leaned heavily on his arm for support, "but remember that I who have stood among the unburied dead of St. Charles, can witness nothing more terrible here."

"There is more danger for you here, and it is that which I dread, dearest," he answered as he led her gently towards the door. She offered no resistance to his wishes, but stopped as they reached the font of holy water to make the sacred sign of the cross upon her forehead. As she touched her brow, Leon perceived her falter, she grew deadly pale, and he threw his arms around her with an exclamation of mingled tenderness and alarm.

"Do not be terrified, dear Leon," she said, faintly, as she caught the anxious expression of his countenance, "let me rest here a moment, and I shall soon be better," and she sank upon a bench near by as she spoke.

At that instant, a loud volley of musketry burst from the windows of the church, shaking it to its foundation. It was succeeded by a long and deafening shout from those within the building, who had been hitherto intently watching the movements of the English, as they skillfully took their position, so as completely to surround the village. The greeting of the insurgents was immediately answered by the cannon of their enemy, and the prompt and well aimed fire failed not to do deadly execution. A wild shriek of terror and agony rung through the vaulted roof, a shriek that can never be forgotten by those who heard it, and then there was a sudden rush from the windows, and the dead and wounded fell thick upon the threshold of that sacred edifice, hitherto solely dedicated to the peaceful and holy offices of religion.

Half fainting as she was, Millicent sprang to her feet, "Mother of God have pity on us!" was her low but agonized exclamation, as she fell forward, and was received on the bosom of the appalled Leon.

"Oh, my beloved, whither can I fly to hide

you from this scene!" he cried, in the bitterness of feelings that spurned control.

"Earth has no power to harm me now," she whispered; "heaven opens to receive my spirit! Leon, too dearly loved, farewell!"

She made an effort to raise her lips to his, but with a sudden shudder fell back lifeless in his arms. The pure and gentle spirit fled to Him who created it, and the wretched, desolate, self-accusing lover, held only a beautiful corpse upon his bosom.

"Oh, God! now has thy vengeance fallen and crushed me to the earth," were the words of bitter agony that burst from his lips, and sinking down, still clasping his lifeless burden, he remained stupified by the suddenness of this fatal blow, and almost as senseless as the cold and silent form he held. The battle's din from without was unheeded, and the tumult within, failed to arouse him from his lethargy of grief. None had time, or thought to mark him, and there he sat, gazing with fixed and tearless despair, upon the marble features of her he had so long and fondly loved.

Suddenly, some one grasped his arm, and a voice sounded in his ear—"Rouse yourself, De Lorimier," it said; "the enemy will soon effect an entrance, it is impossible for us to hold out much longer, we must quit the church, or be consumed within it, they will fire it instantly beyond a doubt."

Leon looked up with vacant wonder, and saw the leader before alluded to, standing beside him.

"But this beloved one," he said, in a wild, low whisper, "look at her pale beauty, she has died in my arms, it is I who have killed her, and I cannot leave her pure form to the mercy of our foes."

"Carry her," replied the other, "to the vaults below the church, they will never penetrate there—I will assist you; hasten, for there is no time to be lost."

"Ay, there shall she rest," exclaimed Leon, with returning animation, "a fitting mausoleum for one so free from stain of earth; then, let them light the pyre, no royal Greek had ever one more glorious."

Leon's eyes flashed with unnatural lustre as he spoke, and instantly rising, he raised his blighted flower tenderly in his arms, and followed by his companion, descended to the vaults beneath the edifice. There he softly laid down his lovely burden, and drew the folds of her cloak with gentle care around her form. Between her cold hands she still clasped her little crucifix of gold, and Leon breathed upon it a fervent prayer for the repose of her soul. "My beloved, I haste to join thee," he softly murmured, "short, as thou hast prophesied, will be our earthly separation." Then pressing one last, lingering kiss, upon her pale and silent lips, he followed his impatient companion up the dark and narrow steps, down which they had just descended.

When they regained the body of the church, it was deserted by nearly all, except the dead and dying; a few only lingered, fearing to fly, yet dreading to remain. The British were

thundering at the door, in another minute they would effect an entrance.

"Stand firm, brave Canadians," exclaimed Leon, as he looked upon the pale and terror-stricken faces around him; "there is no safety in flight, the enemy are here, and death is sure. Meet it then, like men and patriots—let us show them that if beaten, we are not daunted."

"'Tis madness to remain, De Lorimier," said the leader, "it is to cast away our lives, and we should strive to save them for the cause we have espoused. Fly!—they are here—and through this window we may escape."

He rushed towards the large window at the back of the church as he spoke, followed by several others, and leaped through it, high as it was to the ground. But there, too, death awaited him, and scarcely had a sense of security

stolen over him, when he was shot down, and fell never to rise again. In the mean time, Leon gathered the few who remained, around him, they stood firm, resolving to sell their lives dearly, when the door of the church burst open, and a band of the royal regiment rushed tumultuously in.

Hand to hand was the stern contest, but the overpowering numbers of the foe rendered the resistance short and fruitless. One after another, they all speedily fell. Leon was the last who met his fate. He warded off the assaults of his enemy with the reckless air of one in sport, for he longed too ardently for death, to fear or shun it; and when at last the bayonet of a soldier pierced his heart, he sunk upon the ground with a triumphant smile, and with his dying sigh breathed forth the name of Mill-cent.

Written for the Lady's Book.

PITY'S TEAR.

SOFTLY beam the dews of morning,
On each graceful budding stem,
Rich as orient pearls adorning
Persia's proudest diadem.

O'er the feathery billow glancing,
Brightly gleams the sunny ray,
Or the silver moonlight dancing
Where the rippling streamlets play.

Brightly in the dome of heaven
Shine the stars with golden crest,

Smiling, 'mid the blue of even,
On the ocean's mirror'd breast.

When the flowers in beauty blooming,
Incense to their goddess bring,
All her fairy bowers perfuming,
Then how fair the courts of spring.

But more soft, more brightly beaming,
Is the pearl-drop, mild and meek—
In love's hallowed radiance gleaming,
Pity's tear on Beauty's cheek.

LOVE AND LEGISLATION.

STRANGE, and passing strange, that the relation between the two sexes—the passion of love in short, should not be taken into deeper consideration by our teachers and our legislators. People educate and legislate as if there was no such thing in the world; but ask the priest—ask the physician—let them reveal the amount of moral and physical results from this one cause. Must love be always discussed in blank verse, as if it were a thing to be played in tragedies or sung in songs—a subject for pretty poems and wicked novels, and had nothing to do with the prosaic current of our every day existence, our moral welfare, and eternal salvation! Must love be ever treated with profaneness, as a mere illusion? or with coarseness, as a mere impulse? or with fear, as a mere disease? or with shame, as a mere weakness? or with levity, as a mere accident? Whereas it is a great mystery, and a great necessity, lying at the foundation of human existence, morality and happiness—mysterious, universal, inevitable as death. Why, then, should love be treated less seriously than death? It is as serious a thing. Love and death, the alpha and omega of human life, the author and finisher of exist-

ence, the two points on which God's universe turns; which he, our Father and Creator, has placed beyond our arbitration—beyond the reach of that election and free will which he has left us in all other things. Death must come—and love must come; but the state in which they find us!—Whether blinded, astonished, frightened and ignorant; or like reasonable creatures, guarded, prepared and fit to manage their own feelings!—this, I suppose, depends on ourselves; and for want of such self-management and self-knowledge, look at the evils that ensue—hasty, improvident, and unsuitable marriages: repining, diseases, or vicious celibacy—irretrievable infamy, cureless insanity—the death that comes early, and the love that comes late, reversing the primal laws of our nature. It is of little consequence how unequal the conventional difference of rank, as in Germany—how equal the condition, station and means, as in America—if there be inequality between the sexes; and if the sentiment which attracts and unites them to each other, and the contracts and relations springing out of this sentiment, be not equally well understood by both, equally sacred by both, equally binding on both.—*Mrs. Jameson.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES TO A POT OF MIGNONETTE.

PLANTED BY A FRIEND, SINCE DECEASED.

BY MRS. E. L. CUSHING, OF CANADA.

SWEET mignonette, I love thee well,
Wherever thou dost bloom;
But most of all, in this small pot,
And in this quiet room.

For she who sowed thy tiny seed,
Deep in its bed of mould,
And watched to see thy infant germ
Its emerald tint unfold;

Sleeps with the hush'd and dreamless dead,
Among those sacred shades,
Where fair Mount Auburn's sculptur'd tombs,
Gleam through the op'ning glades.

But when the dazzling sun-light falls
Upon thy fairy bells,
And forth, as if in grateful joy,
A gush of fragrance swells—

I hear a glad voice mingling sweet,
From out the silent tomb,
And see a bright dark eye look forth,
Upon thy clust'ring bloom.

I see among thy dawning leaves,
A thin and jewel'd hand,
Striving thy weak and flexile stalks,
To bind with silken band.

Sweet mignonette, she loved thee well,
Loved all things pure and fair,
All perfect forms—for to her eye,
God's hand was written there.

Walks she not now 'mid brightest shapes
And flowers of heavenly birth?
Such is our trust—the mortal coil,
Alone is claimed by earth.

For as thy flower, fair mignonette,
From germ minutest burst,
So the freed spirit soars to God,
When "dust returns to dust."

Her heart's deep longings, breath'd in prayer—
All, all are answered now;
Our trembling spirits, shrined in flesh,
Must still in darkness bow.

Written for the Lady's Book.

HELEN CLAVERING.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

"Happy will the hearth be where her light will shine."—*Irish Proverb.*

Our story opens in England—the days are gone, when her crowned king extended his sceptre over the fair land. Her "meteor flag" has been driven from Columbia's shores, and the star spangled banner unfurls to the breeze, the glorious ensign of our Republic! We have little cause to remember thee in affection, and yet we love thee, England! Thou art linked with the mighty dead! The words of Avon's Bard, like the tones of an old familiar friend, have gone down into our hearts and taken their place forever! We love thee for the solemn, and majestic strains of thy Blind Poet! For Byron—ill-fated, and unhappy, whose laurel-wreath was dimmed by the unhallowed passions that hurried him to the grave—ay, for him, there is memory and fame, while song has power to stir the living waters of the heart! One record he has left of enduring and lofty beauty, to which we turn with feelings of sad and regretful sympathy, for the homeless, and spirit-broken "Childe"—a victim to the base neglect, and polluting example of a mother!—England! fair England! around thee is the spell of hallowed recollections! The fame of thy gifted ones encircles thee as with a halo! Thou hast ripened into a glorious manhood, but thine Eagle son, in his giant youth, is stretching forth his pinions towards the sky, and He will build his eyrie, side by side, with thee, Old England! It was near the close of day; Edward Claver-

ing stood in his "old ancestral home," and he looked forth, for the last time, upon the scenes he had loved from a boy. A few brief hours, and he would be an exile from his native land, a wanderer to that far western world, where he might have "freedom to worship God!" It was during the reign of the Second James, of England; Clavering, a devoted and zealous Protestant, had rendered himself so obnoxious to the dominant party, that his personal liberty, perchance his life, was in danger. Advised by his truest friends to seek safety in flight, he had so determined; but a pang wrung the heart of the stern old man, at this rending asunder of the strong ties that bound him to home and country. It was early summer, and the green earth and its fairy flowers, the stately trees, that like tall sentinels, kept watch and ward over the mansion, rose up before him, linked with memory of the past—with the glad scenes of childhood, and the quiet happiness of maturer years. He turned from the window, and sinking down upon a seat, buried his face in his hands, and the old man wept aloud. There was a fair and gentle girl in that apartment, whose tears were flowing silently, but the sight of grief so overpowering checked them as they fell: she knelt down by the side of Edward Clavering, and wound her arms around him; in the upturned eye there was the light of an expression, high and holy, and firm too—for the gentlest woman

can be firm, when duty and affection lead onward, though the path be through suffering and sacrifice.

"Do not grieve, my father! God will be with us, over the ocean, and in the forest land!" and the sweet, earnest voice of the maiden, fell upon the father's ear, like low tones of soothing music.

"Bless thee, my child!" he said, tremulously; "my failing courage needed thy suggestion, for I must part from thee—my only one! and the pang is stronger than my heart can bear."

"We do not part," she said, calmly; "I will go with thee, father!"

"Not so, my Helen! It was but a momentary weakness—that bitter sorrow. You must not leave England; here you will be cherished, and loved, and nurtured in the same affluence that has been yours from childhood. In the new world to which I go, there will be many trials, all unsuited for you to bear, my gentle one. Oh, you could not leave England!"

"What is England to me, without thee? I will go with thee, father!" she exclaimed, in strong emotion. For a single instant, the light of a strong hope was in Edward Clavering's eye, but it faded, and he said mournfully,

"Your faith is pledged to Frederic Stanley; a little while and you are to be his wife; his powerful Catholic connections will ward off the evils that fall so heavily upon me. If you leave him now, it may be forever; he can never follow you, without breaking the heart of his aged father. Think of these things ere you decide: it is a mighty sacrifice for one who has loved so long, and truly." The maiden's cheek was very pale, and her small hands were clasped tightly together, but her voice was firm, even in its tones of deep sadness.

"Frederic Stanley may not come between me and the performance of a sacred duty—I will go with thee, father!" and Edward Clavering laid his hand upon the head of his child, and asked of the all-seeing God a blessing upon her faithful affection—"He will reward you, but I cannot, my Helen!" and bitter as the struggle had been, she felt in her inmost heart that blessing an all-sufficient reward. A few hastily written lines from Mr. Clavering were sent to Stanley, apprising him of Helen's determination to accompany her father, and requesting his immediate presence. An hour had scarcely elapsed, when he came; he found Helen alone. Upon his countenance there were traces of recent and violent grief; reared in luxury, his nature had not hardened into selfishness, but he was unused to disappointment, and he lost sight of the sacrifice Helen was making, in his own agonizing sense of their approaching separation. From a child he had loved her; one short month, and she was to have been his wife. He sat down by her side, and took within his own, the small, white hand, that lay motionless upon her knee.

"Helen! we must not part—have you not promised to be my wife! in the sight of God that promise is binding. Oh! Helen—by the memory of the love that has bound us so truly and tenderly together, desert me not! If you

cross the waters of that dark ocean, whose troubled waves roll between the western world and your home—we part forever! I feel that it will be so. Do not go, Helen! I implore you!"

"Do not urge me thus!" and she wept bitterly, "do not add so fearfully to my sorrow;" for a brief moment she felt that her trial was greater than she could bear; but the anguish of first meeting Stanley was over, and sustained by the consciousness of duty well performed, she said, more calmly—"Great as is the grief, Stanley, that would cause you to ask of Helen to act unworthily, shall I suffer my gray headed father to go forth alone? his sense of the foul wrong dealt out to him, aggravated by the desertion of his child! Not so, my beloved! not so. The straight path is before me, and with God's blessing I will walk therein."

"Helen," he replied, "you know not what you will encounter, in the new world; there are trials you are all unfitted to bear. You were not formed to struggle with the hard realities of life. You have been delicately nurtured, in love and tenderness."

"Right—you are right! I have been nurtured in love—in exceeding tenderness. Early and late, a watchful arm has been around me, to guard and guide; well hast thou cared for me, thy motherless child, my father! and now in thine hour of adversity, thy daughter will be faithful."

"Helen!" exclaimed her lover, passionately, "have you no feeling for me? Must we part, whose steadfast love was never shadowed by word or thought of unkindness?" and he was silent, for strong emotion had nearly mastered him.

"Care for you," said Helen, tremulously, and the tones were those of unutterable tenderness. Stanley felt how little she deserved his reproach.

"Forgive me, Helen, that I have wronged you for a single moment. I know you feel it all—that you suffer at this, our dreadful separation: but, oh! Helen, in that far land, you may learn forgetfulness of the solemn ties that bind you to this. There is no hope that you will soon return."

"You will not doubt me," she said, mournfully; "you will not sully the perfect brightness of our love, by suspicion of my truth!—Think you I were fit to be your wife—fit to take upon me new and responsible duties, while in the very act of violating those, I have held sacred all the days of my life! The gray hairs of my father would rise up in condemnation against me—the unfaithful daughter would never make a faithful wife—better that we part forever, than be haunted by remorse, that must sooner or later fall upon the heads of those who neglect a solemn duty. Oh, Stanley!" and the tears fell over her pale cheek, "seek not to turn me from the right path! You are very dear unto me, my beloved! let not your distress make this trial greater than I can bear!" The appeal was not in vain, and although it was like rending his heart strings, Frederic Stanley urged no more his wishes; there was something

in that earnest, and deep devotion to the fallen fortunes of her father, that awoke an answering chord in his own lofty and generous nature: having vanquished what he feared was in some degree a selfish wish to detain her, he felt more anxiety to strengthen her for the approaching separation, than to induce her to shrink from it. And he poured into her heart consolation, and support by his approval of her purpose. And now they had but a few moments more, to linger on the past, or hope for the future; as children, they had lived much together, how many recollections came thronging to mind! Stanley led her to the window, and pointed out a favourite and fairy spot, they had loved from childhood.

"'Tis the last time, my beloved!" and he clasped her fondly to his heart, "whatever chance may befall us, promise me you will not doubt my faith! I am chained to an old, feeble, and almost dying father, it may be long ere we meet again—you will not doubt?" "Never!" and even as the words passed her lips, the setting sun broke through the clouds that had dimmed its glory, and the long, lingering rays fell upon that upturned and innocent face—truth, and confidence, and perfect love were there! little wonder that Stanley folded her yet more fondly to his bosom, as he said, "Thee I cannot doubt."

Edward Clavering and his daughter left England:

"Their own fair land—refinement's chosen seat,
Art's triumphed dwelling, learning's green retreat,
By valour guarded, and by victory crowned,
For all, but gentle charity renowned."

It would have been more consonant to the feelings of Mr. Clavering, to have settled among the sons of the "Pilgrim Fathers," but New England was suffering from the oppression of Andross—a willing instrument to further the tyrannical schemes of the second James. The spirit of the exile was weary and worn, he pined for rest—quiet for the few remaining years of his life. They passed on to "fair Virginia," and beneath its sunny skies, they found the kindly welcome, the warm and generous hospitality that already distinguished her children, among the colonists. A plantation that had been cultivated for many years, Mr. Clavering was enabled to purchase; it was very retired; they lived much alone; but the home-circle was gladdened by the uniform cheerfulness of Helen. Hope, in the young heart is faithful, for herself and Stanley she had one only feeling:

"Strong the omen in my heart
That we shall meet again."

True, they had trials, but they were borne with fortitude; the heart of the father yearned towards his child; beautiful she was in her youth, but oh! far more so in the strength of her filial affection. Happiness is not of the world's pomp and splendour, but of the contented mind; and most of all do you find its abiding place in the heart strengthened through all changes, by the strong consciousness of duty well performed.

And now turn we for a moment to one, who played no unimportant part in the history of Helen Clavering. Edward Clayton was the son of an old friend of Mr. Clavering's; his

father had died very suddenly, and being a retired officer, on half pay, was unable to educate his son as he wished in his life time, and at his death left him penniless. Moved by the utter destitution of the boy, Mr. Clavering had adopted him: at sixteen years of age, Edward Clayton became an inmate of the same home with Helen Clavering. At that age character is formed, and whatever shades it may take in after life, the under current is the same. From his youth the boy had been indulged; early death had deprived him of a mother's care; his father had little inclination and no anxiety to check the ungoverned passions, his child gave way to. Overbearing and insolent, where he dared—a certain meanness of disposition rendered him cringing to his superiors. The death of his father, and utter poverty, brought reflection; he felt that Mr. Clavering's kindness depended upon his own good conduct, and these thoughts made him—a hypocrite. Good principles had never been instilled into his mind, vindictive he was and haughty, but over the dark traits of his character he contrived to throw the veil of a plausible and quiet exterior. From sixteen to three and twenty, he had played his part, and so hardened and depraved was his mind, that he would have shrunk from no deed, however dark and revolting. All evil passions were aroused by the fierce envy that preyed upon his heart like a consuming fire. But there was one feeling, mightier far than every other—love of Helen Clavering, and proportionate hate of Frederic Stanley. The gifts of fortune had all fallen to the lot of Stanley, and it were a hard question to decide whether love for Helen was not partly excited by the embittered feelings Clayton bore towards the rival who so unconsciously lorded it over him.

It had been the wish of Mr. Clavering, that Edward should study a profession: he had chosen the law. Without system, and with no industry of character, he soon wearied of its slow and toilsome upward march. With professions of attachment, as specious as they were insincere, he prevailed upon his benefactor to bring him to America; and Edward Clayton hoped to find an easier road to fortune in the new world, than opened to the inactive among the trodden paths of an overgrown population in the old. And although his heart was agitated by another, and a stronger hope, yet was it vague and undefined. Clayton formed one of Mr. Clavering's family, and in all things Helen treated him as a brother; her father's deep and warm interest in his welfare, ripened into affection, through the long and lonely hours of their exile. All things combined to render firmer the determination Edward had already formed, to win the maiden for his bride, though it were with dishonour on his head, and shame in his heart. Their residence, as we have before said, was secluded: it was the province of Clayton to go for letters to the post town. Mr. Clavering rarely left his home for any purpose. Clayton went as usual; there was a letter—the first letter from Stanley—and for Helen, too. The brow grew dark, and the hand shook that held it. In the solitude of his own room that night,

Edward Clayton broke the seal. Oh! how he loathed the tenderness, the trust, the warm affection that breathed in every line. Long, and anxiously he thought what should he do:

"O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men!"

Many plans passed through his mind, and at last he resolved upon one, that, reckless and dastardly as it was, only adds another instance to the many, of the utter worthlessness of that love, that holds sway in the hearts of the bad and depraved. He was preparing for Helen Clavering the sorest and bitterest distress in the uncertain hope that he might be enabled to win her affections hereafter.

Clayton possessed the art of imitating, with accuracy, the hand writing of another; after attentively studying the style of Stanley's, he found no difficulty in preparing a letter, that would have deceived a nature, far more suspicious than that of Helen Clavering. In this instance there was nothing to excite suspicion in her mind; she had no reason to distrust Edward Clayton, he had acted the hypocrite too long, not to be an adept in the art.

Using the language of Stanley, he told Helen "The ties that bound them were broken—that his aged father, for days, had hovered between life and death; in his last extremity he had called his son to his bedside, and wrung from him a solemn promise that he would never marry Helen Clavering, the daughter of a heretic! To smooth the troubled path to the grave of a long loved and most indulgent father, he had sacrificed his own happiness; and now he implored of Helen the forgiveness, he felt he might not claim, for he had offered up the love of long years, at the shrine of unrelenting bigotry. His father still lived, but there was no hope of recovery. The letter closed in language familiar to the lips of Stanley, in grief and tenderness, he bade her farewell—but tenderness he knew to be unavailing, and hopeless."—"That will do," muttered the arch traitor as he folded and sealed the letter. "Yes! that will do, so I can gain time, with the hold I have upon her father's affections, she must be mine! Once my wife, who knows what lucky chance may speed us back to England? Then, it will be too late to give utterance to suspicions should they even arise. Perchance, the whole current of her feelings may change, and she may turn, in the bitterness of disappointed affection, to the only one who could understand or sympathise with her—well, she will find me a very good brother!"

The strong glare of the light fell over his face as he ceased speaking, and you might trace upon the lines of that dark countenance, the sneering and vindictive thoughts, that were busy within. The forehead of Clayton was low and broad; his eyes were large and black, but somewhat lowering, and anon haughty, restless, and excited; the mouth full, and of that peculiar expression, the mind connects with the character of the bad and depraved.

By the evening of the next day, he expected to reach home, and deliver the letter to Helen. Turn we for a moment to that home—it was

near sunset, the father and daughter were seated upon the low piazza in front of their dwelling. They were conversing apparently, for Helen sat by her father, upon a low stool, one arm over his knee, her face turned earnestly towards him. How very fair she was, that gentle girl! She had the clear, blue eye of England's daughters; the golden curls that fell in rich and exceeding beauty, over neck and brow; the snowy and pure skin that "you might see the blue veins wander through." The small, red lips, were parted slightly, and the smile they wore was tender and confiding. When the father looked upon his child, and remembered how much of his present happiness was owing to her, how lone and sorrowful his lot had been without her, his heart rose up in thankfulness to the Giver of all Good.

"God has been very good to me," he said, tremulously, "my own Helen, you are happy!"

"Yes, father; when I look on you, I feel there is no earthly pleasure could have repaid me for your loss. And I begin to love the western world—her dim and shadowy forests, her mighty mountains, and her glorious rivers. I feel as if man had yet no power to mar the perfect work of the Almighty's hand. Sad, is it not my father, that vice and immorality are the twin sisters of luxury?"

"And yet it has been so, from Noah downwards," replied her father, "after the wine came the drunkenness. Man's sympathies are with the crowd, he loves the busy hum of human industry, it ministers to his comfort, and lays at his feet the wealth of many lands. If in time this noble country should become a great and powerful nation, may her sons, throughout the length and breadth of the land, hold sacred religious freedom. May it be untrammelled by the arm of government or public opinion."

Helen rose up as her father ceased, but the look of thoughtful attention had changed to one of animation and delight.

"See, father! there is Edward. Oh, if he should have letters—letters from distant England!" the blood rushed over her cheeks, and her eyes sparkled with intense excitement, she sprang forward to meet him, in a moment she was by his side.

"You are welcome, my good brother; more especially if you bring us news of our other home."

"I do bring news, so I presume, at least," and he handed the letter to Mr. Clavering—" 'tis for your daughter, sir."

"Yes, and you, Edward, can sit with me; Helen can go within and read it." Helen instantly availed herself of the permission; but Clayton had no desire to stay at that moment, he pleaded some excuse, and with promise of speedy return, left Mr. Clavering. A feeling of quiet happiness, of silent gratitude for many mercies, stole over the heart of the exile; he sat long absorbed in thought, and when at last he rose to go, it was with a feeling of surprise that Helen had not rejoined him. He entered the room where she was sitting, her head bent down upon her knees, her hands clasped upon her forehead.

"What ails you, Helen," he asked hastily.

"Tis nothing, father," and she looked up, but she was deadly pale, and upon her fair young brow there were large drops of perspiration, wrung forth by that sore and terrible distress.

"Tis nothing—I will soon be over it!" and her voice was hollow and broken.

"What is all this, my dear girl?" said her father tenderly; "you are greatly agitated—what news have you received?" He sat down beside her, and he wiped the moist brow, though his hand trembled as he did so—for he felt it was no common sorrow had borne his child to the earth.

Oh! sympathy, thou art a blessed boon!—Human nature could not have borne on, if thou hadst not been given to cheer us on the way. The heart of Helen softened from its stern despair; she wept wildly as her father folded her to his bosom, but it was a relief, a welcome and timely relief. As the sounds of anguish died away, Mr. Clavering said, "Helen, may I know the cause of this sorrow?" Silently she placed the letter in his hands; it was many minutes ere she ventured to look upon her father's face, and when she did so, she recoiled from its expression of fierce wrath, which yet he evidently strove to suppress.

"Scoundrel!" he muttered, "base, unworthy scoundrel!"

"Stop, father," said Helen, imploringly; "for my sake. Oh! for my sake. Stanley is true; it is no common cause that has come between him and the love of his youth," but even as she spoke her eye clouded, and the tears rolled over her pale cheek.

"No common cause," said Clavering, in bitter indignation; "ay, I grant it, furious and unrelenting bigotry is no common cause, to be the mainspring in the mind of any man; Stanley knew that his father was bound hand and foot, in the iron bonds of his religion—that his narrow and contracted soul was only fit to grovel with the earth-worm, yet, he *dare* sacrifice his honour and your happiness, to gratify the miserable prejudices of a dotting old man.—Out upon him!" and Clavering stamped upon the floor, his eye flashing out the light of strong and powerful passions, that had been latent for long years. Helen clasped her hands together, but she said no more: even as though it were but yesterday, the words of Stanley were present to her mind. "Whatever chance may befall us, promise me you will not doubt my faith!" and she had promised; there was strange consolation in the thought, vague to be sure, and indefinite, yet it was like a ray of light, breaking in upon the troubled soul, from which life and light will soon be shut out for ever.

* * * * *

We will pass over a period of a year. During this time, letters were received from England, read by Clayton, and destroyed. In one of his letters, Stanley said—"His father's health was becoming daily more uncertain, that he could not leave him, however much he might desire it. He could not," he said, "doubt the faith—the perfect truth of Helen Clavering; but her long silence had filled him with alarm, and although he hoped for better days, it was a hope

shadowed by fears, and present unhappiness."—Once again, he wrote—"God forgive me, Helen, if I am wrong; but suspicion has at last, found entrance in my mind—it was long, very long, ere I doubted *thee*, my Helen. I have made excuses until my heart is weary of their echo! True, we are thousands of miles apart, and the wide water that rolls between us, may sweep over many a record, meant for him who would have treasured it so fondly. But, Helen, it is eighteen months since you left England's shores, and I have not had one line, one token of remembrance. Helen, there is memory left me; and ever, as these gloomy and desponding thoughts oppress me, she beckons me to our last interview, and I see you, as I saw you then, with a countenance, upon which love and truth, had blended into beauty, and I felt as I then felt—I *cannot* doubt thee!"

Edward Clayton had not "sped in his wooing;" although Helen regarded him very kindly, and his society was a source of comfort and pleasure, her heart had not admitted one softening impression. For a weary time, Helen had clung to hope, but it had died away at last—yet still she cherished the belief of Stanley's truth. She was sure there were circumstances attending his promise, which had not been communicated to her. In attempting to shake this conviction, Clavering had given her so much anguish, that ever after he was silent upon the subject, and the name of Stanley was never mentioned in her presence. But, when Helen's feelings were sufficiently subdued to bear conversation upon the cause of all her sorrow, she made her father understand how she felt: she was fully aware the ties that bound them were severed, and for ever:

"But a green spot should his memory be
In the desert of her heart."

It was about this time Mr. Clavering was taken ill; one of the severe fevers incident to a new country, had attacked him, and for a long time, life and death struggled for the mastery. The room was quiet and darkened—how fearfully still is all things when we watch for death! Helen knelt by the bedside, her hands clasped, her head raised, and perchance, there was prayer in the heart, but the lips moved not; the large veins over the forehead were swollen, the eye dilated, but tearless, yet no sound of anguish escaped her. It was the crisis of the disease; the sufferer slept—you might see the breath coming faintly, though at intervals, and with slight effort. There was a slight movement in the room, and Helen knew the physician had entered; she rose up, and looked into his face with a glance of earnest and passionate supplication, lest the frail hope she clung to, should be stricken from her heart. "He sleeps—my father sleeps," she said, faintly. He touched the pulse—his eye lighted: "There is a favourable change, bear up, Miss Clavering, now, as you have so nobly done through all this trial, there is, indeed, a change for the better."

Mr. Clavering opened his eyes, for the first time in many days; he knew his daughter, and his long earnest glance of affection repaid her for past sorrow: "I am better," he said, feebly, "but, my Helen, I cannot even bear your joy."

With a mighty effort, Helen commanded the tears that were streaming over her face, took the cordial from the hand of the physician, and gave it to her father. The heart of the old man was touched, and as the cordial revived him, he murmured, "Ah! thou wert never selfish Helen, in joy or in sorrow;" his eyes closed, he seemed disposed to sleep. "I will watch by his side, Miss Clavering," said the physician, "you require rest." Helen left the room, and the tears she shed, relieved her heart from its oppressive weight. In tending the sick, in cheering the convalescent, in soothing and sustaining her own fluctuating spirits, Helen had found in Edward Clayton an assistant and friend: and now to the sister's love she bore him, was added a warm feeling of gratitude. She took a lively interest in all his affairs, and hope found its way into the traitor's heart, that her kindly and gentle feelings would ripen into love.

One evening, after Mr. Clavering's recovery, Helen, in speaking of his illness, said: "Edward, my dear brother, I have oft times wished to thank you for the unwearied and constant attention you have given my father and myself. You will accept my thanks; we had much need of sympathy; and the true friend, in the sore hour of mortal trial is *never* forgotten." Clayton did not reply, and with something of surprise, Helen looked up. His arms were folded, and his head bent down upon his bosom, and there was an expression of despondency and distress upon his countenance.

"You are sad, Edward," said Helen, gently.

"Sad!" he repeated, while he roused himself, and a faint smile played over his face; "sad—why yes, I am; there are few so unselfish as Helen Clavering; just then, I was thinking of myself, and my thought was if I died to-morrow there would be none to mourn that I was gone; it is a hard lot to be an orphan, and alone."

"Edward," said Helen, reproachfully, "why will you talk thus? Are you not in all things the son of my father! And strong in youth and hope. You will hereafter form ties that will bind you in the social link."

"Never!" he passionately exclaimed; "never! I have loved once fondly, madly; for the first time and the last."

"And is it indeed so?" said the young girl, mournfully. "Ah! there are trials in this weary world, would dim the faith of the most believing, if we were not upheld by the knowledge that sorrow here is but a preparation for hereafter." The large tears that had filled into her eyes, dropped upon her cheek, they told how keen was the sense of her own peculiar suffering. But Edward interpreted them very differently; he seated himself by her side, asking her attention for a few moments only.

"Will you listen to me, Helen, without anger or contempt? Do not spurn me from you—I have loved *you*! Ay, as God is my witness, with a love, as unchanging as it is strong—but not with hope—no, never did the poor hanger-on upon your father's bounty, hope to wed the bright lady of Clavering. I have worshipped you as some glorious, and far-off star, whose light was over and around, but not within me. No, lady; my heart lay cold and still, and the rays that might have warmed it into happiness,

fell upon another." Clayton paused, for he was agitated far more than he wished, and he did not fail to note the settled coldness that had stolen over the face of Helen. Maddened by the prospect of repulse, he said, almost fiercely: "Was he worthier, he whom you have loved so long, whose memory you have cherished so fondly, has he repaid you with any portion of the trust and confidence, that even now, in very weakness you lavish upon him?" He had gone too far, and when too late he saw his error, passion had blinded him, self control was gone, and what he had begun in the hope to awaken sympathy and pity, caused indignation and contempt.

"You have been a close observer, Mr. Clayton," said Helen, scornfully, "and not over charitable in your conclusions: you will understand henceforth, that to me this subject is a most unpleasant one; and, in any point of view, one that I desire never to hear mentioned again." She had risen, while speaking, her fine and graceful form drawn to its full height, her blue eyes, flashing with indignation, bent steadily upon him. Clayton shrank from her glance, but his purpose grew stronger, and revenge mingled its polluting stream with the bitter waters that overflowed in his heart.

From the first, Mr. Clavering had favoured the suit of Clayton; long since the attachment had been confided to him, and when he understood from Clayton how unsuccessful he had been, he broached the subject at once to Helen. She refused most positively even to think of it. His age, the lonely situation of Helen, should he die, and hate to Stanley, were the exciting causes that induced the father, under the utmost discouragement, to persevere. Yet never did he use one threatening or angry word: and Helen could have exclaimed, in the language of another gentle and suffering girl:

"——— Dost thou know
The cruel tyranny of tenderness?
Hast thou e'er felt a father's warm embrace?
Hast thou e'er seen a father's flowing tears?
And knewst that thou could'st wipe those tears away?
If thou hast felt, and hast resisted these,
Then thou may'st curse my weakness; but if not,
Thou canst not pity, for thou canst not judge."

Two years were gone, early spring had come, and spring comes cheerily and brightly, and full early in the "Old Dominion." Great changes had taken place in England, yet they were unknown to the Clavering family; it had been Clayton's purpose to keep secret the abdication of King James, and accession of William and Mary to the throne until Helen should be his wife, for Helen had given consent. He feared, traitor as he was, these changes would materially affect Mr. Clavering, perhaps render him less urgent for the marriage, now more than ever to be desired, since restoration to home and honour was rendered certain. From the secluded situation in which the family lived, and the feeble health of Mr. Clavering, Clayton found it no difficult task to conceal the information he had acquired. Stanley had ceased to write; of his present situation, or movements, Clayton was ignorant.

It was evening; the sun was sinking slowly down; its golden beams seemed to mingle with the verdant green of the far off mountain. Helen Clavering lingered without; on the morrow she would be a bride—was she happy? Ah!

the young and loved should be happy, though tears mingle with their gladness. Earth hath no happiness like unto that which is born of the mingling of true and tried affection. Time had come over the heart of Helen, with "healing on his wings," but the spirit was worn with the long struggle. The soft blue eyes were dimmed with tears, as they rested mournfully upon the receding sun; the face was pale; the delicate lips were tremulous with emotion. She turned slowly away and entered the house; Helen drew back involuntarily at the sight of Clayton, he had evidently been regarding her with surprise and displeasure. He had been absent for two days, and she said somewhat hastily, "You are welcome home, my brother." Strange, that Helen never should have dropt the appellation of brother.

Edward Clayton knew that she loved him not, and had only yielded broken-heartedly to her father's wishes. They sat down together. "Helen," he said, coldly; "you are sad, very sorrowful, and it is ever thus. Have I not cause of complaint?"

"None," she mildly answered; "knowing the past, Edward, you must bear with me. Yet a little while," and she smiled faintly, "I must put away all thoughts that displease you; be patient until then."

"Patient," he repeated, bitterly. "Ay, I have need of it; you are cold, Helen, cold as the north star, that shineth on for ever, yet imparts no heat. Nay, I sometimes think there is less manifestation of affection, than before I was your lover. Then, there was ever a kindly smile, and look of interest, to welcome me; now, you sit apart and alone, forgetting the existence of others in your own unhappy thoughts. Is this wise, Helen?" She replied not; but tears gathered into her eyes, and she shaded them with her hand for a brief space ere she replied:

"This time, to-morrow, Edward, and I will have no right to such thoughts. You will have no cause to complain of me, hereafter; for the present I have been unnerved by recollections that press heavily upon my spirits, on the eve of this great change in my life. And now, I would be alone, I have need of quiet communing with my own heart. Good night, Edward." She extended her hand towards him, and even that, Clayton felt, was a favour seldom bestowed, and as he raised it to his lips, he returned her good night with something less of disapprobation, than was usually visible, at the termination of their interviews. He left her, and Helen was alone; her father had been absent nearly all the afternoon; as she rose to seek her chamber, he came towards the house, accompanied by a stranger, who remained upon the piazza, Mr. Clavering entering the room where Helen was. The thoughts of the young girl were far away, and she took no note of the recent and strong agitation her father's countenance betrayed.

"Sit down beside me, Helen," he said gently, "I have much to say to you." She obeyed, and something there was in his voice, that fixed her attention.

"Great and unexpected happiness, my own Helen, is often difficult to bear, with any por-

tion of firmness; and such I know it will be to you, to hear that Stanley's name is cleared from dishonour."

"Call it not dishonour, father," said Helen, who trembled with emotion; "it was perhaps a too easy yielding to the wishes of a dying parent, but, oh, my father, it was not dishonour;" as the words passed the lips of Helen, another step was in the room, and the tones of an old familiar voice was in her ear, and Helen Clavering knew it was Stanley by her side. "Most foully have they wronged my noble father, Helen. He is dead, and with his latest breath, he bade me seek for you, in this far western world, and bear a dying father's blessing to the wife of his son. Helen, I have come; thank God, it is in time."

A full explanation had already passed between Mr. Clavering and Stanley; they had accidentally met in the afternoon, as Stanley was on his way to the home of Helen. His first request was for the letter, and while he admitted the accurate likeness of the hand writing, he pointed to the seal, and said, abruptly:

"My first suspicions were right; that is a seal I have seen before, in Edward Clayton's possession. I distinctly remember having remarked it while he was in England, he told me it had been his father's. Mine is very different, and Helen must have seen it." Helen had, frequently, but had not noticed the seal on the letter, Clayton had given her, until it was pointed out. Then there was Mr. Clavering's ignorance of all the changes that had taken place in England, which Clayton must have known, and must have concealed. Little doubt remained in the minds of any present as to his guilt.

Mr. Clavering met the traitor alone; overwhelmed by such entire detection, Clayton lost presence of mind, and gave such unequivocal tokens of guilt, that Mr. Clavering desired him to leave his presence then, and forever. Driven forth a vagabond upon the earth, we turn gladly from the after life of Edward Clayton; crime became unto him a familiar thing, and there was blood upon his hand, ere his dark career closed in a violent death. * * *

It was in England: summer still lingered, and the soft air came in at the open window, touching the fair cheek of Helen Clavering with its odorous breath, "bearing the sweets of ten thousand flowers." It was her bridal morn!—Costly robes were on the maiden, and bright jewels wreathed her hair, but brighter far and better, was the light of hope and happiness, that had stolen over that sweet and gentle face, and beamed from the sparkling eyes. A moment more, and Stanley was by her side; he brought the rich gems that had been his mother's; clasping the bracelet over the white arm, he raised it to his lips: "Mine thou art now, Helen—mine, and mine only," and the promise that he made her then, to love, and tenderly to cherish, was never broken through all after time. Instances there are like this, that come over the spirit, in this changing world, as the soft sea breeze to the exhausted dweller, under India's burning sun, reviving and strengthening, for the time to come; giving hope and promise of that better land, where the shadow of man's evil passions may not rest upon his happiness.

I CANNA BID HIM GANG, MITHER.

WRITTEN BY

ANDREW M'MAKIN, ESQ.

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO MISS SHIRREFF.

MUSIC BY

JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by G. W. Hewitt, & Co., in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court, of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Andante con Express.

I can - na bid him gang, mi - ther, I can - na bid him gae, In -

deed 'twad break my heart mither, Gin he should chance o - - - bey. He's

ay sae kind an' win -- some As we walk on the lea, And

though the pride of fif - ty maids, He ay re - turns to me. And

though the pride of fif - ty maids, He ay re - turns to me.

though the pride of fif - ty maids, He ay re - turns to me.

Be sure he lo'es thee weel, mither,
 An' feyther, too, I trow—
 Then do not bid him gang, mither,
 And prayers will ever flow;
 For he's ay sae kind an' winsome,
 An' brave I'm sura wad be
 As ony lad on Scotia's heather,
 Or e'en in Christendee.

Then do not bid him gang, mither,
 An' steep my heart in wo—
 Indeed 'twill break in twain, mither,
 To bid dear Willie go;
 For he's ay sae kind an' winsome,
 As we walk on the lea;
 An' though the pride o' fifty maids,
 He ay returns to me.

Written for the Lady's Book.

NEWTON AINSLIE.

A SKETCH.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Nor many years since a friend of mine was visiting the state prison at ———, when his attention was attracted in a remarkable degree by one of the convicts, who appeared to be officiating as clerk in the apothecary's room which formed a part of the establishment. The man was of low stature, with a warped and shrunk body, and limbs so attenuated, that they seemed scarcely able to bear the weight of his small frame. But this distorted trunk was surmounted by a head so fully developed, it would have thrown a phrenologist into ecstasies. His forehead was high and broad, his eyes piercing and intelligent, his features delicately formed, and but for an habitual expression of moroseness, which seemed to brood over his countenance, it would have been eminently handsome. My friend fell into conversation with him, and soon discovered him to possess remarkable intelligence. He seemed a good classical scholar and quite familiar with the more abstruse parts of modern learning. But the book which he was reading when first addressed showed the peculiar tendency of his mind. It was a mathematical work of a high order, and his own annotations in pencil on the margin showed that he read understandingly. It was something so strange to find a common felon devoting his leisure time to such pursuits, that my friend was induced to make some inquiry respecting his history, but the man rather evaded his questions, telling him it was too long a story to relate with all its details, and that he would much rather discuss mathematics. Unwilling to wound his feelings, Mr. ——— said no more on the subject, but when they parted he asked if there was any thing he could do to ameliorate his condition. "Only one thing, sir," said the prisoner, "I am desirous of obtaining Newton's Principia, if you will lend me a copy of that work it is all I require." Mr. ———, who knew it would be impossible to procure such a book in that town promised to send it to him as soon as he should arrive in New York, and writing the man's name in his pocketbook bade him farewell. A few days after, he procured a fine copy of the work and inscribing in it the name of "Newton Ainslie, from one who will not soon forget their prison meeting," sent it under cover to the jailor, as the prisoner had directed.

Two years afterwards a parcel was left at my friend's door, which, when opened was found to contain the book which he had sent to the convict. Beneath the original inscription was written "Newton Ainslie's legacy to one who has promised to remember him." The parcel also contained a manuscript written in a clear bold hand, which with my friend's permission is now given the public.

"You were desirous, sir, of learning my his-

tory, and as I could not then enter into a detail of my feelings as well as my actions I was unwilling you should judge me by deeds alone. I am not now about to extenuate my faults; I only seek to trace their gradual development. My father was a farmer in Pennsylvania, who by dint of industry and economy managed to provide his family with every comfort. He had but two children, of whom I was the elder. While yet an infant, I met with an accident which reduced me to a state of perfect helplessness for many years. I was therefore necessarily the object of my mother's peculiar care; and day after day, I lay in my wicker cradle, listening to the songs which she sung and the tales which she told for the amusement of her crippled boy. Yet her household duties called her often from my side, and many a lonely hour did I spend in pain of body and weariness of spirit. I longed for occupation even as the labourer pants after repose, and my very soul grew sick as the loud halloo and merry laugh of my brother broke upon my ear. It was in these long dreary seasons of solitude that my fierce passions were nourished. The germs of many an evil feeling were in my heart, but had I mingled with my fellows, and endured the wholesome discipline of collision with others, many of them would have been crushed ere they sprung to vigorous life. Never tell me of domestic education for a boy:—it is fitting for a delicate girl, who would be preserved from the contamination of evil example, and who should ever be like the "dove wearing silver wings," but for a boy it is worse than folly. A hard and stony road it will be his lot to travel—a fierce and bitter conflict it will be his task to wage, and he should be disciplined at times for the struggle. The tender cares of a mother, her fond indulgence of every wayward fancy, are not the means by which a hardy character is formed. But when to all the evil results of domestic indulgence is added the consciousness of inferiority to one's fellows, the necessity of entire dependence on others and the consequent envy of more favoured companions, is it any wonder that the deformed are usually distinguished by an acerbity of temper, or a morbid sensitiveness of character, which enhances their sufferings while it diminishes the sympathy of their friends.

My temper was naturally bad, and my mother's injudicious kindness had made it infinitely worse. I brooded over my privations until I almost hated every one who was more fortunate than myself. My father, busied with his farm, had little leisure to think of the helpless little cripple who cumbered the chimney-nook, and I had no other feeling towards him than the most entire indifference. With my brother I was always quarrelling. He used to

enter the house with a bound and a shout which were almost distracting to my delicately organized brain. The sight of his robust frame and glowing cheek seemed an aggravation of my misfortune, and I envied him too much to regard him with affection.

"When I was about ten years of age, however, my prospects were materially altered. A new teacher was appointed for our district school, who was to 'board round,' as it is termed in the country; in other words, to reside a month in each family which furnished pupils, so that the burden of his support might fall equally upon all. As I could not go to school this at first seemed of little consequence to me. My mother had taught me to read, but our scanty stock of books offered few temptations to pursue literature as a pleasure, and I never dreamed that a solace for my privations might be found in such things. When it became our turn to receive the master, I was certainly pleased to discover that my brother had spoken truth when he said that the schoolmaster was like myself 'a lame hunchback.' Here was one at least who could not laugh at my deformity, and I felt a sort of liking for him from the first moment that he limped into the house, and I beheld his shapeless shadow projected on the sunny floor beside my couch. He was a man of great learning and much kindness of heart. Compassionating my helplessness he undertook to instruct me after his day's task was completed, and never did a month pass so rapidly. He told me of things which my wildest fancy could never have imagined. He showed me maps, which seemed to bring the whole world around the poor cripple's bed, and I never shall forget the exquisite delight with which I pored day after day over those pictured semblances of earth's remotest bounds. My instructor had the art of making study a pleasure, because he possessed in an eminent degree the power of simplifying his explanations so as to adapt them to the humblest capacity. The month was quite too short for both of us, for my attachment to study had evidently won his regard, and my mother's persuasions induced my father to make arrangements for his remaining with us during his stay in the country. It was during that winter, I discovered a pursuit so engrossing as to fill up every hour of my hitherto wearisome life. Mr. Hinton, my teacher, was a mathematician, and though compelled by the duties of his station, to put aside such abstruse studies, he yet turned to them, at every leisure moment with passionate eagerness. He found in me a pupil worthy of his attention. From the moment when the mysteries of calculation were first opened to my view I became a devoted student. With almost unequalled rapidity (for I had no amusements to distract my thoughts) I made myself master of the elements of algebra and having thus laid the foundation, I proceeded to erect the beautiful superstructure of science. None but a mathematical mind can comprehend the fascination of such pursuits. I no longer pined for the fresh air and the green earth. If I looked out upon the sky it was no longer to behold its blue vault decked with the gorgeous

clouds of sunset or studded with the silver stars of night. Lines and circles, curves and angles traced themselves upon every thing I beheld. My mind was replete with the technicalities of the science, and I have worked out many a problem with the heavens for my slaps and fancy's wand my pencil.

"I had been slowly recovering the use of my limbs during the period of which I have spoken and when I was fourteen years of age I found myself at length able to walk short distances with the aid of a staff. No one who has always frolicked in the exuberance of boyish spirits and felt the glow of health in every limb can imagine the feeling with which I went out for the first time *alone among the hills*. A weight seemed removed from my breast—I breathed as if inhaling a purer air, and my heart throbbed with delight such as I had never before enjoyed. Yet even at that moment the perversity of my nature made itself felt. As I was creeping along with feeble step, my brother sprang past me, calling to me 'to stand out of his way for he was running a race with his dog.' I looked after him with a feeling of unutterable bitterness and seating myself on a stone by the roadside, burst into a flood of tears.

"I will not dwell longer on my boyish life. Four years after I recovered the use of my limbs, my mother died. She had lived long enough to see the result of her patient cares in my behalf, and she was spared the grief of beholding me arrive at man's estate thus dwarfed and deformed. Her death severed the only tie which bound me to my family, and when I saw the mould laid upon the bosom which had so often pillowed my aching head, I felt that I was now utterly alone on earth. My brother who had now become one of my father's most efficient labourers, often taunted me with my idle habits. Heaven knows it was not idleness that chained my hands and fettered my feet when all others were busied in the labours of the field. I would have given the wealth of the Indies for the strength of limb and robust frame of those who despised me. But my pride was roused by continual reproaches, and I resolved, if possible to provide for my own subsistence. At first I entertained the hope of becoming an assistant to my friend Mr. Hinton, but his narrow stipend would not allow this. He offered, however, to take me into the school and teach me his method of instruction, so that I might obtain a similar situation in another part of the country. Such was my course of life during the next two years, presiding over riotous boys all day, and returning with fresh zest to my mathematical studies as soon as my task was ended.

"I soon became thoroughly wearied of such a life; my temper became still more soured by continued conflict with unruly and turbulent spirits, and nothing but my friend's arguments prevented me from sinking into utter despair. I had almost determined to give up all idea of becoming a schoolmaster, but he told me of its many advantages in enabling me to obtain a finished education—he spoke of the certainty of my success in the higher branches of mathe-

matics, and finally mentioned the names of the many distinguished men in our own country who owed their first rise in the world to an humble village school. These arguments were irresistible. The thought of gaining an eminence which would enable me to look down upon the objects of my present envy would have nerved me to every exertion.

"My father's second marriage at length made my home so intolerable that I resolved to quit it. I obtained a few hundred dollars from him in lieu of my future interest in the farm and departed for —. Here I entered college and supported myself by acting as private tutor to students less qualified than myself. It was a hard and toilsome life. Sixteen hours out of the twenty-four were devoted to the instruction of others and the prosecution of my own studies. The rest of my time was required to renovate my exhausted frame and give me new strength for the next day's toil. I became so completely absorbed in mental occupation, that external things scarcely made any impression upon me. I eat to supply the wants of nature but rarely knew what was set before me. My book lay on my knees while my hands mechanically lifted food to my mouth. I walked, simply because my feeble body demanded constant exercise to preserve its frail organs from disease, but my eye wandered with vacant gaze over the beauties of the summer landscape or the unsullied snow of nature's winter robe. I lived in a world of thought—the outward world was a place in which I only moved and breathed. At the expiration of the allotted term I quitted college, a graduate loaded with honours and pennyles.

"For some time, I continued to give private lessons in —, but my ungovernable temper, which had several times brought me into slight difficulties, at length deprived me of that means of support. The father of one of my pupils had said something which I construed into an insult, and the severe and bitter invective with which I attacked him in the public streets, incensed him to such a degree that he threatened me with personal chastisement. He was an old white-haired man, and I should have forborne with his age, but passion overcame me, and feeble as I was I laid him prostrate on the pavement. Fortunately he was not injured, but public opinion was too strong against me, and I was obliged to leave the place.

I next sought refuge in New York, that El Dorado of all hungry aspirants after wealth, and obtained a situation as assistant in a classical school. I boarded in the family of my employer, and was not long in discovering that his only daughter was one of the loveliest creatures I had ever beheld. Hers was that delicate beauty which we admire for its very fragility; and her timid, gentle disposition well suited her sweet countenance. I loved her not only for her beauty, but for the very gentleness which made her so unlike myself. Living in the midst of a kind family, there was nothing to call forth the violence of my temper; and as the principal of the school was never in the same apartment with me, my impulses of pas-

sion among the boys were totally unknown to him. He found me of great assistance to him, and therefore regarded me with a degree of respect to which I had never before been accustomed. His opinion of me was greatly altered, however, when I came to ask him for his daughter's hand. It was not my poverty to which he objected, nor my station, for it was like his own, but it was my *personal appearance*; he could not give his daughter to one who seemed more like the incubus of a disturbed fancy, than a man. I had been too much accustomed to contempt to wonder at his feelings on the subject; but I was not the less determined to be revenged on him. The opportunity was in my power, for I knew that his daughter loved me. It was strange, passing strange, that the fair and delicate Lucy Lincoln, whom but to look on was to love, should have bestowed the treasures of her innocent tenderness on the dwarfed and deformed scholar. There is no clue to the labyrinths of a woman's heart, but it may be that my misfortunes awakened her pity, while my intellectual powers commanded her respect; and where such feelings are combined, love is not far distant. From whatever fountain that pure affection sprang, I know that its deep strong current diffused a freshness over my blighted life, and even in my most desolate fortunes preserved for me one green spot where hope might bloom. Her father was a man who concealed his kindest feelings under a stern manner, and Lucy feared far more than she loved him. Overcome by my passionate entreaties, she consented to a clandestine marriage, and three months after he had insulted me by his rejection of my suit, I informed him that the '*incubus*' had become his son-in-law. His indignation fully equalled my expectation, and we were of course obliged to seek another abode. I offered myself as candidate for the appointment of teacher in a district school about thirty miles from the city, and was fortunate enough to secure the situation.

There began my greatest misfortunes. Hitherto I had been restrained by the guidance of others, but I was now left to my own discretion. I had continued my mathematical studies, and had found one of my chief pleasures in the power of demonstration. There was something peculiarly attractive to me in a science which admitted of such close analysis, such exact evidence; and, like most persons who devote themselves exclusively to one pursuit, I learned to look with contempt upon every other. Nothing seemed to me worth attention, which could not be as clearly proved as my researches into the exact sciences; and the consequence was that I learned to doubt every thing that could not be tested by the senses, or explained by the intellect. In the village where I resided, lived a man of no great talent, but possessing extreme subtlety in argument. This man was an avowed infidel, and had been the intimate friend of Paine. He found me a fit subject for his attacks, and a very short time was sufficient to convince me that Christianity was but a fable, and its followers the worst of fools. With the ill judging zeal of a new con-

vert, I was not satisfied with enjoying my own belief, or rather disbelief in silence. I commenced by banishing the Bible from the school, and discontinuing the weekly Scripture lessons which had heretofore been prescribed. This gave offence to some of the most influential men in the place, and I was requested to return to the old system. Instead of doing this, I attempted to prove logically and demonstratively that to do so would only be to fill the childrens' heads with vague and erroneous ideas. I tried to convince them that a child's mind should be left quite unbiassed by the religious opinions of his elders, so that when he arrived at years of discretion he might be enabled to view impartially the various opinions that had prevailed in the world, and select as his creed that which seemed to him most rational. I well remember the answer of a shrewd, unlettered old farmer; "I don't know any thing about your book-learning, Mr. Ainslie," said he, "but I know this much—if I should leave my field to lie fallow without putting in either plough or spade till I was ready to sow my wheat, I should have a pretty good crop of weeds to take out before I could find room for the seed." We parted in mutual dissatisfaction, and the result was my dismissal from the school.

Necessity drove me to seek another home. I left my wife and infant, promising to return for them as soon as I should have obtained the means of our future subsistence; but two months elapsed before I was able to redeem my promise. I returned to witness a spectacle that almost drove me to madness. I found the house destitute of food or fuel; my wife lying in the delirium of fever, and my little one a corpse. A neighbour to whom I had once done some service, assisted me to procure some comforts for my wife; and I was obliged to wait until her recovery before we could proceed on our journey. Our new abode lacked many of the comforts which we had found in our village home. A rough unpainted cabin, which offered but slight resistance to the driving wind and rain, was the best house that my limited salary allowed me to procure. A ragged patch of ground, overgrown with nettles, was the garden spot, and a rough common on which the cottage stood, afforded scanty pasture to the half-starved cow which a wealthy farmer had appropriated to my use. To this wretched place I removed with my poor feeble wife. The death of our little one weighed heavily upon her heart; and alas! she had also learned by this time how frail must be her dependence upon me for happiness. It is true I was never cruel to her—she never suffered from my irritable temper as I thought, but I can remember now a thousand instances of petulance and ill-temper on my part, and of gentle submission on hers. She never complained, but her joyousness of spirit was gone; her step moved heavily about the house, her cheek became more and more sunken, and her voice assumed that plaintive tone which speaks of secret sorrow.

Under her supervision, however, our dreary home soon assumed a new aspect. The house was neatly white-washed, vines of rapid growth

were trained around the door and windows, the nettles in the garden gave place to a goodly array of potatoe vines and cabbage heads; and before long 'the master's house' was the admiration of the neighbourhood. I had learned some wisdom by experience, and was careful not to intrude my skepticism upon the notice of my new patrons; but, notwithstanding my caution in this matter, there were constant disturbances between us. My temper had not been improved by my wandering and unsettled life; complaints were constantly made of the severity of my punishments, and I was thus led into continual quarrels with the parents of my pupils.

Among my scholars was one of a most malignant disposition. Cool and calm even at the moment of greatest irritation, he never forgave an offence, and never failed to revenge it. Some improper conduct in school induced me to detain him after the rest were dismissed, when I determined to obtain the assistance of a negro who laboured in my little garden, and give him a severe flogging. I locked him in the room, and went in search of the black, but when I returned the boy was gone. I looked into the room without entering it, discovered that he had escaped by a window, and resolved to double his punishment the next day. The boys were in the habit of coming to me early in the morning for the key of the room, while I seldom visited the school until it was time to commence the exercises of the day. As I opened the door the morning after the boy's escape, I disturbed a group of boys who stood behind it, apparently engaged in the contemplation of a map which usually hung there. I walked to my desk to ring the bell for order, when for the first time I beheld the object of their attention. Directly behind the door, so placed as not to be seen until one had entered the room, was a large caricature of myself, drawn with a piece of coal on the white wall; and beneath it was written, "As crooked in mind as in body." I stood speechless with rage; but just at this moment the offender entered the room. He was an athletic fellow of perhaps sixteen years of age, and trusting to his superior personal strength in case I attempted chastisement, had doubtless come to sate his revenge by the sight of my discomfiture. As he passed me his eye twinkled with malicious pleasure, and a sneer was on his lip. I snatched up a round ruler which lay upon my desk, and struck him with all the violence of passion. The ruler was loaded with lead—the blow fell upon his temple—a slight convulsion passed over his features, and he fell senseless to the floor!

The revulsion of my feelings it would be impossible to describe. Terror, shame, remorse, all struggled in my breast as I sought in vain to restore the unhappy boy to consciousness. In the mean time the alarm had been given, and while my poor wife was assisting me to chafe his temples, I was startled by the approach of a crowd of men. My first impulse was to conceal myself; and hurrying out of the back gate, I hid myself in the woods. What a

day was that; alone in the midst of a solitary forest, with the guilt of murder upon my conscience. The rustle of a leaf, the cracking of a branch beneath my feet made me tremble and grow pale. When night came on, exhausted with excitement, I crept towards my home; but my movements had been anticipated, and as I silently stole in the gate, I found myself in the gripe of a constable.

I was six weeks in prison before my trial came on. In the mean time the boy had recovered, but only to suffer a living death—he was a hopeless idiot!

Oh, if I could describe the horrors of that trial, my worst enemy would pity me. Think what must have been the sufferings of my proud spirit, when I was placed as a mark for the finger of scorn and loathing. Every act that I had ever committed from the impulse of passion was brought up in testimony against me; when finally the lawyer for the prosecution arose to speak—when his mighty intellect was exerted to heap execration on my head—when I heard the torrent of splendid eloquence which seemed gathering its force only to overwhelm me utterly—I could no longer withstand the tumult of my feeling. Tears, aye, tears that burned on my cheeks like molten lead, fell from my eyes; and the sentence which condemned me to a felon's cell, sounded like a reprieve, for it rescued me from the eyes of those who were cursing me in their hearts.

I was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment, the first year to be spent in a solitary cell. Before six months of my punishment had expired, I was removed to a ward in the hospital, a maniac. The kind care of the attendant phy-

sician, and judicious treatment on the part of the humane jailor, rescued me from this frightful malady; but it was long ere I recovered sufficiently to leave my bed. My wife, my gentle Lucy, had sunk under her misfortunes, and found in an early grave the peace which earth could never now afford. She left a letter to be given to me in case my reason was ever restored—it contained an earnest and touching appeal in behalf of Christianity—it besought me by the love I bore her to search diligently for the truth; and it contained a farewell so full of Christian hope that my heart melted as I read it. I have obeyed her dying request—I have sought the truth, and I have found it where alone it *must* be found—in the Book of Truth—the Holy Scriptures.

Since my recovery, I have been employed in the hospital belonging to the prison, because my strength would not permit of manual labour. Five years of my prison life are already spent, but I shall never live to breathe again the air of freedom. The lofty aspirations of an intellectual nature, the proud hopes of literary ambition, and the burning thirst after worldly distinction, are all dead within me. My love for books still continues, but merely as a means of lightening the heavy burden of existence; and as I am sensible of the gradual decay of my physical powers, I rejoice in the thought that my spirit will soon escape from the cumbrous tenement which has so long shut it out from the light of Heaven."

Thus ended the manuscript; another hand had added the words—"Newton Ainslie died on the 15th January, 18—."

Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS.

On her tearful eye, from day to day,
The visions of death grew deeper,
And its mystery told she was passing away
To the land of the dreamless sleeper.
She wept in silence, and not a word
Of reproach or complaint was utter'd,
As her fainting heart, like a wounded bird,
In her gentle bosom flutter'd.

Her beautiful hope had long decay'd
Like a violet-garland of spring,
And in memory's solemn book was laid,
A wither'd, but cherish'd thing;
Encircling an image that love impress'd
On that dark volume's mouldy leaf,
The image of one, whose name she still blest,
Though 'twas he who had bow'd her to grief.

The world, as it gaily hurried by,
On her frail form look'd unheeding,
It did not know she was hasting to die,
With a heart that was inwardly bleeding.
It saw not why the golden bowl
At the fountain had been broken,
Or whence came the cloud, that o'er her soul
Was gather'd as death's sure token.

And she grew still paler, so that at last,
When life's pulses were ceasing to play,
Her snow-white form might almost have past
With her soul, as its shadow, away.
The sepulchre closed, and they who wept,
To the ways of the world departed,
'Mid its cares to forget the one who slept
The deep sleep of the broken-hearted.
Emmitsburgh, Md. O. O. M.

Of singing birds, the nightingale unites the highest perfection of qualities, the linnet next, then the tit-lark, the sky-lark, and the wood-lark, the goldfinch and the robin excel in lively notes.

THAT *lusus natureæ*, the flying fish, has very large pectoral fins. When pursued by the dorados and other fish of prey, it rises into the air on these fins, and flies as long as they continue wet.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LEARNING vs. HOUSEWIFERY.

THE opinions of modern schoolmen appear to be much divided on the question whether females should be taught the sciences, Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mathematics, Astronomy, &c., or merely the domestic arts, sewing, knitting, spinning, and all the other old-fashioned accomplishments, which were contemporary with hoops and whalebone jackets. They who contend for the latter course of study, should not lose sight of the fact that "the sciences" may be made auxiliary to almost every domestic operation. Take *chemistry* for example; what an advantage must it be for the lady who superintends the roasting of a leg of mutton to have a thorough knowledge of the nature and action of *free caloric*!—so that neither too much nor too little of that agent should be employed in the culinary process. If dinners were always cooked philosophically, it may be that the *eating* of them could be managed with less philosophy than we sometimes find requisite. And again, by a perfect acquaintance with chemical affinities, how successful might the housewife be in the composition of *good coffee*;—a thing which is as rarely to be met with as pure carbon.

By some acquaintance with *Geometry*, a lady may be enabled to cut out a garment more skillfully than one who is ignorant of that science; and we find, as an illustration, that the most fashionable tailors of the present day require their apprentices to be tolerably familiar with Euclid, before they are suffered to try any ex-

periments on the customers' cloth! This shows the march of improvement; and, in a short time, every lady who pretends to any skill in the construction of wearing apparel, will think a case of mathematical instruments quite as indispensable as her needle, scissors and thimble.

As for *Astronomy* and *Geology*, we do not see how *they* can be of much practical advantage to the sex; though the former may give some tolerable hints relative to the formation of a bed-quilt, in which a superior arrangement of calico constellations may be desirable. *Phrenology*, though a science of comparatively recent date, we take to be absolutely necessary. Every mother should be able to make a scientific examination of her own children's craniums, whereby she may discover with precision the peculiar bent of their genius. For, it is not enough to know that the little treasures are uncommonly bright, but it is deeply interesting to ascertain in what that brightness consists.—And what an immense benefit would an acquaintance with this latter science be to a young woman in directing her choice of a husband!

With candour and seriousness, we must say that we cannot entertain a very favourable opinion of the intellect of those men who would restrict the acquirements of females to those branches of knowledge which were thought sufficient for them forty or fifty years ago. The change of public sentiment on this subject, we consider one evidence that the world is advancing to a perfect state of civilization.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We present our readers this month with the picture of the Veiled Lady, and a specimen of Lace Drapery—than which a more beautiful and appropriate ornament has never been published in the Book. The work is of the finest kind, and the imitation is perfect. Our cover is also perfectly new, and as beautiful as it is novel.

PLATES OF FASHIONS—COLOURED.

To show our kind patrons that we do not spare any outlay for their benefit, and that not to colour plates of Fashions would greatly save expense, we give the following statement. Our engravings for colouring are finished in the highest style of the art; and we say it unhesitatingly that they are better engraved, and even if not coloured would look better than those in any other work, which may be seen upon comparison—we will instance the plate in the July Number. But the true reason why other publishers do not colour their plates, is the enormous expense. We state an incontrovertible fact, that the mere colouring of the prints costs us nearly three thousand dollars per annum, and gives employment to twenty females constantly throughout the year. Colouring omitted, our profits would be that much more—colouring is no "saving" to us.

If the object be merely to give the shape of the fashion, an engraving on wood would answer the purpose just as well as a finished engraving. This would answer for those who do not colour; but to those who do, the higher the finish that is given to the figures the higher the effect when the colour is

laid on. Where can there be a more splendid engraving than "the Citation of Wickliffe," by one of England's first masters—what engraving looks better coloured? See the two superb landscapes of Constable—the Kemble Family, and numerous other coloured engravings. These instances are mentioned to show that we have reason to give a good engraving to increase the effect of the lights and shades of colour.

A few days since we saw a notice in an exchange paper, that a contemporary of our own city published the fashions semi-monthly; we immediately procured a number of his work, and found it to contain a miserable engraving on wood: but miserable as it was, it gave us good an idea of the prevailing fashion as the finest engraving on steel *without the colouring*. In our September Number we will exemplify the difference by a coloured engraving and one uncoloured—let our patrons choose between them.

We respectfully ask that writers will give their names to the articles they furnish. We shall in future give the preference to those contributions having the author's names prefixed.

Professor Ingraham has kindly offered us the use of his valuable pen in the shape of three very excellent stories, which we will shortly give to our readers.

We have also received a story from H. W. Herbert, Esq., author of "Cromwell," "The Brothers," &c.

Such is the popularity of the *Lady's Book*, that rogues who solicit subscribers on their own account, are springing up in all parts of the country, and contrive to do a pretty good business. Our cover will show the names of a few of these worthies. All agents authorized by the publisher, have a written commission to act as such.

CORRECTION.

In the July Number—the first article under the editorial head—"The present number commences our *Eighteenth* volume"—it should read *Nineteenth*.

BOOK TABLE.

Sketches of London. By the author of the "*Great Metropolis*," &c. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1839.

Mr. Grant, the writer of these volumes, was originally engaged as Reporter on one of the London papers, and it is evident from the looseness and diffuseness of his style, that he still retains some of the peculiarities which that kind of employment generally produces. This is evident, moreover, in the unnecessary importance he attaches to little things, the exaggeration of trifles, and the proneness to amplification which characterize all his productions. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, however, he is a pleasant book-maker; and though the volumes now published contain nothing that is very new, they are full of agreeable and readable matter.

The Pocket Lacon. Comprising nearly One Thousand Extracts from the best Authors. Selected by John Taylor. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia, 1839.

The size and general appearance of these volumes make greatly in their favour. They are neat and portable; equally well adapted to the centre-table as the pocket, and for a book of extracts this is not a small advantage.

The passages which Mr. Taylor has here collected are judiciously chosen. They embrace a vast variety of subjects, and are culled from the ablest authors, some of them being exceedingly rare, and all calculated to promote and encourage reflection.

John Smith's Letters, with Pieters to Match. S. Colman: New York, 1839.

These lively sallies were originally published in the *New York Mirror*, and at the time they caused no little amusement. They are now collected together, and are embellished with suitable illustrations.

The American Lounger: by the author of "*Lafitte*," Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

Professor Ingraham is a lively and agreeable writer, with a fervent imagination and a vigorous style. This volume is made up of short pieces on various subjects, and contains a well assorted miscellany of interesting articles, suitable for the present season.

The Gentleman of the Old School. A Tale: 2 vols. Harper & Brothers: New York, 1839.

Mr. James writes too much. Volume succeeds volume with unceasing rapidity, and the press is continually burdened with his productions. We admire Mr. James; he is a novelist of the very highest character, and we regret to see him producing his works with a haste that does not allow proper time for supervision. '*The Gentleman of the Old School*' has many merits, but it is unfortunately marred by the inevitable blemishes of too rapid composition.

Precaution: A Novel. By the author of '*The Spy*,' &c. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

This is a reprint of Mr. Cooper's first literary achievement. It has been revised and retouched by the author; defects of manner corrected, and some other improvements made; but it is still in no wise remarkable. It has none of the characteristic traits which in his subsequent productions so eminently distinguished Mr. Cooper—none of the fire and fervour—the brilliance of description—the vivid portraiture of

character, and the strong power of grouping, which the '*Spy*,' and the '*Rover*,' and others of that class, exhibit. It is, however, interesting as the first production of one who has since attained so proud an elevation in literature; and except as compared with his other works, would be entitled to no little praise for its intrinsic merits.

Adam Buff, and other Men of Character. By Douglas Jerrold. 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard, 1839.

In this warm weather light reading is desirable, and this collection of characters is likely to be generally sought for. The sketches are smart—generally piquant—always pleasant. They are meant for entertainment, and they answer that purpose capitally.

First Greek Lessons. By Charles Anthon, L. L. D., New York: Harper and Brother, 1839.

Professor Anthon has conferred many benefits on the community by his admirable series of classical text books; and his various elementary treatises. So far as we can judge, the work now published is very well adapted to communicate instruction to beginners in the Greek language; for, besides a sufficiently copious essay on the grammar, it contains numerous appropriate exercises calculated to advance the progress of the learner in Greek.

Deerbrook: A Novel. By Harriet Martineau. 2 vols. Harpers, New York, 1839.

Miss Martineau has here made a very delightful home book. The story is full of interest, and the incidents are interwoven so gracefully, and the characters portrayed so naturally, that none can read it without pleasure. What a pity that Miss M. should ever forsake those walks of literature in which she so highly excels, for the cold and uncongenial regions of political economy.

The Characters of Schiller. By Mrs. Ellet. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co., 1839.

It is highly creditable to the females of this country, that one of the best German and Italian scholars we have is a lady. Mrs. Ellet has studied the literature of both those nations with great devotedness, and as she has shown upon more than occasion, with a true perception of the beauties they contain. Her criticism upon Schiller, embodied in this volume is just, faithful and accurate; marked by good taste and thorough familiarity with his works.

Fauquier Sulphur Springs. S. Colman, New York, 1839.

The White Sulphur Papers, or Life at the Springs of Western Virginia. S. Colman, New York, 1839.

The Virginia Springs have become so fashionable a resort, and the virtues of the waters have been so clearly demonstrated, that any publication relating to them possesses a share of interest. The little volumes presented to the public by Mr. Colman, are intended to describe the springs and the adjacent country, and to furnish also a description of the mode of life pursued there during the summer months. They are, therefore, full of interest to the general reader, and to visitors they will serve as excellent guide books.

Colman's Monthly Miscellany. Edited by Grenville Mellen and W. Cutter. New York, July, 1839.

Our friend Colman is a most enterprising publisher. Besides his extensive book issues, he publishes a Dramatic Library, a Library of American Poets, a Novelist's Library, and now he has commenced a Monthly Miscellany. We wish him success in his undertaking. We know his abilities as a publisher, and we know also the abilities of his editors. The first number is full of talent, and so we may confidently predict will be all that follow it.

Retrogression. Boston: James Burns, 1839.

An admirable story: full of good hits, and abounding in a mirthful philosophy.

- THE

L A D Y ' S B O O K .

SEPTEMBER, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

R U S T I C L I F E .

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

ADDRESSED TO SYLVANUS BRANBOLTER, MILLER OF WOODVILLE.

Thou know'st this question I shall state
Has been a subject for debate,
Since the first city was erected;
Namely: "When man, with babes and wife,
Would fix his residence for life,
Should town or country be selected?"

It matters little which you fix on,
If your fair consort proves a vixen,
Or if your babes are given to squalling;
In either case, no matter where
You choose to breathe the vital air,
You'll find your situation galling.

The rule admits of some exceptions,
For men there are, with strange affections,
Who think a home-bred storm no ill;
And you, (more favour'd than the rest,)
When by domestic noise distress'd,
May find a refuge in your mill.

Of have I envied your retreat,
Where bustle and retirement meet,
Your humming wheels and rushing waters,
Your lowing herds and screaming geese,
Which make your music, and increase
The comforts of your rural quarters.

Bless'd as thou art with pigs and cows,
Fat poultry and a blooming spouse,
With children healthy, blithe and pretty;
Can'st thou, oh rustic! doubt one minute
That country life has something in it
Not often met with in the city?

Thy mill is noisy—well—what of it?
When noise conduces to our profit,
We seldom find it incommodious;
So when our youngster's make a clatter,
We view it as a trivial matter,
But, in a neighbour's brood, 'tis odious.

The hub-bub of no other trade,
O miller, can thy ears invade;
Thou art an insulated mortal;
Thine is the fowl that squalls, and thine
The bellowing herd, the youthful swine
Now squealing in thy garden's portal.

Thine are the children in whose voices
 Thy sympathetic heart rejoices,
 Believe thou so, and rest contented:
 Ah different is the townsman's lot;
 By noises which concern him not
 To be eternally tormented!

Rejoice, oh miller, in thy sacket,
 Thy powdered hat and dusty jacket,
 Thy wife, thy porkers, brats and chickens;
 No rail-roads, banks, nor *fever-morus*,
 With fifty other things that bore us,
 Have with thy noddle play'd the dickens.

Rejoice that on thy placid tide
 No clanking, smoking steamers glide;
 One spot the fiery demon spares!
 Rustic—that *steam* and *speculation*
 May find no home in that location,
 Be the first object of thy prayers.

L. A. W.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE RUNAWAY.

BY JOHN NEAL.

CHAPTER I.

THERE are probably events within the experience of almost every man you meet with, which require but to be narrated in the language of simple truth, without parade or embellishment, and just as they happened, to astonish by their strangeness, to make 'the boldest hold their breath,' or to bring tears into the eyes of people who would be ashamed to weep at a play, or to wail over Caroline of Litchfield, or the Sorrows of Werter. It has been my hap—or mishap, if you will—for some of the events which are now crowding upon my recollection are very trying and terrible to me, even yet, as they "faster and faster come—faster and faster," like shadows that will not be removed—to be either an eye-witness or an ear-witness of many a transaction, which no mere novel-writer would venture to make use of, though it fell in his way, lest he might be charged with extravagance. Truth, it has been often said, is stranger than fiction. I have found it so.

The adventure I am about to relate, occurred in 1826. I was lodging with a friend at Queen-Square place, Westminster, London. It was in the month of August, after a very warm, sultry day, and I had but just returned from a tramp of two and forty miles through Epping Forest, to Waltham-abbey and cross, and back through Edmonton and Tottenham-cross, with a party of young Englishmen. I was completely *done up*, and had been obliged to call a coach at the end of thirty-six miles; and for the last hour-and-a-half had not been able to set my foot to the ground without flinching. In fact, when I entered my chamber, and flung myself upon the bed with my clothes on, I had barely strength enough to get my boots off, and to throw the fifty new plants I had gathered, upon the floor, as if they had been the very sweepings of the high-way, instead of being what

they truly were, the garnered blossoming of field, forest, and hedge. My feet were blistered—my head rang like a brass kettle swarming with bumble-bees, (not humble bees) and my pulse, I remember, was up to 108.

There was a tap at the door. Come in! said I. The door opened, and in walked one of the party, looking as fresh as if he had but just returned from a quiet afternoon stroll in Kensington gardens. I felt mortified and vexed at the figure I cut—with my face flushed, my temples throbbing, my throat parched; and the plants I had taken so much trouble to gather, lying all about the floor to be trampled on. 'Twas pitiful—'twas wondrous pitiful!

"So!" said he, when he heard me complain of my blistered feet—"so! you've been skinning your 'eels, too, hey?" alluding to a declaration by one of the party, who never happened to aspirate the letter *h* where other people did—a literary man of considerable pretensions, and actually engaged at the time, in writing "*an 'istory of 'olland*," as he called it. "He loved walking," he said—"and no man would go further for a mouthful of *fresh hair*; but he didn't like skinning his '*eels* in such '*ot* weather."

I laughed to the best of my ability—feeling helpless enough, I promise you, and looking sheepish enough, I dare say, to render any effort of the sort exceedingly praise-worthy.

"Headache and feverish, hey?"

I was holding my head with both hands, eyeing the open window, as if I wanted to jump out, and puffing for breath. "Oh for a mouthful of *fresh hair*!" said I.

Whether he understood me or not, is more than I know; but he had the goodness to laugh, and straightway to change the subject; walking to the window and whistling as if he was just out of a bath. How strange!—I was more than a match for him at almost every other bodily exercise, and at the fencing, sparring,

riding-schools and gymnasia of London, I had met with no superior, among the hundreds that assembled there—the flower and strength of the whole neighbourhood. It was no little relief to me, therefore, when he reminded me, in his good-natured way, that I had pretty much confined myself to the house for six or eight months, that I had taken little or no exercise for a long while, and that I had been literally a prisoner for ten weeks before, with a lame foot and a dislocated arm—the first obtained by leaping over a wooden-horse which nobody there ever had the courage to try, and the last by tumbling off a triangle in Jeremy Bentham's coach-house—head first—on the Sabbath-day.

"Ah, my dear fellow," said I, letting go of my head for a moment, and trying to appear satisfied with myself, or to show that I was not altogether *used up*—"your old English habits don't agree with our New-England constitutions."

"How so—you are almost an Englishman yourself now—quite tame and rational to what you were three years ago."

"Domesticated, hey!"

"Exactly!—that's the very word—a domesticated Yankee. But what are these habits of ours you find so uncomfortable to your New-England constitutions?—Late dinners—a double rap—or sealing wax, envelopes, borrowed franks, and the two-penny post?"

"Neither. All these I have got reconciled to, and the idea of converting every brass-knocker into a telegraph, and of begging your way through the land free of postage, I take to be a fair off-set for the pill-boxes and wooden nutmegs, you are told so much of by British travellers from our side of the water. No! it is none of these—but I cannot for the life of me get fairly reconciled to your "*Sabbath Recreations*." Three times have I yielded to the fashion of your people—and three times have I been laid up for it, in this way."

"The fault is your own. Who but a Yankee—a downright, boasting, self-willed, full-blooded Yankee—would ever think of starting off with a lame foot, and without a day's training, after a confinement of six or eight months, to walk forty miles upon the stretch, in a hot summer day, just because it happens to be expected of him! Upon my word, now that I know you so well, I shouldn't be surprised to hear, and out of your own mouth too, that you had never walked half that distance before in all your life!"

I laughed—somewhat more naturally, I believe—and assured him that I never had, without sleeping more than once by the way.

"There now! that's so like you! And pray what could possess you to do such a foolish thing."

"Just what possessed me to put on a pair of skates for the first time in my life, on your canal, and to make my first essay *there*, in the presence of three thousand people—I wanted to show you that we attach no value to the every-day accomplishments, and that if I had never learned upon the lakes and rivers of North America, but chose to do so upon the ca-

nal of St. James' Park, it was only because to ride, swim, skate, fish, and shoot, *come nat'ral* to the barbarians of the new world."

"Ah—was that your reason for dropping, at the peril of your neck, from the topmost round of the ladder, at the Gymnasium!—do such things *come nat'ral* to your countrymen?"

"Why, no—not *after* they are naturalized. While undergoing the process of jumpification, it seems to be easy enough."

"And when you threw yourself headlong over a brick wall the other day, what was that for?"

"To show that a fence, nine feet high, may be cleared by a foot soldier at a single bound, with a lance ten feet long; to show that one may carry the leaping pole over with him if he likes, or leave it behind—in other words, that a little knack is better than a great deal of strength!"

"Just what you said, I remember, when you crossed a foil with that gigantic Lutz, without stopping to have it buttoned. It was to satisfy *him*, I believe, that the Germans were good for nothing at small-sword, though he claimed it for the national weapon."

"Well—and I succeeded, did I not?"

"Succeeded!—yes—in getting one eye-lid nearly ripped off, and being trundled off in a coach to see Mr. Lawrence, the surgeon."

"Very true—and what then!—I was right and he was wrong, the lubber!—and I proved it."

"Proved what!"

"Why, that he carried his arm altogether too high for the guard in *quarte*, that if he knew B from a bull's foot in small-sword playing, or *l'eshgreime*, as he called it, he would rely upon the half-circle; that by stiffening the elbow, and straightening the arm, he was opening a passage for the *flanconnade*, and that, whenever he threw himself upon guard, he was liable to the *quarte basse*. The great good-natured booby!—In the field, I might have run him through every time he attempted to whip the foil out of my hand."

"If he hadn't *overreached* you, hey?"

"Oh hang your sneers!—the accident happened, as you know, while I was proving that a six-foot sabre flourish was a very dangerous experiment before a small-sword. Instead of a *coupé-degagé*, he cut five and six at a venture."

"*Dizactly!* But why meddle with a man so ignorant of what you call the delicacies of that weapon?"

"Because I had great respect for him, I knew he was a man of talent, and a first-rate player with the German broad-sword; I told him that was a disadvantage to him—and he put me to the proof."

"Put you to the fiddle-stick! I'd wager a trifle now, if the truth were known, that you do all these things—or *try* to do them rather, for you don't always come off with flying colours—at the peril of life or limb, not so much because other people are afraid to try, as from a notion that you, being a *nat'yor*, are expected to do, at once, and without preparation, what

we lubberly Englishmen are obliged to put ourselves in training for, like so many prize-fighters."

There was no standing this. I laughed heartily, and began to feel better.

"You Yankees appear to be a nation of *intuitives*. You let fly at every thing—and at every thing alike. In government, religion, banking, or literature—in ship-building, newspapers, or law—it is always high! presto!—with a hop, step and a jump, and there you are! And that is not all—nobody must be allowed to ask how you got there, what you have gained by the move, nor what you mean to do next."

"Very fair!—and what wonder! Do you not know, Mr. Secretary, that every such question, coming from over-sea, implies a distrust of the sovereign people, and of their capacity for governing themselves?"

"The sovereign people indeed!—out upon you! I never met with an American, who didn't appear to believe that he himself was the sovereign people, that the eyes of all Europe were on him; that he represented the whole Yankee nation at least, whenever he pulled out his pocket-handkerchief, and that, some how or other—no matter how—his country would have to *foot the bill*, as you term it, if he happened to do any thing unworthy of her!"

"Would it were so, my friend! what a nation we should be at the end of another fifty years! After having been laughed at—as the Greeks and Romans were—as every great people, and every mighty nation are—by all the rest of the world for such preposterous folly—before a hundred years were over, our reproach would become a virtue, and be every where acknowledged as a virtue, knitting us together as one people, and setting us apart from every other."

"As the French are now."

"Ay, and the English."

"Poh!"

"It is our own vanity," saith Rochefoucauld, "which makes the vanity of others so insupportable to us."

"Very fair, as you say."

"Would it were a matter of sober truth, my friend, that every American believed in his heart, just what you say he *appears* to believe—that his country would be held answerable for his behaviour, when abroad; for *she is*—and you know it—and it cannot be otherwise in the nature of things."

"Well done the Yankee!—that beats all nater! as you say."

"Consider a moment. Are not our opinions of a people made up, in every case, from our knowledge of individuals belonging to that people, no matter how obtained, whether by books, personal acquaintance, or otherwise? men are books—and the best of books for the study of *national* character, which, after all, is but the sum-total of *individual* character, made up by every man for himself, from the items of his own personal experience."

"*L'etat—c'est moi!*—hey!"

"Yes—*L'etat—c'est moi!* Not Louis the Fourteenth only, but every man that walks the

earth, if he knew his own dignity, or understood the truth, would feel that he is *the State*; and what is more, he would honour his country, by publishing with a loud voice, whithersoever he journeyed, in the very language of Louis himself, that sublime truth—*L'etat!—c'est moi!*"

"Bravo!—whether drunk or sober?"

"Yes—drunk or sober! Drunk, it would do her no harm, and sober, it would show his love and veneration for the mother that bore him."

"What if he were standing upon the scaffold?"

"Even there I would have him cry out, that he is a Roman citizen! or like Saint Paul himself, outstretch his arms to the sky, and appeal to Cæsar!"

"But if his arms were pinioned?"

"Nonsense."

"And therefore, as you say—therefore you would have your countrymen believe that the reputation of Yankee-land is in the keeping of each and every human creature that may happen to draw his first breath in that land!"

"Yes—*dizackly*, as you say—whenever, and wherever, it might happen to be known that he drew his first breath there."

"And you would have them believe, in sober earnest, hey! that the character of their country is involved in every issue that may happen to be offered them, when they are *put to the proof*, as you call it?"

"Even so."

"Even so, you say—but I say *fudge!* fudge! fudge! fudge! A pretty notion to be sure, that our country's reputation is in the keeping of paupers, thieves, and highwaymen—at the mercy of people who have no regard for themselves. I should be sorry to think that old England would have to answer for many a freak of mine, I promise you."

"Dare say you would—nothing more natural! and yet *she must*. Whether at home or abroad, your country must pay the piper, if you dance awry."

"Again I say, *fudge—fudge—fudge!* And yet, you must believe what you say. Your own headstrong rashness proves your sincerity."

"And my occasional moderation, I hope!"

"Occasional moderation!—that's right, whew! very *occasional*, to be sure! What else but a wish to prove that a lame Yankee is a match for at least half a dozen sound healthy Englishmen, could have worked you up to a tramp of five and forty miles upon a stretch—right in eend—that's pure Yankee, boy—in the month of August, too—all unused 'to the melting mood,' as I know you are, and a cripple in one foot, if no worse?"

"Enough, Mr. Secretary—enough, and to spare! Leave me now, I beseech you. I'll answer all your questions to-morrow, and all in good faith, when I've got over this confounded headach, if you wish. There now—good night! just puff out the lamp and be off—there's a good fellow!"

"With all my heart—I see you're completely *used up!* only one word more, and I'm O P H, as the man says in the play. What do you mean to do, after two or three weeks of bad

weather, if it should happen to clear off on a Sabbath-day, as you call it."

"Why—on the whole—considering the experience I have had in your English pastimes," looking at my feet as I spoke, to impress him with my sincerity, "I'd about as lief go to church."

"To church!—poh—you'll come to your senses again, by to-morrow."

"I hope so."

"To church, man!—to church! and be hustled from pillar to post through the whole length and breadth of White Hall, at sixpence a head for standing-room."

"But I'm not obliged to go to White Hall, I suppose."

"Oh, I understand you!—that long array of Spanish and American trophies, and all that martial clangor, in church, the tramp of soldiers, and glitter of bayonets, with banners and spears—pho, pho, man! it's high time you had got over these notions."

"Why, to tell you the truth, I didn't much enjoy that array of stripes and stars, lettered in gold, with 'YORK,' and 'QUEENSTOWN,' 'DETROIT,' and 'NIAGARA,' and all as good as new, swinging side by side, with many a thunder-blasted fragment from 'BADAJOS,' 'TALAVERA,' 'SALAMANCA,' and 'WATERLOO,' banners which looked as if they had flouted the enemy from every beleaguered fortress of Southern Europe, during all that war of giants—"

"There you go, again!—still harping on my country."

"No, Mr. Secretary—on *yours*. For between ourselves, I shouldn't have been much more surprised to find a part of these very banners lettered *New Orleans*, or *North Point*, *Fort Erie*, or *Bridgewater*."

"Battles I never heard of before."

"Probably not, and therefore, to make the violation of all historical truth more evident, allow me to add, *Bennington*, *Saratoga*, and *Yorktown*."

"Still in the dark, my dear fellow."

"Or *King's Mountain*, or *Bunker Hill*."

"Enough—enough—I understand you now. Ha, ha, ha, how spiteful you are!—Good night!"

"Good night!"

Having got as far as the door, he made a full stop, and looking about as if some errand were not finished, or he had forgotten something, burst out a laughing again. "Look you," said he, at last, as I pointed to the lamp; "if I were to challenge you to jump out of that window, I believe on my soul, you'd accept the challenge, just because *you* happen to be an American, and *I* an Englishman."

"Try me."

"No, I'll be hanged if I do. But stay—as you *will* go to church, and *won't* go to White Hall, nor St. George's, Hanover Square, please to say where you'd like to go, and I'll find a berth for you."

"Thank you; but—"

"No buts, if you please."

"Upon my word, you make me ashamed of myself."

"So much the better, it will to *you* *goot*, as

poor Lutz used to say when he'd nearly wrench a limb off."

"What say you to Mr. Irving's Chapel?"

"Chapel—theatre, you mean. Where you may be crushed to death for half price, after waiting a month for your turn."

"Or Rowland Hill's—"

"Where, instead of Rowland Hill, who is a very honest fellow at bottom, and well worth hearing, you may happen to light upon a weak brother, and wish yourself home. Ah! you are dizzy—let me help you off with your clothes, my dear fellow. There, there, *steady*—ah! this will never do—never mind the plants, I'll take charge of them for you."

"You are very kind—I really should like to have them prepared; but my poor head is in such a state, I dare not undertake the job to-night, and to-morrow it may be too late."

"Leave them *tame*. Give yourself no farther trouble about them—I'll straighten them for you, and lay them out, and you, too, if you don't jump into bed *about the quickest!* as your friend Sully would say. Shall I blow out the lamp?—ah! what have we here!—a letter for you, in a female hand—so, so—sealed with a kiss, and better still, *to be delivered immediately*. Bravo!—good night!"

"Good night!—stop!—what's your hurry?" said I, limping to the table, and forgetting my headache, my lameness, and the intolerable burning of my poor blistered feet, as I read the superscription, "*to be delivered immediately*."

The handwriting was that of a stranger, and though very beautiful—very—appeared to be disguised. I opened it, and read as follows:

"Three several times, within a week, have I called or sent, in the hope of finding you at home. I desire a personal interview. That you are an American I know—that you are a lawyer I am told. If so, and you are disposed to help a young, worthy, and most unfortunate fellow countryman, whose *character and life* are both in peril, you may have an opportunity, by calling at No. —, — street, — Bloomsbury Square. That no mistake may happen, please observe the parchment and ask for Mrs. Warren—the Widow Warren."

"*To be delivered immediately!*" I looked at my watch. It wanted a quarter of ten—perhaps I might find a coach? My hand was upon the bell-rope, when I heard whispering and a footstep just aside of the door, followed by a sort of smothered giggle. The truth flashed on me at once! I caught up the letter, and running my eye over it again, felt really vexed that I should have been deceived for a moment by such a "weak invention of the enemy"—such a palpable hoax. The manner in which the letter had reached me—the handwriting, which, if it did not resemble the Secretary's altogether, did in two or three particulars, and was just such a hand as he, of all the persons I knew, could best have written—the subject of conversation, the laugh, the footstep at the door, the whispering, and the half smothered girlish giggle, for my host being a bachelor, used to say that he had no occasion for male servants, and the letter being left at the door must have

been delivered to a female—oh, the thing was clear! The two secretaries of my host were clubbing their heads together for a laugh at my expense. To blow out the lamp, to fling the letter on the floor, and jump into bed, with a determination to avenge myself, by never alluding to the subject again, whereby the tables would be prettily turned upon the conspirators, wouldn't they? was but the work of a moment.

CHAPTER II.

I awoke after a most refreshing sleep, three hours later than usual, very stiff and sore, but entirely free from headach, fever and thirst—determined not to be made a fool of, and delighted beyond measure at the idea of having so handsomely outwitted the mischievous fellows below.

The day passed over without a word of allusion to the letter, though I saw, or thought I saw, signs of intelligence between the two secretaries, on two or three different occasions, when the postman's double rap was heard. But on the morrow, while we were at lunch, little Mary, the new chambermaid, entered with a letter for me, which had just been left at the door—to be delivered immediately! She could hardly keep her countenance, when she laid it on the table; and I saw the secretary, with my own eyes, biting his lips and pretending to be lost in thought.

I took the letter. It was in the same handwriting, of course. I opened it, read it through, and without condescending to look up, though I knew they were watching me, or to utter a word of inquiry, though the pretty chambermaid was all a tip-toe with expectation, as any body might see, thrust the letter into my pocket with a smile—ay, with a smile! there I had them, hey! and went back to my lunch.

"The bearer waits, if you please, sir."

"Tell him there is no answer."

"It's a woman, sir."

"Ah—show her into the study, if you please, and say that I'll grant her the interview at my earliest convenience."

The two secretaries stared at each other, and then at me, but it wouldn't do. I was determined not to be made a fool of.

"There are two of them, sir."

"Ah! show them both into the study—the more the merrier."

Having finished my bread and cheese, and swallowed my porter, a circumstance I feel it my duty to be ashamed of, now that all three have gone out of fashion, I got up very much at my leisure, I promise you, pushed my chair back, another violation of good breeding, as every body knows now, since it implies that you are not accustomed to being waited on, and without saying a word, which by any possibility could be supposed to indicate either impatience or solicitude, I sauntered off to the study.

Judge of my astonishment, imagine how I felt! how like a fool I must have looked! when instead of two great lubberly boys dressed up in women's clothes, or two such cattle as might be hired for sixpence a piece, any where, to play

a joke upon a fellow, I found myself in the presence of two well-bred women, the elder somewhat advanced, and the younger, as I judged by her dress, her feet, form, and carriage, for she wore a veil, and I had no opportunity of seeing her face till the interview was nearly over, not more than eighteen or twenty at the very outside.

That I felt somewhat abashed, I acknowledge, and not a little ashamed of myself, when I recollected my message and the length of time I had kept them waiting; but I lost not a moment now in reassuring them and myself, by stating all the circumstances about as near the truth as I durst. Porter and cheese be hanged! not a mouthful have I tasted since, without a strange feeling just here.

Well, I did my best in the way of apology; but before I had got half through, the younger stepped up to me, and speaking in a low agitated voice, while the other withdrew to a distant window, where she had a charming prospect of the coach-house door, entreated me to forgive her, and to put the most favourable interpretation I could upon her behaviour.

I had nothing to forgive, and was about to say so, when she interrupted me again, trembling from head to foot, and laying her little hand upon mine, as it hung over the chair, with an expression of confidence almost girlish.

"Oh, sir!" said she, glancing at the window, I could see the motion of her eyes through the veil, "ah, sir! if you knew all, you would pity me! It is a matter of life and death, sir—hush! not a word of reply, I beseech you. Every thing depends upon your discretion—a matter of life and death! If it were not, I assure you, sir, whatever you may now think of me, or of my behaviour, you never would have been troubled in this way. You received my note, I hope!"

"Yes, and but for a—"

"Have you answered it?"

What should I say! The plain truth would be cruel, any thing short of the truth, or different from the truth, most unworthy subterfuge.

"No, ma'am," said I;—"Mrs. Warren, I presume!—the Widow Warren!"

"No sir; that is the Widow Warren. It was at her house I should have seen you, and in her presence."

Here was a damper! "Well ma'am," said I, "though I did not answer your note, I was only prevented by a—"

"No matter for your reasons, they were sufficient, I dare say. But we have no time to lose, and therefore, as you wouldn't come to see me, I have been obliged to come and see you. A personal interview I must and would have, as I told you in my first note, I believe."

The saucy little minx! I never saw such a pair of feet in all my life! What hands, too! and what a rich clear voice, and how delicate and touching the intonations!

"And now," she continued, growing more and more eager and impressive, and betraying more and more of what I should call a tender earnestness, if I were not afraid of being misunderstood, or misrepresented, "and now, when I tell you, sir, that my father was an American,

that he served in the revolutionary war, that my poor mother loved your country next to her own, that the individual whose life, and what he values more than life, whose *character* may be lost forever, if you, you *yourself*, do not interfere, is also an American of tried worth—*young, friendless, and full of talent*—” Her breathing suddenly changed here, and the little hand shook piteously, as she added, “in all this, I hope you will find an excuse, if not a justification for my strange behaviour.”

“*Interfere*,” said I, completely bewildered; “how am I to interfere? What am I to do? explain yourself, I entreat you.”

“I will. The truth is,” lowering her voice to a whisper, and keeping her eye upon the good natured old lady at the window, “the truth is, I have heard much of you.”

I bowed, and I dare say simpered.

“I have been especially recommended to you. Stay, sir!” interrupting me, as I was about to speak, and withdrawing her hand just as mine touched it, by the merest accident in the world, “stay sir, this is no time for idle compliments, and therefore I hope not to be misunderstood, when I say—”

“Oh, she must be five and twenty, at least, or thirty, or thirty-five,” said I to myself. “And now that I look at her feet again, there’s nothing so very wonderful about them, after all.”

“When I say, that now, having met you face to face, *I am satisfied*.”

Rather an equivocal compliment, to be sure; but if it was thrown out for a feeler, here goes!

“Not *face to face*, madam,” said I, “if *you* please.”

“I understand you, Mr. Neal”—I started—“and *therefore*,” leaning forward so that her veil touched me, and lowering her voice to a whisper, a downright whisper, as I live! ten minutes before, it would have thrilled through me. But now, “Oh, ho!” said I to myself, “catch old birds with chaff; thirty-five or forty, I’d swear, not a day less; I see now why that veil is dropped! I understand now why she plays a tattoo upon the chair with ungloved fingers! Fool that I was, to mistake all this for girlish trepidation! Shouldn’t be at all surprised, if she turned out to be a grandmother, after all. I’m sure she’s the elder of the two. And as for her father, I dare say he was a Tory and a Refugee, and if he ever fought at all, in the Revolutionary war, I’ll bet a guinea, ’twas on t’other side, and be hanged to him! How could I have been so deceived about her feet! The hands are well enough, to be sure, but as for her feet, *poh!*”

“And *therefore*,”—continued the troublesome creature, leaning toward me, and almost breathing in my face.

“With all my heart, ma’am,” said I, “*madam*, I mean,” hitching a little farther off, and giving out the word *madam!* with a pitiful emphasis, like a fretted schoolmaster to a spelling class.

“And, therefore, as I am no friend to half measures, at my age!”

“At her age! what the plague does she think I care about her age! Half measures, indeed!

Pretty language for a gentlewoman—oh! that she was at the bottom of the Red Sea! with that interesting youth about her neck, and the Widow Warren too, with all their snuff-boxes and tom-cats in a heap together—*laugh!*”

“Nor a half confidence, neither,” continued she.

“No, I’ll be bound for you! One of the last women alive, to be suspected of any deficiency on that score, I’ll engage,” said I to myself, as I kept hitching farther and farther off; and if the truth *must* be told, more than once on the point of saying as much to her, in confidence, through my shut teeth.

“And therefore,” she added, catching her breath, and rising slowly before me, with a dignity and grace which I thought rather astonishing, on the whole, drawing off her glove like a princess and reaching me a card, a very pretty card, I dare say, with a mourning border, but the hand! oh! you never saw such a hand in all your life! enough to make your mouth water, so plump and so passionless! so transparent and so voluptuous! I should say, if I were dealing with Woman, the animal, and not with Woman the spirit—the creature of high companionship and household worship—and straightway dropping me a magnificent courtesy, she entreated me to “lose no time, for to-morrow,” she added, “*to-morrow, sir, and it may be too late!*”

“Within the hour!” said I, “you may depend upon me.” I reached forth and took—not the card she offered me—but the hand.

She started at the touch, and so did I; for it was cold as death, it chilled me to the heart; and just then, whether it was the lifting air from the open window, or the imperial movement of her head, as she half withdrew her hand, I never knew, but her veil swung away for a moment, and I had a full view of her face.

I dropped her hand, with a feeling of terror, and I started back, overwhelmed with consternation. It was a face I had seen before, a face I never shall forget, while I live, but oh, how changed! only a month before, one little month, nay, not so long, as poor Hamlet says, I had seen it all radiant with joy and life and youthful hope, and changeable as a lighted mirror. Now it was death-struck, and motionless, and fixed, and pale with unutterable woe.

My feelings were solemnised in a moment; for *that* moment, her steadfast eyes were upon me, and as I looked into their unfathomable depth, I trembled. One look! and I would have gone to the ends of the earth to oblige her. And now that I had seen her, face to face, now that I knew her in a measure, her sweet voice fell upon my heart, and melted into its very substance, like mournful and familiar music. I felt the tears gathering to my eyes, and just ready to fall. What a change, within one little month! nay, not so long! Not three weeks before, I had seen her treading the flowery earth, like an immortal, bursting into a sudden consciousness of power, and moving hither and thither among the charmed multitude, the loveliest among those who were “altogether lovely.” But now! she stood before me the apparition of what she was, the shadow of herself,

and nothing more. Had the destroyer breathed upon her? Within three short weeks, had her heart been smitten to the core?

"You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will hang round it still,"

Said I to myself, as I turned away, wondering that so much of all that is beautiful in youth should remain, after such terrible devastation had been wrought, as I saw there. At this moment, happening to look toward the window, I caught the old lady making signs at me. Under pretence of calling her attention to a magnificent mulberry, visible from the next window, I joined her, when, placing her hand upon my arm, without looking at me, and continuing to speak in her natural tone of voice, she entreated me to humour the poor child, "to let her have her own way, and to manifest no surprise, whatever she might say or do."

Poor thing! the mystery was all cleared up now!

After this, having turned away from the window, she begged for the honour of my acquaintance, gave me her card, with unspeakable solemnity, and hoped to see me at my earliest leisure.

But, as I moved to open the door, the young lady put herself in my way, without being observed, withdrew her veil, so that I saw her eyes fixed upon me, with an expression I never shall forget; large tear-drops in them, like flower-dew, and locking her hands together as if in prayer, she entreated with a solemnity and earnestness, which turned my newly formed opinions all adrift again, "to lose not another moment," adding in a hurried whisper, as I handed her out, "that I should find the address on the back of the card."

They had been gone perhaps ten minutes before I came sufficiently to myself to recollect what had happened. On referring to the card, with no settled purpose, however, for I had begun to believe the poor girl disordered in her intellect, I found there something still more mysterious, the name of a dear friend, whom I had not seen for a twelvemonth, written upon the corner, with a request that I would do without hesitation, whatever "*Elizabeth*" might require of me.

With all my heart; but who is *Elizabeth*? and where is she? and what does she want? For aught that appears, the Widow Warren herself may be *Elizabeth*;—no, no, stay, what need of all this management, if she were *Elizabeth*?—no, no, and therefore, the card having been furnished by the unhappy girl herself without the knowledge of the widow, and the—zounds! what had become of that other billet I had received at lunch! That, as I now recollected went far to clear up the whole matter, though a perfect puzzle when I read it first. Wretch that I was! if I had only had my wits about me, that glorious girl and I might have understood each other at once, and the dignified little widow might have been so beautifully managed.

On referring to the note, which is now before me, and which, droll to say, happening to turn up last week, as I was rummaging over

some old papers, which I hadn't seen for a dozen years, brought the whole story to my recollection—flash after flash—I find it full of significance. It ran thus:

"I have not been able to sleep. If my notes have reached you, what can be the reason of your strange behaviour? Surely a line through the post might have been vouchsafed in reply—even though you might be alarmed at the singularity of my language, or afraid of being imposed upon. I have determined to wait no longer. I must and will see you, though at the risk of betraying all. I can presume that I am looked upon as a poor distracted thing, whom it was a pity to control or thwart. I shall take advantage of their opinion, so far at least, as to see you in the presence of my aunt Warren. If I do, I will take this note with me, and leave it at the door. Be surprised at nothing, if you see me—appear to humour my delusion I beseech you—give me an opportunity of saying three words to you, and I shall be satisfied. If you are a man, this note will prove to you that I am in earnest, and perhaps bring you to see me. If at home, it will prepare you. E. W.

E. W!—E for Elizabeth, and W for what?—*pehnow*! for Warren of course. I like the name.—Saying this, I read over the note once more, and putting that and that together, felt satisfied, as Goldsmith says, that much might be said on both sides. Here was no counterfeit sorrow. Terror and grief and hope—unassuageable grief, delirious hope, and preternatural terror were all here. The letter itself was but a free translation of the look I saw, when she parted with me at the door. Within five minutes I was on my way to the lodgings of my youthful countryman—feeling as if now, now that I had seen the face of the veiled prophet, he had the claim of a brother upon me—right or wrong. It was a weary way, on the outer edge of Hammersmith; and I had some difficulty in finding the place after I had got there, notwithstanding the many and very minute directions, which were written with the greatest possible care, in a hand that no mortal would ever forget, after having seen it once—in a letter directed to himself, to be delivered immediately.

CHAPTER III.

On sending up my name, I heard a slight exclamation of surprise—almost of alarm—followed by a general cleaning up, and a showing about of the tables and chairs, or other light furniture, and ever so much whispering, before I was admitted. And when I was, I started, to find myself in the studio of a painter, with all the windows darkened but one—a clear northern light and a prodigious breadth of shadow all about me—standing, face to face, with a young man, whom I instantly recognised for one of the rowers at a boat-race, which I had been a witness of only a short time before. He was not a large man—looked rather pale—and his left arm was in a sling; but take him altogether, he was the handsomest fellow I ever saw. And so thought Leslie

or Sully—Robert Sully, I remember, who happened to be with me at the time—for he made a capital sketch of him as they shot forth from the shadow of the bridge.

"Please to be seated, sir.—I have been expecting you, day after day, for nearly a week."

"Mr. Moultrie—I believe?"

"No sir—yes sir—though not my real name."

"Yes—that's the name I go by here, and may be obliged to carry to the grave with me—a dishonored grave, sir."

The conversation that followed was so strange, so unlike any thing I ever met with, or heard of before, and his look so unearthly at times, that, to this hour, it abides upon my memory like something burnt there. I shall try to give it, just as it occurred.

By way of putting myself at ease—for the startling splendor of his eye troubled me, I alluded to the boat-race, and asked him if he was fond of rowing.

"No sir. But the race being for five hundred guineas and a gentleman who had seen me pull, and thought well of my country, having offered to back me for five hundred more, what was I to do?"

Here was a coincidence! If the Secretary had been at my elbow, how he would have enjoyed this new illustration of our American feeling!

"And who beat?"

"Who beat, sir"—thrusting a shapely hand, such as a *man* ought to have, through a mass of the richest and glossiest hair you ever saw, and upheaving his broad chest, like a youthful gladiator, he added—"We beat, sir."

"How far did you row?"

"Six miles good—from the Red House, through Pultney Bridge up to Hammersmith Bridge. We did it in thirty-nine minutes."

"I remember you well, Mr. Moultrie."

"And I you, Mr. Neal."

Free and easy, thought I.

"You were in the first boat, with the white shirts and blue sashes—all bareheaded—with your sleeves rolled up?"

"Yes—and you were on the bridge, with white pantaloons, and a brown coat buttoned over the breast—I could not see the colour of your shirt—bareheaded—and looking into a barouche, at the loveliest woman you ever saw, *hey?*"

This happened to be true enough—but how could he know it? It was there I had seen, for the first and only time, the beautiful creature whom I have mentioned—Elizabeth herself.

"Perhaps you may remember the eyes—look here!"—and saying this, he uncovered a picture, and set it upon the easel.

"Capital!—glorious!—and painted by yourself, I hope?"

"Yes, by myself, and from recollection. You are a judge of painting, I see."

Had any other painter I ever saw said this, after the opinion I had expressed of his work, I should have laughed in his face. But there was no laughing at this young man—poor Moultrie! I never shall forget the manliness and the sincerity of his look at the time.

"And the blue sash I see hanging there?"

"Is the scarf she wore in the barouche. I keep it as a trophy. It belonged to her, and was dropped into the river—by accident—so near the boat I was in, that I could have reached it with my oar. I obtained it afterwards—at some cost, I acknowledge"—and saying this, he shuddered, and for a moment or two appeared to be lost in thought, and a mortal paleness overspread his whole countenance, and the shadow about his mouth grew sterner, and the gleam of his eye more terrible—or was it fancy?

"Observe how beautifully it comes in over that left shoulder, how it relieves that proud swell of her throat—look, look!—how the eyes are lighted up!—how deep and serene they are!—and how the lip trembles! Oh sir, into that glorious image of the only woman I ever saw that made me understand how awful a thing is beauty, I have thrown my whole heart and soul and strength! and if I live to finish it, you shall see what I am capable of, as a painter; and if not, it shall be buried with me."

Anxious to change the subject, for the poor fellow was getting wild, I asked what advantage there was in wearing a belt.

"That you should ever ask such a question!—you, of all men living? Do you gird yourself with a belt, at the Knightsbridge riding-school?"

I stared with astonishment. How came he so well acquainted with my doings?

"Or fence, or box, or leap with a sash? Amateur rowers are fond of belts and sashes; watermen cannot be too loose."

"By the way, Mr. Moultrie, there was an extraordinary murder that evening, and if I recollect rightly, it was reported in the newspapers to have originated some how or other in that very boat race. I saw the proclamation, I remember, and was told the murderer had escaped to America."

"You were misinformed, sir. The poor fellow that escaped to America, had no part nor lot in it; and it is chiefly on his account, that I have been so anxious to see you."

"Indeed!—yet if I am not mistaken, he was the only person charged, and the description was wonderfully minute, and I remember thinking that it would be quite impossible for him to escape with his unfortunate eyes, the limp, the scar, and his great breadth of shoulders."

"And yet, poor fellow! he had nothing to do with the murder, and the first he hears of it will be at New York, through the newspapers, or the British consul and the mayor."

"Strange enough, to be sure! And is there no clue to the real murderer?"

"None whatever."

"But how am I to serve the person you speak of?"

"By determining for me, a question of great seriousness, which I have *promised* to leave to your decision."

"State all the circumstances."

"I will!"

"But first allow me to ask if you have any

clue to the truth, or any *suspicion* of any person in particular, that may be available."

"*Suspicious!*—no, sir—but if you wish me to say, in so many words, whether I *know* the manslayer, or not, I will.

"If you please."

"Well, then, I do."

"You do!—and is he within reach of the law?"

"Within reach of the law!—no, sir!—no human law can touch him. But what of that!—God's law is upon him, forever and ever! by night and by day, *forever and ever!*—so that if he do not speedily find relief, he may be driven to destroy himself."

The sound of his voice, when he repeated the words, *forever and ever!* alarmed me. It was very low, deep, and mournful; but it thrilled through and through me, nevertheless, and to my ear, was rather a reverberation, than a voice.

"Do you know the name of the murderer?"

"Yes."

"Have you any objection to tell me?"

"His *real* name, sir!—not for the world!—think you I would bring dishonour, blight, and everlasting reproach upon a name foremost among the great and good of my country!"

"You do not mean to say that he is an American, I hope!"

"But I do mean to say just that."

"You spoke of his real name—has he another to your knowledge?"

"He has."

"And that you are willing to have me know?"

"Certainly. It is for that purpose you have been sent for."

"Well, what is it?"

"Joseph Moultrie."

"Moultrie—gracious God!—is your name Joseph?"

"It is."

"And you are the wretched man himself?"

"I am."

I could not bear this—the awful calmness of the poor fellow frightened me. I covered my face with my hands—I felt as if I never should breathe freely again; but after a brief struggle, I got possession of myself, and begged him to relate the circumstances, hoping to find some ground of hope, or at least of consolation.

"Well, sir, the long and short of the story is that he insulted my country, and I slew him."

For five minutes after this, I sat looking him in the face, wondering where this frightful confidence would end, yet almost afraid to inquire farther.

"Oh, sir," said he, at last—"it is a long story and a hateful one. God forgive me! but my blood boils, whenever I think of the wretch, dead though he is, and weltering in the blood I trampled out of his unmanly heart. You shudder, sir—but if you had been baited as I was—outraged, bullied, and beaten as I was, you, or any other man alive, would have done all that I did. In fact, from what I know of you, I doubt if you would have borne as much; yet

there was no premeditated mischief on my part."

I began to breathe more freely.

"It was all the work of a moment, sir. I remember it as the flash and ringing of a thunder-bolt."

"Pray compose yourself," said I, "and give me a faithful account of the whole affair."

"Certainly, if you wish it. After the race, I went ashore to change my clothes, intending to return quietly by a roundabout way, so as to escape observation. But a prodigious crowd were assembled, and among the rest, the gentleman who had backed me for the five hundred guineas. They cheered us, and when some how or other, it came to be whispered about that three of our crew were Americans, the generous fellows only cheered us the louder. I took the liberty of assuring them that there were only two Americans, and being very much exhausted, I called a coach and left them. After I came away, it appears that a bad tempered fellow by the name of Pope, who had been refused an oar in both boats, contrived to hunt up my fellow countryman, Glover, and give him a tremendous thrashing about a knife which Glover had lost. Hence the belief, which is very general now, that Glover waylaid Pope, and murdered him with that very knife. On the way home, I saw a young woman with that blue scarf you see there, all dripping wet. Strange as it may appear, I knew it immediately, and after a little chaffering, as the coach drew up on the side of a sloping road, I obtained possession of it. Just as I had reached her the stipulated price, and the young woman was handing up to me, the wind took it past the heads of the horses—they were frightened—the people screamed, the coachmen pulled up suddenly, and over we went into a ditch. This obliged me to take a path leading by the river-side, and to finish my journey a-foot. Soon after this, I saw a man at a great distance, who appeared to be following me. Whenever I stopped, he stopped; and the moment I pushed forward, he started also, as if determined to keep me in view. I was unarmed, to be sure, and completely exhausted, and my wrist was injured in the fall, so that I had been obliged to hang it in a sling, as I continued my way; but I knew the neighbourhood, it was only six o'clock, and therefore, I felt no alarm. At last he disappeared, and though at one time I thought he was trying to lead me off, I had entirely forgotten the circumstance, when, just as I turned into the highway, not a mile from here, I met the fellow face to face—but why go into the frightful details!—I declare to you, I have no patience with myself, nor with him, when I think of it! Enough to say, that he insulted my country—that he insisted on having that blue scarf as a trophy—that he struck me when I was off my guard and helpless—and that when I slipped and fell, he trampled on me, the cowardly ruffian!—I sprang at his throat, and found myself again upon the earth—and that then, and not till then, I tore *his own* knife from its sheath, and stabbed him to the heart! Poor fellow!—he dropped dead upon the spot—he never stirred again!"

"And this is all?"

"All!"—

"But you have no witnesses? I believe."

"None but the sky—the stars—and the Great God of heaven and earth!"

"And what do you propose to do?"

"I have two plans, and as I have told you before, I shall be governed by your advice. One of two things, I *will* do."

"And what are they?"

"I shall either give myself up to the law, tell my own story, and take the consequences; or—"

"In which case, you would be hanged to a dead certainty."

"Of course."

"And your other plan?"

"Or wait here until they bring the poor fellow back whom they have sent for to America; and if he is condemned, and the worst comes to the worst, I shall take his place."

"And if he should escape?"—

"On trial you mean. Why in that case, I should keep my own course; my secret is known to but three persons alive; there would be nothing more said about it; I should try to lead a better life; return to my father, and say—Father! I have sinned before Heaven and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. Make me as one of thy hired servants—and let me die of a good old age."

"By far the better plan of the two," said I.

"But there are two serious difficulties in the way; and I am not altogether satisfied with myself, when I wake up thinking of them, with my throat parched, and my poor brain so fevered with the wild visions of sleep, that I hardly know whether I am awake or not. Oh for the blessed morning air that used to breathe upon me! Oh for the days when I woke with a spring, as if I had but just closed my eyes and opened them again, though a whole night had passed away in the refreshing sleep of my untroubled youth! Oh, sir, although in the eye of the law, I may be innocent—and even in my own eyes, when I consider the provocation I received, I stand almost without reproach, yet how know I, when my brother's blood calls from the ground, that *his* father and *my* father will hold me guiltless!"

Oh, I could have thrown myself upon his neck and wept there, to hear him talk in this way, and of his *youth*, as if it were something past and gone!

"But you mentioned certain difficulties," said I.

"They are these. It may be a long while before they bring poor Glover to trial. He may escape for years; and at last, when I may be in my grave perhaps, and no earthly power can help him, he may be arraigned as a murderer! This I cannot bear to think of!—It is killing me by inches—it will drive me to something desperate. I know all my hope is that he may be speedily found, brought back, and put upon his trial; and then, whatever may become of me, I shall have no innocent blood to answer for."

At this moment we were interrupted by a

noise below, followed by earnest conversation, a bustle on the stairs, and the trampling of many feet. I looked at Moultrie, and a misgiving, like the shadow of death passed over my heart. I wanted the courage to speak.

The door opened, and a person whom I knew immediately for a minister of the law, entered with a folded paper in his hand, which I looked upon as a death-warrant. Aware of the advantage we had from the darkness of the room, I stepped forward to relieve Moultrie, saying to him as I did so, in the voice of interrupted conversation, slow and familiar, and natural, that I *was very much pleased with the picture*. He understood me, and thanked me with his eyes; and when I took the paper, and found that, instead of being a warrant for the apprehension of Moultrie, on a charge of murder, it was only a notice that he would be wanted as a witness on the trial of Glover, I began to breathe more freely. And yet, if he should be put upon the stand as a witness, how trying and how dangerous would be his position. A single word might cost him his life! The slightest indiscretion might cause him to change places with the prisoner. Nay, however guarded or watchful he might be, the very nature of his oath might oblige him to tell, not only the truth, but the *whole* truth, or *take the consequences*; and if subjected to a cross-examination, it would be a miracle if he should escape. Still if it could be so managed, as to prevent his appearing in the witness-box, the danger might be avoided. But how to do this!—the government would not be tampered with; and any, the least appearance of backwardness might lead to imprisonment, or to a demand for recognizances of a nature to extinguish all hope. On farther inquiry, without being overheard by Moultrie, I ascertained that Glover was taken; that instead of going to America, as the government had supposed, he had been lurking—that was the word—*lurking*, the confounded fool, in the neighbourhood of London, the commonest thing in the world with desperate men. They appear to be fascinated, and often to lose all consciousness of danger, haunting the very spot where they have sinned so fearfully, as if they wanted not only the disposition, but the power to leave it; as if they were *held* there, that the avenger of blood might overtake them.

Having satisfied myself that Glover was taken, I stepped up to Moultrie, and standing between him and the officer, so that if he betrayed himself by any want of self-possession, it might not be observed; and after a look which I thought prepared him, I communicated the intelligence.

He grew deadly pale, and gasped for breath. What! had he been trying to deceive me? or had he deceived himself, when he professed so much anxiety to spare the blood of the innocent, whatever might be the consequence?

But this lasted for a moment only, a single moment. The next, his hands were pressed convulsively upon his heart, as if to stifle something buried there, and rising against his will; his knees smote together, his countenance cleared off all at once, the gloom vanished, and

his eyes were brimful of joy; and he whispered loud enough to be heard, not only by the officer, but the people at the door—

"Almighty God! I thank thee!"

I was thunderstruck at the poor fellow's rashness. For a few moments I was afraid even to look up; I felt that all was lost. My heart died within me. But on turning my eyes toward the officer, I saw at a glance that he had put another and a very different interpretation upon the change of manner, and the half audible prayer of thankfulness at the arrest of a murderer. And as if to confirm this idea, he lost no time in complimenting Moultrie for his great zeal in the matter; adding, with a chuckle, that "no Englishman could have done more for his king."

This brought Moultrie to his senses, and when he found that I was watching him, probably with an expression of deep anxiety, he took the hint so far as to hold his tongue. This little act of discretion saved him; for the officer, at my suggestion, having ordered the party at the door to withdraw, did not scruple to mention to Moultrie as the government witness, and to me as the friend of Moultrie, the whole amount of the evidence against Glover. It rested on three points. The quarrel between Glover and Pope after the boat race, where Glover had been so cruelly and shamefully abused; the alleged flight; and what for a time was indeed wonderful, most wonderful, the extraordinary fact, that the knife which was found in the dead man's heart, was proved to be one that Glover himself had worn at the boat-race.

The agitation of Moultrie grew frightful when this fact was mentioned. It was with the greatest difficulty that I prevented him from betraying all the circumstances, in his headlong zeal to account for the mystery. Oh, thought I, if I had but the power of the ancient mariner, to hold him with a "*glittering eye*!" As it was, I did my best in another way, and managed him after a very different fashion. But how? By winking at the officer, till he was ready to join me in any plan for making Moultrie a more cautious, and therefore a *better* witness for the crown; and by reproaching him in a half whisper for his unnatural bitterness toward a fellow-countryman.

Moultrie stared at first; but finding after a while, that we understood one another, and were on good terms together, submitted.

"And pray, sir," said I, "how was it proved that this knife belonged to Glover?"

"It was rather strangely fashioned," said the officer. "The blade was unlike that worn by our sailors and boatmen, and the sheath was embroidered with beads."

"Ah, how well I remember that knife!" said Moultrie. "But how, in the name of all that is wonderful, came it to be found with the body?"

"Nothing plainer," said I, glancing at him with an *ague* just *here*; and somewhat anticipating the reply of the officer, who looked rather bewildered at the remark—as well he might—"nothing plainer; the murderer left it there, of course."

"Pshaw!" said Moultrie, springing to his feet. "Didn't I tell you the knife he was killed with belonged to the wretch himself?"

"To be sure it did," said the officer—"that's just what I say—maybe you'd know it again, if you should see it?"

"Know it!—I should know it among ten thousand!"

"Well then—what do you say to that?"—handing a knife to him, the sheath of which appeared to be made of leather, wrought with porcupine quills and birch-bark. "There now—there sir—jest you look a' there—you'll find the initials of the *wretch*, as Mr. what's-his-name here calls him, on the sheath—I beg your pardon, sir."

"Blockheads!" cried Moultrie, tearing the weapon from the sheath, and eyeing it as if he could see "the gray hair stecken' to the haft!"—"blockheads that you are! would ye persuade me that we are not well acquainted—this right hand of mine, and this knife!"—

Here was a pretty kettle of fish! But the officer, having no suspicion of the truth, only stared at Moultrie very hard for a moment, as if considering whether on the whole he would do for a witness—then winked at me—as much as to say, *Quere*—and then added, stroking his fat chin, "why to be sure you do, and that's one o' the things we want you for; we want to 'ave you identify that 'ere knife."

"Identify that knife. Good God, sir! would you leave a poor fellow no clue for escape!"

"Be quiet, sir," said I, assuming an air of authority, and speaking in a tone that would not bear to be questioned—for I began to shake in my shoes—a very ominous thing for a client, by the way. "Be quiet, or I shall abandon the case. I will be the legal adviser of no man"—raising my voice—"of no man, sir! who does not scrupulously, and to the minutest particular, follow my advice—ahem!"

"Why look you," said Moultrie, flying into a passion, all at once—"Hav'n't I told you over and over again, that this knife belonged to Pope himself, that he wore it upon his thigh, in that very sheath, at the time he—"

"At the time you saw him first," said I, interrupting him, in a great rage—for I wanted to cram a pocket handkerchief down his throat, but couldn't do it just then, as it might have looked suspicious; and then catching the knife out of his hands, I added:

"He wore it upon his thigh at the time, you say?"

"To be sure he did, and when I griped the handle—"

"Be quiet, sir! and confine your answers to the questions I put you, or you'll never do for a witness."

"Oh, ho!" said the officer, "that's your sort. I see how the cat jumps!"—and then, whispering to me, that "he was greatly obliged, and that if I thought he would prejudice the case for the king, perhaps, on the whole, it might be safer not to call him."

"Hush—hush," I whispered in reply; "not a word of that, if you please. You sit there, and say nothing; after I get through you can

judge for yourself. He appears to be flurried; we must take things coolly. You see now that, according to *his* recollection, Pope actually wore that knife at the time."

The officer nodded.

"Now, sir, let me ask if there was a belt belonging to the sheath."

"A belt—certainly; and Pope—if that was the name of the poor wretch that was murdered—Pope wore it round his waist when I plucked the knife from the sheath, as it hung down on his left thigh."

The *poor wretch* that was murdered! what a relief was that happy arrangement of words to me in this critical emergency! Keeping as undisturbed as it was possible, and requesting Moultrie once more to answer only the questions I put, I proceeded; and in less than five minutes the officer himself began to shake his head with a knowing eye, and a lip not to be misunderstood by an official. I could perceive that his mind was pretty well made up.

"One question more," said I, after having well weighed the consequences of every possible answer, as I thought. "One question more—do you mean to say, Mr. Moultrie, that you ever saw that knife in the possession of Glover?"

"To be sure I do. The knife belonged to him, I tell you."

The officer's eyes flashed fire, and he fell to rubbing his hands with visible delight, as much as to say—"That'll do! that'll do!—you'll make him a capital witness after a little more drilling."

Moultrie stared, and I began to be frightened; but what was to be done? He had said too much already—fifty times too much—and if he did not explain, the high functionary at my elbow might come to his senses, after putting on his night-cap; and the next thing, perhaps, poor Moultrie would have to put on his. By this time all my limbs were stiff, and I was cramped all over with the intense effort I had been making to control myself, body and soul.

"And yet," continued I, speaking very deliberately—very—and for the first time getting an opportunity to convey a slight intimation to Moultrie of what I *wanted*, and of what I *feared*, without being seen by the officer. But it was all of no use. The poor youth, in that deplorable singleness of heart which characterized him, did not appear to see a single inch beyond his nose, nor even to remember the plan he had started with. And lucky enough was it for both, before I ended the examination; for his anxiety to save poor Glover's life saved his own. Perhaps nothing else would. Mere craft or artifice, though he had been as "wise as the serpent, and as harmless as the dove," could not have done what the most extraordinary indiscretion did at once.

"And yet," continued I, "you have said, over and over again, that the knife and sheath belonged to Pope, as well as to Glover—stop, stop!—don't interrupt me, if you please; you say that it belonged to Glover at one time, and to Pope at another—to Pope, when you drew it from the sheath, and the grip of your right

hand, as you were pleased to express yourself, became acquainted with the hilt—stop!—there's no hurry: now, please to confine yourself to the question I put. Answer me that, and that only, if you please."

"I will."

"I *will*!"—Here was ground of hope; and I put the question—"Do you know, Mr. Moultrie, how Pope came in possession of that knife?"

"No, sir, I do not. But as he and Glover had a quarrel after Glover had lost it, I have always had a notion that the quarrel between them had something to do with that knife—in fact I have either heard so, or dreamt so."

I began to breathe freely now; and, feeling sure of my answer, put the following questions with an air, as a body may say.

"Did you ever see that knife again, after Glover lost it?"

"I did."

"In whose possession?"

"In the possession of Pope."

"That's enough—that'll do—I have no more questions to ask."

Here the officer nodded at me, and I nodded at the officer; and then he touched me on the elbow, and whispered, that he *rather guessed* brother Jonathan was not altogether so fierce on the scent as he had been, but was trying to back out. "Howsomever," he added, "with your leave, I should like to put one question to him, saving your presence."

I bowed; not well knowing what else to do.

"When you say, sir, how't you saw that knife, sir, in the possession of Pope, sir, do you mean to say, sir, that it was before, or after the death of Pope, sir?"

"Before."

"Oh—ah—you'll excuse me; I didn't know but you might have made up your mind to help your countryman out at a pinch; for when the worst comes to the worst, you know, it comes rather hard—swearing away the life, you know, of your own flesh an' blood, you know—you'll excuse me—but, if you had thought better of it, I shouldn't o' thought any the worse o' you, I declare—haw, haw, haw!—You'll excuse me—its my way—haw!—Was you before the Crowner?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that *was* a sight I've been told. That very knife was buried in the poor fellow's heart smack up to the hilt—Lord, how pale you grow!—but never mind—not a man there had the courage to pull it out—mercy on us, how you do shake to be sure!—and when somebody else did, and the blood began to flow, one of the stoutest men there fainted away, and fell dead on the floor, and they had to carry him out into the air, and lay him down, and rub him for half an hour before they could bring him too—odds bob's my man! you'll never do for a witness!" and then turning to me, he added—"poh, poh—it would be just throw'n away the case to call him. Howsomer, we shall do jest as you say; and we are just as much obliged to you, as if we did—all the same."

This emboldened me to go a step farther. "Why, after all," said I, "if he should go-upon

the stand for the accused, I don't see how on earth he would ever be convicted—Glover, I mean."

"Yes, I understand."

"If the circumstance of Glover's knife being found in the body, be explained by Moultrie, or any other witness, there will be no evidence left worth offering to a grand jury, if I understand the case; and the belt was found upon the body too, the man asserted—in which case you would find it no easy matter to persuade a jury that a murderer stopped long enough to put a belt round the murdered man, while he was fool enough to leave the knife in his heart!—a knife, too, the sheath of which bore his initials!"

At this moment the door opened violently, and in came a short, thick, red-faced man, who appeared overjoyed at seeing Moultrie; "he had been looking after him," he said, "ever since the boat race, and had taken such a deep interest in him, and in his fellow countrymen, that having just heard some good news, he couldn't help tumbling in upon him in this way, head first, without ceremony. The fact is," continued he—"and I have made myself sure of it—the simple fact is, that so far from running away, or changing his name, or hiding himself, it turns out that your countryman, Glover, went to Liverpool with a shipmate, who embarked there, and that their real names were both booked at the Golden Cross, three days before, both having stayed to see the boat race."

Moultrie could hardly contain himself for joy, and immediately introduced the stranger to me as the noble-hearted Englishman, who, having once been to America, and been well treated there, had always been ready to take the part of America, at home or abroad, whenever she, or her children, were treated ungenerously. "But this is not all," said he; "I have ascertained that Glover, instead of keeping close at Liverpool, has been riding all about the country to see the sights, and seek his fortune as he says; and that the moment he saw the proclamation, he gave himself up. It was in a village, not far from Coventry. He went to a magistrate with the landlord of the house, where he lodged under the name of Glover, and was known for the American sailor, and acknowledged himself at once to be the individual described in the proclamation, and asked as a favour that he might have a fair trial; he didn't care how soon—the sooner the better, if 'twas all the same to his worship."

Hearing a strange noise at this moment behind me, I turned my head, and there lay poor Moultrie, who had just fallen out of a chair, stretched his whole length upon the floor, with all the rigidity of a corpse. We spoke to him, but he answered not; we lifted him up, but it was a long while before any signs of life appeared; and when they did, I was alone with him—the benevolent Englishman, sir Joshua P., having gone for a surgeon to bleed him, and all the rest of the company having left him to die in peace.

By the morrow he was sufficiently recovered to learn that sir Joshua, after three interviews

with his majesty's Attorney General, had prevailed upon him to say that he should not proceed by information against Glover, and that, if no other evidence appeared, he would have nothing to fear from a grand jury; nay, more, that if they found a bill, on such evidence, he should feel himself bound to enter a *nolle prosequi*.

But there were many months to the day of trial; and every day was an age to the unhappy young man. He was dying by inches, I could see that; and when at last, he lay stretched out upon the bed, with his face buried in the pillow, and sobbing like a child, I was overwhelmed with astonishment to find that he had no longer any wish to live. He was a mere adventurer, he said—an idle RUNAWAY—he had left his father, turned his back upon a proud, rich, and imperious family of the South, determined never to return to them—never! till he could come back with honours heaped upon him, which even they would feel thankful to Heaven, though they were toiled for through long years of drudgery, or wrenched from the 'reluctant hand' of power: to conceal his name, and never, never to breathe it to mortal man, till he had done something to justify him in reclaiming that which had been a part of the heritage he valued more than life.

I attempted to soothe him, but he smiled so bitterly upon me!—turning his face to the wall, or burying it in the bed clothes, and refusing to be comforted. As for death, he would say—"Time was when death passed before me like a substantial thing crowned and sceptred. Now, I see it; then I trembled at his approach. Now I see it as a beautiful woman, 'with eye of tender gloom;' or as a little child, preparing to stretch itself out, and inviting me to lie down with her upon a bank of clover blossoms, and go to sleep forever in the sunshine. Death is no longer frightful to me; on the contrary, it is a soothing and peaceful hope. In one word, young as I am, I am weary of life. There is nothing to live for now. Have I not wasted every thing, like an idiot and a prodigal?" "How every thing?" I would ask. "What, sir!—is not a good name every thing? Is not peace of mind every thing?—yet more—and this it is that unmans me—to die of a broken heart. I!—with so much bodily strength! I!—that have been so full of generous hope, and most exalted ambition. I!—and that too, just when the happiness I should most covet under heaven—her love—was already within my reach!"

I understood him—not so much from what he said, as from the half smothered, choking sobs that accompanied this outpouring of his heart. "Look you, my friend—look you!—these are the only comforts I have left, and what are they but aggravations—bitter aggravations of my misery?"

Observing that he pointed to a rose flowering at the window near his bed—a single rose, which appeared to have rooted itself there only for a day—and then at the portrait I have mentioned before, I tried to comfort him, by telling him to be of good cheer; yet a few days longer, and the trial would be over. He repeated the

words after me, one by one—"yet a few days longer, and the trial will be over!" I don't know that I was ever more affected in my life.

Day after day, I sat by his bed-side. Night after night I was with him, and though he received all the attentions that were capable of alleviating his apparent sorrows, the unassuageable grief within was eating his strength away. In a word, he was dying of a broken heart. Many incidents occurred during this period, which are now crowding upon my recollection. Once, I remember, he roused the whole house at midnight, by crying out in his sleep—*let him have judgment of death!* and once I found him on his knees at three o'clock in the morning, with his head resting on a chair tilted over, his right arm over the picture, and his face buried in the blue sash—fast asleep, and so rigid, that for the moment I thought he was dead.

At last the trial of Glover came on—the grand jury found a bill against him; and being closely questioned, I was obliged to inform poor Moultrie of the fact. From that moment, he appeared to have but one wish on earth—it was to survive the trial, that he might acknowledge the truth, if Glover should be found guilty. At last, he had matured his plan; and having sent for a magistrate, who lived near, without my knowledge, he narrated the whole transaction before him, signed his name to it, and requested him to hand it to the King's Attorney-General. I arrived just in season to interpose—the magistrate was affected even to tears, when I stated all the circumstances, and at my suggestion, determined to defer the matter till it should appear to be necessary for the protection of Glover. But it never became necessary. Upon the representation of the Attorney General, the court ordered the discharge of Glover; and the first intelligence we had of the fact was the appearance of the man himself, bursting into the sick chamber to assure Moultrie that he had been very handsomely treated—

was on his way to America—and would be happy to carry any message, or letter, for him to the ends of the earth.

Moultrie took his hands—held them to his heart—looked him in the face—but said nothing for many minutes. At last, after the heaving of the inward struggle was over, he wished him a pleasant voyage—entreated his forgiveness—sent his love to his country, adding that he had no family to send it to—no relation—for all his relations were strangers to him, they had abandoned him, and he had betrayed them—turned his face to the wall, and begging to be left alone, wept aloud.

On the morrow when I called, I was told there were ladies with him; one believed to be a sister, and another some distant relation. After waiting about half an hour, not a little surprised at the stillness which prevailed in both apartments—no footsteps, no whispering, no sound of life or motion, having reached my ear for many minutes, I arose to make some farther inquiry, and my hand was already on the bell-rope—when a shriek, the most unearthly shriek I ever heard in my life, out of a mad-house, rang in my ear. For a moment I supposed it to have proceeded from somebody in the room with me—at my very elbow. But it was only for a moment, and then I sprang up the stairs, just in time to hear a heavy weight fall upon the floor. I burst into the room—and there lay poor Elizabeth Warren herself, stretched her whole length across the threshold—and the female was kneeling at the bedside with her face buried in his hands—and there upon the bed, lay Moultrie—the nameless Moultrie—stiff in death, his right-hand clutching a pale and blighted rose, and the other stretched forth toward the place where Elizabeth lay, as if pointing to her. That room is before me now—for years it haunted me—and to this day I see it whenever I am troubled in my sleep.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A FLORAL ASSOCIATION.

BY J. EVANS SNODGRASS.

As! long neglected wither'd flower,
These eyes, on thee, but sadly rest!
Thy presence sends with whelming power,
Emotions, flood-like, thro' my breast.

How often hath a sister's eye
Grown bright with joy, as she would look
On thy green form—I wond'ring why
Of thee such tender care, she took.

That sister's form has vanished, never
To cherish thee or glad my heart—
Oh, Death! why did'st thou rudely sever,
Our fond embraces thus, apart?

Flower! from thee I would not borrow
Such visions of the gloomful past,
Were there not times when even sorrow
Yields to the soul a sweet repast.

And I, for aye, would live in sadness,
Rather than cease to think of her
Whose frown I shunn'd, but, e'er felt gladness,
When smiles would her fond lips bestir.

Oh, how objects e'en most lowly,
Call up sad visions which may be
Entombed for years—tho' they steal slowly
Like winter-clouds, o'er memory!
Baltimore.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE VEILED LADY.

(Concluded from page 53.)

THE second sheet of the MS. containing the sequel and catastrophe of the article bearing the above title, has, by one of the most fortunate accidents in the world, come to hand! The manner in which it was recovered may be detailed at more leisure; at present we will not embarrass the reader with explanations, but leave him uninterrupted to enjoy the treat of a mystery developed.

"Messrs. Hooper and Higden, having entered into a league, and united all the forces of their ingenuity to effect a removal of the obnoxious veil, (each having his peculiar motives, as formerly set forth,) it now remained for them to fix on the proper measures for accomplishing their purpose. The works were not to be carried by storm, and not, as it seemed, by a protracted siege; but the best expedient was undoubtedly to attempt some masterly stratagem, which, by being unexpected, would be most likely to be successful. Miss Hortensia was made a partial participator in their plan. The state of this lady's affections disposed her to favour an ostensible scheme which Higden suggested, and which, as he alleged, had no other object than the gratification of a rational curiosity. Miss Hortensia did not credit this assertion; she believed Higden had been smitten by the imaginary charms of the Veiled Lady, and adhering to her former opinion that the veil was worn for the concealment of some notable deformity, she was ready enough to unite her endeavours to produce a result which she doubted not would effectually dissipate the young poet's delusion. She was far from suspecting that Hooper, that sober, mercantile gentleman, was the person most deeply interested in the projected discovery. Of that fact it was thought most advisable that she should remain ignorant.

"Miss Hortensia proved herself an able auxiliary; her first intention was to form some kind of a speaking acquaintance with the Veiled Lady, if possible. In this attempt she had every reason to fear a repulse; but, as we have hinted, she was not a person of the most fastidious delicacy of sentiment, and she had encountered too many untoward incidents in affairs of deeper interest to the heart, to be much concerned at the usual penalty of officiousness.

"As most of the company made it a point to shun the approach of the heroine of the veil, the only person who was often seen in her vicinity was the elderly gentleman whom we formerly mentioned as her attendant. Miss Hortensia, therefore, did not find much difficulty in carrying her design into effect, and watching the most favourable opportunity, she ventured to interrupt the Veiled Lady's meditations by addressing her on some common place topic; a mode of self-introduction which obtrusive people will sometimes employ without scruple.

"After a strain of impertinent apology for the

'liberty she had taken,' &c., Miss Hortensia struck off at a tangent, as follows:

"I wonder, madam, that a lady of your apparent good sense should think proper to make herself the talk of a watering place, by constantly appearing with a singularity of dress like that you have adopted. Excuse me, madam, if I remark that it is sinful to use such concealment. Every lady cannot be handsome; some of us are so, by the blessing of Providence; and some again are naturally deformed. But ought the latter to be ashamed of their imperfections? I think not, madam. If it were my own case, I would not, for a thousand worlds, be tempted by the adversary to hide the afflictive dispensation."

"Miss Hortensia paused and in some trepidation awaited the response, but instead of the rebuff which she had half expected, what was her amazement and satisfaction on hearing a sweet voice from under the veil answer to the following purpose.

"Your observation is certainly correct, and I am grateful for that excess of kindness which has made you disregard useless formalities to give me such an excellent and valuable lesson. It may be, however, that my case forms an exception to a general rule: suppose the deformity of my countenance to be of such a revolting nature that no human being could behold it without horror, do you not think that I should detract from the enjoyments of this place by exhibiting such a countenance in public?"

"To judge others by myself," answered Hortensia, "I should say no. To me the sight of such a countenance would afford a species of melancholy pleasure."

"But you do not consider," returned the Veiled Lady, "that yours is a disposition of extraordinary benevolence. You might pity, but the generality of people would abhor. Besides, I do not conceive how the concealment of my face can be productive of any immediate disadvantage to the visitors of these springs."

"Indeed then, madam," replied Hortensia, "you are very far from suspecting the truth."

"How!" cried the other, "have I injured any one here by wearing this veil?"

"You have, madam; and more than one, I assure you."

"Be pleased then to explain, and I will try to make reparation."

"First, then," said Hortensia, "Mrs. Sybil Punikin, having fatigued herself to no purpose with inquiries concerning you, was taken with spasms and palpitation of the heart, and is thought to be in a dangerous situation; her two children, sick with the whooping-cough, she was obliged to neglect while investigating your case, and the poor infants, for want of attendance, are pronounced incurable. Then Miss Naomi Witherton, who died here the other day, could not receive religious consolation, being unable in her last moments, to think of any thing else

but your enigmatical appearance. Miss Josephine Wonderly has pined away to a skeleton since your arrival. I myself have—"

"Not pined away to a skeleton," said the Veiled Lady.

"No, madam, but I have lost considerable weight, and have suffered in mind more than you can imagine. Before your arrival, I believed myself happy in the possession of the heart of the man of my choice, but before the beams of my felicity had time to expand, you, madam, came like a blighting mildew, every thing was turned topsy-turvy and I was left in a most deplorable pickle. Oh, madam, if one spark of pity ever warmed your bosom, if your heart is not more hideous than your countenance, let the gentleman see your face, and so put an end to my insupportable and excruciating misery.' Here Miss Hortensia was moved to tears.

"Truly," said the Veiled Lady, 'I was far from suspecting the extent of these calamities; and as for rivalling a lady of your merit and attractions, I must declare myself altogether guiltless of such a design. I do not even know the person whose capricious fancy has given you so much uneasiness and me so little satisfaction.'

"That person is Mr. Higden, madam;—J. Hervey Higden, author of "Jupiter's Chariot," "Black Hawk's Requiem," "Chimney Sweep's Jubilee," "The Possum Hunt," and other poems. You may see him standing at the other end of the piazza. That gentleman with white-wash on his elbows and one of his stockings hanging over his shoe. He's the first poet in America."

"The Veiled Lady was silent for some moments, and Hortensia continued to eulogize Mr. Higden, and to point him out by various allusions to his dress and appearance.

"I know Mr. Higden," said her auditor, 'he was pointed out to me soon after my coming hither. And do I understand you to say that there is a mutual affection subsisting between him and yourself?'

"One week ago," answered Hortensia, 'I had every reason to think so, but alas! what an alteration has taken place!'

"This is very strange!" said she of the Veil.

"Is it not?" said Hortensia. 'But these poets often take the most singular fancies. Just to think of falling in love with a person whose face he never beheld!'

"Ay, that is strange enough," said the Veiled Lady, coldly, 'and yet you have told me of some things even more surprising than that. But I am half disposed to grant your request and favour Mr. Higden with a sight of my frightful visage, if he will vouchsafe to look on it.'

"Do not doubt that," said Hortensia, 'he is anxious to behold your features; I heard him confess as much this morning. Dear madam, I am bound to you everlastingly.'

"Having uttered these words, Hortensia hastened to the poet and related so much of the above conversation as would serve to let him know the success of her movement. Higden, taking the arm of Hortensia, approached the

spot where the mysterious female was seated. By this time, the summons to the supper table had created a little solitude in the piazza and the singular consultation between Higden, Hortensia and the Veiled Lady escaped with but little remark. Hortensia made an awkward attempt at presenting the bard to her supposed rival, and all three were eminently embarrassed. Hortensia, observing that her immediate presence seemed to operate as a check on Higden, withdrew to another part of the piazza, after whispering a request to the Veiled Lady not to betray the secret just confided to her keeping.

"Mr. Higden," said this lady, when Hortensia was out of hearing, 'having been requested by a party concerned to become an arbitress in this case, I hope to escape the charge of being meddlesome, while I urge on your attention a duty which is obviously yours, if all circumstances are correctly reported to me. When I mention the name of Miss Markley you will understand what I mean.'

"I do understand," answered Higden.

"You know—a man of your acquirements and abilities cannot but know—how blameable, how inexcusable it is to sport with a woman's affections."

"It is so, indeed," said Higden.

"And how unbecoming is it for a man who aspires to a reputation for sense to be variable in his attachments.'

"These are precisely my views," remarked Higden; 'but I am surprised to find you in possession of a secret which I thought was known to only one person besides myself. Perhaps Hooper—'

"Miss Markley is wronged.'

"She is, indeed; and it is an object nearest my heart to provide a remedy.'

"That is easily done, Mr. Higden, if you have the will.'

"How madam!—does it rest with me?'

"Certainly. Are you not an admirer of Miss Markley?'

"I am a friend of Miss Elizabeth Markley; in one sense, an admirer, but assuredly not a lover.'

"Elizabeth! that, (as I have understood,) is the younger of these ladies. I spoke of the elder—the aunt.'

"Really, madam," said Higden, quietly, 'I supposed, from the gravity of your commencement, that our conversation was about to take a serious turn, but I find you are indulging in a strain of merriment which does not accord with my present feelings. Probably you consider the process of my introduction as improper and seek to punish my presumption in this manner.'

"Here the poet, with a look of indignation, seemed about to withdraw, when the Veiled Lady resumed the discourse:

"It seems I have been in error, Mr. Higden, but I am not apt to indulge in merriment at the expense of so new an acquaintance. Have you never, at any time, professed an attachment for the lady who has just left us?'

"Never, in my life; and never conceived the possibility of such a thing. I know not by

what overt act of folly I have made myself liable to such a suspicion.'

"Pardon me, Mr. Higden; have you never made an avowal of love which the world would pronounce an act of folly, no less than that from the imputation of which you have just defended yourself so successfully?"

"I think not, madam; I have made but one avowal of love, and that was—"

"To a person you had never seen!"

Higden blushed, 'It is true,' said he, 'I committed that act of folly three weeks ago, and I have not repented of it since. As I have said before, I admired that female for qualities which were discoverable independent of a personal acquaintance. I perceive Hooper has entrusted you with that little circumstance of my life. But it is *his* affair and not mine which should be the subject of our present discourse.'

"I have never spoken to Hooper," said the lady. 'The loves of poets are apt to become of public interest, and an occurrence so unusual was likely to produce some remark. Let this account for my information. But may I take the liberty to ask, if the lady, the poetess we speak of had proved of an unsuitable age, or in other respects not eligible, and had she answered your written proposals with an acceptance, would you not have blamed yourself for precipitance?'

"It is difficult to say what I might do or think in all supposable cases, madam; and it were worse than inquisitorial severity to make me accuse and criminate myself in these particulars. Your informant seems to have concealed the fact that a correspondence of some length preceded my declaration.'

"I have heard that you and the lady each published verses addressed to the other, and that these verses being full of panegyric, introduced love through the avenue of vanity. I have had occasion to remark that a bard will love any woman who commends his poems, especially if they be bad ones.'

"Doubtless Miss Hortensia Markley has furnished you with that idea; but some ladies are as ready to mistake common civility for professions of love as some poets are to mistake mere conventional praise for the real opinions of those who utter it.'

"When the conversation had arrived at this point, some of the company had returned to the piazza, and attracted by the novelty of the spectacle of the Veiled Lady in conversation with the poet, more than one person seemed, by making gradual advances to the spot, to give evidence of a spirit of inquiry, the great mental characteristic of the age. The conversation between Higden and the Veiled Lady now turned on literary topics in general, and the bard was surprised at the acuteness of her judgment and the extent of her information in all affairs of that nature.

"When Higden and Hooper met for private consultation, the merchant was made acquainted with the important fact which the Veiled Lady had indirectly acknowledged to Hortensia, namely that the veil was worn to conceal the hideous deformity of her features, and this scrap

of intelligence was observed to have a very evident effect on the mercantile inconstant. But that gentleman, after some moments of reflection, called to mind a story which once made a considerable noise in the world, the remembrance of which started a doubt in his mind whether the Veiled Lady was not practising an innocent piece of deception for some particular purpose. He therefore proposed carrying out their original plan, part of which had already been realized by Hortensia, in forming an acquaintance with the object of their joint anxiety.

"When Higden came to reflect in solitude on the adventures of the day, a thrilling suspicion made a sudden entrance into his sensorium. 'What stupidity,' said he to himself, 'prevented me from seeing the likelihood of the thing and urging it to a thorough development!' Might not the Veiled Lady be the identical Miss —, the enchanting poetess, to whose incorporeal divinity he had paid his amatory vows? The thought was not one on which he could dwell with unmingled satisfaction. 'Had she been merely homely or positively ugly,' he soliloquized, 'I should not have receded from my first intentions; but hideous, deformed, shocking, horrible! that indeed is more than could have been expected. It makes me begin to see the idiocy of my conduct. And has she acted with that candour which becomes a woman of refined feelings? In all our correspondence by letters she gave me no reason to imagine the dreadful truth! and now I remember there was not the least allusion to personal appearance. Was not that the most culpable duplicity? May I not, in such circumstances, honourably withdraw from all the engagements into which I may be considered to have entered?' He forgot that he had made love to the lady's *mind*, and professed so much recklessness with regard to personal qualities, that *she* might be readily excused for throwing them out of consideration.

"It had been concluded by the three conspirators, Hooper, Higden, and Hortensia, that on the next day the grand *finale* of the projected drama should be enacted. All the performers had conned their parts admirably, and at the appointed hour, the trio convened in the piazza. It was observed by Higden's two associates that, as the important moment approached, the poet exhibited evident signs of low spirits and irresolution, which his previous deportment in the affair had given them no reason to expect. The two gentlemen stationed themselves in a convenient spot commanding a fair view of the settee which the Veiled Lady usually occupied. In a short time, the latter drew near, accompanied by the old gentleman, her attendant, who, having conducted her to a seat, withdrew. Miss Hortensia embraced that opportunity to place herself on the settee and address the intended victim.

"After some minutes passed in an inaudible confabulation, Hortensia, in the language of romance, 'uttered a faint shriek' and fell from the bench in an apparent swoon. At the moment of falling she caught at the veil, grasping it

with admirable dexterity, as if with the spasmodic movement of a fainting person. The consequence may well be conceived; had it been secured with hempen cordage, with small hawsers, the veil must have been carried away; such was the tenacity of the grasp and the tremendous impulse of the falling body.

"The sound of the shriek and the vibration of the fall brought twenty persons to the spot. What was their astonishment at beholding the Veiled Lady—no, the Lady Unveiled! Miss Hortensia rolled on the floor of the piazza, clutching the lacerated veil in her hand, and opened one eye sufficiently to gratify her curiosity with a view of the features she had uncovered. This manœuvre was considered by the spectators as one incident to her fainting fit. Several of the visitors made the usual appliances in such cases with complete success. Miss Hortensia was restored to animation, but appeared to be more chagrined than the occasion required. Higden and Hooper stood transfixed, astounded, overwhelmed. The Lady Unveiled retired amid the confusion. The poet, after some moments of silent wonderment, gave utterance to the following words:

"Well, Mr. Hooper; our experiment has succeeded. May I ask what is the result?"

"Strange enough," answered his friend. "The result is precisely what you foretold. I am healed and heart-whole, and wonder at my infatuation. I see plainly now that I loved nothing but the mystery."

"And yet the lady is not hideous."

"She is divinely beautiful. I know not how it is, but my adoration, duty, and observance, have all returned to Elizabeth."

"On me the effect has been somewhat different," remarked Higden, "I am captivated."

"Then the enchanting poetess will have an opportunity of indulging in the elegiac vein. "Musings under the Willow" will henceforth be the order of the day with her. To speak candidly, Higden, I always thought that love affair of yours with Sappho the second was a

most absurd whim. The glance of a *literary* lady would freeze me in the crater of Vesuvius."

"The Veiled Lady is a votress of that order."

"Thanks to my intuitive perception of the fact. I now know why the first view of her features put an end to my incipient partiality."

"It is not from such men as you, my dear Hooper, that literary ladies expect or desire golden opinions."

"Here a billet was placed in Higden's hand by a waiter; the bard glanced over it and looked volumes."

"What say you now to my 'absurd whim!' demanded he, addressing his companion. 'This Veiled Lady, the writer of this note, is the object of my choice, loved before she was seen and now proved to be every way worthy of my affections. Oh Hooper! you shall hear how she adopted this disguise purposely to test the sincerity of my professions. Hortensia's irruption frustrated her scheme before it was consummated; but we have come to a mutual understanding. On her way to the Springs with her father, she was accidentally informed that I was here, and contrived the plot which—'

"Which is not original," said Hooper.

"No matter, it answered the purpose;—though, with respect to yourself it had nearly produced some mischief."

"On that point, my dear Higden, let me entreat you to preserve the most scrupulous secrecy. I would not for the world have Elizabeth to suspect my temporary defection."

"In less than two weeks, Higden was married to the young and lovely authoress, and Elizabeth became Mrs. Hooper. As for Hortensia, she still lives in insulated beatitude, speaks most dispraisingly of Higden, and pronounces all the effusions of his genius too execrable for the toleration of gods or men. Alas, how the opinions of the most discreet and judicious are liable to be changed by circumstances!"

Philadelphia.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO ISADORA.

Will you smile on my song, whose wild notes display

My own treasur'd thoughts, in its ingenious lay;
And if aught like presumption should float in its tune,

Oh! remember the zephyr oft sings near the moon;
And the night-winds do murmur their soft melting strain,

And mingle their chaunt with the nightingale train:
And, dear lady, if smiles on my song you'll entwine,
They will heighten the glow of each soul-breathing line.

The gay and thoughtless may laugh and seem wise,
And yield their smiles free to the first pleading eyes;

May laugh with the laughing, or frown with the grave,

May weep with the weeping, be brave with the brave;

But I never could bear the chameleon-like mind,
That changes its feelings with each veering wind;
And its smiles or its frowns, should it darken or glow,

It awakens no thrill, and occasions no woe.
But she, whose pure mind is a mirror, whose face,

Reflects all that's worthy reflection—can trace
Effects to their causes, whose soul-beaming eye,
Like sunbeams in winter, illumines my sky;
And scatters the clouds of distraction and care,
Which life's chequer'd skies do alternately wear;
And awakens a gleam on my soul that will play,
While my heart has a throb, or while life holds her sway.
C. A. M.

Written for the Lady's Book.

FRAGMENTS OF MY UNCLE NICHOLAS.—No. I.

BATOR, THE DERVISE.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

IN the olden time there dwelt near Basra, a poor dervise by the name of Bator. He belonged to the most rigid and pure of their numerous orders, and such was his zeal that he refused to recognise the Naeshbendies as belonging to their fraternity, for they mingled with mankind as other men, while he dwelt in a cave secluded and alone. No human ear heard his incessant shout—"Ya hu! ya Allah!"—that commenced with the morning sun, and ceased not, until he fell through exhaustion at midnight, on the bed of spikes he had prepared to receive him. No one beheld the unsightly wounds he had inflicted in the zeal of his devotion; and not even Allah himself heard a sigh of anguish at his sufferings.

There were good genii in those days. They knew that Bator wished to strip off all human frailty, and cultivate alone those virtues that would render him acceptable in the sight of Allah. His prayers at length were heard; the few evil passions he possessed were exorcised, and charity, mercy, benevolence, and all the heavenly emanations that mortal may attain, came and took up their dwelling in the lonely cell of Bator.

He was now happy; no mortal more so. Surrounded alone by virtues, the solitude re-echoed his incessant cry—"Ya hu! ya Allah! Praise to thee! I am not as a Naeshbendie, and dwell not among sinful men." And then he would scourge his flesh, and stretch himself upon his bed of torture, and turn smiling, for the approval of the heavenly attributes, who sat drowsily beside him—all save Pity, who at times would drop a tear as she beheld his sufferings.

Thus years passed away, and the guests of Bator, from sheer idleness, slumbered undisturbed even by his shouts of devotion, and

Pity herself had no longer the tribute of a tear to offer.

One day as he beheld them sleeping, and thought—"why is it they sleep?"—he heard a voice cry—"Bator, come forth!" and suddenly there appeared at the door of his cell the most beautiful and fascinating figure, the imagination of the recluse could conceive. She was attired in a fantastic manner, and in the brightest colours, but every movement was full of grace and seduction. The hermit felt her influence, and tried to woo her to his cell—"I may not dwell with thee there," she cried, "I should perish soon. But arise, Bator, and come forth, and I am thine." It was beyond the power of the dervise to resist, he rushed into the embrace of the tempter; and all the virtues that were slumbering in his cell, suddenly awoke, and followed him. The gay visitant was Vanity.

She led Bator and his train to Basra, and as they mingled in the populous city, the dervise found that the virtues that had hitherto slept were now even prompting him to deeds of benevolence. Charity opened his hand, and Pity the fountain of tears, while Vanity prevented him from relaxing in his labours. There passed not a day in which Bator did not some good; and his fame spread abroad until it reached the ears of the Sheik of Basra, who made him his public almoner, and then the dervise cried, "Ya hu! ya! Allah! Praise to thee!—thou hast made me a Naeshbendie, to live among men as other men"—and it was a saying of his to the day of his death, that "all the virtues are of little use to the human heart, if we strip it of the frailties of mortality; for they would seldom go far from home if they were not accompanied by Vanity."

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO SARAH LEE.

BY R. C. COWLES.

SISTER, come—the summer's waning
Ere the green leaves fade and fall,
Hearken to their sweet complaining,
And obey their call.

Sister, come—each flower's revealing
Slow is past the summer's day,
And the Autumn sun is stealing,
Fast their bloom away.

Sister, come—the birds are singing
Blithely in our favourite grove,
And the green turf yet is springing
On the bower we love.

Sister, come—the brook is gliding
Softly o'er the verdant lawn;
And the absent one is chiding
As it murmurs on.

Sister, come—each bough that glistens
Seems to shed for thee a tear,
And each ear is bent to listen
Thy lov'd step to hear.

Sister, come—our tears are gushing
That thou thus so long should'st roam
And the tones of mirth are hushing,
Sister, hasten home.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CONSUMPTION—CLIMATE OF AMERICA.

EVERY one who inspects our bills of mortality must be struck with the melancholy fact that nearly one fifth of the whole number of deaths reported, are ascribed to consumption and other diseases of the lungs. All this, we are told, is a necessary consequence of the vicissitudes of our climate, and many regard the evil as beyond regret, because beyond remedy. Now, a very little acquaintance with the general effects of climate will empower us to see that we lay too much stress on one circumstance, and utterly neglect to take into the account some other things which are equally worthy of consideration. Insalubrity, proceeding from an impure atmosphere, or one frequently varying in its temperature, is seldom found to exercise a deleterious effect on those who have *always* been subjected to its influence. Its injurious tendency is usually confined to persons who have emigrated from more healthy locations. Some parts of *Louisiana*, which are proverbially unhealthy, will exemplify this truth. They who are born and bred in those regions are comparatively but little affected by the miasma which infects the atmosphere, while those who remove thither from other parts, seldom enjoy uninterrupted health, and often become the victims of their own temerity.

If the climate of North America is generally so very insalubrious as some persons pretend, we should find emigrants from Europe especially liable to its influence; but this appears not to be the case. Foreigners, we think, are proportionably less subjected to pulmonary disease than native Americans. Let us see if we cannot exculpate the climate of our mother country from a portion, at least, of the blame which some of our countrymen have bestowed upon it rather liberally. To effect this vindication, we will endeavour to show that the fault, or a part of it, may possibly lie in other directions. We confine our remarks to those causes which we suppose to be most cogent in producing the extensive devastations of pulmonary consumption.

This malady, most probably, may be referred for its predisposing cause, to the stomach. If that organ be in a perfectly healthy state, we incline to think that consumption can rarely or never occur. This is the opinion of many eminent physicians of the present day. Can it be denied that we citizens of the United States are habitually addicted to many things which produce debility and consequent disease of the digestive organs? Luxurious diet is, more or less, within the reach of almost every class, and this is one abundant source of the mischief. A variety of dishes solicits the appetite, and a man who sits down to a board thus covered, may easily be intemperate without suspecting it. Here is laid a foundation for dyspepsia, and dyspepsia is the vestibule of consumption. Then, Americans eat fast—*vide* Trollope and the hotels *passim*. We have heard an old lady remark that industrious people always eat fast. Be

that as it may, it is better to be a little lazy in this particular. No time will be lost by it, for you will assuredly live the longer.

Another thing to be considered is, that we Americans eat more animal food than almost any other civilized nation. A superabundance of animal food is not good for the stomach; and when persons who indulge themselves too freely in this article of diet, are of sedentary habits, or do not use a great deal of exercise, ill consequences may easily be foreseen. With respect to exercise, very few persons, except labourers, use enough of it; and constant bodily employment, in the case of labouring people, prevents many of the bad effects which might otherwise arise from errors in diet. Hence it comes that labourers seldom have the dyspepsia, and very seldom the consumption; notwithstanding they are more exposed to the changes of weather than others. People must do one of three things, viz., use a good deal of exercise, be very temperate, or be sick.

Again, let us consider that we Americans are an *anxious* people. Our minds are always on the stretch. Such is the nature of those pursuits in which we are most devoutly engaged, that we can seldom or never be satisfied. Give an Englishman his mug of porter and his chunk of beef, and he is contented;—poor wretch!—he has no idea of any felicity more exalted. Give a Frenchman "his fiddle and his frisk," and he is happy. Give a Dutchman his kraut and his pipe and he sets himself down without one aspiration. But an American is always "on the alert"—his mind is in constant activity—his hopes and fears are always excited.—He hopes to make a good speculation—to invent some wonder-working machine, or, perhaps, to get into a good office; and he fears some of those untoward events which often frustrate the wisest plans laid for the good of our temporalities. We Americans are an anxious people; and anxiety of mind is often prejudicial to the health of the body.

To this we may add that thousands are killed by taking physic. Whether they are killed regularly or irregularly, makes but little difference. The business is often done *effectually* in both ways. Medicine slays its thousands and quackery its tens of thousands. A person who is in the habit of taking physic constantly, must seriously impair his digestive faculties, and this as we have seen often prepares the way for incurable disease.

A vitiated condition of the digestive organs, we have supposed to be the chief *predisposing* cause of consumption. The *exciting* cause is very commonly "a bad cold." If from infancy we were inured to changes of weather by judicious training, we should not often be troubled with bad colds. If we were a little more prudent in guarding against unnecessary exposure, many a bad cold would be prevented. Persons who have been confined for many hours in a room where the temperature is very high, (a ball-room

or theatre, for instance) emerge into the cold external air at midnight! The vicissitudes of the climate have nothing to do with this, and similar acts of imprudence. The feet are often but thinly clad in damp weather. What have the changes of air to do with that? Truly, almost

every bad cold may be traced to some thoughtless act or omission, which might have produced a like result in almost any climate. If we study these matters well, we shall find some reason to suspect that the climate of America is often censured unjustly.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE BIRTH AND NESTLING OF LOVE.

A SHORT STORY—IN RHYME.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

'Twas on one still and starry night,
When Venus bright
With silver light
Hung burning in the western sky,
Like some fair jewel set on high,
Or lamp of sacred flame,
That Love his infant breath first drew—
Venus a mother's bliss first knew—
First heard was Cupid's name.
Scarce had she clasped him to her breast—
Scarce had his dimpled form caressed—
When lo! from far a glitter of wings
And the air is filled with tiny things;
From every side, like a golden shower
A troop of elves all spangled o'er,
Towards the star their swift way wend
And on the planet straight descend,
Hailing the child with shouts of joy
Enough to craze the baby-boy.
Upon the chubby rogue they gazed awhile
Then smitten with a thousand cunning charms,
Lurking in each dimple, beaming in each smile,
They slyly stole him from his mother's arms!
Away, away, they merrily flew,
Bending their way through the ether blue;
Merrily, merrily, they bore their prize,
Away, away through starry skies,
Their golden wings just lapping over,
Forming a cozy cradle for this mischievous rover.
But elfin-like they soon fell out
The little pug-nosed boy about,
And one, the youngest of them all,
Declared she'd let the urchin fall,
In spite of fairy, fay, or elf,
Could she not have him all herself.
At this they each began to grumble;
And angry murmurs like the hum
Of swarming bees were heard from some—
"So, then—THERE!—I'll let him tumble!"
And folding up her rosy wing,

That helped to stay him in mid air,
The pouting elfin swift ascending
Left him a hapless fate to share!
For, through the cruel gap left there,
Too sad to tell,
He downright fell,
Swift descending,
Somerseting,
Now feet the first, now first the head,
Through the empyrean pirouetting,
He reached this planet earth half dead.
By chance, a fount beneath him lay
With lilies graced in fair array,
In one of which he pitched outright,
And disappeared at once from light.
At roscate dawn a maiden strayed
To bathe within the fountain's shade:
Careless she circled through the wave
Her polished limbs to softly lave,
When she espied a lily fair
Breathing its sweets upon the air.
She snatched the flower its dew to sip
And held it to her fragrant lip,
When with a bound, out Cupid sprang
And to her rosy mouth fast clung.
Instant she felt a strange emotion
Her soul was filled with wild commotion,
And, pierced by the little traitor's dart,
Love entered first her virgin heart.
The daring boy more daring grew
And revelled on her mellow lip,
Till, drunken with its honied dew,
Too sweet for e'en his nectar'd sip,
He folded up his wings and fell
Upon her bosom's lovely swell,
And woman's heart he found so fair,
He swore "for aye" he'd nestle there!
That Love's bold vow has ne'er been broken
Let each maid's bosom be the token.

DRESS.

It is a prevalent but most injurious mistake, to suppose that all women must be splendidly and expensively dressed, to recommend themselves to general approbation. In order to do this, how many, in the sphere of life to which these remarks apply, are literally destitute of comfort, both in their hearts, and in their homes; for the struggle between parents and children, to raise the means, on one hand, and to obtain them either by argument or subterfuge on the other, is but one amongst the many sources of family discord and individual suffering,

which mark out the excess of artificial wants, as the great evil of the present time.

A very slight acquaintance with the sentiments and tone of conversation familiar amongst men, might convince all whose minds are open to conviction, that *their* admiration is not to be obtained by the display of any kind of extravagance in dress. There may be occasional instances of the contrary, but the praise most liberally and uniformly bestowed by men upon the dress of women, is, that it is neat, becoming, and in good taste.—*Women of England.*

Written for the Lady's Book.

WHAT DO PEOPLE SAY, OR TRUE INDEPENDENCE OF MIND.

BY MISS FAIRMAN.

"WHAT do people say about it?" said Harriet Ogden, as the door closed upon a young bridegroom; "how anxiously he asked the question; and yet of what consequence is it to him or his pretty bride?"

"Of just as much as they please to make it," replied her father.

"And not one jot more—yet it is evidently the canker-worm which is eating out the very heart of his happiness."

"But not of her's Harriet," observed Mrs. Ogden. "She is so simple and natural, so entirely without pretension, and has withal such a light and loving heart, that what people say will touch her happiness, only as it touches his."

"And after all, my dear, she is a good girl, a pretty girl, and they are every way suited to each other; there really is not one rational objection to the match, and that so many have been conjured up is truly wonderful," said Mr. Ogden.

"Oh! people do love to be meddling," responded Harriet laughing; "'tis the way of the world. My only wonder is that he should care about it."

"My dear niece," said Dr. Fraser putting down the medical journal and taking off his spectacles, "it is my vocation you know to study the mental as well as physical developments of this strange being, man; and I can assure you that Charles Grant is not the only one whose happiness is made or marred by the lightest breath of popular opinion. I could make out a long list of similar cases from my own personal observation, but not now, for a living illustration of my doctrine has just entered the gate."

"In the form of Mrs. Mercer. But I beg your pardon uncle; it is not to popular opinion, but to that of the aristocracy, the self-constituted aristocracy of our republican land, that she bows the knee. To obtain a footing in what she terms the best society, and to be visited and invited by those who stand a little higher in it than she can ever hope to stand, are the marks at which she aims; all her arrangements, plans, manœuvres, tend to this; I really do not believe she has a thought beyond it. Her dress, furniture, manners, language, are modelled as nearly as possible after those of Mrs. A. B. and C. (by the way she would not go one letter lower upon any account;) *their* opinion is her standard of right; *their* conduct her rule of action. To be genteel and fashionable, or rather to be *thought* so, is the height of her ambition, the supreme of her felicity; and to attain this, in her view, enviable distinction, she every day submits to greater inconveniences, makes greater sacrifices and toils more diligently than many very good people are willing to do in the way of their duty."

"Harriet, my dear," said Mrs. Ogden in a reproving tone.

"Take care Harriet, this satirical vein will

not win friends," observed the doctor in his own quiet way. "If the lady had not stopped to speak to a friend she might have listened to the conclusion of your flattering eulogium."

"No matter if she had," returned Harriet, laughing; "as her perceptive organs are quite moderate, she never would have discovered the likeness."

The lady entered; a tall spare woman, somewhat coarse and uncouth in manners and appearance, but yet labouring most sedulously in every word and movement after grace and elegance.

Her first remark after she sat down was characteristic. "I have just been lamenting to Mrs. Brown, that Charles Grant, fine young man as he is, should have taken such a step, and given so much occasion to the world to censure him."

"And we were just lamenting," returned Harriet, quickly, "that he has so little independence of mind as to care for its censure."

"Surely you do not mean to say, Miss Ogden, that the world's censure is to be despised?"

"By no means when we deserve it, Mrs. Mercer. But I think I should be very likely to despise it in a case like this, where I was conscious of being right, and where, besides, it had no business to interfere."

"My dear," said Mrs. Ogden, "you speak warmly and unadvisedly. You do not mean that you would despise, but that you would not fear, would not shrink from its censure, when sustained by a consciousness of right."

"I ought to mean so, I suppose," replied Harriet, colouring and smiling; "but I fear in such a case, I could not help despising it too."

"If too great a deference to public opinion be a prevailing weakness, your friends will acquit you of partaking it, my dear," observed Dr. Fraser.

"But Doctor," said Mrs. Mercer, eagerly, "it seems to me altogether laudable and praiseworthy to wish to deserve the good word of the world."

"I have nothing to say against wishing to *deserve* it, Mrs. Mercer; though the life of many a good man, and woman too, can testify, that it is not the surest way to obtain it; but you are aware there is a wide difference between *deserving* and determining to win it, at any rate, by any means."

"Certainly," replied the lady; "but very few would go that length in our moral and Christian community; and in all doubtful cases I think it quite right to fall in with the general voice."

"When we have once persuaded ourselves of that, doubtful cases will be always recurring; and they will *decrease* in number, only as we *increase* in singleness of heart, and simplicity of purpose; only, and just in proportion, as we take for our rule of action, God's perfect and unvarying law, instead of the countless worldly motives and opinions which too often sway us."

"It is marvellous, my dear Mrs. Mercer," said Mr. Ogden, "how difficulties are cleared away, and the whole system of ethics is simplified, and made plain, by having an unvarying standard to refer to; and by allowing it, and it alone, to decide in *all* cases. Why what an exceedingly harassing and perplexing business it must be, to try to regulate our conduct by the discordant and fluctuating opinions of the many or the few; or by the jarring interests, prejudices, and passions, in our own bosoms; and more preposterous still, to attempt at the same time to make it harmonize with the pure and simple precepts of the Gospel."

"Yet, how many are striving to do it," observed Dr. Fraser, "striving to reconcile contradictions—to perform impossibilities; are they not in truth spending their strength for naught—'labouring in the fire for vanity!' And how many have set up the idol, Opinion, in their hearts, and then laid upon its altar the best gifts they have to offer, reason, conscience, truth, independence of mind. How many withhold their countenance from a good cause till they are sure it is popular, and dare not frown down a bad one if it find favor with the multitude! How many inquire more diligently, 'what is the opinion of the world, or of my sect, or party,' than 'what is truth!' How many ask *first*, 'what does the world think, or say, or do?' and *then*, *perhaps*, 'what is right?' Aye, how many are labouring as earnestly as if life, or everlasting peace, depended upon success, and as if success were possible, to please the mutable, the inconsistent, the unreasonable, the exacting public? and how many are trying, truly and sincerely, *just* to do their duty!"

"But, Doctor, St. Paul says in one of his epistles, 'Abstain from all appearance of evil;' and in another, that he made himself all things to all men. Now this looks as if he respected the opinion of the world. You see that he says, '*appearance* of evil,' that which the community around, the Christians he addressed, thought evil."

Dr. Fraser would have smiled at this strange exposition, but that he had heard stranger ones. "I dare say you believe, Mrs. Mercer," he said, "that one portion of Scripture never contradicts another; but yet if your explanation be correct, the apostle does not practice according to his own preaching. You will have no difficulty in recollecting many instances, in which he provoked the fury of a popular assembly, because he preached boldly in opposition to its opinions. No, St. Paul's whole life after his conversion, declares that he did not intend to teach the followers of Him 'who went about doing good,' not only when the multitude cast their garments in the way and cried 'hosanna in the highest,' but when they said 'he casteth out devils by Beelzebub, the prince of devils;' not only when they would have made him a king, but when they persecuted and sought to slay him; that they must do it, only when every voice cheers them onward, and every hand is stretched out to help. He did not mean to teach the disciples of Him who fearlessly asserted the great principles of

truth, and right, unawed alike by the determined opposition of the chief priests and Pharisees, and the murmurings of the people, that *they* must bend like a withe before the lightest breath of censure—that *they* must tremble at a sneer, and resign their better judgment, to silence the tongue of ridicule, or slander—that *they* must shape their course by the ever-varying weather-cock of the world's opinion—that *their* consciences must be obeyed, only when it pleased the many or the few to suffer it. No, indeed. His was a consistently independent spirit, that boldly reprov'd wrong even in a brother apostle; and firmly and fearlessly preached truth, and rebuked error, in the very face of opposition and obloquy."

Mrs. Mercer was evidently uneasy, but she remained silent; and Mr. Ogden, taking a book from the table, observed, "In looking over Harriet's album yesterday, I came across an extract purporting to be taken from the New York Mirror; and which deserves to be recorded in every heart." 'We call that mind *free* which is not imprisoned in *itself*, or in a *sect*; which recognises in all human beings the image of God, and the rights of his children—which delights in virtue, and sympathises with suffering whenever they are seen; which conquers pride and sloth, and offers itself up a willing victim to the cause of mankind. We call that mind free which is not passively formed by outward circumstances; which is not the creature of accidental impulse—but which bends events to its own improvement, acts upon an inward spring from immutable principles which it has deliberately espoused. We call that mind free which protects itself against the usurpations of society; which does not cower to human opinions; which feels itself accountable to a higher law than that of fashion; which respects itself too much to be the slave of the many or the few.'

"That," said the doctor emphatically, "is sense and Scripture too; and I will add that we call that mind free which is not a slave to *its own* prejudices and opinions; which has candour and conscience enough to listen to the arguments of all parties, and dares to decide impartially between them; which is sincerely searching for *truth*, and is ready to embrace it from whatever source it come, and however at variance with its previous views and feelings; which fearlessly follows where it leads, and does not shrink from the consequences of receiving or declaring it; finally, that mind, and that alone, is free, which asks no counsel of human wisdom, in a right cause quails not before human power, nor shrinks from human censure; which seeks to know God's will, and do it; which chooses to 'obey Him rather than man.'"

Stockbridge, Mass.

THE bird of Paradise is a native of North Guinea, near the Equator. They migrate to Aroo in flights, but will not live in the cruelty of confinement.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MASTER'S QUEUE.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

WE never pass a country school-house, such as two out of three are generally found in this part of the world—little shells of buildings, like magnified marten boxes, stuck close upon dusty roads, either in hollows where there is nothing worth seeing above but the sky, or on hills with nothing below but potatoe-patches—without compassionating the poor little creatures forced to occupy it, for the impressions they must there receive of external nature. How can they regard the sun but as an enemy shining only to annoy them in their unsheltered playground, or the earth and water, but as meant only to spoil it with mud-puddles?

The most delightful reverse of this, in our memory, was presented by what for half a lifetime was known as Master Goodwane's old red school-house. It was seated on the edge of a noble woods, which contained trees for every variety of purpose the children could devise;—some with little hillocks piled over their roots, on which the big girls could sit and tell stories, and some with hollow trunks that afforded the little ones ready-made playhouses; some that were capital for hanging swings on, and others that had the finest bark in the world for whistles; or that yielded nuts to eat, or berries to play with; and here and there among them were lovely little green glades, so smooth, and so thickly dotted with star-like wind-flowers, that, in the words of some old writer, we forget whom—"had they been blue, it would have seemed as if they had reflected the firmament." Then, at another side, was a broad open space, equally green, through which ran a quiet by-way, and which sloped down to a shallow but beautiful stream, where the large boys skated in winter, and the younger ones fished with pin-hooks in summer. And beyond this, rising till it was seen above the tops of the trees that bordered the opposite bank, was an extent of country that would have made dozens of exquisite pictures. With every temptation to exercise, and amusements to suit every taste, no wonder that the children possessed health and spirits that made them the brightest and best for miles around, and that with minds and feelings formed amidst scenes of beauty, many of them retained, through after years, a love for nature, which, next to religion, is the most powerful soother of the ills of life.

Master Goodwane, the ruler of this little realm, was, at the time of our introducing him, a short, thin old man, with a long, thick queue, into which the end of every hair of his head, from his forehead to his neck, seemed to be gathered; and with manners quite as stiff, and dress quite as old-fashioned as that queue. He had served in the battles of seventy-six, but had it not been for a melancholy proof in the stump of an arm, the fact might have been doubted, for there was no vestige of a former self, that

of a soldier, remaining in either his character or deportment. Both had been entirely new-modelled, when he adopted his civil profession, on the code contained in a few sheets of copy-slips, which he had purchased to assist the chirography of his pupils. He had grown sparing of his words, because one axiom affirmed, that "a still tongue marks a wise head;" he had prohibited his tailor from making his left sleeve an inch longer than the curtailed proportions of his arm, because another said, that "a fool and his money are soon parted," and he still obstinately resisted all advice to apply for a pension, because, on the authority of a third, he believed "republics" to be "ungrateful." As to his qualifications for his calling, they were not exactly such as we now require, but in those days people were not so particular, and his neighbours, knowing that he could read, write, and cipher, and that his conduct was unexceptionable, readily gave their children to his charge, satisfied that if he could do them no good, he would do them no harm.

Every one has his weak point—we say this by way of being original—and that of Master Goodwane was his devotion to his queue, which, according to a standing observation, he valued scarcely less than the head it adorned. In talking, it was as indispensable to him, as certain keys, strings, and twigs, we read of, to their respective owners; and in study, he kept it in equal requisition. He never began a sentence without drawing it over his shoulder, and twirling it between his thumb and finger, and, as invariably, when he had a "knotty problem" to examine, he would give it a bend, and brush its frizzled extremity across his lips till the difficulty was solved. But with all its utility, it was a very troublesome appendage, for as he was unable, with his single arm to arrange it himself, he had to share all the vexations common to those who are obliged to depend on the assistance of others. The office had been rendered for many years by an old dame, his factotum, under the title of house-keeper—the master was a bachelor—but she had been gathered to her fathers, while he was still in his prime, and after trying several of her successors, none of whom was equal to a task of so much nicety, he was forced as a last resource, to train his pupils to it—a consummation hard enough to bring about. At length, however, he had succeeded in it, and established a rule, that the "big girls," who ranged from twelve years to fourteen, should dress it by turns, one on every Friday noon; that day having been selected because there was no school on Saturday, and it was necessary to put it in prime order for Sunday.

Among the pupils was a little girl, Elizabeth, or as she was called by every body, Lizzy Cunningham, who had been brought from a distant

State when nine or ten years old, and who was now living with her grandfather not far from the school-house. She was a general favourite at school—with the master, because she learned readily, with the girls because she was all generosity and good nature, and with the boys because she joined in their sports whenever they asked her. She was a merry, daring little elf, with a skin that no sun could tan, and no wind could freckle, a pair of bright, brown eyes, never at rest, cheeks with the deepest of dimples, and thick, glossy hair, always hanging or tossing about her head in a fashion that would have disfigured any body but herself. Every tone of her voice, and every motion of her body, bespoke the romp; and as to her dress, her frock slit down behind, and up at the sides, and across the sleeves; it was really disgraceful, but little concern it gave to Lizzy. Yet, in spite of herself, she was counted the smartest girl in school. She could read the hardest words with the least stammering; she was entirely untrappable in spelling; wrote her copies best, though not indeed with fewest blots; could place the figures of her sums in the most perpendicular and horizontal lines; and, above all, could say draw the "walls of Jericho" better, and could say, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers" faster than any body else.

When Lizzy had been about two years at school, she was raised to the dignity of a place among the big girls, and immediately after her elevation, it was discovered that all the old number had completed their turns at the queue. It was always an important day when a new round was to commence, and now at the time of noon dismission, the school was hushed to hear who was to officiate first.

The master gravely arranged his pens and pencils on his desk, and after a deliberate glance around, announced, with imposing emphasis—"Elizabeth Cunningham, you are henceforth to share in all the duties of the first class—this is your day to tie up my queue."

Lizzy made the prescribed reverence, but never had there been on her face a look as deprecating as the one she now turned to the master. How was she to manage that august pig-tail, she who was too unhandy and too untidy to keep her own pliant locks fit to be seen? for the first time in her life she felt really ashamed of herself, but there was no appeal; and when the stroke of the rule sounded, the signal of dismission, she flew with the rest of the swarm to the door.

Just as they were making the sally, a gentleman came riding leisurely along the road towards the school-house, and the children, who had been taught as the first point of out-doors etiquette, to "make their manners" to every one they should meet, simultaneously greeted him with their best bows and courtesies. Their polite observance seemed little to the taste of the stranger's horse. He commenced rearing and plunging so violently that his rider was obliged to dismount, and whip him into a more courteous deportment. The girls stood at a little distance as spectators of the chastisement, till at last the blows began to fall too thickly

for their compassion to bear, and Lizzy Cunningham, forgetting for the moment all about the dreaded queue, ran forward to expostulate.

The gentleman desisted at her sage remonstrance—"Every one should do as they would be done by,"—and turning round, showed instead of the angry face she expected from the energy of his blows, one quite as good-natured as her own. "Do you think I have given him enough?" said he—"I am quite ashamed that my horse should have been guilty of such an ill-bred trick as to be frightened at a flock of pretty little girls."

"What a beautiful horse he is!" said Lizzy, looking at him in high admiration; for like all romps, she had an instinctive fancy for spirited animals.

"Will you take a ride on him?" returned the stranger—"come, let me lift you up, and I'll get on and hold you, we can have a delightful ride here on the green."

Lizzy's eyes sparkled, but the horse again showed signs of restiveness, and she drew back—"He looks a little too wild yet," said she—"if you could only hitch him fast, and wait a little till he gets quiet!"

"That I'll do with pleasure," answered he; "is there any place about where I could get a drink of water?"

The boys eagerly volunteered to show him the way to the spring, and the girls looked inquisitively after him. He seemed quite a youth, was remarkably well-dressed, and had a handsome, open countenance that gained the children's hearts at once, and a manner equally prepossessing. After taking a draught from the battered tin cup which one of the youngsters carefully rinsed for him, and mischievously sprinkling a few drops on the dirty-faced gany-mede, he reconnoitred the stream and the woods to discover their eligibility for fishing and fowling, and then returned to fulfil his appointment with Lizzy.

The girls, in the meantime, according to an established Friday custom, had opened the dinner baskets, and arranged the little stores of provisions they contained promiscuously on a couple of large benches, under the trees; and the stranger was urgently invited to take a seat at the board. As this could not be refused without offending their hospitable feelings, he complied with an excellent grace; and whilst he was eating his cherry-pie with much seeming gusto, he kept the table in a roar with stories and practical jokes, admirably suited to the capacity of his new acquaintances. Then, by way of paying for his entertainment, he explained to the boys sundry games of marbles, took a round with them at bandy, and put up a swing of vines for the girls, which Lizzy Cunningham was invited to try first. To this she agreed without hesitation, while the young gentleman stood by to keep her going, and to see to the safety of his new construction. But she had not more than fairly started, when she called out hastily—"stop me, sir, please stop me!—the sun has got to the wart on the old tree there, and I must get down!"

He stopped her accordingly, and inquired what was the matter.

"Its half-past one, sir, and I must go and tie the master's queue."

"The master's queue!"

"Yes, sir, it's my day now; we girls have to take it turn about. Wouldn't you like to see the master?—come along, sir, and I'll show him to you;" and Lizzy, never doubting but that one of so much consequence in her eyes, as the master, would be equally so in those of another, led the stranger off to the school-house, attended by the whole fry.

"There he is!" whispered half a dozen at once, as they reached the door, when to the astonishment of all, he burst into a long and evidently uncontrollable laugh; for which, alas! there was too much reason. Never before had the master been seen to present an appearance so unmagisterial. His head, which usually in his siestas was leaned forward on his desk, had now sunk back into the stiff collar of his coat, and from the depths of this, the queue protruded in an oblique direction, forming an angle with the end of his nose, which slanted upwards nearly as far in front, while his mouth, in common so rigidly closed, yawned wide and dark below.

"And that's the queue you have to operate upon?" said the gentleman, when he had a little recovered himself.

"Yes, sir, and don't it look queer!" returned Lizzy, who alone had too keen a sense of the ludicrous, or too little command of herself, not to join in his laugh—"but I suppose it will look ten times worse when I get at it; how shall I ever learn to fix it?"

"Why don't you cut it off?" whispered the strange young gentleman.

Strange to say, the idea was entirely new to all. Often as the boys had shaken their fists at it, and the girls had stretched out their fingers as if to give it a tweak, the possibility of removing it altogether had never struck them before.

A gleam of fun shot from the eyes of Lizzy. "If only we had a pair of scissors!" exclaimed she.

"Here is a bright, new pair," he returned—taking a pair from a pocket-case; "I will give them to any who will bring me that queue."

Lizzy snatched the scissors, then hesitated, but a few coaxing words from the stranger assured her, and amidst the titters of the assemblage, she advanced softly towards the master; she raised the end of the queue, and applied the weapon to its roots. A long aspiration of mingled mirth and apprehension ran round, and before she had taken a thought of the consequences, the deed was done.

Another lengthened and general "O—h!" was ejaculated, and a deep flush covered the face of Lizzy. She stood motionless behind the master, with the queue in her hand, and her own hair almost rose on end as she saw his bristle up on being freed from its bonds, and fall slowly over his eyes. In another instant he was wide awake.

He raised his hand, and placed it "where

the tail was not," and then cast a wild glance around. The stranger stole forward, and snatched the queue from the affrighted culprit, and pushed her gently into a seat. "My—my—my queue!—who—did—it!" at last exclaimed the master, as if doubting his senses, and in a voice that made the children shrink as far back as possible.

"Say you did it," whispered the stranger, who was concealed from view by the door, slipping a half-dollar into the hand of a little urchin near him; but as he spoke, his face turned crimson. A full view of the master's person, now looking really venerable, struck him, and he saw what his position prevented before, that he was maimed.

The silence still remained unbroken, and the master, no longer able to support his grief and horror, sunk into his seat, and leaned his head on the desk.

This was more than little Lizzy could bear. She approached the old man, and laying her hand on his shoulder, sobbed out—"I did it, master! no one else was bad enough!"

He looked up, and showed his withered face to be wet with tears. "Lizzy!—Lizzy!"—he faltered, but was interrupted by the young gentleman who said, as he presented himself—"Let me beg you, sir, not to be displeased with that noble little girl—it was I who persuaded her to an act that not a child here but would have had too much thought or feeling to instigate. Surprised and indignant as you must be that an entire stranger should have behaved in that manner towards you, I am equally so at myself that I could have committed so gross a folly."

There was too much sincerity in his countenance and manner, for his words to be doubted, and the master, after wiping his eyes once or twice on his gingham handkerchief, answered solemnly—"It is a great injury that you have done me, young man; when I lost this"—pointing to his dismembered stump—"I did not complain, because it was for my country, but this—it is almost too much for a Christian to bear; yet I will try to forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven."

"I thank you a thousand times," returned the stranger; "I do not deserve to be so leniently treated, and could not have expected it. I have learned a lesson here, which, I hope, shall save me in future from such a reproach of conscience as I now feel, for wounding the feelings of another."

He bowed with humility to the master, mounted his horse, and rode away.

For several minutes after he had gone, the master paced up and down the floor in silence, with the children looking at him full of wonder and fear. "Get to your books," said he mechanically, at last, and again he seated himself, and leaned his head on the desk. The children approached him with their books and slates, but were unnoticed. The usual questions—"master, m'y I get a drink?"—"master, m'y I spell in baker?"—"master, m'y I write 'many men of many minds'?" were all unanswered. For the first time in his life he was

unable to perform his duties; and before the afternoon was half over, he dismissed the school. As he took down his hat, and tucked his long forelocks under it, he muttered to himself, "my strength is shorn from me, even like Samson's."

Lizzy Cunningham's way home was along the creek in the same direction with the master's; and now, instead of hurrying on before him, according to her wont, either to escape being thought a loiterer, or to evade the burdensome honour of his company, she walked slowly along, looking around every few paces in expectation of his approach. She had accomplished half the distance, but no dominie appeared; and turning aside from the path, she seated herself at the water's edge, now breaking off bits of twigs and casting them unconsciously into the stream, then leaning her head against the little bank, and crying till the tears rolled like rain-drops down the blades of grass beneath her face. At last the crown of his hat, and then the master himself, appeared, on a rise of the road, and her heart beat as loud as the ticking of a watch. The firm, measured step on which the old man prided himself, as a memento of his military career, was gone, and he advanced slow and haltingly, with his eyes fixed on vacancy, when Lizzy suddenly presented herself before him. She wistfully turned up her face all red and wet with weeping, and sobbed, "You did not say if you would forgive me, master, and I have waited to beg your pardon again. I can't rest if you are angry."

No one could have resisted her supplicating look. The master hemmed and answered—"You are a good-hearted child, though you have been guilty of what was more than a fault; and as I believe you were really enticed to do it, I cannot be angry with you. But remember, Lizzy, child, if you would prosper, never injure an old man on purpose, and, moreover, never act without thinking well before-hand."

The little girl's eyes sparkled as if a sun-beam had shone into them, and she exclaimed joyfully, "I never will! I'll try to do always what is right, and I'll never be so wicked to you, or to any body else again!" and she slipped her hand into that of the master, and walked lightly along at his side.

The next morning Lizzy watched at the gate to accompany Master Goodwane to the school-house; and from that day, her habits exhibited a most marvellous change. Sprightly and good-natured she remained as ever—she could not have been otherwise; but her character of a romp was gone forever. She literally fulfilled the dominie's injunction, never to act without thinking first; and she seemed bent upon giving him an object of affection instead of his queue. Nothing was neglected that she thought might gratify him. If there was a particular delicacy placed in her dinner basket, she never failed to transfer it stealthily into his; when a class was to recite, her book was always offered for his use; if he chanced to drop his rule, she would bound from the far side of the room to pick it up; and she made it

her charge to put the top of his desk in order, at least a dozen of times a day.

But it was a long time before she could reconcile him to his loss. The habits and attachments of twenty or thirty years are not easily forgotten, and whenever a difficulty had to be got over, his hand was sure to wander in quest of the queue, and as surely a fit of melancholy abstraction would follow, attended not unfrequently by a harshness he had been little used to exercise before. The children soon noticed this, and many a tougher was puzzled through in silence, that the master's recollections might lie at rest; and as to that most potent remembrancer, the letter Q, there was not one that would not have submitted to being trapped from head to foot to avoid it. But, at length, when the clipt locks showed signs of sprouting, hope gave a few gulps at memory, and he grew more himself again. He then began to appreciate the penitential offices of Lizzy, and if she had been less beloved by her companions, a disagreeable life she would have had, for the duller child might have noticed that his voice grew less dry in speaking to her, and that he would sometimes bestow a smile on her *allegrois*; a thing that no pupil had ever attracted before. But the mark of favour that Lizzy herself most valued, was, that, occasionally, on their way home, in return for a handful of flowers or blackberries, gathered for him out of the fence corners, he would call her, "my dear," or "my daughter;" though, indeed, he never did it without finishing with a long "hem!" as if to efface the remembrance of so flagrant a departure from his accustomed rigidity.

But fate decreed that affairs should take a change. When Lizzy was thirteen, her relations thought it advisable that her education should be removed to other hands; and a place was secured for her in a celebrated seminary a long distance off. It was a sorrowful day to the school when she went to take leave. The girls all cried, and the boys, to keep from it, watched the master, who, they said, looked as woful as he had done at the loss of his queue; and poor Lizzy herself thought that her heart was half broken.

This misfortune came not alone to the master. Shortly after his favourite's departure, the new school law went into operation, and almost as suddenly as Aladdin's palace, a great, white school-house was reared, about a mile off, in rivalry of the old red one. The poorer portion of master Goodwane's pupils were immediately withdrawn, to have the benefit of instruction at a cheaper rate; and some of the others, whose parents had been enlightened by the array of black-boards and printed rules in the opposition establishment, were sent also, to try their efficacy. And this was not all. Before the master had become accustomed to the decrease, a new academy, furnished with a principal who wrote A. M. after his name, and two assistants, who added A. B. to theirs, was set up in the nearest town; and the better-off of his patrons, having felt the want of such an institution, one after another took away their boys to place them under the more erudite Master of Arts.

[To be continued.]

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

A REVERIE.

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,
If birds conbulate or no."—*Gay*.

I happened one day to call at the house of a friend who resides in a pleasant part of our city. Every thing in and about the dwelling gave signs of wealth and taste. In the drawing room, which was spacious, there were sofas, ottomans, lamps, mirrors, paintings, books, musical instruments, and in short, every thing which an elegant lady could desire to adorn an elegant room.

Fatigued with my walk, and learning that the lady was not at home, I threw myself on one of the soft ottomans, and closing my eyes, was soon passing into a most comfortable drowsiness—that half-sleeping, half-waking condition when one enjoys the full luxury of sleep without its oblivion. In this state the sense of hearing is most acute. Presently a low murmuring sound reached my ear; I listened, and it became articulate. Judge of my surprise when I discovered that it proceeded from the beautiful *furniture* I had just been admiring!

"Dear me," exclaimed the book-case, "how tired I am of standing! Let me see—it must be as much as three years since I was posted up here. Winter and summer, night and day, have I been obliged to keep myself bolt upright; I declare I don't think I can stand it much longer."

"You had better grumble, Mr. Secretary," said the carpet, "I wonder how you would like to lie flat on the floor all your life time, as I do—and every body trampling you under foot too! Here I lie at the mercy of every one, and it's little mercy I get. I suppose you won't believe it, friend Secretary, but I was young and handsome once; though there's precious little of my beauty left. I am trampled on from sunrise to sunset, besides getting a regular scratch every morning from Betty's broom. Yet I bear it all in silence, and no one ever heard me complain before, nor would you now, only I heard my mistress say something this morning about putting me into the nursery, and getting another in my place. So goes the world—old friends for new! And I am to go into the nursery! well, if I get amongst my little masters and misses, I shall soon be torn to pieces. I have borne all sorts of weight in my day, but now for the first time I feel the weight of misfortune."

"Well," returned the book case, with a lofty air, "I begin to think it is desirable to have a *standing* in society. I have always been looked up to, at any rate; and, 'though I say it who should not say it,' very few folks have more 'book-learning.'

"Who cares for your book-learning?" cried the centre table. "I've got here in my lap all the books that my lady wants to read. The last London Annual, Bulwer's last, and Marryat's last, and a sketch book, and scrap book, and portfolio of drawings, and somebody's poems—all dressed out like dolls. As for my

master he reads his leger, and the newspaper. I'll tell you what, Mr. Secretary, though you carry your head so high, you are not thought much of. But you can't help seeing that my mistress *sits* a great deal by me, and *leans* upon me very much."

"You had better boast of our lady's friendship," cried the grate, with a face as red as fire; you may depend upon it I am the warmest friend she has in the world, and a *great* comfort I've been to her and my master these long winter evenings. Many's the time, as you know very well, when they have pushed you away, and turned their backs upon you—drawing up to me in the most affectionate manner."

"If you never get a *push*," cried the table, "I believe you sometimes get a *poke*."

At this home thrust the grate looked rather black. The rug had been lying before the fire very quietly, but hearing a near neighbour attacked, seemed to think it time to put in a word. "The grate and I have been warm friends," it said, "this many a day, and I am always sorry for its hard knocks—especially as I generally get a peppering myself, and sometimes a singeing too."

"La! child," said the hearth brush, "you needn't fret about the peppering—don't I always brush you off as clean as a whistle?"

"O yes, and leave the marks of your smutty fingers instead."

Now the rug was a neat little body, very choice of a fine plush dress, and much annoyed at living in such a dirty neighbourhood.

"You complain of the dirt, do you?" cried the tongs; "now just look at my face! why they send me head-foremost into the coal-hod every day!"

"Never mind," said the astral lamp, "you was made for a *collier*!"

"And pray what was you made for, malapert?" returned the other.

"I am a philosopher," replied the lamp, "I throw light on every subject that is brought before me. When my master sits down of an evening to read his papers, he never pretends to see into the writer's meaning without bringing the matter to me. While he is reading, my lady is sewing for her family; she will tell you how much I *lighten* her labours."

"It appears to me," said the footstool, "that a little more modesty would be becoming."

"Modesty!" cried the lamp in some heat, "who dares to insinuate any thing against my modesty, when I never appear in company without a veil; although those who have seen me can testify that it conceals a face which would dazzle every beholder. And now, an insignificant cricket, whose stan'ing is so inferior to mine, whom every body looks down upon, and treads beneath their feet, presumes to accuse me of a want of modesty!"

"Peace!" said a soft rich voice in a distant

corner of the room; it was the harp. "Peace! I pray you; why disturb our harmony by these notes of discord? I was dreaming over the sweet song which my lady drew from me this morning. Its soft airs still breathe through my soul. Her touch sent a thrill of delight over my frame, and my heart-strings still vibrate at the remembrance. Your angry words grate upon my ear, and make harsh discord."

"Yes, and you disturbed me too," squeaked a violin; "I was thinking over Yankee Doodle!"

A large pier glass that had been quietly reflecting on all that passed, now thought proper to assert its claims to distinction. "My friends," it said, "I perceive that you all have a very good opinion of yourselves, and each seems to think itself of more consequence than the rest. Now I don't wish to presume too far, but it's my candid opinion that our lady would give you all up sooner than she would me. I really think she is on more intimate terms with me than any body else in the world. I am her privy counsellor in every thing pertaining to the toilet. She consults me about the set of every dress, the style of her hats and caps, the colour of her ribbons, and the arrangement of her hair. She knows I am always candid; I tell 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' This is more than she can say of any other friend. If her cap, or the colour of her dress is not becoming, I tell her so, and she gives up to my opinion at once. She never goes out of the house without consulting me. I

receive a great deal of notice too, from the ladies who visit my mistress; they always consult me about their dress, and seem to have as much respect for my opinion as she does. Lately my lady seems to like me better than ever. For, night before last, when she returned from a ball, she came to ask me if her dress was in good order. While she was standing before me, her husband came along behind her, and pointing to my face he said, with a smile of tenderness, "that was the finest face in the ball-room." Delighted with this compliment, I exhibited a countenance all radiant with smiles and blushes. Since that, my lady never passes this way without casting a look of great complacency on me."

"Proud peat!" exclaimed the rocking chair, throwing itself back in huge disdain, "was there ever such a prating fool? But every body knows you are a *flat*. You have done nothing all the days of your life, but minister to the vanity of the world; and now I perceive that you are full of the same quality yourself. Just consider how much more useful I am. When my lady is fatigued—tired of you and every one else—she comes to me; I take her in my arms, and rock her by the hour together. But she springs out of my lap the moment her husband comes in."

I know not how much longer this gasconade would have continued, but just then the door opened, and the lady of the house entered; which had the effect to wake me, and put every thing else to sleep. S. J.

Written for the Lady's Book.

NATURAL EXPRESSION OF PASSION.

HAS it not occurred to many readers that even our best dramatists rarely succeed in putting appropriate language in the mouths of their characters, who are supposed to be under the influence of violent passions?—What could be more outrageously unnatural than Juliet's speech when her nurse arrives with the afflicting intelligence of Tybalt's death and Romeo's banishment!

"Hath Romeo slain himself?—say thou but I,
And that bare vowel I shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
I am not I, if there be such an I," &c.

To make a person, under the excitement of sudden and agonizing grief, utter a string of miserable puns is an absurdity which goes one step beyond the ridiculous; and yet many playwrights, who would smile at this oversight of Shakspeare, commit follies almost as great by making their *personæ*, in the very tempest and whirlpool of passion, enter into a minute description of their own feelings!

Violent *grief* is either silent, or it expresses itself sentimentally and in broken exclamations. A man, or woman either, under the influence

of this passion, is not apt to describe the emotions which are felt. To do this, some considerable degree of composure is necessary. Much less will a person, in such circumstances, regale us with an account of the effects which his sorrows produce on his corporal figure: *e. g.*

"Behold I stand,
Pallid and fixed, a monument of woe!"

This description, as a celebrated critic remarks, might, with some propriety, be given by a looker-on; but nothing could be more unlikely to come from the grief-stricken object himself.

Love, Joy and Anger are sometimes loquacious passions;—but it may be suspected that even these, when very powerful, are inclined to be still. Men who have the strongest feelings of resentment, do not express their rage in many words; and they who use the most violent language, are often the soonest pacified. In a word, we may take it for granted that real passion does not commonly indulge itself in long and figurative speeches; and if this be the case, novel writers and play-makers blunder pretty extensively.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE WIDOW SHAMPRO.

CHAPTER I.

THE main incidents of our story occurred, not less than thirty years ago, in one of the pleasantest spots on the banks of the Hudson, and which we shall for the present call Alsingburg. The principal street of the village ran parallel to the river. The stores on the side next the stream, descended in the rear to the water's edge, falling two or three stories below the front entrance; and hence the room back of that in which the merchant exhibited his goods, commonly used as a counting room, was pleasant and retired, commanding a view of the river, and the beautiful scenery opposite. In one of these counting rooms Mr. Catlin, the occupant of the store, a bachelor of some thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, was standing one fine morning in May, looking intently from the back window. That he was not admiring the beauty of the landscape might be easily known, from his confining his view to one particular point; and from the scowl on his brow, that his thoughts were of an unpleasant nature. He was roused from his reverie by a slap on the back, and a

"How now, neighbour! A penny for your thought, as the saying is."

Mr. Catlin roused himself, restrained his ill humour, and assumed a smiling face to the intruder.

"Good morning! good morning neighbour Slocum. Bless me! how trim you look. Why Slocum you must by this time be thinking of another wife!"

"The same to yourself, Mr. Catlin;—but you are a bachelor, and without children; and you are so much younger than I!"

Catlin shook his head with mock incredulity, and Slocum went on.

"Mr. Catlin—I always thought you a friend of mine; what do you really think of my looks? How should I make out among the women, if I should—should—fairly conclude to try my luck.—This is a handsome coat;—isn't it, Catlin?"

"Splendid! and then for age—why you would pass for forty;—and I don't think you are much over sixty. Depend upon it, the women would jump at such an offer. But—Slocum—who are you thinking of in particular?"

"Why—I can't say any one in particular.—I am looking at 'em all, and thinking them over one by one, and between you and I, I have made out a leetle bit of a list."

"Allow me to recommend one," said Catlin, "perhaps you have her name already on your list.—A lady, who, besides being rich, is unencumbered with children, and her father has gone to glory as well as her husband; so her money and lands will go to whoever gets her.—I mean Mrs. Blessingwell."

"Oh! now you do joke Mr. Catlin.—I know you do. Why Mrs. Blessingwell wouldn't

think of me, if she would of any body. But she's a pretty critter—and a grand looking one too, what a presence she has! I've seen her at church, and in the streets, but I never spoke to her, and I feel as if I darsen't; but—Catlin—I think she would be more suitable to you—and it popped into my head that you were thinking of her when I came in, for I minded you was looking at her land over the river."

"I—Mr. Slocum.—Why, I would not have her. She is too old for me, and, besides—don't mention it—I've another lady in my eye;—so I advise you by all means to take her."

"Faith! that I'd like!—but the thing is, how to get her."

"Oh, I'll advise and help you, if you will do your own part like a man. You must not expect to secure such a prize without some pains."

"Pains! Bill Catlin! Why I'd go through fire blazes, water and mud, to get such a fine critter as she is. How would you advise me to begin the campaign?"

We here leave the pair to their consultation. The lady who was its subject, was this morning seated in a convenient and well arranged private parlour of a boarding-house. She had continued her housekeeping establishment for five years after the death of a beloved husband, performing all the duties of the excellent mistress, the kind mother, and the friendly neighbour; but when a beautiful boy was laid beside the father, the desolate mansion too much reminded her of her losses, and she felt it impossible on that spot, to regain the self-control, and composure, for which she strove. She reflected, that half the term of human existence, was, in the course of nature, yet before her; that, although she had received evil at the hand of God, she had received good also. She was not left like many widows, to struggle with poverty; and though the dearest beings of earth were taken from her, yet she had many kind friends remaining, and more than all, she felt that she had an ever present, invisible Friend, on whose Almighty arm she might safely repose.

In selecting the house of Mrs. Richardson, as a boarding-place, Mrs. Blessingwell had been influenced by the excellent character and good housekeeping of the mistress, by its contiguity to the church, and especially by its being the residence of a young friend, who more recently than herself had been left a widow. There was a marked diversity of character between this lady, Mrs. Fanning, and herself, though they had been for years strongly attached to each other. There were qualities brought by each into the stock which friendship makes common, which were useful to the other: there was a reflective caution about Mrs. Blessingwell, that put a useful check on the vivacity of her lively friend, in whose mind, hope and mirth were so strongly placed by nature, that though crushed for a season by affliction,

they would ever rise again, dissipating gloom for herself and her friend, by throwing gay or ludicrous lights, over the past, the present, and the future scene. Had these qualities been allowed wholly to predominate in her mind, she might have been a giddy and worthless trifler; but they were balanced by good moral affections, religious principles, and a shrewd discernment.

On this morning, then, Mrs. Blessingwell sat alone reading, when a gentle tap was heard at the door, and Mrs. Fanning entered with her work.

"Ah! you tormentor," said Mrs. Blessingwell, "are you here already!—but I expected you."

"You know Eliza," said Mrs. Fanning, "that you are treating me very ill; and I mean to plague you till you behave better. You know you deserve it, and so—"

"How strict you are to keep every thing exactly right! Why, you teasing thing, what you now want is to make your friend do wrong."

"No, no, Eliza—I only wish to know, what that wretch Catlin, is about you so much for; and I think you ought to tell me. I am, it is true, mother Eve's own daughter for curiosity—nobody ever heard me deny that; but, really, there should be no secrets among friends; and I am half affronted that you seem to carry matters about that Catlin as though there was nothing more than common civility in his attentions to you. Now, though you try, you cannot do this with any grace at all; and there is something really amusing in your awkward attempts to put a false gloss on his attentions."

"But, my dear Mary, if he really were in earnest in his addresses, should I not be bound in honour to keep the matter entirely to myself? Should my dearest friend, to whom I would impart every secret of my own, be made a party to so delicate a matter as—"

"There! Eliza, I know what you mean, and your secret is out. 'As a rejection of his addresses,' you would say; and now, if you won't pretend to deny the truth, I shall leave off teasing you—if I can—but—the rejection—the absolute rejection! that must have taken place in your tête-à-tête of last evening. Well, I feel relieved. I was a little afraid he might succeed. You are so good yourself, that you are apt to think others just so too. Now I am not troubled that way."

"But, Mary, why do you think so ill of Mr. Catlin? He appears a shrewd and sensible man, and though I cannot find that in him which might move me to love, yet I do not see how he deserves such marked dislike."

"Why, since the rejection is fairly over, I will say, that there is something about the man which makes me regard him as malicious."

"Oh! he is too merry to be malicious."

"Never believe that. I acknowledge that it is not a common compound—mirth and malice, but it is by no means an impossible one; and I shall not wonder if your rejection, which will wound his pride, should excite him to some project of revenge; and then comes mirth, cap

in hand, to serve the master spirit malice. Indeed, I shall not wonder if we have something of it yet quite amusing.

CHAPTER II.

THE day succeeding that wherein the two conversations we have related took place, was Sunday. Mrs. Blessingwell, as usual, wended her way to the Episcopal church, at which she was a regular and devout worshipper. Mrs. Fanning went to the Presbyterian meeting. In the pew directly before Mrs. Blessingwell, was Mr. Slocum, a person whom she recollected to have met in the streets, in rather rusty trim, with a weed on his hat that hung well down behind, and a rather sorrowful look upon his fat face. Now there was a change. He was carefully dressed in a new suit, stiff from the tailor; his grey hair made to stand on end with pomatum, and poked by the barber into the most fashionable direction. Added to all this, was a look of ineffable self-complacency. Mrs. Blessingwell was somewhat annoyed, when in coming up the aisle to enter her seat, she observed Mr. Slocum, who had watched for her, put back his arm and turn the button of her pew door; yet in the benevolence of her nature she made a slight bow of acknowledgment. For this, she would on reflection have blamed herself, for impertinence deserves no reward. In the sanctuary, Mrs. Blessingwell gave her thoughts to her Maker; and although several who sat near, particularly the Miss Laffey's, who were in the next pew, amused themselves with the ludicrous efforts which the old gentleman made, and the various attitudes by which he endeavoured to make himself interesting, particularly when standing; yet, (though they watched her carefully) they could not be certain that the pious and dignified lady, whom he took such evident and ridiculous pains to attract, had given to all his airs, a single look or thought.

Catlin, who as the reader may suppose, had induced the silly old man thus to make himself a laughing stock, was also a spectator of the scene, which, though it amused, yet at the same time vexed and disappointed him. He had supposed that it would annoy, and, in some measure, disgrace Mrs. Blessingwell; but he saw that his scheme had thus far been lost upon her, and he inwardly resolved to follow it up till she should have the mortification of knowing that her name was connected by the public with that of Slocum. After church, he repaired as he had agreed, to his counting room; and as he expected, Slocum came.

"Well now, Mr. Catlin," said he, "how did I look? Did the widow seem to take notice of me? I thought she was deuced shy—but she bowed to me. Do you really think I shall get her!—hey?"

"Upon my word, Slocum, you made a real figure! I saw her eyeing you—she is more sly than shy; for when she would make folks believe that she was thinking of nothing but her prayers, I saw her blinking through her eye-lashes at you."

"Did you! did you! good!—Well-now, Mr.

Catlin, how long do you think it will be before she marries me! for I begin to feel in a hurry; and what am I to do next?"

"Softly—softly, Mr. Slocum—you must not be in too great a fluster—she is a modest woman, and you cannot expect to get her at once. You must contrive to be introduced—and then you should make her some present."

"But who shall I get to introduce me—will you?"

"I should do it with pleasure; but perhaps it would not be judicious. Though you are altered in appearance, and look so well, you had better not go with a younger man—and one, whom, it may be, she would rather have—if she could."

"Well, how kind and thoughtful you are; and now I think of it, there's Mrs. Richardson, whom she boards with, is cousin to neighbour Burrit, and he will introduce me to her, and then I can go there, and get introduced to my jewel of a widow. What present do you advise me to make her? what do you think of a silver thimble?"

"That would hardly do. She might take it as a hint, that you are afraid she will not be industrious to darn your stockings, and mend your inexpressibles. These are things, which of course she would expect to do; but then she would not like to be put in mind of them by you, especially during courtship."

"Well, that is considerate. Yes, Mr. Catlin, you are right. What do you think of my giving her a yard and a half of ribbon—something handsome and genteel of the kind? or a gold ring, or—"

"If you take my advice, Slocum, you will not offer her any article of dress at all. She might think your thoughts were roving too much upon her person, for the present. Here is this great lottery, that so much is said about. It will be drawn next week. Suppose you buy a ticket, and present that to the widow. It might turn out quite a fortune—and then it would be yours as well as hers."

"I'll do it! I'll do it, Mr. Catlin—and many thanks for your kind advice."

Pursuant to his plans, Slocum was introduced to Mrs. Richardson, with whom he ingratiated himself by supplying her with some good and cheap articles for her family use; and he found several occasions to call and speak about the purchases. The third day after his introduction, he found Mrs. Blessingwell seated in Mrs. Richardson's room, and that good lady wishing to be rather civil to a person who seemed to be taking such an interest for her accommodation, introduced him to her boarder. Slocum bowed so low, that he came near losing his corporeal balance; but having recovered himself, he sat down quite near to Mrs. Blessingwell. Mrs. Richardson in the mean time had left the room, and Slocum felt that now was his time.

"Marm—Madam," said he, "will you—will you—will you—be so good as to tell me what time o' day 'tis?"

"Half past eleven," said Mrs. Blessingwell, laying down her work, to look at her watch.

"Marm—Madam," said he again, stirring up his courage, "is it your intention—do you think you shall—do you ever mean to—to—to—trust yourself in one of them—newly contrived vessels that go by steam?"

Mrs. Blessingwell turned and looked the man full in the face—then resumed her work, saying half audibly—"No, it cannot be."

"What did you say, marm? your voice is so low. You have a sweet voice, marm—and a pretty hand, marm—let me put this into it"—and he held full in her view the lottery ticket!

"What do you mean, sir, by offering that to me?"

"Why, marm—I don't mean to sell it—I mean to give it to you out and out;" and he dropped it into her lap.

Mrs. Blessingwell arose, and gave it back to him—"Mr. Slow-nit, or Mr. Slow-done—or some other slow name, I forget what—take back your gift—nay, I am not angry; for I see that your ignorance is even greater than your impudence."

"Bah!" said Slocum, as she walked with dignity out of the room—"that's a poser. She have me! why she would not wipe her shoes on me! I never thought she would have me! But that Catlin—he got me into this scrape—I'll blow him up, sky-high;" and away went Slocum with eyes full of wrath.

CHAPTER III.

Catlin, meanwhile, was overlooking his clerks, and occasionally giving personal attention to those whom he was particularly anxious to please.

"Miss Seymour, let me show you this new pattern of shawls. Mrs. Fanning, here is a new article just from London, that I am sure will please you"—then, seeing Slocum enter, "excuse me one moment, ladies—Mr. Slocum, (whispering) step into the back room—I will be with you directly."

The ladies' purchases being soon made, they departed. When Catlin entered the inner room, Slocum was stalking backwards and forwards, and almost stamping with rage.

"What is the matter, my dear friend," said Catlin.

"Matter? matter enough, Mr. Catlin—matter enough, (sounding the last syllable long) sir! a proud turned-up nosed thing! you knew she would not have me, Mr. Catlin!—but you shall pay for the ticket—you shall—you false-hearted!"

"Hold—hold! Mr. Slocum, don't be in a passion. Be cool and considerate, you see I am. Tell me all about the affair—I dare say, if any thing has gone wrong, it is some blunder you have made yourself. Tell me how it was."

Slocum commenced, and detailed the whole proceeding in a manner which was so irresistibly comic, that Catlin now felt disposed to carry on the affair fully as much for amusement as revenge.

"My friend," said he, "you must not be so easily discouraged. Faint heart never won fair lady. This matter came suddenly upon her. After she has thought of what a fine

fellow she might have had, perhaps she will prepare her mind to treat you kindly when she sees you again. In the mean time, I will take an opportunity to speak to her myself; and there is another thing I might do to help you, but I am loth to; it is what I never resort to—except on very important occasions.”

Slocum was all impatience, and insisted on knowing what his friend seemed so unwilling to explain; “for,” he said, “it was no small circumstance that would make him go near that proud critter agin.—He’d been bit once, and that was enough.”

“But,” said Catlin, “where will you find another like her; such a sweet face, such a fine figure—and the money and houses and land besides.”

“Well, what signifies all that, if I can’t get her, Mr. Catlin? I tell you she won’t have me, Mr. Catlin,” said Slocum, his anger rising again.

“I tell you she will—that is, I think she will; but I must do that one thing before I can certainly know. Could you keep a secret? will you, solemnly promise not to betray me, if I tell you how we can know whether you will succeed with her or not?”

“Be sure! friend Catlin, I will promise that—and more. If you really can manage, if you do know any way that I can get her, I’ll try it, if it is to face Satan and all his imps. I tell you, Catlin, my dander is up. My ‘ignorance,’ and my ‘impudence!’—If I can once get the rule over her, I’ll convince her that I have manners, at any rate! But what is your secret? I solemnly promise to keep it, be it what it may.”

“I am glad to find that you have so much spunk, otherwise you might start, when I tell you (lowering his voice) that I mean to consult my witch!”

“Your witch!—pray, who—what—where is she?”

“She is not among the living,” said Catlin, solemnly; “I know where her grave is, and I sometimes raise her to answer questions. But I never like to disturb the hag’s ashes for any trifling affair of my own, or my friends; but this is a matter, Mr. Slocum, that concerns your happiness for life.”

“It does! it does! Mr. Catlin; and I can never be thankful enough for the trouble you are willing to take for me.”

“Go home then, friend Slocum, for the present. It is only in the evening that I can inquire of the witch; and I will let you know the result to-morrow morning.”

The next morning Catlin told the old fellow that he had seen Mrs. Blessingwell; that she spoke of his fine appearance at church; but said not a word about the affair of the ticket. He augured favourably from this; and besides he had gone (he begged to be excused from saying where) to consult the witch; and the answer was:

“If the man keeps the field,
The woman will yield.”

“Witches, you know, speak in rhymes when they talk to mortals.”

“Why, I never had any thing to do with a witch myself, friend Catlin, and we have heard so little of witches lately, that I was doubting whether they had not all cleared out, and left this world, and gone back to the devil, where they came from. In my grandmother’s days they had a plenty of them.”

“You may be right in the main, Slocum, they don’t find customers enough in this world just at present to encourage them to stay; but when they do go back to the devil, as you call it, they are obliged to leave their bodies behind; and if you can find where one is buried, there are ways to bring back their spirits, though few know how it is done. It is rather a frightful thing too. I was a good deal scared myself at what I saw and heard last night; but I know how anxious you felt in this matter.”

“You are indeed a kind friend. Well, if I try again, what would you advise me to do next?”

We leave this precious pair once more to their consultation, and return to its unconscious subject.

After Mrs. Blessingwell had given the silly Slocum the rebuke we have mentioned, and while she was yet pondering upon the impudent presumption she had witnessed, Mrs. Fanning tripped gaily into the room with hat and shawl on, to show some purchases she had just been making.

“Mary,” said Mrs. Blessingwell, “as you have lately complained of a want of confidence on my part in matters of the tender passion, I am going to redeem my character. Sit down child, and prepare yourself for a revealing.” She then related the affair of the lottery ticket; the old man’s appearance on Sunday was now, too, recollected. After the friends had enjoyed a hearty laugh, Mrs. Fanning grew thoughtful.

“Eliza,” said she, “there is something more in this business than appears on the face of it. I have it!—I’ll explain it!—don’t you remember my telling you that Catlin was malicious enough to devise some queer way of revenging himself on you? That old fool would never have been so impertinent had he not been put up to it by somebody; and now I recollect, there came an old man, in a great fluster into Catlin’s store when I was there; and he whispered with him, and sent him into his counting room. Depend on it, ’twas Slocum, and he is with him at this moment; and you may prepare yourself for further persecution.”

A servant now entered to say that a gentleman below wished to see Mrs. Fanning.

“Good-bye, Eliza,” said she, “comfort yourself with what I have just told you.”

While Mrs. Fanning is taking off her bonnet, arranging her glossy curls, adjusting her tasteful cape over a black dress, finely fitted to her symmetrical person, we will go before her into the drawing room, and introduce the reader to the gentleman whom she was to meet. He was a young physician of about twenty-two, tall and finely formed; elegant in dress and manners, yet no exquisite. His heart was kind, and his talents of no common order. He had been the favourite pupil of the excellent

Dr. S., the oldest and most influential physician in the place, and, through his recommendation and his own merits, was already taking a stand in his profession, not often attained by one so young. At this time free-masonry was in its glory, and there was not a mason in the lodge of his age, who enjoyed the same distinctions. With the ladies, young and old, he was a favourite; and, on his part, his greatest fault was too intense an admiration of the sex. Withal, he had a love, and a keen sense of the ludicrous, which rendered him too ready to enter upon, and become chief contriver in any wild prank that promised amusement.

Such was Dr. Francis Atherton, who arose and gracefully paid the morning compliments to Mrs. Fanning as she entered. They talked awhile of the season, of the rapid improvement of their beautiful village, and of the loveliness of the surrounding scenery. At length they spoke of characters, but with discrimination, and rather in the way of praise, than of censure. "What do you think of Mr. Catlin, cousin Frank?" said Mrs. Fanning. (The Doctor always declared that there was a distant relationship, and that they were, at any rate, cousins enough to give each other that pet appellation.) "Tell me your candid opinion."

"Why, really, as to Catlin, cousin Mary, he is a strange compound. But he is a pleasant

fellow, in the main. We have had many a frolic together, and played each other many a trick; and, by the way, I owe him one now."

"So do I," said Mrs. Fanning. "Not for myself, but for a friend."

"Well then, cousin Fanning, suppose we put our wits and grievances together, and contrive to dish him."

"With all my heart, cousin Frank, and I will begin by telling you what I am quite certain he is about now; but you must be confidential." This was of course promised on the part of the doctor, when she acquainted him with her suspicions of the revengeful part played upon Mrs. Blessingwell in the affair of Slocum. Atherton knew the old quiz, and the idea of his ridiculous pretensions, and above all, the present of the lottery ticket, threw him into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which Mrs. Fanning could not help joining. "But after all," said she, "this is no joke to my friend, and I should like Catlin to be rewarded as he deserves for what he has already done, and prevented from amusing himself in the same way again."

"Then, dear cousin"—

"No 'dear' if you please, Doctor—'cousin'; that is quite enough."

"Cousin, then.—May I not say *sweet* cousin? your wishes shall, if possible, be fulfilled."

[To be continued.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

LIFE—A SONNET.

How transient—yet how wearisome it seems!

In infancy and youth, like flowers of spring,

It struggles on, as weak and frail a thing!

With youth then vanishes those golden dreams,

Which have the inmost temple of the heart

Illum'd with joy above the worldly kind;

But ah! too transitory—too refined!

Then comes mid-age, most prone to guilt and art,

Avarice, exulting in his baneful power,

Impelling onward to inglorious ends,

Till in old age is wept the bitter hour

Of birth, and penitence at last befriends;

Or in despair, when all with ill seems fraught,

Death as a speedy antidote is sought.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MORNING.

BY P. KENTON KILBOURN.

DAY-LIGHT illumines the east!—the morning breaks;

And fields and fountains in its beams are bright,

And Nature, rousing from her slumber, shakes

Her dew-wash'd tresses in its virgin light!

The stars are fading, and the 'god of day,'

The wild birds welcome with their roundelay!

How sweet through the green meadow-paths to steal

In this calm hour, when all with joy is rife,

And things inanimate seem waking into life!

Oh! if there is an hour when we may feel

At once our glory and our nothingness,

'Tis when we ponder on a scene like this.

How great—that such a world was made for us!

How mean—compared with him who made it thus!

New Haven, Ct.

It is better to meet danger than to wait for it. He that is on a lee-shore, and foresees a hurricane, stands out to sea, and encounters a storm to avoid a shipwreck. And thus, the legislator who meets some evils, half subdues them. In the grievous dearth that visited the land of Egypt, Joseph forestalled the evil, and adopted measures that proclaimed to the nation, "you shall not feast, in order that you may not fast; and although you must submit to a scarcity,

you shall not endure a famine." And those very persons who have been decry'd, by short-sighted reasoners in this country, as regraters and monopolizers, are, in times of real deficiency, the actual Josephs of the land. Like the *præstolatoes* in the camp of the Romans, they spy out the nakedness of the land before the main body are advised of it, and, by raising the price of the commodity, take the only means to insure an economy in the use of it.

Written for the Lady's Book.

EMMA EMLIN.

Alas!—how light a cause may move
 Dissensions between hearts that love.—*Lallah Rookh.*

AN airy, sprightly, laughing girl was Emma Emlin. The merry, mischievous eye, the sunny smile, the loud and frequent laugh, "the light fantastic step that seemed to tread on air," all betokened a breast undisturbed by aught that could superinduce a sigh, as innocent, as peaceful, as free from care as that of slumbering infancy. If occasionally moody thought seemed to bedim the wonted brightness of her countenance, it was but a momentary cloudiness and when it passed away, she smiled as sweetly, laughed as merrily, tripped as airily as before.

The seventeenth summer had Emma seen the lily bloom, and no disappointment had yet rippled the smooth and even current of her happiness, no lasting pang had yet found its way to her bosom. She was beautiful, too!—could she be aught else!—so young, so gay, so happy.

It could not be that the sweetest maiden of the village of N—, should be without her suitors. Numerous were they who

"Felt or feigned a flame,"

for the lovely girl. Though all admired, yet there were those of them who knew not that pure and holy feeling which swells the bosom of him who loves. He who could win the love of Emma Emlin was destined to be "the observed of all observers," the envied of all the envious; and hence it was that there were not wanting those who strove to become the favoured one, with no other design than that of gratifying their own vanity and having accomplished their object, of leaving her the dupe of her own unsuspecting innocence.

The truly devoted lover needs not the aid of language to express the feeling of his heart to the object of its adoration. No, the thoughtful tenderness of his soul-lit eye tells the tale, the "eloquence of silence" speaks his passion.

Augustus Alwin united with a well ordered intellect, all the blandishments of a gentleman. Frank, affable, and unassuming, he had gained what he merited, the esteem of all who knew him. Emma was not blind to his merits. She saw that he possessed qualities not common to all, and she loved him.

True love is always accompanied with doubt. It is difficult for the soul filled with devoted tenderness to persuade itself that a reciprocity of feeling exists with the being of its idolatry. A disinterested observer may discern with unerring certainty the mutual attachment of two kindred hearts, but as between themselves, the one will be continually raising doubts as to the feelings or sincerity of the other. It was so with Augustus—doubtless with Emma also—he could scarce think one so universally praised and flattered could fix her attachment upon him. Sometimes he would suspect her for loving William Linden, for he had heard William

vauntingly say that he could already command her sweetest smile and would ere long lead captive her heart; and Linden had the reputation of being a successful *trifler*. Again hope would illumine his bosom, and he would picture to himself the bliss of that moment when Emma would become his affianced bride. Thus did "conflicting hopes and fears" alternately triumph in the breast of Augustus. He dreaded avowing himself, lest he should be repulsed—he feared to keep silence any longer, lest delay should undo him.

It was on a beautiful evening of June, that lovely month of roses and smiles, that a servant entered Augustus' apartment and handed him a neatly folded note, which opening, he read as follows:

"Miss Emlin would be glad to see Mr. Alwin immediately.

"Tuesday Evening."

"This evening," said Augustus as he left his room, "shall I become either the accepted or rejected of Emma Emlin."

Slowly and thoughtfully he bent his way to her dwelling, forming the while, a thousand conjectures why he had been made the recipient of a note from Emma, expressive of so much apparent anxiety to see him.

"Will you walk, Mr. Alwin?" said Emma, smilingly, as she received him at the outer door.

"Command, rather than interrogate me, Miss," was the reply.

Whether it was the summer evening's glowing western horizon that imparted by its reflective power the florid tint which was visible on Emma's cheek as she mechanically took Augustus' arm for the walk, or whether it was obtained sympathetically from the deeper flush on that of her inamorata, none but herself could tell, and she hath not yet made known the secret.

"You will pardon me, Mr. Alwin," said Emma, "for soliciting you to accompany me when you have learned the motive by which—"

"Where no offence is given, no pardon is necessary," interrupted Augustus.

"But I was fearful you might think my conduct somewhat unbecoming."

"Your sense of propriety cannot permit you to do any thing not strictly becoming a lady."

"I was moved solely by a desire to avoid the society of William Linden. Some young ladies and gentlemen are assembled at Miss Etta's, and design having an evening's walk. Ellen sent me a note, requesting me to make one of the party, and informing me that Mr. Linden said he would call for me by the time I had completed my toilet. I did not wish to walk with him, and therefore made a demand upon you."

"You have honoured me, Miss Emlin," but

why your repugnance to walking with Mr. Linden? He is one of your admirers."

"He *professes* to be, and hence my anxiety to avoid him, for if he be sincere, I would not excite expectations that I never mean to gratify; if he be not, I wish to prevent him from supposing that I can be trifled with.—Why Ellen! how active!"

"You cruel girl," said Ellen Etta, playfully, as she ran to meet Emma and Alwin, a few steps from her own door.

"Why cruel?" queried Emma.

"Poor Linden, he is so disappointed, he started to go for you, but spied you coming with Mr. Alwin, and returned with a visage an ell in extension. I shall have to walk with him myself, and try to soothe his sorrow—come in."

A dagger looked at Alwin by his jealous rival—a "Well Gust," and a bow to Emma, from the young gentlemen—a "Good evening, Mr. Alwin," and a "Miss Emma," from the young ladies—a joyous laugh from the merry maiden herself, and the little procession moved off with all due ceremony.

At the distance of a quarter of a mile from the village of N—, and on the opposite side of a large and beautiful stream of translucent water, a little fountain bubbles forth at the base of an overhanging rock, its liquid crystal, which forming a small rivulet purls along over variegated pebbles, until reaching the brink of the larger stream, it quietly mingles with its waters. This pellucid little fount has received from the villagers the appellation of "The Cool Spring." A lovely spot is here—here it is that

"—— Nature has spread o'er the scene,
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green."

In the happy summer time, when wild flowers lent fragrance to the evening breeze, and the forest oaks, whose umbrageous branches overhung the rippling rill, were dressed in their massy foliage, here were the village youth wont to congregate

"With spirits as buoyant as air,"

and gambol away the evening hour in harmless merriment. To this delightful and frequented spot were our little party seen wending their way, Emma and Augustus lingering, as lovers always do, far behind."

"Miss Emlin," said Augustus, breaking a silence which for some cause unknown, had prevailed several minutes, "you surprised me a while ago by the indifference you expressed towards Mr. Linden. Was I in error when I supposed you flattered by his attentions?"

"A lady will always feel herself *flattered* by the attentions and partiality of any gentleman with whom she is in the habit of associating."

"But, did I wrong you in thinking that his addresses received your encouragement?"

"You never thought so, Mr. Alwin."

"I own I was not positive of it, but I did sometimes fear it."

"Your fears were altogether visionary."

"I am rejoiced to know it, Emma, for I have myself a deep interest in the disposal of your affections."

This reply of Augustus was uttered in a suppressed tone, for they had now approached so near the "Spring" at which the rest of the company had arrived, as to be in danger of being overheard. Emma was evidently flurried when she reached their midst, and her efforts to conceal her agitation rendered it the more perceptible. As she seated herself on the flowery sward, to receive at the hand of her attendant a glass of water from the limpid fountain, the company retired a short distance in pursuit of their rural amusements, and she was again alone with Alwin.

Perhaps there is nothing woman will so sedulously struggle to conceal as her own affections, and however well the *conduct* of the loved one may satisfy her of the reality of his attachment, yet if previous to an oral profession by him, a word inadvertently escape her lips, or if she unthinkingly do any act which she may afterwards imagine can be construed into evidence of her passion, her deportment will speedily change and for a time she will exhibit towards him studied coolness and reserve. It may not, therefore, be difficult to divine why, as Augustus sat by Emma's side on the daisy clad turf, she was cold and formal—why the sprightliness of her conversation had gone and the sweetness of her smile departed. Alwin had never before addressed her by the simple and endearing title, "Emma," and then there was a something inexpressibly tender in his manner, a softness in his eye, and a mildness in his voice which she had at no other time witnessed, and which demonstrated the truth of the declaration he had made as they neared the "Spring."

"Why has he not thus acted and spoken before?" "Why *now*?" were the questions she asked herself. "It must be so," said she mentally. "My desiring him, to accompany me hither, and my voluntary repudiation of William Linden, has convinced him that he has found an entrance to my heart, and possibly impressed him with the belief that I wished him to know it." Now, much as she had desired that Augustus should give her a verbal assurance that she was his chosen one, she could not endure the idea of his interpreting any thing she had said or done as proof of her affection, and she was silent and coy.

"You are not unwell?" said Augustus interrogatively, after all his efforts to restore her gaiety had proved unavailing.

She made no reply; but hastily rising to her feet, gaily tripped athwart the green to where Linden, who had separated himself from the enjoyment of the festive group, was leaning against the trunk of an oak, seemingly amusing himself in watching the wild sports of a flock of geese that were fluttering in the water before him. Another minute, and Emma Emlin was promenading arm in arm with William Linden!

Nothing in all the vicissitudes of man's sublunary existence wounds him so deeply as slighted love. The cold neglect of her he adores, at once sweeps away all his cherished dreams of felicity, and his lone and desolate heart becomes the prey of the most afflictive torment. If Emma had at that moment seen

the workings of despair in the countenance of Augustus—if she had known the utter loneliness of his heart—the exquisite torture of his smitten soul, she would have wept bitter tears of penitence.

Unhappy Augustus! at the very instant he was about to open to her his heart and tell her the tender tale of love, she had ruthlessly severed herself from him, and was flirting in his presence with his rival; a rival, too, whom but a few moments ago, she had declared her eagerness to avoid.

"Strange, vacillating, inconsistent girl," thought he. Alwin left not the spot where he sat, until the party were preparing to return to the village, when Emma having relinquished the arm of William, came up to him and said, in a careless way, that she was "ready to walk."

Scarce a word did either speak until they reached the threshold of Emma's dwelling, when Augustus taking her by the hand, said, half-choked with emotion, "Emma, you have wounded my spirit, farewell forever!" and without waiting a reply, hurried home, and sought the solitude of his own chamber.

"That girl loves you doatingly, Mr. Alwin," said Ellen Etta to Augustus, on the following evening as he sat with her in the alcove of her garden, "and you do wrong to act thus hastily. Surely you ought not to destroy her happiness as well as your own by a step so precipitate."

"Miss Etta, attempt not to drive me from my purpose; it is fixed, irrevocably fixed. To-morrow I shall leave N—, and in change of scene seek forgetfulness."

"But why should you forget one who doats upon you? If you had this morning seen her tear-bedimmed eye, and heard her agonizing throb when she spoke with me of your last night's parting words, you could no longer doubt her."

"I have some reason to suppose that I am not altogether indifferent to her, but she possesses not for me that soul's devotedness which I possess for her, or she could not have treated me so contemptuously."

"Why, Mr. Alwin, it was but the innocent flirtation of a frolicsome girl—possibly designed to try the strength of your attachment."

"When such means are employed, I am willing to admit that my attachment will not bear the test. I cannot call such conduct an innocent flirtation."

"Mr. Alwin you are quite too sensitive; you ought not to permit so trifling an occurrence—"

"No, Miss Etta, I am not too sensitive; I can bear the contemptuous neglect of an ordinary associate in life—the mere friend, but I cannot endure the freezing scorn of Emma Emlin. Miss Etta let this subject now rest, and when I have gone, say for me to Emma, that I sincerely hope she may meet with some one who—"

"Let me entreat you—"

"If you value my friendship, say no more," and he abruptly left her.

Perchance this unvarnished narrative may fall into the hands of some one of the lovelier

part of creation—for whom only I write—who has unintentionally, but effectually banished the creature of her young heart's first love, by some wayward vagary, which woman thinks it her undisputed privilege to enact when being wooed. I shall not, therefore, essay a delineation of Emma Emlin's mental anguish, when she learned that Alwin had indeed abandoned his home and her, and had proclaimed his intention to seek an abode in the "Far West." I should certainly fail, and then the failure would be attributed by my pretty fair one to an inability on my part properly to appreciate the refinement and intensity of her sex's feeling.

It is enough to say that the loud laugh of Emma Emlin was hushed—the fairy step was gone—the witching smile was no more, and in the gossip of the village she was known only as "the broken-hearted."

A twelvemonth passed and no one knew whither had wandered Augustus Alwin, nor had time restored Emma to herself—she was still inconsolable and disconsolate.

About the termination of this interval, Emma was one afternoon sitting in her parlour unconsciously humming to herself a pensive air, when she was interrupted by the familiar voice of Ellen Etta half-whispering over her shoulder.

"Augustus has returned."

She heard the unexpected announcement without any emotion, and calmly replied,

"To his home, perhaps, but not to me."

"Say not so, Emma, all will yet be well."

"No, Ellen, his proud spirit will not yield without an apologetic word from me, and this he cannot have, for I am beginning to think that though I may have first erred, his subsequent conduct is equally reprehensible. It cannot be. I have now learned not to repine and am content."

"Come, come, you're a foolish girl. I design welcoming Mr. Alwin's return by giving him a party to-morrow evening. Shall I see you there, little pert?" said Ellen, jocosely.

"I cannot refuse when Ellen Etta invites; but mark me, Ellen, if this is a manœuvre by which you expect to produce a reconciliation between Alwin and myself, you shall be disappointed, for I am resolute in my determination not to give way to his whims."

"At half past six, remember," and Ellen closed the door behind her.

There were sunlit faces and joyous hearts at Miss Etta's, on that "morrow evening." Augustus, the favourite Augustus was again amongst them, and his presence made even the jealous Linden happy. Away off from the circle of gayety, sat two personages, holding converse, who had often before been seen in a similar juxta-position. No one was so curious as to approximate sufficiently near to ascertain the subject of their conversation, but the sweeter voice of the two—Emma was fond of reciting poetry—was accidentally heard to say, "Mr. Alwin,

"Who by repentance is not satisfied
Is not of earth or heaven,"

and the pretty speaker smiled.

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"How well Augustus Alwin and his lady looked at church, yesterday," said Ellen Etta that had been, to her husband, some three months after the last recorded event, of our

story. "And happy, too, wife," answered William Linden, "the long lost smile of Emma Emlin again plays as sweetly as ever round the lip of Mrs. Alwin." S. D. A.
Carlisle, Pa.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO MARGARETTA.

BY L. A. WILMER.

THROUGH the dim past—which only to forget
 Were joy to me—what fascination leads
 My erring thoughts, (deceptive traitors yet!)
 To range where hope expir'd and memory bleeds?
 Oh, most forlorn of all who wear the weeds
 Of curcless sorrow—Margaretta see!
 One self devoted heart can turn to thee;
 Tho' in the flowery wreath that binds thy name
 An aspic lives that on remembrance feeds,
 Wrapping each thought in anguish as in flame;
 Yet, for thy sake, that torment I endure,
 The dark, the fearful record to unroll;
 Again my shrinking eyes survey the scroll
 O'erwrit with all that memory should abjure!
 And yet one word amid that curst array,
 One word revives the dream of heavenly, pure,
 Ineffable delight—'tis pass'd away.
 That word—that name—as if in marble, shows
 Where faded hopes and slaughter'd peace repose.

But as the mourner to the tomb returns,
 To view the tablet which his hope inurns,
 And finds or fancies solace and relief
 In that which swells the torrent of his grief;
 So I, within this grave-yard of the mind,
 One buried hope, one dear memorial find,
 Which to review is torture and despair,
 And yet pale thought, half frantic will be there!

Years have roll'd on;—thy fondly cherish'd name
 Was the unwritten melody that pour'd
 Through every chamber of my heart; it came
 Wild as the music of the breeze-struck chord;
 Sinking at length into a dirge like tone.
 And oh, believe, if long by cares foredone,
 My voice was hush'd;—yet not denied thy claim,
 Though late accorded;—if no voice or word
 Of vain condolence in thy gloom was heard,
 It was not that my soul conceived the less
 The force and magnitude of thy distress;—
 Think'st thou that I have learn'd the phrase absurd,
 The words that rankle, but can never heal?

Words that would teach affliction not to feel!
 Are there not griefs which from the skies alone
 Derive their balm? and all that men would speak
 Is heartless mockery; to themselves unknown
 The wounds they probe with skillless hands and weak.

Sweet mourner, blame me not, if late I seek,
 In spirit thus—thy sorrow's deep recess;
 Though many a pathless wood and rocky peak
 Shuts from my sight thy distant loneliness,
 Yet not unmindful of thy tear-stain'd cheek,
 I would transmit thee more than verse or words
 express.

Oh then, remembrance for awhile set free,
 Wilt thou recall those moments, all our own,
 Unclaim'd by tears, when like that crystal sea
 The rapt apostle saw before God's throne,
 Our souls reflected images alone
 Of truth and peace, and purity that knew
 No thought unworthy of the skies or you:
 Even thus behold me still; less happy, but as true.

And with these recollections wilt thou join
 Some thought of countless tears in secret pour'd,
 Not for my own afflictions, but for thine.
 Think thou what sympathy the heart could hoard,
 Unseen by all; lest any should behold
 That one who seem'd so callous and so cold,
 Could nurse the inbred venom that consumes;
 The pang intolerable, because untold!

Yes, Margaretta, know the bolt which crush'd
 Thy heart and sear'd thy hopes, was doubly aim'd—
 Fork'd for extensive harm; the vengeance rush'd
 From skies which menaced not! ah, not inflamed
 With wrath seem'd heaven's bright face, when that
 fierce blow
 Unpitied fell—one sainted victim claim'd,
 Gave her a hopeless destiny to know,
 And me to sing of no fictitious woe.

POETRY.

TRUE poetry is the illustration of truth, in its most sublime, most beautiful, or most affecting appearances embodied to the mental eye: It is the gift and the deep duty of the inspired art not merely to represent the material form, but the internal movements, the sentiments which are associated with our image. This is the poet's *creation*, the spell that calls to life the materials with which it deals! Truth, eternal

and grand truth is the object; but it must be truth exhibited, not by reasoning, but by the lamp of *imagination*. The true poet seeks to exemplify moral truths by the rays of an inventive imagination. There is implanted in him a spiritual being, which adds to the material world another creation, invisible to vulgar eyes.—*Sir Egerton Brydges.*

PENNSYLVANIA WALTZ.

COMPOSED FOR THE FLUTE AND PIANO FORTE, BY

J. W. HAYWARD.

Selected for the Lady's Book by James G. Osbourn.

FLAUTO.

PIANO.

The musical score is arranged in three systems. The first system shows the Flauto (flute) part on a single staff and the Piano (piano) part on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The second and third systems continue the piece, with the Flauto part appearing on a single staff and the Piano part on a grand staff. The music is in 3/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests, as well as dynamic markings like 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The piece concludes with a double bar line.



VARIATIONS.



Written for the Lady's Book.

"A RIDE IN A CANAL BOAT."

A RIDE in a canal boat! What dire images of weariness, and discomfort, the bare idea conjures up! I pray you, gentle reader, have you ever travelled in the Packet—scorched beneath a July sun, or shrunk from the bleak wind of a November morning—watching the ice as it sparkled in the early morning light, shivering into a thousand pieces as the boat went onward? With much that is disagreeable, there is much of curious interest, in that same six feet affair cycled the "Ladies' Cabin," filled often to overflowing with its motley, and strange inmates. I have seen fair faces, and dark ones; the young, and the old, and the beautiful; and that which is rarely shown but in retirement—the flashing out of an angry, and unquiet spirit. I have seen meekness, and gentleness, and womanly patience, with the humours of feeble infancy—and I have seen that which should never be, the face of the mother, fair, and young, like unto a child herself, worn out with the cares and anxieties of maternity, coming upon her in the green season of her youth, and blighting its early promise. I remember one night, on board the boat, being much disturbed by some one coughing in the next apartment—that hollow, sepulchral cough, so fearful an attendant upon consumption in America. When morning came, I inquired who it was, and was answered by a lady in the cabin—"It is my brother—he has been for three years in a decline." What a world of suffering was there! If it be true, that we measure time by our feelings, what an eternity of hopeless anguish had been his! Strange how his face haunts me still—that face upon which physical suffering, and mental anguish, were so legibly marked;

his eyes were unnaturally prominent, the veins about his forehead were swollen, his cheeks hollow, and mouth half closed. His voice was hoarse, and indistinct, the power of articulation was gone.—Great God, it is terrible to lose, one by one, the gifts that render existence a blessing! He spoke to his sister, she comprehended his wishes, and complied with them—and I thought of helpless infancy, and I knew that a mother could divine and minister unto the wants of her little ones—affection is strong to accomplish more than this for the dying, and the loved! The boat stopped, we had reached that point in the Susquehannah where the broad waters roll together, and sweep onward. Beautiful river! thou wert there calm, and clear, looking like a vast mirror for the day-god. His beams had lighted up the earth, and sky, and all things looked glorious in that early morning time. With a friend to support his failing steps, the sick man came on deck, he looked out mournfully upon the smiling scene, and I saw his bosom heave, as he clasped the wan attenuated hands together. The way was weary, and the trial long, that bore him to the grave; but the weariness, and the trial, may have worked out the meek, and quiet spirit, the unassuming patience, his conduct evinced. Even as I thus thought, he looked upward, the struggle was at an end—over the wasted face there had spread that feeling of submission, whose source is not of this world. Aye, a something brighter, and holier than submission! plain as though he had said it, I could read—"The earth is thy handiwork, my God! but the heavens are thy dwelling place—I go to Thee!" P.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have received from Mrs. Hale, whose health is still delicate, several articles for this number. We have only room for the following announcement.

MRS. OSGOOD.

We are happy to inform our readers that this interesting writer has lately returned from London, where she has resided for the last three years, to her native city, Boston. Mrs. Osgood's poetry has been warmly commended by the English critics, and her genius and amiable character won for her many influential friends in that country. But we hope she will not find that her talents are less kindly appreciated in her own land. We have a poem from her pen for our next number.

We have also on hand several articles of much interest from our correspondents—from Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Thayer, Miss Gould, and others, which will soon appear.

Will the author of the "Disappointed Manœuverer" favour the Publisher with his name. It will give it a priority in publication.

We will shortly present to our patrons, the Lady's Book in a new dress, but will still retain our present method of giving a sufficiency of ink on our type that it may be distinguished from the white paper. It is a fault, though by a few considered a beauty, to give a faint impression. No printing can be too dark for utility, so that the impression is not blurred.

We are happy to announce Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. Seba Smith, H. W. Herbert, Horace Greeley, and Professor Ingraham, as new contributors to our work.

We are pleased to find that our August number created the sensation we anticipated for it. From all parts of the country we receive notices of its extreme beauty, and of the great value of its literary contents. The following, from the *Gazette* Conneaut, Ohio, being short, we publish.

Lady's Book.—If the Ladies expect ever to peruse a number of this or any other "Book," more interesting than the last number of the *Lady's Book*, they will, we think, be mistaken. It is entirely original, and from the best pens in the country. What adds ten fold to its usefulness and interest, is its elevated tone of morality.—It is of the purest moral character.

Mrs. Sigourney's name was accidentally omitted as a contributor to the last number. We regret it the more as we consider the poetry inserted one of the most finished of her productions.

To the writer of "Emily Waters," published in our July Number, we would say that the article furnished has been very extensively copied by our exchange papers—we shall be pleased to hear again from the same source.

The uncoloured fashions in this Number are, in the original, of the rarest and most exquisite colours; but it is almost useless to attempt a description, as we could not, without the aid of the brush, sufficiently convey an idea of their richness.

Our Book for October will be as unique in its character as that for August. The embellishments will principally tend towards illustrating the delightful art of Equestrianism. There will be at least twelve different illustrations, consisting of steel and wood engravings—with suitable explanations, and a steel plate of the fashions.

The following article from our esteemed correspondent, Mrs. M. St. L. Loud, being rather late for its proper place in the Book, we take the liberty of introducing it here.

FLOWERS FOR A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.

Respectfully dedicated to Mrs. S. J. Hale,

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Bring flowers, pale flowers, over the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

Cry! bring young flowers on the grave to spread
Where slumbers in silence the "early dead;"
Fresh from the home where their buds were born,
Bright as the hopes of his life's young morn,
Sweet as the breath of a mother's love,
And pure as the spirit enshrin'd above.

"Bring flowers" that tell of the noble deed
On the battle-field, where the vanquish'd bled;
Of mercy shown to the prostrate foe,
By the strength of a valiant arm laid low;
Of honour due to the true and brave,
And form a wreath for the soldier's grave.

"Bring flowers" that breathe of the hallow'd air
Of his childhood's home, in their beauty rare;
In their fragrant buds sweet memories dwell,
Of young hearts bound by affection's spell—
Of a radiant glow on a dark path thrown,
Of thrilling music now hush'd and gone.

"Bring flowers" that tell of a captive freed,
Of a conqueror crown'd with a well-earn'd meed;
Of a gallant bark with her anchor cast
In a haven safe from the raging blast;
Of a blest escape from a whelming wave,
And a peaceful rest in an honour'd grave.

"Bring flowers" that whisper of life to come,
Of a bright existence beyond the tomb;
Of a home in whose bosom no ties are riv'n—
Of a calm repose to the wanderer given:

Of living streams and unfading flowers,
That bloom for the soul in celestial bowers.

Then bring young flowers on the grave to spread,
Where slumbers in silence the "early dead:"
Bring no dark leaf from the cypress bough,
For the dreams of earth that are faded now—
But from the tree where Hope's bright buds wave,
Pluck flowers for the soldier's hallowed grave.

Philadelphia.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER, AND GENERAL FALL FASHIONS.

In this number we give our readers two engravings of the Fashions—the one after our usual style, coloured—the other an engraving without colouring—the latter merely given to show how these things look uncoloured. We ask this question: How in an uncoloured plate can the various tints of the beautiful shawl in this number be given—how show that the fringe varies and is composed of several colours? How exhibit the effect to be produced by the combination of the various shades?—One step more, and we have done upon the subject of coloured and uncoloured prints. Our next (October) number will contain one of our own, uncoloured, finished in our usual style of engraving. We freely acknowledge that by not colouring that print, it will save us some hundreds of dollars, but we shall not keep the money; it shall be laid out in extra colouring on our November plate, and some new embellishments for our work.

No. 1.—Dress of green, or any colour more suitable to the complexion. The back of the corsage has a little fullness at bottom, spreading in fan style; the front folds from the shoulder to the waist. The sleeves are middling tight at top. The skirt is ornamented with three flounces; the lower one reaching to the ground is very deep, the second placed immediately above it is about half its depth.

No. 2.—The very elegant dress of the sitting figure, which is of white muslin, may be made in *gris de Naples*, *poux de soie*, *mousseline de laine*, or any other pretty seasonable material. Corsage half-high; a double quilling trimming is put on the corsage in form of a pelerine, coming to a point at the waist; both at back and front. This quilling is continued down the front of the skirt, a row is carried round the very lower edge of the skirt and a second row is a short distance higher up. If the dress be of white or even light coloured muslin, the trimming must be a quilling of white tulle, two rows of net thickly quilled in the centre and put as close as possible together. If it be of silk, the trimming must be cut at the edges *en chevaux de frize*, and thickly quilled. This is one of the most fashionable trimmings for dresses and supersedes flounces in walking costumes. The sleeves of this dress are quite plain at the shoulder, the remainder very full with a deep wrist. Hat of *gris de Naples*. The front not large but rounded to the face with a double border all round; one corner of the front it may be observed is rounded, the other cut square to a point. The crown is not high and sits a good deal back; the trimming is of rich satin riband; a bow with long ends at the right side just over the string, and two *follettes* placed rather in a drooping position on the opposite side; these may or may not be of the colour of the bonnet; two half wreaths of flowers that contrast well are underneath the front.

No. 3.—Hat of *poux de soie*. Dress of white silk, with a very deep flounce at bottom which reaches quite to the ground; full sleeves with cuffs turned up and trimmed with two small frills. Rich cashmere shawl with a splendid border and deep fringe, partaking of all the colours in the border. It may be noticed that this new fashioned shawl is not pointed at the corners. Hair in smooth bands with braids: pale yellow kid gloves.

The following amusing items of fashion are from the correspondent of the New York Star.

Lace—lace—lace, wherever it can be stuck on. The gowns have lace trimmings and falls—spencers, shawls, caps, bonnets, handkerchiefs: all have lace.

No colour can be too showy for the present Parisian mode. They run very much, too, upon contrasts. The linings of hats, shawls, &c. are rose, cherry, bright green, and scarlet.

What will your ladies think of the revival of Grecian fashion? They are trying it here. Fancy a corsage *a la Greque*, looped down in the middle of the front, and on the shoulders with canoes. Some have corsage and skirt all of one piece, and the material blonde, crape, or gauze, (as any heavier stuff would quite destroy the *contour* of the waist.) But the worst of fashion in Paris is, that whether it is becoming or unbecoming, a thing must be worn, simply because it is the fashion. Thus, some well made women of quality have introduced or revived spencers. They are made to fit the bust as close as possible, plainly fitting, without a wrinkle. They are low at the back and bosom. A lace chemise is exposed in front. A large cameo brooch fastens these in front, and thence runs a row of gold buttons down to the waist. There is neither cinchure nor band; sleeves plain, and close at the shoulder, and three puffings on the arm, thence full to the wrist. Green velvet is the favourite colour. Now, though such a spencer may become a youthful figure and face, it is absurd on a fat dowager; yet the fat dowagers will wear them, and do, because it is the *ton*. Thus it is in fashion, as in literature, people go with the tide. They have dresses and opinions because others have them, and they follow the mode in both."

Description of dresses worn by the Queen of England, Miss Coutts Burdett, heiress of the Dutchess of St. Albans, and Mrs. Van Buren, wife of the son of our President.

"The Queen wore a white tulle dress over white satin, handsomely trimmed with a deep silver founce, and a garland of pink roses, the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and silver blonde; the train of rich silver tissue, lined with white satin, and trimmed with pink roses and silver blonde. On her head a diamond circlet and feathers.

"Miss Coutts Burdett wore a court dress of lace (Brussels) over a white satin slip; bodice and sleeves full trimmed, lace and diamonds, train of magnificent brocade silk, lined with white satin, trimmed with Brussels lace, and looped with diamonds. Head dress, plume of feathers, lappets, and bandage of diamonds, with necklace to correspond.

"Lastly, (for it will not do to copy an account of *all* the rich attire then and there worn) Mrs. Van Buren wore a manteau of rich blue moire, lined with white satin, elegantly ornamented with crape lisse and silver wheat; blonde berthe and sabot; robe of white crape, embroidered over white satin, with blonde volante. Head dress, feathers and blonde lippets, parure of diamonds and pearls."

SMALL CRITICISMS.

It is no uncommon thing to meet with the same ideas in the pages of our best poets, and frequently they express them in the same language. In many instances this coincidence may be unconscious plagiarism, for, as Sheridan says, "Faded ideas, float in the fancy like half forgotten dreams; and imagination, in its fullest enjoyments, becomes suspicious of its offspring, and doubts whether it has created or adopted," but it is questionable whether the subjoined examples were altogether the effect of accident.

In Pope's description of the return of Ulysses, the following line occurs:

"Scorn'd by those slaves his former bounty fed."

Dryden, in speaking of Darius, in his celebrated Ode, says,

"Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,"

which is close enough to convict the bard of Twickenham of having read Alexander's Feast.

The hacknied quotation,

"Like angel visits, few and far between,"

occurs in Campbell's Pleasures of Hope, and he is invariably credited as the author. The same passage is to be found in Blair's Grave,

"—— Its visits

Like those of angels, short and far between,"

which not only destroys Campbell's title to the line, but convicts him of determined plagiarism.

The last verse of Bruce's Address, by Burns, is as follows:

"Lay the proud usurpers low,
Tyrants fall in every foe,
Liberty's in every blow,
Let us do or die."

In the speech of Outalisse, at the close of Gertrude of Wyoming, this line occurs,

"To-morrow let us do or die!"

Burns had the advantage of having written first.

George Culman the younger, in his song—The Landlady of France—says,

"So they kept their spirits up, by pouring spirits down,"

The same thought is to be found in Garrick's prologue to "She Stoops to Conquer,

"Both nervous grown, to keep our spirits up
We now and then take down a hearty cup."

It is fair game for one play-wright to steal from another, and in modern times the offence scarcely arrives to the dignity of petty larceny.

The following appears to have been a favourite simile with the old dramatists.

"Deep rivers with soft murmurs glide away,
The shallow roar."

Beau. & Fletcher's Lovers' Progress.

"The shallow rivers glide away with noise,
The deep are silent,"

says Shirley, in his Maid's Revenge. But as Shirley prepared *The Lovers' Progress* for the press, after the death of Fletcher, it is possible that he wrote both passages.

—— They that intend

To do are like deep waters that run quietly
Leaving no trace of what they were behind 'em.

Beau. Fletcher's Captain.

Small rivers murmur, deep gulphs silent flow.

Marton's Sophonisbe.

The deepest rivers make least din,

The silent soul doth most abound in care.

Lord Stirling's "Aurora."

The concluding stanzas of Coleridge's "Devil's Thoughts," is as follows:

"General ——'s burning face
He saw with consternation,
And back to hell his way did he take
For the devil thought, by a slight mistake,
It was general conflagration."

This simile is not original with Coleridge. The facetious Tom Brown, in his Comical View of London and Westminster, says,

"Show me a son of Bacchus, who by his indefatigable lifting up his hand to his head, and his nocturnal industry, has acquired as many pimples in his face as there are jewels in Lombard street, nay, whose phiz is so fiery and rubicund that it would put the last conflagration out of countenance, etc. etc."

A comparison more in character with the profane Tom Brown, than the philosophical Coleridge.

William Browne commences his "Britannia's Pastorals" as follows:

"As when a mariner accounted lost
Upon the wat'ry desert long time tost,
In summer's parching heat, in winter's cold
In tempests great, in dangers manifold," etc.

Gay says in his "Shepherd and the Philosopher,"

"In summer's heat and winter's cold,
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold."

Gay wrote pastorals, and doubtless before he commenced that undertaking must have read the writings of so distinguished a poet as Browne, in the same department of letters.

Hallegk's beautiful verses on the death of his friend Dr. Drake, have been highly and deservedly praised; it is, however, remarkable, that Dr. Johnson has passed a similar eulogium upon Fenton, as contained in the first stanza, and in nearly the same words:

"Green be the grass above thee
Friend of my early days,
None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise."

Johnson says of Fenton, "The amiableness of his manners made him loved wherever he was known. He was never named but with praise and fondness."

And again, in *Jaqueline* by Rogers.

"Oh! she was good and she was fair;
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thought as angels are,
To know her was to love her."

We cannot suppose Mr. Hallegk to have been ignorant of the writings of either Johnson or Rogers.

Bowen, of 94 Walnut, has sent us some beautiful specimens of Flowers coloured. We know of no person in this country who can get up these things with so much taste. We hope soon to give our subscribers a touch of his quality. We received from the same gentleman some time since a coloured view of the Fountain in Franklin Square. Any of our friends abroad, wanting any thing in the lithographic way, had better make application as above.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

A Diary in America, and Remarks on its Institutions. By Captain Marryatt. Carey and Hart, 1839.

It is a constant reproach of our countrymen, both by foreign tourists and home critics, that they are too sensitive upon the subject of their national and natural defects, and that they will not bear these to be pointed out to them. To a certain extent this may be true, but the feeling is by no means so general as is commonly asserted: and in private circles of the better informed classes it does not exist at all, or if it does exist, is not more obtrusive in its demonstrations than is both commendable and just. With very ample experience of the intelligent society of this country, and proper opportunities of contrast, we do not hesitate to assert that there is not a whit more anxiety felt as to the opinions of strange visitors than is felt in similar circles in England, nor have the unjust aspersions cast upon our people and institutions by book-making travellers, excited half the indignation here that similar aspersions would have excited abroad.

Captain Marryatt has fallen into this common error, and is at particular pains to disavow the anger that he takes for granted his opinions will produce. He thinks that inasmuch as he received no particular marks of attention, we ought not to expect any particular civilities in return, and he, therefore, deprecates the indignation which he seems to feel confident will be the result of his commentaries. We are quite sure the gallant Captain has thrown away his efforts in this respect. Nobody will be angry with him for any thing he has written, and notwithstanding his censures, affairs here will go on in nearly the same way they did before his book saw the light.

The fact is, this work of the Captain's is, in respect to the feeling it exhibits, very kind and conciliatory. There is nothing about it like malice—nothing like an unfriendly disposition. On the contrary, considering the circumstances in which the author was placed, it must be regarded as a very well matured, amiable performance. Captain Marryatt, as he justly remarks in his preface, owes us nothing on the score of courtesy. Partly owing to the sneaking, unbecoming manner in which his predecessors requited those who entertained them; partly to the avowed fact that he had come hither to collect materials for a book; but principally to his coarse

manners and undignified conduct, Captain Marryatt had but little access to society while he remained among us. This he has the frankness to avow, and the blunders into which he has fallen in relation to our social matters ought to be attributed to ignorance, rather than wilful misrepresentation.

We are disappointed in this book. We anticipated from the author of *Peter Simple* something droll and lively. Of course we did not look for any thing new in description or profound in remark, but we thought there would be some good fun at least. There is nothing of the sort. Instead of trusting to his own invention for the fables which every tourist who wishes to make a pungent and saleable volume introduces, he has adopted the stalest and most worn-out anecdotes—old jokes that have been running the rounds of the newspapers for years—and he has not even dressed them up with any freshness or novelty. They are universally recognised, notwithstanding the gallant Captain has in some instances sought to avoid detection by relating them in the first person.

The prevailing characteristic of these two volumes is dullness. In the first called a *Diary*, though it might with as much propriety have been termed a *History*, there is nothing that may not be found in any American guide book, always excepting the tough yarns that are liberally introduced on almost every page. In the second, there is a grave effort at wise speculation upon Religion, Slavery, Education, Political Economy, &c. &c., but the opinions are neither very profound nor original, nor are the facts so rare or well taken as to make them valuable. These latter are chiefly chosen from the *American Almanac*, an excellent work in itself, but so easy of access that we prefer getting the information it contains directly from it, without taking it at second hand.

Captain Marryatt threatens to follow these volumes with two others, which, according to his own account, are to excel every thing yet published on America. In this country they will find but few readers, for the promise in those now published so far exceeded the performance, that every one will be doubtful about similar productions in the future.

Sidney Clifton: New York, Harper & Brothers, 1839.

A first production probably of the author, and unless he improves greatly we think that it ought to be the last.

Solomon Secsaw: By J. P. Robertson; Senior Author of *Letters on Paraguay*. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

A violent attempt is made in these volumes to be funny, and like all other forced drollery, the result is most melancholy. It is indeed very lugubrious mirth, sleep-provoking facetiousness, and solemn sport. Why did Mr. J. P. Robertson, whose *Letters on Paraguay* are really clever, suffer himself to be drawn into the folly of publishing such a book?

Letters of Eliza Williamson: Arranged by Caroline Gilman. S. Colman; New York, 1839.

A nice little volume, containing some very capital letters, which describe the home-scenes of the Revolution with considerable naivete. Their great charm is their naturalness. They throw, moreover, fresh light on the mode of conducting warfare practised by the British soldiery—a mode certainly not so creditable as some of their eulogists would seem to think it.

We have received from Mr. S. Colman of New York, a specimen of a work he proposes to publish, called the *Poets of America*, to consist of selections from our best writers, illustrated by original engravings. Judging from what we have seen, it will be the most elegant work of the kind published in this country, and we hope the publisher may meet with that success his enterprise merits.

The Bride of Fort Edward. S. Colman, New York, 1839.

A work of 174 pages in dialogue, which the author in the preface "takes the liberty of apprising the reader, beforehand, is no play." A piece of gratuitous information unnecessary after perusal of the book. If he had informed his patient readers what it is, instead of what it is not, he might have saved some

speculation. It is the old story of the death of Miss McCrea during the revolution—the characters are unmarked—introduced unskillfully, and from the inversion of words, and the German fog that mystifies the whole matter, we presume it to be the production of some young Dutchman studying the English language, whose feelings may have been inflamed by the exhibition of a picture representing the death of Miss McCrea. The subject is a good one, though badly managed, notwithstanding “the abstract truth it embodies—as exhibiting a law in the relation of the human mind to its invisible protector.” And the *abstract truth* intended to be illustrated is this—that God offered Miss McCrea as a sacrifice to American liberty, as “once unto a sterner doom, for the world’s sake he gave his Son.” This is blasphemy; and the *abstract truth* is by no means satisfactorily proved in the aforesaid one hundred and seventy-four pages of insufferable twattle.

The work is beautifully printed, as may be remarked of all the productions that issue from the press of Mr. S. Colman, of New York.

Nicholas Nickleby: by Boz. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1839.

When the ‘Pickwick Papers’ were first published, every body was curious to know who, among the many English wits that professed authorship, had the honour of their paternity, for such was the ease and polish of style, the fulness of humour, and the intimate knowledge of life exhibited in those remarkable essays, that it was never suspected they were the production of a young, and therefore unknown candidate for literary renown. Such, however, happened to be the fact; and Mr. Dickens, under his uncouth and inexpressive soubriquet of Boz, was at once elevated to the very highest rank among the comic prose writers of our language. But although certain pathetic passages in these papers, slightly interspersed among the drollery and fun that formed their most distinguished features, showed that the author mingled with his mirth-moving qualities a spirit not unlearned in the graver characteristics of human nature, no one suspected that he was so deeply versed in all the secrets of the heart, and able alike to understand and pourtray it in its sad or joyous moods—its pleasures or its pains—its consolations or bereavements—as his subsequent works have so abundantly demonstrated. Not to speak of the various short tales which he has from time to time published, and which are full of deep and stirring passions faithfully developed and depicted, his *Oliver Twist* may safely be pronounced one of the truest and most melancholy sketches of actual life—of acute, poignant, and terrible suffering in the young and innocent—of fearful remorse in the guilty, but not wholly abandoned—of frightful atrocity, and impudent villainy in the thorough-paced and desperate contrivers and performers of crime, that has ever been written. The knowledge of nature displayed by the author is wonderful; but not less so is the vivid faculty that enables him to describe actions with so remarkable an accuracy. Every scene he pourtrays is seemingly before you, palpable, tangible, and actual; and as you look upon his characters, you feel that you understand all the springs—all the nice, and delicate feelings that prompt them.

‘Nicholas Nickleby,’ the work now in progress, differs widely from, and yet in many respects resembles its predecessor. Not less close in its portraiture of conduct, it is nevertheless free from the stern and gloomy colouring that marked the former, while it exhibits—under different phases to be sure—the workings of the heart, its sensibilities, its attachments, its vanities, its pride and its bitterness. The boundless credulity of Madame Mantalini is not less striking than the utter desolation—the unparalleled sufferings of the unhappy Smike; and the pretended fondness of her self-indulgent husband is equally characteristic, as the undercurrent of honest, hearty, and genuine manliness, that flows beneath the frosted surface of the broken-down Newman Noggs. And then besides his accurate perception of nature, his nice discrimination of individual traits in character, and his general powers of analysis, Boz possesses and displays in Nicholas Nickleby so fertile an imagination in the invention of incidents, and so life-like a power of representing them,

that the admiration we feel for his abilities is greatly increased and strengthened.

A parallel has sometimes been drawn between Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Neal, of Philadelphia, the author of *Charcoal Sketches*. There are undoubtedly points of resemblance. Both possess an exquisite sense of the ludicrous; a power of perceiving and depicting with singular fidelity prominent traits of humour; and both are prone to select their subjects from classes of society whose peculiarities, though apparently obvious, are but little understood. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Neal are similar, also, in the remarkable ease with which they infuse the comic spirit that enlivens their lighter productions—in the unobtrusive interblending of a rich and racy wit with the general flow of their narratives—in a mirth-moving faculty not the less effective because it is not violently thrust forward; and in a rare knowledge of the springs which regulate human conduct, especially in its coarser developments. But there are other respects in which they differ widely. Mr. Dickens, occupying a field of inquiry, the extent of which is almost unlimited, selects from the numerous subjects presented to him, various specimens; and while he sketches the individualities of each so as to exhibit their points of difference, and at the same time preserve their identity, he collects the whole together, and forms a picture, the effect of which depends not so much upon any conspicuous single object, as the finely arranged grouping, the broad contrast, and the varied but still harmonious colouring. Mr. Neal, on the other hand, is confined within a limited range of observation. He has not the same variety from which to choose his subjects, nor are those to whom he has access, so fertile in prominent peculiarities. He is compelled, therefore, to confine himself to single sitters, and even with these he finds it necessary to bestow his principal care on some salient points of character. Hence it is that his pictures want the attractiveness for the general eye, that free scope in composition, numerous details, and uncontrolled privilege in the arrangement of lights and shadows give to those of his contemporary; but to the critical observer they are not less admirable as works of art—not less faithful as portraits, and infinitely more elaborated and finished. Thus, Mr. Neal, to drop the metaphor, seizes upon a single trait of character, and exemplifying it in some natural and not unaccustomed act, probes and works out its motives until they are as palpable as the act itself. In doing this he displays a power of analysis—a profound and thorough familiarity with the mysterious and concealed movements of the mind—a metaphysical skill and acuteness that are really extraordinary. Nor is it less surprising with what singular art he conceals all appearances of effort in these developments. They flow out from the characters themselves with all the naturalness of unstudied and impromptu exhibitions; and speculations imbued with the deepest knowledge of the curious machinery of the heart, and the most sagacious reflections on conduct and its impulses, are uttered in the drollest soliloquies of idlers and vagrants. One who looks merely to the broad fun which bubbles out with continual freshness on the surface of Mr. Neal’s sketches, can form no sufficient idea of the merit which belongs to these admirable delineations. Their humour is equalled by their truth—and amid the ludicrous combinations which they possess, there is perpetually seen by the intelligent observer the marks and tokens of a wise philosophy. Each one of them, too, impresses a salutary moral; and while their mirthfulness enlivens and delights, their tendency is to the accomplishment of a serious and permanent good.

Mr. Neal is one of the purest writers of the day. In this respect he is almost faultless. Nothing can be found in any of his contemporaries to surpass in ease, elegance, terseness, and strict propriety, the introductory passages of his *Sketches*. They are models of composition, as the sketches themselves are models of humorous description, and accurate portraiture. And yet with these qualities universally acknowledged as belonging to him, Mr. Neal is so diffident of himself that he shrinks from authorship with the timidity of an untried neophyte. We wish it were otherwise. We wish he could be persuaded to make another effort, for we feel confident that he would secure to himself higher honours, and produce for the public more sources of gratification.

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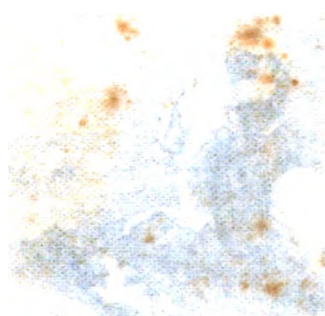
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A parallel has sometimes been drawn between Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Neal, of Philadelphia, the author of *Charcoal Sketches*. There are undoubtedly points of resemblance. Both possess an exquisite sense of the ludicrous; a power of perceiving and depicting with singular fidelity prominent traits of humour; and both are prone to select their subjects from classes of society whose peculiarities, though apparently obvious, are but little understood. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Neal are similar, also, in the remarkable ease with which they infuse the comic spirit that enlivens their lighter productions—in the unobtrusive interblending of a rich and racy wit with the general flow of their narratives—in a mirth-moving faculty not the less effective because it is not violently thrust forward; and in a rare knowledge of the springs which regulate human conduct, especially in its coarser developments. But there are other respects in which they differ widely. Mr. Dickens, occupying a field of inquiry, the extent of which is almost unlimited, selects from the numerous subjects presented to him, various specimens; and while he sketches the individualities of each so as to exhibit their points of difference, and at the same time preserve their identity, he collects the whole together, and forms a picture, the effect of which depends not so much upon any conspicuous single object, as the finely arranged grouping, the broad contrast, and the varied but still harmonious colouring. Mr. Neal, on the other hand, is confined within a limited range of observation. He has not the same variety from which to choose his subjects, nor are those to whom he has access, so fertile in prominent peculiarities. He is compelled, therefore, to confine himself to single sitters, and even with these he finds it necessary to bestow his principal care on some salient points of character. Hence it is that his pictures want the attractiveness for the general eye, that free scope in composition, numerous details, and uncontrolled privilege in the arrangement of lights and shadows give to those of his contemporary; but to the critical observer they are not less admirable as works of art—not less faithful as portraits, and infinitely more elaborated and finished. Thus, Mr. Neal, to drop the metaphor, seizes upon a single trait of character, and exemplifying it in some natural and not unaccustomed act, probes and works out its motives until they are as palpable as the act itself. In doing this he displays a power of analysis—a profound and thorough familiarity with the mysterious and concealed movements of the mind—a metaphysical skill and acuteness that are really extraordinary. Nor is it less surprising with what singular art he conceals all appearances of effort in these developments. They flow out from the characters themselves with all the naturalness of unstudied and impromptu exhibitions; and speculations imbued with the deepest knowledge of the curious machinery of the heart, and the most sagacious reflections on conduct and its impulses, are uttered in the drollest soliloquies of idlers and vagrants. One who looks merely to the broad fun which bubbles out with continual freshness on the surface of Mr. Neal’s sketches, can form no sufficient idea of the merit which belongs to these admirable delineations. Their humour is equalled by their truth—and amid the ludicrous combinations which they possess, there is perpetually seen by the intelligent observer the marks and tokens of a wise philosophy. Each one of them, too, impresses a salutary moral; and while their mirthfulness enlivens and delights, their tendency is to the accomplishment of a serious and permanent good.

Mr. Neal is one of the purest writers of the day. In this respect he is almost faultless. Nothing can be found in any of his contemporaries to surpass in ease, elegance, terseness, and strict propriety, the introductory passages of his *Sketches*. They are models of composition, as the sketches themselves are models of humorous description, and accurate portraiture. And yet with these qualities universally acknowledged as belonging to him, Mr. Neal is so diffident of himself that he shrinks from authorship with the timidity of an untried neophyte. We wish it were otherwise. We wish he could be persuaded to make another effort, for we feel confident that he would secure to himself higher honours, and produce for the public more sources of gratification.



speculation. It is the old story of the death of Miss McCrear during the revolution—the characters are unmarked—introduced unskilfully, and from the inversion of words, and the German fog that mystifies the whole matter, we presume it

that the admiration we feel for his abilities is greatly increased and strengthened.

A parallel has sometimes been drawn between Mr. Dickens, and Mr. Neal, of Philadelphia, the author of *Charcoal*

than the utter desolation—the unparalleled sufferings of the unhappy Smike ; and the pretended fondness of her self-indulgent husband is equally characteristic, as the under-current of honest, hearty, and genuine manliness, that flows beneath the frosted surface of the broken-down Newman Noggs. And then besides his accurate perception of nature, his nice discrimination of individual traits in character, and his general powers of analysis, Boz possesses and displays in *Nicholas Nickleby* so fertile an imagination in the invention of incidents, and so life-like a power of representing them,

and strict propriety, the introductory passages of his sketches. They are models of composition, as the sketches themselves are models of humorous description, and accurate portraiture. And yet with these qualities universally acknowledged as belonging to him, Mr. Neal is so diffident of himself that he shrinks from authorship with the timidity of an untried neophyte. We wish it were otherwise. We wish he could be persuaded to make another effort, for we feel confident that he would secure to himself higher honour, and produce for the public more sources of gratification.





THE
L A D Y ' S B O O K .

OCTOBER, MDCCCXXXIX.

Compiled for the Lady's Book.

R I D I N G .

To ride on horseback with grace and skill is a striking and rare accomplishment in a female; besides, there is no species of recreation more healthful and agreeable. It is true, that as it respects mere utility, the management of the horse is now of much less importance to females than it was a century or two ago. We have, in these days, several means of conveyance, which are preferable for long journeys; but for minor excursions and for the purpose of exercise, there is no modern improvement which should supersede the good old custom of riding on horseback. We have known, (in cases where medicine has failed,) the health of an invalid to be restored by frequent exercise of this kind. Another persuasive circumstance, which should induce the ladies to give this art more attention, is, that a female never looks more interesting than when engaged in this species of divertisement. Hence, writers of romance have often presented their heroines as admirable horsewomen. It was on horseback that Di Vernon made her first appearance to Master Frank, and he appears to have been captivated on the spot. One of Ariosto's heroines, likewise, does much execution while in the saddle. No lady, however, can show to full advantage as an equestrian, unless she can ride *scientifically*, as the gentlemen of the turf would express it. In cases where females are averse to putting themselves under the instructions of a riding master, or where they have not an opportunity for so doing, the following rules and observations will be of some service.

MOUNTING.



On approaching a horse, the tail of the habit should be gracefully gathered up, and the whip be carried in the right hand. The hat should previously be well secured, and the hair combed back, or otherwise so closely dressed, that neither the wind, the action of the horse, the effect of damp weather, nor exercise, may throw it into disorder. Losing the hat is not only attended with unpleasant consequences of a trifling nature, but its fall may make the horse start, plunge, or even run away; and should it, when blown off the head, be prevented from dropping to the ground, by means of a fastening under the chin, the action of raising the whip-hand in a hurry to replace it, accompanied, as it generally is, by a slight flutter of the whole frame of the rider, if either timid or inexperienced, is very likely to alarm the horse, if he happen to be shy or spirited. The hair, if loosely dressed, may lose its curl, and, by falling over, or being blown in the eyes of the rider, greatly embarrass and annoy her.

It is the groom's duty, when the rider approaches, to gather up the reins with his left hand, smoothly and evenly, the bit reins between, and somewhat tighter than the bridle, properly dividing them with his forefinger. The lady receives them a little more forward than the point of the horse's shoulder, with her right hand, which still retains and passes the whip over the saddle to the off (or right) side: on taking the bridle in this manner, her forefinger is placed between the reins; the groom removes his hand, and the lady draws her's back, suffering the reins to glide gently and evenly through her fingers, until she reaches the near crutch of the pommel, which she takes hold of with her right hand, still holding the whip and reins, and places herself close to the near side of the saddle, with her back almost turned towards it. The groom now quits his former post, and prepares to assist her to mount. The horse being thus left under the lady's government, it is proper that, in passing her hand through the reins, she should not have suffered them to become so loose as to prevent her, when her hand is on the pommel, from having a light but steady bearing on the bit, and thus keeping the horse to his position during the action of mounting. She then places her left foot firmly in the right hand of the groom or gentleman in attend-

ance, who stoops to receive it. The lady then lays her left hand on his right shoulder, and straightening her left knee, she bears her weight on her assistant's hand, which he gradually raises (rising himself at the same time,) until she is seated on the saddle. During her elevation, she steadies, and even, if necessary, partly assists herself towards the saddle by her hands, one of which, it will be recollected, is placed on the pommel, and the other on her assistant's shoulder. It is important that she should keep her foot firm and her knee steady. If these directions be attended to, she will find herself raised to her saddle with but a trifling exertion, either on her own part or that of the assistant.

Having reached the saddle, while her face is still turned to the near side of the horse, and before she places her knee over the pommel—when some ladies, very improperly, first take the reins—the assistant puts the lady's left foot in the stirrup, while she removes her hand from the near to the off crutch of the pommel, holding the whip and reins as before directed—she now raises herself on the stirrup by the aid of her right hand, while the assistant, or the lady herself with her left hand, draws the habit forward in its place. She then places her right knee in the pommel, and her seat is taken.

POSITION.



The body, says Adams, in his valuable *Treatise on Horsemanship*, must always be in a situation, as well to preserve the balance, as to maintain the seat, (see fig.) One of the most common errors committed by ladies on horseback, who have not been properly taught to ride, is hanging by the near crutch, so that instead of being gracefully seated in the centre of the saddle, with the head in its proper situation, and the shoulders even, the body is inclined to the left, the head is brought to the right by an inelegant bend of the neck in that direction, the right shoulder is elevated, and the left depressed. To correct or avoid these and similar faults, is important. All the rider's movements should harmonize with the paces of the animal; her position should be at once easy to herself and to her horse, and alike calculated to insure her own safety and give her a perfect command over him. If she sit in a careless, ungraceful manner, the action of her horse will be the reverse of elegant. The lady should sit in such a position, that the weight of her body may rest on the centre of the saddle, one shoul-

der should not be advanced more than the other; neither must she bear any weight on the stirrup, nor hang by the pommel over the near side; she ought not to suffer herself to incline forward, but partially backward. If she bend forward, her shoulders will, most likely, be rounded, and her weight thrown too much upon the horse's shoulders; in addition to these disadvantages, the position will give her an air of timid *gaucherie*. Leaning a little backward, on the contrary, tends to bring the shoulders in, keeps the weight in its proper bearing, and produces an appearance of comely confidence.

The head should be in an easy, natural position, that is, neither drooping forward nor thrown back—neither leaning to the right nor to the left. The bust should be elegantly developed, by throwing back the shoulders, advancing the chest, and bending the back part of the waist inward. The elbows should be steady, and kept in an easy, and apparently unconstrained position near the sides, the lower part of the arm should form a right angle with the upper part, which ought to descend almost perpendicularly from the shoulder. The position of the hands, when both are occupied with the reins, or when the reins are held in one only, we have already noticed, the right arm and hand, in the latter case, may drop easily from the shoulder, and the whip be held in the fingers, with the lash downwards between two fingers and the thumb. The whip may also be carried in the right hand, in the manner adopted by gentlemen: the lady is not restricted to any precise rules in this respect, but may vary the position of her whip arm as she may think fit, so that she do not permit it to appear ungraceful. She must also take care that the whip be so carried, that its point do not tickle or irritate the flank of the horse.

The stirrup is of very little use except to support the left foot and leg, and to assist the rider to rise in the trot; generally speaking, therefore, as we have already remarked, none of the weight of the body should be thrown upon the stirrup. The left leg should not be cramped up, but assume an easy and comfortable position; it should neither be forced out, so as to render the general appearance ungraceful, and the leg itself fatigued; nor should it be pressed close to the horse, except when used as an aid, but descend gracefully by his side, without bearing against it.

When going round a corner at a brisk pace, or riding in a circle, the body should lean back rather more than in a walking position; in the same degree that the horse bends inward, must the body lean in that direction. If a horse shy at any object, and either turn completely and suddenly round, or run on one side only, the body should, if possible, keep time with his movements, and adapt itself so as to turn or swerve with him; otherwise the balance will be lost, and the rider be in danger of falling off on the side from which the horse starts.

The proper mode of preserving the balance under some other circumstances, will be found described in a future number. In no case, let it be remembered, should the rider endeavour

to assist herself in preserving her balance by pulling at the reins.

MANAGEMENT.



Some horses are addicted to a very troublesome and vicious habit of turning round suddenly—we do not here allude to shyness, but restiveness—without exhibiting any previous symptom of their intention. A horse soon ascertains that the left hand is weaker than the right, and, consequently, less able to oppose him; he, therefore, turns on the off-side, and with such force and suddenness, that it is almost impossible, even if the rider be prepared for the attack, to prevent him; in this case it would be unwise to make the attempt; the rider would be foiled, and the horse become encouraged, by his success in the struggle, to make similar endeavours to have his own way, or dismount his rider. The better plan is, instead of endeavouring to prevent him from turning with the left hand, to pull him sharply with the right, until his head has made a complete circle, and he finds to his astonishment, that he is precisely in the place from which he started. Should he repeat the turn, on the rider's attempting to urge him forward, she should pull him round on the same side three or four times, and assist the power of the hand in so doing, by a smart aid of the whip, or the leg; while this is doing, she must take care to preserve her balance by an inclination of the body to the centre of the circle which is described by the horse's head in his evolution. The same plan may be pursued when a horse endeavours to turn a corner, contrary to the wish of his rider; and if he be successfully baffled three or four times, it is most probable that he will not renew his endeavours.

On the same principle, when a horse refuses to advance, and whipping would increase his obstinacy, or make him rear, or bolt away in a different direction, it is advisable to make him walk backward, until he evinces a willingness to advance. A runaway, might, in many instances, be cured of his vice by his being suffered to gallop, unchecked, and being urged forward when he showed an inclination to abate his speed, rather than by attempting to pull him in; but this remedy is, in most situations, dangerous, even for men; and all other means should be tried before it is resorted to by the rider. Should any one of our fair readers—"which the fates forefend!"—have the misfortune to be mounted on a runaway, she may avoid any evil consequences, if she can contrive to retain her self possession, and act as we are about to direct:—she must endeavour to maintain her seat at all hazards, and to preserve the best balance, or position of body, to carry her defences into operation; the least symptom of alarm, on her part, will increase the terror or determination of the horse; a dead, heavy pull at the bridle will at once aid, rather than deter him in his speed, and prevent her from having sufficient mastery over his mouth and her own hands to guide him; she must, therefore, hold the reins in such a manner as to keep the horse together when at the height of his pace, and to guide him from running against any thing in his course; and it is most probable that he will soon abate his speed, and gradually subside into a moderate pace. Sawing the mouth, (that is, pulling each rein alternately,) will frequently bring a horse up in a few minutes; slackening the reins for an instant, and then jerking them with force, may also produce a similar effect: but if the latter mode be adopted, the rider must take care that the horse, by stopping suddenly, do not bring her on his neck, or throw her over his head. In whatever manner the runaway be stopped, it is advisable to be on the alert, lest he should become so disunited by the operation as to fall. Our reader will here think, perhaps, that this advice may be easy enough to give, but difficult to follow: we beg leave, however, to tell her, that although it is not so easy as drawing on a worn glove, or replacing a stray curl, it is much more practicable than she may imagine; but we trust she will never have occasion to put it to the proof.

There is another situation, in which it is advisable to force the horse apparently to have his own way, in order to baffle his attacks. Restive horses, or even docile animals, when put out of temper, sometimes endeavour to crush their riders' legs against walls, gates, trees, posts, &c. An inexperienced rider, in such a situation, would strive to pull the horse away; her exertions would be unavailing; the animal would feel that he could master the opposition, and thus discovering the rider's weakness, turn it to her disadvantage on future occasions. We cannot too often repeat, that, although a rider should not desist until she has subdued her horse, she must never enter into an open, undisguised contest with him. It is useless to attack him on a point which he is

resolute in defending; the assault should rather be directed to his weaker side. If he fortify himself in one place, he must proportionably diminish his powers of defence in another: he anticipates and prepares to resist any attempt to overcome him on his strong side; and his astonishment at being attacked on the other, and with success, on account of his weakness in that quarter, goes far to dishearten and subdue him. If he plant himself in a position of resistance against being forced to advance, it is a matter of very little difficulty to make him go back. If he appear to be determined not to go to the right, the rider may, on account of the mode in which he disposes his body and limbs, with great facility turn him to the left. If he stand stock-still, and will not move in any direction, his crime may be made his punishment: the rider should sit patiently until he show a disposition to advance, which he will probably do in a very short time, when he discovers that she is not annoyed by his standing still. Nothing will subdue a horse so soon as this mode of turning his attacks against himself, and making his defences appear acts of obedience to the rider's inclination. When, therefore, a horse viciously runs on one side towards a wall, pull his head forcibly towards it; and if, by the aid of the leg or whip, you can drive his croupe out, you may succeed in backing him completely away from it. It is by no means improbable, that when he finds that his rider is inclined to go to the wall as well as himself, he will desist; should he not, his croupe may be so turned outward, that he cannot do his rider any mischief.

In shying, the same principle may be acted upon more advantageously, perhaps, than in any other instance. If a horse be alarmed at any object, and, instead of going up to or passing it, he turn round, the rider should manage him in the manner recommended in cases where the horse turns through restiveness; he should then be soothed and encouraged, rather than be urged by correction, to approach or pass the object that alarms him, to attempt to force him up to it would be ridiculous and dangerous. If the horse swerve from an object, and try to pass it at a brisk rate, it is useless to pull him towards it; for if you succeed in bringing his head on one side, his croupe will be turned outward, and his legs work in an opposite direction: this resistance will increase proportionally to the exertions made by the rider. A horse, in this manner, may fly from imaginary into real danger; for he cannot see where he is going, nor what he may run against. Pulling in the rein, therefore, on the side from which the horse shies, is improper; it should rather be slackened and the horse's head turned away from the object which terrifies him: by this mode a triple advantage is gained; in the first place, the horse's attention is diverted to other things, secondly, the dreaded object loses half its terrors when he finds no intention manifested on the rider's part to force him nearer to it; and, lastly, he is enabled to see, and, consequently, avoid any danger in front, or on the other side of him.

A horse may be coaxed and encouraged to

go up to the object that alarms him; and if the rider succeed in making him approach it, a beneficial effect will be produced: the horse will discover that his fears were groundless, and be less likely to start again from any similar cause.

After the first impulse of terror has subsided, the horse, if he be properly managed, will even manifest an inclination to approach and examine the object that alarmed him; but while he is so doing, the rider must be on her guard; for the least movement or timidity on her part—the rustling of a leaf, or the passing of a shadow—will, in all probability, frighten him again, and he will start round more violently than before. After this it will be exceedingly difficult to bring him up to the object. Mr. Astley, however, whom we have before quoted, says, that should the first trial prove unsuccessful, it must be repeated, until you succeed; observing, that the second attempt should not be made until the horse's fears have subsided, and his confidence has returned. A horse that is rather shy, may, in many cases, be prevented from starting, by the rider turning his head a little way from those objects, which she knows by experience are likely to alarm him, as well before she approaches as while she passes them.

A lady, certainly, should not ride any horse that is addicted to shying, stumbling, rearing, or any other vice; but she ought, nevertheless, to be prepared against their occurrence; for however careful and judicious those persons by whom her horse is selected, may be, and however long a trial she may have had of his temper and merits, she cannot be sure, when she takes the reins, that she may not have to use her defences against rearing or kicking, or be required to exercise her skill to save herself from the dangers attendant on starting or stumbling before she dismounts. The quietest horse may exhibit symptoms of vice, even without any apparent cause, after years of good behaviour; the best tempered are not immaculate, nor the surest-footed infallible; it is wise, therefore, to be prepared against frailty or accident.

When a horse evinces any disposition to kick, or rear, the reins should be separated and held in both hands, in the manner we have described in a previous page. This should also be done when he attempts to run away, grows restive, or shies. The body should also be put in its proper balance for performing the defences: it should be upright, the shoulders thrown back, the waist brought forward, and the head kept steady. Every part of the frame must be flexible, but perfectly ready for action. The danger attendant on the horse's rearing, is, that the rider may fall off over the croupe, or pull the horse backward upon her. To prevent either of these consequences, immediately a horse rises, slacken the reins, and bend the body forward, so as to throw its weight on his shoulders, (see fig.) and the moment his fore foot comes to the ground—having recovered your position gradually as he descends—correct him smartly if he will bear it; or endeavour to pull him round two or three times, and thus divert him from his object; the latter course may also be adopted to prevent his rearing, if the rider can

foresee his intention. We have made some other observations on this subject in a preceding page, to which we beg to refer our readers.

A horse that displays any symptoms of kicking, should be held tight in hand: if his head be kept up, he cannot do much mischief with his heels. If, however, when the rider is unprepared, in spite of her exertions, he should get his head down, she must endeavour, by means of the reins, to prevent the animal from throwing himself down, and also by a proper inclination of her body backward, save herself from being thrown forward, (see fig.) If the least opportunity should occur, she must try to give him two or three sharp turns; this may also be done with advantage, if she detect any incipient attempts in the animal to kick. A horse that rears high seldom kicks much, he may do both alternately; and the rider should be prepared against his attempts, by keeping her balance in readiness for either of the corresponding defences. She must also take care, that while she is holding her horse's head up, and well in hand, to prevent him from kicking, she do not cause him to rear, by too great a degree of pressure on his mouth. It is proper to observe, that if a horse be chastised for either of these vices, the whip should be applied to the shoulder for kicking, and behind the saddle for rearing; but we must needs remark, that correction on the shoulder is, in some degree, likely to make a kicking horse rear; and on the flank, or hind quarters, to make a rearing horse kick. The rider, however, cannot do better, under the circumstances, than to correct the positive evil, notwithstanding the possible consequence, in the manner we have directed.

DIRECTIONS TO PUPILS.



Walking.—Let the pupil walk the horse forward in a straight line, and at a slow rate, supporting his head in such a manner, as to make him keep time in the beats of his pace; but not holding the reins so tight as to retard the measurement of his steps, or to make him break into a trot on being animated (see fig.) The hand should be so carried, that it may delicately but distinctly feel, by the operation of the horse's mouth on the reins, every beat of his action. If he do not exert himself sufficiently, he must be slightly animated. Should he break into a trot, he must be checked by the reins; but the pull must neither be so firm or continued as to make him stop. The moment

he obeys the rein and drops into a walk, the hand is to be relaxed into its previous position. Should he require animating again, the movement for that purpose must be more gentle than before, lest he once more break into a trot.

After walking in a straight line for a short time, the pupil should practise to turn to the right and to the left; alternately using both hands in these operations, in the manner directed in a previous page. She must observe, that when she pulls the right rein to turn the horse on that side, the other hand must be relaxed and lowered, or advanced, to slacken the left rein and ease the horse's mouth, and *vice versa*.

If the horse will not readily obey the hand in turning, or do not bring forward his croupe sufficiently, he is urged to throw himself more on the bit, by an animation of the leg or whip. The animations, during the first lessons, should be commenced with great gentleness, and the rider will easily discover, by a little experience, to what degree it is necessary to increase them, in order to procure obedience. This observation should be attended to, were it only for the pupil's safety: for if she begin with her animations above the horse's spirit, his courage will be so raised as to endanger, or, at least, alarm her; and thus render what would otherwise be an agreeable exercise, unpleasant.

After the pupil has practised walking in a straight line, and turning on either side, for a few days, she may walk in a circle, and soon make her horse wheel, charge, demi-volt, &c. The circle should be large at first; but when the pupil has acquired her proper equilibrium, &c., it must, day by day, be gradually contracted.

In riding round a circle, the inner rein is to be rather lowered, and the body inclined inward: this inclination must be increased during succeeding lessons, as the circle is contracted, and the pupil quickens the pace of her horse. She must practise in the large circle, until she is able, by her hand and her aids, to make the horse perform it correctly. The inside rein must be delicately acted upon: if it be jerked at distant intervals, or borne upon without intermission, the horse, in the former case, will swerve in and out, and, in the latter, the rider's hand and the animal's mouth will both become in some degree deadened; and thus their correspondence will be decreased. In order to procure correct action, the inner rein should be alternately borne on in a very slight degree, and relaxed the next instant—the hand keeping exact time in its operations with the cadence of the horse's foot. The direction is to be frequently changed—the pupil alternately working to the right and the left, so as to bring both her hands into practice.

As soon as the rider becomes tolerably well confirmed in her seat and balance, and in the performance of the simple aids and animations, as well in large as small circles, she should begin to ride in double circles—at first, of considerable diameter, but decreasing them by degrees as she improves. Riding in double circles, is guiding the horse to perform a figure of 8; and this, in the language of the riding-

school, is effecting the large and narrow change, according to the size of the circle. The number of the circles may be increased, and the sizes varied, with great advantage, both to the rider and the horse. They may be at some distance from each other, and the horse be guided to work from one to the other diagonally.



Trotting.—The pupil should begin to practise the trot (see fig.) as soon as she is tolerably perfect in the walking lessons. It will be as well for her at first, to trot in a straight line; she may then work in the large circle, and proceed gradually through most of the figures which she has performed in a walk. To make the horse advance from a walk to a trot, the fore-hand should be slightly elevated, by drawing upwards the little finger of each hand (or that of the left hand only, when the pupil has advanced enough to hold the reins in one hand,) and turning them toward the body. An animation of the leg and whip should accompany this motion. The trot should be commenced moderately: if the horse start off too rapidly, or increase the pace beyond the rider's inclination, she must check him, by closing the hands firmly; and if that will not suffice, by drawing the little fingers upward and toward the body, this must not be done with a jerk, but delicately and gradually; and as soon as the proper effect is produced, the reins are again to be slackened. If the horse do not advance with sufficient speed, or do not bring up his haunches well, the animations used at starting him are to be repeated.

When the horse is made to proceed to the trot, the pupil must endeavour to preserve her balance, steadiness, and pliancy, as in the walk. The rise in trotting is to be acquired by practice. When the horse in his action raises the rider from her seat, she should advance her body, and rest a considerable portion of her weight on the right knee; by means of which, and by bearing the left foot on the stirrup, she may return to her former position without being jerked: the right knee and the left foot, used in the same manner, will also ease her in the rise. Particular attention must be paid to the general position of the body while trotting: in this pace, ordinary riders frequently rise to the left, which is a very bad practice, and must positively be avoided. The lady should also take care not to raise herself too high; the closer she maintains her seat, consistently with her own comfort, the more correct her appearance will be.

Cantering.—This is the most elegant and agreeable of all the paces, when properly performed by the horse and rider; its perfection consists in its union and animation, rather than its speed. It is usual with learners, who practise without a master, to begin the canter previously to the trot; but we are supported by good authority in recommending, that the pupil should first practise the trot, as it is certainly much better calculated to strengthen and confirm her in the balance, seat, &c., than the canter.

The pupil is advised, at this stage of her progress, to practise the paces, alternately, in the various combinations of the figures we have described; performing her aids with greater power and accuracy in turning and working in circles, when trotting or cantering, than when walking. She should also perfect herself in her aids, the correspondence, and balance, by alternately increasing and diminishing the speed in each pace, until she attains a perfect mastery over herself and her horse, and can not only make him work in what direction and at what pace, but also at what degree of speed in each pace, she pleases. She may extend the canter to a gallop—learn how to ascertain, by the motion of the horse, if his canter be false or true, and acquire the means of making him rectify his action. In cantering, the horse ought to lead with the right foot; should he strike off with the left, the rider must either check him to a walk, and then make him commence the canter again, or induce him to advance the proper leg by means of the near rein, pressing his side with the left leg, and touching the right shoulder with the whip. The hind legs should follow the direction of the fore legs, otherwise the pace is untrue, disunited, and unpleasant, both to the horse and rider: therefore, if the horse lead with his near fore leg (unless when cantering to the left—the only case when the near fore legs should be advanced,) or with his near hind leg, except in the case just mentioned—although he may lead with the proper fore leg—the pace is false, and must be rectified.



The pupil must also learn how to perform the perfect stop in all the paces. The perfect stop in the walk, is a cessation of all action in the animal, produced instantaneously by the rider, without any previous intimation being given to the horse (see fig.) The slovenly stop is gradual and uncertain; the incorrect stop is

a momentary and violent check on the action in the middle, instead of the conclusion of the cadence; while its first part is coming to the ground, the proper movements should be performed by the rider, so that it may conclude correctly with the cadence. The firmness of the hand should be increased, the body thrown back, the reins drawn to the body, and the horse's haunches pressed forward by the leg and whip, so that he may be brought to bear on the bit.

The stop in the trot is performed as in the walk: the rider should operate when the leading legs have come to the ground, so that the stop be perfected when the other fore and hind legs advance and complete the cadence.

The stop in the canter is performed by the rider in a similar manner: the time should be at the instant when the horse's fore feet are descending; the hind feet will immediately follow, and at once conclude the stop and cadence. The rider must bear in mind, that in order to make the stop perfect, the horse should previously be animated, united, and correct, in the beats or time of his pace. Stopping or turning too suddenly in the gallop, is very distressing to the horse as well as unsafe to the rider; in fact, the pace itself is rather too violent and exceptionable, in many respects, for a lady to ride.



Leaping.—In the riding-schools, ladies who never intend to join what the poets call the jocund pack,

By copse or dingle, heath or sheltering wood,

are frequently taught to leap at the bar. The practice is beneficial, as it tends to confirm the seat, and to enable the rider more effectually to preserve her balance, should she afterwards be mounted on an unsteady or vicious horse.

Leaps are taken either standing, or flying, over a bar, which is so contrived as to fall when touched by the horse's feet, if he do not clear it: it is placed at a short distance from the ground at first, and raised by degrees as the pupil improves. The standing leap, which is practised first, the horse takes from the halt, close to the bar. The flying leap is taken from any pace, and is easier than the standing leap, although the latter is considered the safer of the two to begin with; as, from the steadiness with

which it is made by a trained horse, the master or assistant can aid the pupil at the slightest appearance of danger.

The position of the rider is to be governed in this, as in all other cases, by the action of the horse. No weight is to be borne on the stirrup; for, in fact, pressure on the stirrup will tend to raise the body, rather than keep it close to the saddle. The legs (particularly the right one) must be pressed closely against the saddle; and the hand and the reins yielded to the horse, so that the rider can just distinguish a slight correspondence between her hand and the horse's mouth. The animations thus produced, and the invitation thus given, will make the horse rise. As his fore-quarters ascend, the lady is to advance forward; the back being bent inward, and the head upright and steady, (see fig. the ascent.) As soon as the horse's hind legs quit the ground, the body is to incline backward—the rider taking care not to bear heavily on the reins, lest the horse force her hand, and pull her forward on his neck, or over his head as he descends. When the leap is cleared, the rider should bring the horse together, if at all disunited, and resume her previous ordinary position.

In the flying leap the seat is to be preserved as in the standing leap; except that it is needless, and indeed unwise, to advance the body as the horse rises; because, in the flying leap, the horse's position, especially in a low leap, is more horizontal than when he rises at the bar from a halt, and there is great danger of the rider being thrown, if she lean forward, in case the horse suddenly checks himself and refuses the leap, which circumstance occasionally happens. The waist should be brought forward, and the body suffered to take that inclination backward, which will be produced by the spring forward of the horse. The horse's head is to be guided towards the bar, and the reins yielded to him as he advances. The proper distance for a horse to run previous to the leap, is from ten to fifteen yards. If he be well trained, he may be suffered to take his own pace at it; but it is necessary to animate an indolent horse into a short, collected gallop, and urge him by strong aids to make the leap.

DISMOUNTING.



The first important point to be attended to, in dismounting, is the perfect disentanglement

of the clothes from the saddle; and before the lady quits it, she ought to bring her horse carefully to a stop. If she be light and dexterous she may dismount without assistance, from a middle-sized horse; but it is better not to do so if the animal be high. The right hand, in preparing to dismount, is to receive the reins, and be carried to the off crutch of the pommel. The reins should be held sufficiently tight to restrain the horse from advancing, and yet not so firm as to cause him to back or rear: nor uneven, lest it make him swerve. The lady should next disengage her right leg from the pommel, clearing the dress as she raises her knee; then remove her right hand to the near crutch, and take her foot from the stirrup. Thus far the process is the same, whether the lady dismount with or without assistance.

If she be assisted, the gentleman, or attendant, may either lift her completely off the saddle to the ground, if she be very young; or, taking her left hand in his left hand, place his right hand on her waist, and as she springs off, support her in her descent. (See fig.) She may also alight, if she be tolerably active, by placing her right hand in that of the gentleman, who in this case stands at the horse's shoulder, and descend without any other support. Should there be any objection or difficulty found in alighting by either of these modes, the gentleman, or assistant, may place himself immediately in front of the lady, who is then to incline sufficiently forward for him to receive her weight, by placing his hands under her arms, and thus easing her descent.



If the lady dismount without assistance, after the hand is carried from the off to the near crutch, she must turn round so as to be able to take in her hand a lock of the horse's mane; by the aid of which, and bearing her right on the crutch, she may alight without difficulty. In dismounting thus without assistance, she must turn completely round as she quits the saddle, so as to alight with her face towards the horse's side. (See fig.) By whatever mode the lady dismounts, but especially if she do so without assistance, to prevent any unpleasant shock on reaching the ground, she should bend her knees, suffer her body to be perfectly pliant, and alight on her toes, or the balls of her feet. She is neither to relinquish her hold, nor is the gentleman, or assistant, if she make use of his ministry, to

withdraw his hand, until she is perfectly safe on the ground. In order to acquire the mode of dismounting with grace and ease, more practice is required than merely descending from the saddle after an exercise or a ride. It is advisable to dismount, for some days, several times successively; either before or after the ride; commencing with the most simple modes, until the pupil acquires sufficient confidence and experience to perform either of these operations in a proper manner, with the mere help of the assistant's hand, and even to dismount without any aid whatever. If she be but in her noviciate in the art of riding, we strongly advise her in this, and all other cases, not to place too great reliance on her own expertness, or attempt too much at first; but rather to proceed steadily, and be satisfied with a gradual improvement; as it is utterly impossible to acquire perfection in the nicer operations of the art, before the minor difficulties are overcome.

Having conducted our fair readers through the leading principles of horsemanship, teaching them how to enjoy its pleasures and to avoid its perils, we will here close our remarks on this healthy and polite accomplishment.

VICTORIA COLONNA, an illustrious lady, distinguished for her productions in Italian poetry; was the daughter of Fabutio Colonna, duke of Palliano; she was born at Marino, in 1490. When seventeen years of age, she was married to Francis D'Avalos, marquis of Pescara. They lived together in the most perfect harmony; and she is said to have employed her influence in dissuading him from accepting the crown of Naples, which was offered him after the battle of Pavia, in order to detach him from the interests of the Emperor Charles V. After the death of her husband, which happened in 1525, she lived in retirement, solacing her grief with poetry and devotion, and firmly rejecting all offers of a new alliance. She entertained a friendly correspondence with some of the most learned and enlightened persons of the age, as the cardinals Bombo, Contarini, and Pale; the poets Flaminio, Malza, Almanni, and others. For the sake of more perfect retirement, she entered a monastery at Orvieto, in 1546, which she soon exchanged for that of St. Catherine, in Viterbo. She at length left this monastery and retired to Rome, where she died in 1547. Her poems passed through many editions, and are much admired. They are not inferior to those of the greater part of the Petrarchian Versifiers of that age, and are among the first in which Italian poetry was employed on religious topics. The Italian muse had sung before that time only war and love.

It would be very unfortunate if there was no other road to Heaven but through Hell. Yet this dangerous and impracticable road has been attempted by all those princes, potentates, and statesmen, who have done evil, in order that good might come.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE ORPHAN.

A TALE.

BY MRS. MARY E. PARSONS.

It was night—a warm night in early summer. The stars were out in their mighty mansions, shedding over the far earth the light of their pure and quiet beauty. Soothingly fell their influence upon the struggling heart of Isabel Everett, as her prayer went up to the Great Watcher of the skies for strength to bear in this the hour of her heavy trial. Even then, the shadow of death was resting upon the brow of her mother—the tried friend, and protector of her childhood, the affectionate and judicious counsellor of maturer years.

Very sad, and solemn, were the low tones of that dying mother, to her only child.

“Yet a little while, Isabel, and I shall no longer be with you. The days of my appointed time are drawing to a close. My soul is heavy with disease, and long-suffering—I am weary, and would be at rest. Do not grieve so bitterly, oh, my Isabel! It would console me in the hour of death, to see some portion of that fortitude, I have so earnestly endeavoured to instil into your mind. You need in solitude, communion with your own rebellious heart; seek it in your chamber, my child; and return to me, when you have calmed the violence of your sorrow: for oh, it is sweet to die, when watchful eyes and loving hearts are round us.”

Isabel raised the hand, that lay motionless upon her own, her tears fell upon the thin, emaciated fingers, as she pressed them to her lips, but no word escaped her as she turned from the bed, and with a noiseless step left the apartment. Alone, in her chamber, the pent up agony burst forth: that long low wail of despairing nature! it came upon the ear like the cry of a feeble child, smitten to the earth. But a change passed over the spirit of the maiden; the early teaching, the faithful counsels, the bright example of that dying mother, rose up before her. The stormy violence of her grief was subdued; clasping her hands, she exclaimed:

“My mother! my mother! very desolate wilt thou leave me, thy fatherless girl! But I will bear up, and oh, my mother! I will be to thee the comforter, through the last earthly struggle thou hast been to me through all the years of my life.” As the words died away upon the lips of Isabel, she moved to the window and looked forth. The night breeze lifted the curls from her pale brow, and cooled the fever upon her parched lip. How soothing to her excited feelings was the shadowy beauty of the solemn and mysterious night! Before the mighty works of nature, man dwindles into nothingness. A sense of her own insignificance pressed heavily upon the heart of Isabel, but other, and better thoughts arose within her. He, who had created the overshadowing heaven, the broad and beautiful earth, the kindly feelings and

warm sympathies that dwelt in her own bosom, had created man *immortal*, and would care for the last, and most glorious work of his Almighty hand.

It is not our purpose to introduce our readers to the sad scene of that night. The morning saw Isabel Everett an orphan. Not in the grave, passed away the influence of her mother! Like the lone star that guideth on, ever and ever, *memory* of her was a shining light; to guard and guide in the sure path of virtue and honor.

A week after Mrs. Everett's death, the carriage rolled from the door, that was to convey Isabel to her future home. It was with her maternal uncle, who was the companion of her journey, she was in future to reside. For the present we leave them, and turn to her past history, and those with whom she was hereafter to be so intimately connected.

Mrs. Everett was the youngest of three children; the two eldest were boys, and cherished for their beautiful sister, the fondest and most devoted affection. Her marriage had been one of great happiness, but the time of its duration was short: Mr. Everett died when Isabel had reached her sixth year, leaving his family very destitute. A liberal allowance had been settled upon Mrs. Everett, by her eldest brother, Richard Malverton, who had been for many years of his life in India, and still continued to reside there. Living in the near vicinity of a large town, Mrs. Everett found no difficulty in procuring for Isabel every advantage necessary to completing her education. But most she depended upon herself, for she had been highly and nobly educated; the rich stores of knowledge she had garnered in her youth, were now of inestimable value to her; and she imparted them to her daughter, with all a mother's fond solicitude, in the welfare of her child. The deep sorrow Mrs. Everett bore through life, undermined the springs of her constitution, and eventually shortened her days. Yet, all unrepiningly and meekly, she bowed to the bitterness of her bereavement, the shadow on her pathway had dimmed the world's light to her, but it had not clouded the brow of her beautiful and sinless child. Silently, the mother bore on, striving, in the faithful performance of her duties, to weaken the link of dark remembrance that bound her to the dead! She lived to see the eighteenth birth day of her child, and she did not grieve, although she knew she might never look upon another, she was going to that long home, where the “weary laden” shall find rest!

The younger brother of Mrs. Everett, to whose home Isabel was hastening, was a man of warm and noble impulses; great benevolence of disposition, and kindness of heart. Yet Henry Malverton was of strong, and passionate

temper, rash in judgment, and hasty in decision; he was easily imposed upon, his temper often preventing the full exercise of his reason; but he was much and universally beloved, for a warmer heart never beat in a man's bosom. He was a merchant; not a successful one in speculation, for he did not possess the qualities that would render him such; his regular business had been very lucrative, but he lived expensively, and every farthing of his income was yearly consumed. In his sister's pecuniary difficulties, it had always been a source of grief to Henry Malverton, that he could not allow her a fixed sum, for her support; and it soothed his warm and generous heart, to render unto her child, not only the means of support but a home, and father's love. He had married a woman, who had fairly "caught him" and wedded him, because he was "a good match;" as weak as she was vain, heartless, worldly, and haughty; she nevertheless contrived to make him believe, she was peculiarly constituted to render him happy in domestic life. One only child they had—at this time, Clara Malverton was twenty-two years of age. Her father, aware of her mother's indifference and carelessness, in all that regarded the child, strove to remedy such neglect so far as it was in his power; but he was totally unfitted for the task—by turns, violent to excess, or indulgent to weakness, he failed in correcting any of those errors of heart, or faults of character, apparent even to his partial eye.

As years passed over the head of Clara, she learned concealment; her father believed it amendment; he was very proud of her, and lavished money upon her education, with no stinting hand; fond to excess of dress, she was indulged to the extent of her wishes by both father and mother. Living in the near vicinity of a large town, the house of Mr. Malverton was the resort of many visitors, the warmth and hospitality of his reception, rendering them ever welcome. The showy manners and fashionable education of Clara, attracted very considerable attention; so far as it was in her power, she monopolized those little courtesies extended towards the sex. She was a flirt, decidedly, and had received on that account perhaps, very marked attention from some of the finest men in the country; but she had not as yet, met with an offer, and to this end her wishes began strongly to point. Clara was tall and graceful in appearance, her dress was always distinguished for its perfect taste, and extreme elegance; her features were good, and at times the expression was pleasing; but when the corners of the mouth curved down in scorn or anger, it gave to her whole countenance a repulsive and haughty expression. There was much of the bold and resolute in her character: it had been said of her, by an intimate female acquaintance—that Clara Malverton would *do* more and *dare* more, to accomplish a purpose, than any woman she had ever known—yet withal, she was popular, and generally voted upon all sides "a charming girl." The grand defect in her character was *want of principle*; there was no strong, restraining power within, to regulate the evil passions of her nature, if

they were once aroused. Yet was she totally unconscious of this herself, she believed herself quite as good as the generality of people; an only and idolized child, she scarce knew what opposition to her wishes was. Clara truly loved her father, she therefore concealed from him any traits of character calculated to give pain; yet, uneasy thoughts would oft times fill his mind for the future happiness of his child; he could not but notice the contraction of the brow, the flash of the dark eye, the haughty curve of the full mouth, when his decision was in opposition to her wishes. But these things passed away, and Henry Malverton was not of a disposition to indulge unhappy thoughts, "sufficient for the day," &c., had been his motto through life: alas! it had been the governing rule in the rearing of his child—he had sown the wind, and dare a parent murmur if he reaps the whirlwind.

It was some years since Clara had seen her young cousin Isabel Everett, and she awaited her coming with interest and curiosity. The day was drawing to a close, on which they expected her—it was nearly dark when they arrived.

"We are at home, now, my dear Isabel," said her uncle, joyously; "and may it ever prove to you a happy one." He kissed her cheek ere he assisted her to alight, for it distressed him to see her evident agitation. Mrs. Malverton met them within the parlour door, "I bring you another daughter, Emma! cherish her tenderly for my sake." As Mr. Malverton spoke, he took the hand of Isabel, and placed it within that of his wife. Perchance the cold heart of that woman was touched, by the mournful and sorrowing countenance that met her gaze; she drew Isabel towards her, and pressed her lips upon her forehead.

"The child of your sister, Henry, shall receive every mark of affection from me, sure I am she deserves it all for her own sake."

Mr. Malverton threw his arm about the waist of Isabel, and clasped her warmly to his heart, as he exclaimed, "Yes! for her own sake she deserves it all; I shall never forget her self-sacrifice, her noble and sustained devotion at the couch of her dying mother. Clara! in that hour, my prayer was, for such a daughter to close my eyes in death! You must love Isabel with a sister's love, to the exclusion of all differences, all petty jealousies. Will you not, my Clara?"

"Yes father, I will!" said Clara, and the tears stood in her dark eyes, as she embraced her cousin; fondly as that embrace returned by the desolate orphan, whose heart beat almost to bursting; touchingly she said, "Shall we not love each other, my sister?"

Isabel was so nearly overcome, that her uncle leading her to a seat, strove to give the conversation a more cheerful turn. Shortly after, tea was brought in; when it was over, Isabel begged to retire for the night.

"Think me not ungrateful for all your kindness, my dear aunt! but I feel as though I needed solitude and rest."

Her wish was very readily complied with, by

Mrs. Malverton, who had formed an engagement for that evening, she was desirous of fulfilling; but was restrained from so doing by the arrival of her niece: that obstacle removed, she left the house almost as soon as Isabel had retired to her chamber.

Shortly after Mrs. Malverton's departure, a gentleman entered the drawing-room, who was warmly welcomed by Mr. Malverton as "My dear Harry," by Clara, as "Mr. Sydenham." Much pleasure was expressed on both sides at the meeting; at length, however, Mr. Sydenham inquired "If Miss Everett had accompanied Mr. Malverton home, as he understood letters had been received to that effect."

Clara replied "that Miss Everett had arrived with her father, but was so overcome with fatigue, she had been compelled to retire to her own room."

"Do you know," said Sydenham, "I have a great desire to see Miss Everett: I am told she is very like her mother, and I have reason to believe from many circumstances, that at one period of his life, my father was fondly attached to Mrs. Everett. Was it not so, Mr. Malverton?"

"Nay," said Mr. Malverton, smiling, "that is a very direct question, indeed; see! my hair is white with age, yet, you would have me remember the love passages in the life of my earliest friend! Ah! Harry, these things pass away from the thoughts of those who are full of years—even as love, and life, and Isabel, have passed from a weary world!" Tears gathered into the eyes of the kindly old man; but his nature was essentially a cheerful one; the cloud upon his spirits gave way, before the charm of Harry Sydenham's conversation: and when again questioned relative to the early history of his sister, and of Harry's father (who had been dead for some years,) he replied:

"You shall hear all that I know, my dear young friend: I like not to stir the hidden founts of memory, laden as they are with so much of bitterness. 'Tis a sad story, Harry, the story of your father's first love!

"You know he was an only child; when very young he lost his mother. His father much occupied in business, had little time to devote to the society of his son. Living as we did, so near each other, it is not surprising, we were constantly together; early in the morning—late at night—at all times and seasons; we were inseparable. As years went over us, there came a change over our young affections; the love between Richard and Sydenham became stronger, and more marked: the same studies, the same pursuits, I had almost said the same thoughts, bound them in the strong band of congeniality together. How true, how faithful, how self-denying was their friendship! Even now, they rise up before me in the beauty, truth, and fervour of that first affection! They were much alike in character: both were dreamers, both had the same intenseness of feeling; both loved the deep forest trees—the banks of the quiet river: wherever, there was 'nook, or dell,' secluded from public gaze, Richard and Sydenham, made it their own.

"Do you wonder where I was all this time? Enjoying myself in my own way; dearly I loved them both, brothers in my heart the same, but the link of sympathy was not between us. True friends we always were, with none of the heart's deep communion, that existed between Richard and Sydenham. A very fair share I had, of my sister Isabel's society—how she loved a ride over the hills, or a row upon the waters! I hear her merry laugh so musical, yet so full of joyousness; through the shadow of long years, her eye of light and love is beaming upon me! how beautiful she was in her innocence and youth!

"From a very child, a fairy child, Sydenham loved her. There was a great disparity of years between them; and there was much of reverence, of looking up in the love Isabel bore unto him; perhaps there was a slight tincture of fear. It had been arranged by our parents, that Sydenham's lessons should be taken at our house; we all had the same masters; and so ardently did Sydenham desire the improvement of Isabel, that oft times he urged her too far, and her spirit would weary from confinement and study. Richard, Sydenham, and myself became men, mingled in the world, engaged in business, and Sydenham was only deterred, by the extreme youth of Isabel, from offering his hand. Richard who had been for years the confidant of his passion, always advised him to wait: 'she is but a child,' he would say, 'let her go forth into the world, she will then discover your infinite superiority, over the crowd around her—who could know you, Sydenham, as Isabel has known you, and *not* love you!'

"My brother Richard was a man of strong, impetuous passions, yet, they were seldom called into action; he was almost vindictive in his resentments—he rarely *forgave*. His love for Isabel and Sydenham, was but *one* love; it was the master passion of his heart: nothing but the intensity of that love could have chained his fiery spirit, so long to our narrow circle. I have seen him, his eyes sparkling with excitement, and his face flushed to his lofty brow; as he repeated 'The Child's' heart-stirring words:

"Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
That knows his rider—"

"My sister Isabel left her home, to spend the winter with an aunt of ours, who led a very gay life in ——— city. She was three months absent, and her return home was hastened, by the wish of our parents, that her birth-day should be spent under her father's roof. She was then eighteen, the rare beauty that her youth had promised, was more than fulfilled.

"The morning after her arrival, Richard mentioned a party that had been arranged the night before, he spoke of a lady he wished me to take and then turning to Isabel, said quietly,

"'You, of course, will ride with Harry Sydenham.' The blood sprang high up in the cheek of Isabel, as she replied,

"Not of course, Richard, you must excuse me—I cannot ride with Harry Sydenham."

"And why not, I pray?" said Richard, in a

tone of angry astonishment; 'have your new fangled notions and fine beans, taught you to forget the attachments of your youth?'

"You wrong me, Richard, by such unworthy suspicions: I love Harry with the *same* affection I ever did; more he must never expect.'

"Isabel sighed heavily as she ceased speaking, but she did not look up; if she had, the changing countenance of Richard must have struck her very painfully. He arose at last and stood beside her; he threw back the long sunny curls that lay upon that fair brow; and then he spoke in a low tone of tenderness, and love,

"Isabel, my only sister! your own heart will best tell you, how dear—how very dear, you have ever been to me; but the affection I bear to you, is no whit more engrossing than that I have borne Harry Sydenham from my youth up. Sister! it has been the dream of my life to see you his wife—my sister, if you love me destroy it not!—destroy it not!"—and the stern and proud Richard Malverton knelt down by her side, with his arms folded around her—and he the high hearted, and haughty, dropped tears for his friend, his own agony never would have wrung forth.

"The face of Isabel grew deadly pale, she clasped her small white hands together, and raised them up towards Richard; who had risen and stood beside her; she strove to speak, but the words died away upon her lips—she knew the anguish they must inflict upon her brother!

"Richard bent down and kissed her, while he said,

"Tell me in all honour, and sincerity, Isabel—will you be the wife of Harry Sydenham?"

"I cannot, Richard—I have plighted my faith to another!"

"For one brief moment, Richard Malverton forgot he was a *man*. The fiery passions of his nature were roused from their inmost depths—words he said, dark, and bitter, and terrible—words that no after time could recall—the tears, the entreaties, of Isabel were alike unheeded. "When the grave has buried the memory of my wrong, then you may hope for my forgiveness," was his stern declaration as he left her.

"Terrified and distressed, Isabel clung to me; I strove to soothe her, and asked also, an explanation of what had been as much matter of astonishment to me as to Richard.

"Isabel said, 'Edward Everett, (the name of the gentleman to whom she was engaged,) had not declared his love until the evening before she had left the house of her aunt; she had been the bearer of a communication from him to her parents, and had received their blessing and approbation.' I made no mention in my letters of Edward Everett, because I feared to give pain to Harry Sydenham—knowledge of my own heart opened my eyes to the truth—that he had borne me no brother's love! Last night, when he sat by my side, and his low tones fell upon my ear—breathing of the heart's deep tenderness—I trembled as I heard!—for, oh! my brother, it is terrible to wreck the love of a noble and generous bosom."

There was a pause in the story, Mr. Malver-

ton was greatly moved; and it was some time ere he resumed:

"Richard had looked forward to the union of Isabel and Sydenham, with a degree of certainty never shadowed by a doubt; he literally recoiled from communicating the utter annihilation of his hopes to his unfortunate friend. We did not see him through the day, he did not leave his chamber, save for a brief space to send a note to Sydenham; all that weary night, his footsteps sounded over my head, now rapid and excited, now heavy and slow. There was no sleep for either of us, through the long hours of that night. I knew the earnest, enthusiastic nature of Sydenham, and could form some idea of the intenseness of his love—Richard had sounded its depths.

"Early the next morning Richard sought an interview with my father; when it was over he left the house, I saw him enter that of Sydenham; he did not return home until evening. Another long conference followed with my father, at the conclusion of which we were told Richard and Sydenham were going to Europe, and would leave home for New York, in the afternoon of the next day.

"Richard avoided all intercourse with Isabel, whose evident distress could not escape his observation; he never spoke to her, but oft times I marked his eye resting upon her with an expression of dark and bitter feeling.

"Dinner was over; there was but an hour left for Richard in the old home of his youth! Perchance that recollection softened him; he rose from his seat, and when he had joined me at the window, he drew my arm within his own.

"Come with me,' he said, 'to the library.' I did as he desired. 'Twas the room where our childhood had been spent—our school room!

"My heart swelled within me; there was not a table, chair, or book that was not linked with Isabel; and could he part from her thus—in alienation, in anger!

"I passed my arm around him, as I was wont to do in our boyish days, and I implored him for the sake of our early love, not to part with our sister in unkindness—long I pleaded and earnestly: he heard me to an end, and then, in a voice so low and deep it startled me, he said,

"I have no desire to part from you in anger, we may not meet again this side the grave—but for her—for Isabel, who has dared to destroy the happiness of my noble hearted friend—to crush the hopes I have garnered through my life—there is neither pity nor forgiveness left in my bosom—no more of *her*—no more I say!" and his eye flashed out a light that was intolerable, as he paced with hasty steps the apartment.

"At that moment Isabel entered the room: she walked up to Richard and laid her trembling hand upon his arm; he stood still—the low tones of her soft voice, I hear them still—how they sank into my heart!

"My brother! you are going to leave us—oh! I entreat you by the old familiar love of our youth, not to part from me in unkindness;" and she wept bitterly as she laid her head upon his

arm—the long glossy curls fell over his hand, so soft and silken to the touch! he seemed moved, but there was only one path to his love, and at that moment he believed Isabel would win it back at any cost.

"He raised with his hand that fair white forehead, and looked upon her face—very fair was that face to look upon, in its touching and child-like beauty.

"Isabel," he said gently, "there is one way of restoring happiness to us all—break your faith with this new lover, and marry Sydenham."

"Truly, I was proud of my sister. Her eye sparkled with indignation, and bore a glance lofty as his own; she stepped back, with her hand raised in the air, and her voice was stern and clear.

"Go, Richard! it is *time*! Better that the sea roll its waters between us. You have counselled me to an act dishonourable and base!—may the wretchedness you would deal out to others, never fall in retribution upon your own head!" And so they parted—that brother and sister!

"In three years from that time Sydenham returned; he brought to the home of his fathers, a fair and noble English lady. You have her sunny smile, my young friend—her open brow—but your warmth of heart and generosity of character are all your father's.

"Richard wandered over many lands, and at last settled in India; we have had many rumours of his great wealth; but he never mentions it. When my sister was left destitute, by the unexpected death of her husband, I wrote to Richard, stating the circumstances in which he was placed. He gave me directions to allow her a fixed sum, which I have regularly received: he has never mentioned her child, although I frequently in my letters spoke of her. I have written since my sister's death, and I hope the allowance settled upon the mother will be continued to the child.

"You Harry, have always been to my brother an object of the deepest interest, he loves you for the name, perhaps, as much as the relationship you bear your father. Richard seems to have had no yearnings after his 'Father Land,' he is my elder brother—yet my hair is white with the snows of time—would that he were here once more!"

Mr. Malverton ceased speaking, and was warmly thanked by his daughter and Harry Sydenham, whose desire to see Isabel Everett was in no degree diminished, by the recital of her mother's early history.

The morning after Isabel Everett's arrival, Clara Malverton rose up with a determination to love, with a sister's love, her young cousin. Time passed rapidly on: Isabel grieved too deeply to enter into any society; she never appeared when visitors were at the house—she shrank with the first sensitiveness of deep sorrow, from all companionship with strangers. She always welcomed Clara with her sweetest smile, and her gentleness of tone and look had almost warmed the heart of Clara into affection. Mrs. Malverton treated Isabel with indifference,

sometimes with coldness, but her husband amply repaid her neglect. Already he loved Isabel as a daughter; and how devotedly she returned that love!—he was the only object for her heart to cling to, and she was so very like her mother, that oftentimes in the heart of her uncle, she brought back the olden time of his youth—the sister of his childhood. Such seclusion as Isabel persisted in, began at last to affect her health; her cheek was far paler than its wont, her eye grew heavy, her steps slow. Her uncle noticed the change, and urged a change in her habits; Clara joined her father, declaring Isabel "would mope herself to death, sitting in her chamber from morning till night," Isabel, yielding to their persuasions, rode out, walked, or joined the family circle when visitors were present.

Perchance, if Clara Malverton could have read aright her own heart, she had not counselled Isabel to leave her seclusion; she had never supposed for one moment, that her cousin would draw away any portion of that attention, she had been accustomed to receive. But there was a wondrous charm in Isabel's manner, to win the admiration of all who approached her, and Clara saw her the object of attraction and interest, greater far than she had ever been in her palmiest days. The dark passion of *envy* stirred within her bosom—that passion so contemptible in itself, and so degrading in its consequences. How often has it dimmed the brightness of woman's youth, and marred the glory of her beauty!

Among the gentlemen who visited at Mr. Malverton's, Harry Sydenham and Edward Merton were upon terms of the greatest intimacy. The latter gentleman, generally designated as Ned Merton, was of remarkably fine figure; he read well, rode well, and laughed musically—long association with good society had given him the quiet ease and self possession natural to men of the world. With all these advantages there was something repulsive in the countenance of Ned—perchance it was the vast redundancy of whiskers—perchance it was the black stock worn without a shirt collar, "which will impart a cast of vulgarity to the finest face," (I quote, see Miss Leslie,)—or it might be the little black eyes that twinkled most villainously from out their mass of flesh—let it be what it would, Isabel turned away in dislike, for she thought upon that face she could trace the lines wrought by meanness and hypocrisy.

* Merton possessed a small yearly income, barely sufficient for his support; he was an incorrigible idler, a hanger on in the houses of the rich—it suited him well to partake largely of the hospitality of Mr. Malverton. To the daughter he was useful—he made parties when there was none—attended her when no better beau presented—humbly bowed himself out of sight, when they did. Many times had he thought what a desirable thing it would be for him to marry Clara—an only daughter, her father reputed very wealthy—surely nothing could be better! Nor was he quite without hope, for nearly four years he had paid her unremitting

attention; he was always a favourite with Clara, and although she looked upon his homage as something she was of right entitled to; yet, if he was absent she missed his flattery, and never failed to let him know how much pleasure his return gave her. Merton could flirt, ay, with the most accomplished among them, yet, 'twould have been a difficult point to decide whether Clara or he most thoroughly understood the art.

There were reasons many why Clara Malverton hoped in her secret heart to become the wife of Harry Sydenham. For three generations the fortune of the Sydenhams had gone from father to son, receiving from each an addition: to be mistress of the noble mansion that stood within sight of her present home, and wife to its master, was far more than a wish, it was the ruling passion of her heart. Her eye was keen to read the workings of Harry Sydenham's face, and already suspicion was growing into certainty—that he had looked upon Isabel Everett as he had never looked upon woman before.

"Come hither, my dear cousin, I pray you," said Isabel, as Clara entered the room one evening where she and Sydenham were sitting, "and see if you can convince Mr. Sydenham of his error."

As Clara approached, she was struck, as she had often been of late, with the exceeding beauty of Isabel. Her eyes were of the clearest and most splendid hazel, and the long silken hair fell upon a neck white and pure as marble; her fair and noble brow betokened intellect—softened into love and woman's gentleness, by the sweet expression of her beautiful mouth; and her smile—the heart sprung to meet it—so appealing, so feminine was that child-like sunny smile.

"In what has Mr. Sydenham erred?" asked Clara, quietly, as she joined them.

Isabel laughed, and replied, "I am sure you will think it very odd, but he declares nothing would induce him to marry a meek woman—if all men had been of his opinion, there would have been little use for that very disagreeable word—obey."

Clara smiled, as she said to Sydenham—"Should you fancy a 'Kate'?"

"No," he answered, "nor a Petruchio's office; I have ever thought the fair lady of Padua was tamed too entirely to the will of her 'liege lord and master,' in a wife—I should prefer a woman of high spirit, who possessed good sense and judgment to regulate it."

"I think you are very right, Mr. Sydenham," was Clara's reply; "high spirit is almost always allied to energy and decision of character, with many other good qualities; however, men generally prefer exercising their judgment for their wives as well as themselves."

"You will not judge me by 'men generally,' if you please," said Sydenham, smiling, "I have no desire to decide in matters of moment, for any one beside myself—I would not marry a woman I could not respect; I could not respect a woman whose principles were not of that fixed character, to enable her to keep the path of duty without assistance."

Music followed this conversation. The voice

of Isabel had been highly cultivated; she sang with much taste and feeling; as the sounds died away, Sydenham said, "Have we not all a peculiar season when we love music best? Will you tell me, Miss Everett, which is yours?"

"Oh! I love music in the night time—the solemn night time—how the sound of glorious music rises upon the still air, filling the mind with such exciting and beautiful thoughts, almost making us believe, earth-born though we are, there is yet in human nature perfection."

"And I," said Sydenham, "love music best, when day and night are mingling together, at the soft and shadowy twilight hour—how inexpressibly soothing it is to the weary, the sick at heart, giving them a foretaste of that land where they shall 'sing praises.'"

Isabel looked up as Sydenham ceased; when she met his gaze her heart throbbed within her bosom, and her mind awoke to the truth—ay, in that hour as Harry Sydenham looked upon her, in her youth, her innocence, and exceeding loveliness, he deemed there was no sacrifice too great to win the love of Isabel Everett.

Another eye had made the same discovery as Isabel—Clara had noted all; and she felt at that moment as though her cousin had been guilty of treachery to herself, in winning the love of Harry Sydenham.

Isabel had been at this time for some months under the roof of her uncle; autumn had folded over the earth her royal robe of purple and gold; but there was no letter from India. The lot of Isabel was lonely, there was none to love her of her own sex. Clara was cold, Mrs. Malverton almost unkind; and sometimes she wished that far off uncle would give her the means to form around her a home, a circle of her own. It was the morning after Sydenham's visit, that Mr. Malverton was taken extremely ill; his seizure was of the paralytic nature, and though after a time the alarming symptoms passed off, the physician directed that he should be kept very quiet, no agitating news told him—nothing, in short, that would excite him. Never was there a nurse more attentive or affectionate than Isabel; it gladdened her heart to be able in some measure to repay his kindness to her; Mrs. Malverton and Clara yielded the office without any reluctance. After two weeks, things went on in the ordinary way; Mr. Malverton was confined to his chamber, and much of Isabel's time was devoted to him; yet she frequently joined the family circle, always enlivened by visitors, she began to feel it a sacrifice *not* to be there, when Sydenham formed one.

We will introduce our readers into Mrs. Malverton's dressing room. Clara is with her mother:

"I would willingly converse with you mamma, on a subject which has given me much pain—that is, if you can find time to attend to me."

"Certainly, my dear;" and Mrs. Malverton laid aside the work which had wholly engrossed her, assuming an attitude of attention.

"Nay, mamma," said Clara, colouring slightly, "take up your work again, I do not wish to interfere with your engagements."

Mrs. Malverton looked earnestly at Clara for

a moment, ere she said, "I thought from your remark, my child, you wished my undivided attention, yet, my notice seems to disturb you. What has occurred to give you pain, Clara?"

While her mother spoke, the colour deepened upon the cheek of Clara to a burning flush; she made an effort to speak, but, failing in the attempt burst into tears; hastily rising from her seat she walked to the window striving to subdue her emotion.

"This is very odd—very unaccountable!"—were the exclamations of Mrs. Malverton, who felt herself called upon for a sympathy she was incapable of feeling, "I beg you will explain, Clara."

Clara walked back to the table at which her mother was sitting, she sat down opposite to her, and said, as she looked her steadfastly in the face, "Mother, can you not divine the cause of my grief!—do you not see, even as I have done, that Isabel Everett has won the love of Harry Sydenham?"

"Not won, I should think," said Mrs. Malverton, in tones of contempt and astonishment.

"Ay—won!" said Clara, in tones fierce from excitement and agony; "the eye of jealousy is quick to see and shape its own undoing. Ay! Harry Sydenham—the noble, the high-hearted! the generous and the brave!—in whom I have garnered the hopes of long years. He—yes! he loves another—oh God! that I should live to tell it!"

Her face was deadly pale, and her eye had a starting, strained expression of anguish, that alarmed her mother.

"This is really dreadful! be calm my child, your fears deceive you. I have not seen the half of this. Be assured Harry Sydenham will not lightly give his love to any one."

"Mother," said Clara, and her voice was firm though it sounded hollow, "she must not be his wife! Love for Harry Sydenham is twined with my heart strings—it is made up of the good and evil of my nature—the hope to win his love, and the proud position to which that love would elevate me, has been the ruling passion of life. I cannot yield it—I will not!"

Mrs. Malverton knew not what consolation to offer; she was a stranger to the emotions that shook the frame of her daughter, and she sat silent, as much annoyed as distressed at the agitation of Clara: her countenance brightened wonderfully when Clara calmly said:

"I came to you, mamma, for counsel and assistance; I have a plan in my head, which if it can be brought to bear, will destroy this ill omened love 'i the bud;' will you aid me all in your power?"

"Now, my dear, you talk sense. I do so detest such extravagance of feeling. I really cannot understand it: I do not wonder in the least at your anxiety to secure Harry, he is decidedly the first match in the country—but do go to work like a reasonable girl, you will spoil all by such excess of feeling."

Clara smiled faintly as her mother ceased, but her countenance soon changed to an expression more accordant with the dark and troubled feelings that reigned in her bosom.

"You may have noticed in Harry Sydenham's character, mamma, a great contempt for any thing like meanness, or want of independence of mind. This foible in him is almost a defect; frequently leading him to approve a degree of *spirit* in women, not generally admired, or much approved. I am persuaded, if he could be brought to think from any circumstances, that Isabel, rather than resign the splendour that surrounds her, would bear with insult and humiliation, he would lose all respect for her. She would sink into the character of 'a toady,' than which nothing can be more contemptible."

"How is this to be managed?" asked her mother. "Your father, Clara, would drive you a beggar from his doors if he knew you to treat with unkindness this child of his adoption, who is supplanting us all in his affections."

"He need never know it," was the reply; "is he not confined constantly to his sick room? before him we can be guarded. But mamma, it will not do for me to act in this matter. You must say things bitter to hear—hard, hard for the *dependant* spirit to bear: it will be my part to shield Isabel from your anger, and so judiciously will I play it, that Harry will believe me her friend. Isabel is proud, but her heart overflows with affection for my father; she has become indispensably necessary to his comfort, and for his sake, she would bear much in silence. Yes, I do justice to her virtues; she would never betray the wife and daughter, lest upon the husband and father, the blow should fall so heavily as to destroy his peace. There is but one thing can mar our plan—a letter from India—should that stern old man relent, when he hears of his sister's death, and continue to Isabel the income settled upon her mother: Sydenham will know at once, that whatever was the cause of forbearance in Isabel, it was *not* a mean subserviency for the sake of interest."

Clara was silent—wo for the child whose mother in an hour like that is found wanting! Mrs. Malverton disliked Isabel Everett perhaps as much for her attention to her uncle, as for any other cause—it contrasted too strongly with her own neglect and indifference. She could not understand the innocence and softness of her character, and she ran into an error the *very artful* are liable to do—she believed her a hypocrite. Very readily she entered into the spirit of Clara's plot, secretly resolving not to spare, when the opportunity offered of putting it into execution.

On the afternoon of that day, Clara left the house for a walk; she kept the high road that led to the town for some time, as she was about turning off in a direction leading to the river, she saw Edward Merton rapidly advancing and signing for her to stop.

"I am very glad I have overtaken you," he said as he joined her; "you were walking so fast I was afraid you would not observe me—by the way, I have brought your letters from the post office. Old Peabody asked me if I was coming this way, and would take charge of them

there being one Mr. Malverton was expecting from India."

"From India!" said Clara, and the colour faded away from her cheek and lip, giving to her features the hue of the grave. A shrewd reader of the human countenance was Ned Merton, and he knew by the face he looked upon, there was sore anguish in the heart. "It is no welcome letter this," he thought, "yet why?"

"Shall I give it into your charge?" he said, "perhaps you would *prefer* it?" The colour rushed back to the face of Clara—ay, even to the very temples. Merton had aimed a random shot, he saw it told, and, with an impertinence very common to men of his class, he ventured yet farther—"Can I be of any use to you in the *disposal* of this letter! perhaps I had better walk on with it, and not trouble you to be the bearer?"

It was with a bitter pang, Clara admitted to herself, that Merton had divined her anxiety to possess the letter; to secure it was her determination at any risk. She extended her hand, "I will take charge of this same weighty epistle, on which so many words have been wasted; give it to me."

"So I will," said Merton, "but let me understand you right. Are you going to deliver it to your father? Believe me, I do not ask from curiosity; I might inadvertently do mischief in conversation with Mr. Malverton."

Clara could have crushed him beneath her foot; and it was only by a strong effort she could master her voice sufficiently to answer,

"Give me the letter, sir—this is insolent!—My father's state of health is too frail to admit of his hearing agitating news; and if such there be in that letter, he will not see it!" Merton was not to be deceived; he had known Clara for years, and he knew her conduct would have been haughtier far, if she felt herself free from all suspicion. It was a desperate game; but Ned Merton was a man of desperate fortune.

"Permit me to accompany you home," he said respectfully; "we will then give the letter to Miss Everett—of course, the contents nearly concern her; she will be the judge of the propriety of showing it to Mr. Malverton."

Clara saw there was no alternative.

"Give me the letter—keep it a profound secret, and you make me your friend forever."

"Enough, we understand each other,"—and he surrendered it at once. He walked some distance with her, striving, by the respectful deference of his manner, and his insidious flattery, to reconcile her to him and to herself. Once master of her secrets, and he resolved in due time to make her his wife; or by exposing her character, bring shame upon her head, she would never endure. He little knew Clara Malverton, or the towering pride of her determined nature—she would have died, ere she would have given herself to poverty and Ned Merton.

At the door Clara parted with Merton; her self-confidence restored, and the guilty pangs in her bosom stilled, by the powerful opiates administered to her vanity. That evening

Harry Sydenham came over; he and Isabel were in animated conversation when Mrs. Malverton entered the room.

"How can you reconcile it to your sense of duty, Miss Everett," she asked scornfully, "to desert your *dear* uncle? for really," she said, turning to Sydenham, "she shames us all by her excessive devotion to Mr. Malverton. However, I excuse her over anxiety, knowing the object she has in view." It was long since Isabel had received any marks of affection from her aunt, but she was quite unprepared for rebuke; she made an attempt to answer, but her heart was too deeply wounded; unable to command herself, she left the room. As she went out, Mrs. Malverton said, "The woman who would sacrifice her independence of mind, for the bread she eats, and the garments she wears, would sacrifice her integrity of character for as light a cause."

"Mamma! mamma!" exclaimed Clara, "you are unkind! Poor Isabel! Consider how desolate, how dependant she is! You know how she dreads self-exertion; she has no one to look to but her uncle; blame her not if she is sometimes over anxious to secure his love!"

"These are poor excuses," said Mrs. Malverton, coldly, "I cannot tolerate a woman, who will cringe to abject meanness, for the advancement of her interests."

"No more, mamma! no more, I entreat!" Clara saw there had been enough said for the present. The face of Sydenham was very pale, and his hand trembled slightly as he passed it over his brow. Had he heard aright? Isabel—so lofty and generous in her sentiments—was *she* accused of conduct so utterly contemptible!—Never! he would not believe it! From his inmost soul he blessed Clara, for raising her voice in behalf of her absent cousin, and this feeling imparted a degree of warmth, and earnestness to his manner she had never perceived before. Her heart bounded at the thought—"Ay, I was right; let his love cool to Isabel, and he will turn to me," and she felt already as though one great object had been gained.

When Sydenham thought over the events of that night, the defence of Clara pained him, far more than the accusations of Mrs. Malverton. It sounded so strangely like the truth! He strove to force back the dull, leaden, and heavy weight that was gathering over his heart; for he felt that conviction of Isabel's unworthiness must unsettle his peace. His love had received a shock so rude, even yet he could scarce comprehend it. No suspicion of treachery ever crossed his mind; and through the wakeful hours of that night, he resolved to watch, and judge for himself.

Alone in her chamber was Clara Malverton; rapidly she paced the room, strong excitement visible in her flushed countenance. Suddenly she approached the table—there lay the sealed letter from her uncle. Her eye rested long upon the direction—to her father. How did the white hairs of that old man rise up to reproach her! Her heart was full of bitterness; "The daughter of *my* father," she murmured, "should not do this unworthy act! but oh! I

have none of his rectitude of character, his honour, or his truth—save me from myself!" and the big tears chased each other down her cheek. She turned away from the table, and walked to the window. The moon was looking forth from her lofty dwelling-place, touching all things with the spell of her soft and shadowy beauty. Within view stood the noble mansion of the Sydenhams, and their broad lands stretched farther than eye could scan. Clara looked, and lo! Isabel Everett rose up before her, mistress of that proud home, and wife to its lord. Remorse fled, and the rigid and iron-like determination that steeled the heart of Clara to persevere till her end was accomplished.

Reader—the first dark passion that entered the heart of Clara Malverton, was *envy*. Of all the passions that exist in the human mind, envy is the most debasing, the most demoralizing in its effects. Let it once acquire a strong hold, it will stir up the evil inherent within, until, like a stream that has burst its boundary, the mighty waters of crime, will wash away every land-mark of honour, virtue, and truth! Ay—and wert thou fair, maiden, fair even as *her* who passed from under the hand of Almighty God, thy beauty would not protect thee from its desolating effects—line after line, it draws upon the brow of woman, despoiling her of that which constitutes her greatest charm—gentleness of expression. Believe it for thine own sake, fair reader—the eye grows cold with the heart—so God has willed it; and man will not take to his bosom, in confidence and love, the woman who bears this Cain like mark upon her forehead.

Clara Malverton broke the seal, and read the letter. She was alone, save the shadow of the Omnipresent—silence. How terrible to the guilty is profound stillness! For the first time in her life, Clara shuddered to look around; the cold arms of fear were folded over her! with a mighty effort she broke the spell that chained her spirit; and ere she retired for the night, thought over her plans, and resolved energetically to pursue them.

The system laid down by Clara was pursued by both mother and daughter, with a success that delighted them. So skilfully did they manage their game, that Sydenham became convinced of Isabel's unworthiness. She rarely attempted to answer the insolent language of Mrs. Malverton; until her uncle was well, she resolved to bear, and to bear silently. It would have broken that old man's heart, to have seen the child of his dead sister, go forth among strangers to earn her daily bread! And Isabel knew it. Not for *any* sacrifice would she have pained the kindly bosom, that had cherished her so tenderly! Well and nobly did that young girl bear on! But there was a yet heavier trial for that lone orphan: a change had come over Harry Sydenham! He, to whom she had given the rich treasure of her young heart, seemed little to value the gift. So bitter had been Sydenham's disappointment, that it imparted to his manner a degree of coldness, almost amounting to asperity. Isabel knew no reason for this strange alteration of conduct. Oh! how deeply and bitterly she felt it! Oft-

times, when there was no eye to see, save The Unresting, tears of anguish would moisten her pillow, and she would murmur, "How very, very desolate I am!"

The face of Isabel wore that touching expression of mournfulness, peculiar to the very young, when sorely smitten. She uttered no complaint; nay, she strove earnestly to cheer the spirits of her uncle with some portion of the gentle gaiety that had once distinguished her. Every day his health improved; and Isabel in pursuance of a determination long since formed, ventured to hint to a very estimable friend of her uncle's her desire to obtain a situation as governess in some family of her acquaintance. This lady, a Mrs. Stanley, promised to make the necessary inquiries—mentioning at the same time, her own wish to procure an instructress in her family, but, having spoken to a young friend of her own, she must await her answer, before she offered the situation to Miss Everett. The situation in Mrs. Stanley's family was so very desirable, that Isabel begged her to defer, making any inquiries, until it was ascertained what the answer of her young friend would be. To this Mrs. Stanley readily consented, for Isabel had won her way to a heart, open and affectionate as her own.

"And if I should be so very fortunate, my dear Mrs. Stanley," said Isabel, in conclusion, "as to enter your family, would you make me the proposition as coming entirely from yourself. My uncle might think it so very strange that I should wish to leave him;" and Isabel coloured deeply, for she had no desire to make known her actual situation in her uncle's family.

Mrs. Stanley who had long suspected the truth, consented to do so: and then she said, "Are you aware, my dear Miss Everett, that Mr. Malverton's situation as regards pecuniary matters is a very doubtful one? Clara mentioned to me that she believed her father's late attack, was almost wholly owing to anxiety of mind, about some speculation in which he was deeply interested. I grieve to say, that speculation has failed. Mr. Sydenham advanced a very considerable sum to meet the demand, and the whole transaction has been kept secret from your uncle, until his health is sufficiently restored to admit of his hearing it without danger. Under these circumstances you cannot but feel your determination to seek support for yourself is a just one."

Isabel heard with great astonishment, this disclosure of her uncle's circumstances. And she rejoiced from her inmost heart, that she had not added to his anxiety by the recital of her own wrongs.

A few days after this conversation, in the evening, as Isabel watched by her uncle's side, he fell quietly asleep. She left the room, closing the door softly behind her; the family were dining out, and, fearing no interruption, she sought the drawing room. Opening the piano, she ran her fingers over the keys, the low, soft tones of her voice mingling mournfully with the music. An old and simple song it was, that she loved for her mother's sake. Ere she

was half through, memory of that mother's tender love, contrasting with the cold heartedness that surrounded her, swept o'er her spirit, bowing it like a frail flower before the tempest. It is sad to see the young so stricken, "growing old before their time!" Her sobs died away, and something like peace stole into her heart, for she felt assured that mother's blessing was upon the faithful performance of her duty to her uncle.

Much earlier than they were expected, Mrs. Malverton and Clara returned, accompanied by Sydenham. Every fact detailed by Mrs. Stanley to Isabel was known to both mother and daughter, and the anxiety of Mrs. Malverton to secure Sydenham for Clara, had grown into a desire so intense, that it blinded her judgment. She looked very angry at seeing Isabel in the drawing room, on their return; it was unusual, as she confined herself very much to the sick room of her uncle. Mrs. Malverton could not avoid noticing the agitation of Sydenham, who rarely saw Isabel of late: traces there were of suffering, of recent tears, that made his heart ache to behold. "And yet she will bear all this," he thought, "rather than secure by exertion her own independence!"

"I need not ask if your uncle is asleep," said Mrs. Malverton; "your being here, is all sufficient evidence that he has not the use of his eyes, to note your dutiful and affectionate behaviour!"

"Dear mamma!" exclaimed Clara, deprecatingly, "may not Isabel be weary of the sick room as well as the rest of us?"

Mrs. Malverton took no notice of the interruption, neither did she notice the flashing eye of Sydenham; but she went on, with even more than her wonted severity, to wound the feelings of Isabel.

"You promised to remain with Mr. Malverton, or I should not have left him. Will you allow me to ask, Miss Everett, why you are here?"

Isabel was tried too far, she lost all control over her feelings; almost with a cry of anguish she exclaimed,

"To weep!--yes! to weep the bitter tears of humiliation, wrung from the heart of a motherless child--am I here! Shame on the heads of those who have so cruelly used me!" and the bitter tears streamed over her face as she hurried from the room. She reached her own chamber, locked herself in, clasping her hands together, she sank down, and in tones of anguish cried unto her mother.

"My mother! you are in heaven, but you will not desert me! How could such love as yours pass away! Look upon me, mother, I have no friend but you!" she was silent for a time and then she murmured, "Before *him* to be so scorned, so insulted! Aunt--*my* aunt!" and Isabel shuddered at the dark thoughts rising within her. Then that low, sweet voice rose up to the orphan's Father! in earnest and supplicating prayer. Few ever prayed as Isabel did, when the shadow of evil thoughts lay heavy upon her soul, and found their prayer unanswered! It was an hour that tried her faith,

but strength was given her "till the evil days pass."

Mrs. Malverton was confounded at the unexpected burst of feeling that escaped from Isabel; to cover her own confusion, and leave the matter in abler hands, she instantly left the room.

Sydenham crossed over to where Clara was sitting, in tones that betokened the deepest distress he exclaimed:

"I cannot be deceived: in her voice there was hopeless misery--Clara, the heart of that young girl is breaking!"

Half kindly, half pityingly, Clara's eye dwelt upon Sydenham, and then in the familiar language of past time she addressed him:

"Sit down beside me, Harry Sydenham! I cannot bear you should waste so much feeling upon one so utterly unworthy--listen, and then judge if Isabel Everett be worthy of commiseration. This morning in crossing the hall, I met a servant of Mrs. Stanley's with a note directed to Miss Everett. As I was going to my father's room, I offered to take it. Isabel perused it, and without a word of comment, gave it into the hands of her uncle. It was an offer of the situation of governess in Mr. Stanley's family. I am certain my father would have felt it a relief to much anxiety he suffers on Isabel's account, had she closed with an offer in every way so unexceptionable. After reading the note he remained silent. Isabel saw at a glance his feelings, and with tears she exclaimed,

"Do not give me up to the cold charity of strangers, my dear uncle! I have no friend but you--do not desert me!"

"You know my father--he promised her that protection, that will never fail while he lives. And now, Mr. Sydenham, after hearing this account, can you believe Isabel suffers so deeply! It grieves me to see the dislike my mother exhibits towards her; but I could not ask her to love one, whose fondness for the good things of this life gives her strength to endure ignominy and insult."

Sydenham made no reply: angry as he was at Isabel, the tones of her voice were ever sounding in his ear. Oh! how he wished to take her to his inmost heart and shield her from every ill. Clara saw that she had not produced the intended effect, but she thought, and rightly, that his excited feelings blinded his judgment. He soon rose to go.

"It is scarcely necessary, Mr. Sydenham," said Clara, "to caution you as to keeping this matter secret. You will understand it is a family affair."

Well might she caution him! She had indeed met the servant, and taken the note addressed to Isabel, had opened it, and saw at once the ruin it would bring upon her schemes. She told the servant, who had waited for an answer, that Miss Everett desired her to say, "a communication of that kind from Mrs. Stanley required no answer." She felt her situation a perilous one, but she had gone too far to recede. She hoped Mrs. Stanley would take

offence at the message, and never renew the subject.

The morrow came, and Isabel Everett rose up with a heavy heart. She raised the chamber window. It was a glorious autumnal morning; the sun shone with a hazy and shaded light, peculiar to the season of Indian summer. The air was very mild—soft and balmy it touched her cheeks, like the south wind of early summer. It soothes the weary-hearted to hold communion with nature, to look upon her silent and everlasting repose—the far off mountains are the same, yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow; they are surety that in our Creator there is no change. Full of consolation to Isabel was that thought; and then, as oftentimes it had cheered her before, came the consciousness of duty well performed. Peace was in her heart, and its sweet expression was upon her face. She sought the chamber of her uncle.

"Bless thee, Isabel, my child," he said fondly, "you are ever the first to bid your old uncle good morrow! I am better, Isabel, so much better that we will visit our friends the Stanleys, for I am going to ride out, and you must accompany me."

Isabel joyfully consented. When they reached Mrs. Stanley's, Isabel was struck with something very like coldness in that lady's reception of her; there was a total absence of the cordiality and kindness, with which she had ever before welcomed her. Observing her uncle much engaged with Mr. Stanley, she ventured to ask "if Mrs. Stanley had heard from her young friend?"

Mrs. Stanley regarded Isabel in surprise, and displeasure, as she answered, "You must have known I did, Miss Everett, from the communication I made you."

"This is very strange," said Isabel, "I never received any communication from you, whatever."

Mrs. Stanley looked for a single instant upon the face of Isabel and was convinced; she held out her hand.

"I see, my dear, there was a mistake; you will excuse my hastiness." Isabel warmly returned the pressure, while she waited with impatience to hear more. Smiling upon her, Mrs. Stanley drew her hand within her arm.

"You must come with me, Miss Everett, to see my little girls; I am sure Mr. Malverton will excuse us for a few moments."

Mr. Malverton shook his head smilingly.

"I cannot excuse a long absence of my gentle nurse; in very truth, but for her tenderness, and care of me, I should not have been here to-day."

"I can well believe your praise of Isabel's nursing, having witnessed some of it myself," replied Mrs. Stanley as they left the room.

When they reached the nursery, Mrs. Stanley rang for the servant who had been the bearer of her note to Miss Everett. He gave an exact account of all that had occurred. Mrs. Stanley then dismissed him, and turning to Isabel said:

"I do not understand the motive that has induced Miss Malverton to be guilty of such

dishonourable conduct; she would alienate your best friends from you, and the sooner you are from under her roof, the sooner your happiness will be secured. Will you then, my dear Miss Everett, assist me in the charge of these little girls?"

"I shall be most happy to do so!" exclaimed Isabel. "Oh! you know not what sacrifice I would make to secure an honourable independence. I will ask my uncle's permission—I must expect opposition, but, it is due to myself, now to make exertion for my own support. But oh! Mrs. Stanley, if my uncle should insist, upon knowing my true reason for leaving his house—what *can* I say?"

"The truth!" said Mrs. Stanley, sternly; "Clara Malverton has brought shame upon her own head!"

"Ah!" thought Isabel, "but my uncle will feel it most." She said no more; and they joined Mr. Malverton, and, shortly after, left. Isabel had not in a long time seen her uncle so cheerful. As the carriage approached their home, they met Ned Merton. Mr. Malverton stopped the carriage to speak to him; but the beau seemed discomposed and out of humour, and passed on with a very slight salutation.

"Very odd!" said Mr. Malverton, and "very unlike Ned, it must be confessed."

When the carriage drove to the door, Clara was upon the steps equipped for walking. Her father asked her what ailed Merton, as it was the first time he had ever seen a frown upon his smooth forehead; and then he laughingly related their encounter. Clara was evidently agitated, but she said abruptly to her father, "You are exposing yourself in a most needless manner; I would advise your going in immediately."

"So I am," was the reply; "but Isabel would have told me far more tenderly!" They walked into the house, at his door Isabel said,

"This morning's ride will fatigue you; if you feel quite rested this afternoon, will you give me half an hour's time, this evening when tea is over?"

"Half a dozen, if you wish my dear girl;—and now I will release you from such close attendance upon your old uncle." When Isabel turned away from that kindly and happy smile, she felt her bosom glow with the consciousness that she had been instrumental in causing it.

From the day Clara had been compelled to bestow some portion of her confidence upon Merton, he had been a narrow observer of her conduct. And he knew almost as well as herself, the secret feelings that actuated her; yet he strove in vain to win from her own lips a confession of the whole or a part. She turned a deaf ear to every hint, and never in the most distant manner alluded to the letter, or what she had done with it. Angry creditors were at Merton's door at all hours of the day—he had far overrun his limited income—he had "every thing to gain, nothing to lose," Leave the country he must if unsuccessful; what matter then how much he offended Clara? On the morning of Mr. Malverton's ride to Mr. Stanley's, he called upon Clara, resolving to invite

her to walk out, that he might have an opportunity of conversing with her without interruption. He found her quite alone; she mentioned that her mother had gone that morning to spend some days with a friend. Never had Merton exerted himself so much to please, and Clara listened with a gracious ear, to the glittering compliments offered up, as incense to her vanity. Merton saw the favourable impression he had made, and he ventured yet farther—to woo her for his wife. That was quite a different affair—the pleased smile upon the lip faded away, and the corners of the mouth curved down; giving to her countenance an expression of haughtiness little favourable to the lover's hopes. It was no moment to hesitate, and although Clara clothed the refusal in honied words, it was a most unequivocal refusal of his suit. Merton, maddened by the disappointment, and dreading to face his hungry creditors, threatened her with exposure—that he would betray her to Sydenham. And then did he pour out his knowledge of all her secret plans, taunting her with her unavailing efforts to win the love of Harry. "Can you bear this exposure," he said, his whole manner changing suddenly. "No, you cannot. Be my wife, and you shall never have cause to complain of the devotion of your husband."

"I cannot be your wife; I would be willing to be your friend," she answered. Again Merton urged her; he painted in colours that chilled the blood in her veins, the consequences of her refusal; but she struggled with the fear that possessed her, and again she said:

"Do not urge me, you know me not! I will not be your wife; and I know *you* too well, to think you would make an unworthy use of the secret you possess."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Merton; "you know me, do you? my proud madam! then you know a man as reckless of consequences, and as unprincipled as yourself;" and so he left her. Clara equipped for walking, encountered her father, and her hardly acquired composure nearly gave way before his recital of the meeting with Ned. The fresh air did not restore her spirits as she hoped it would. All that weary day her mind was harassed and agitated. As it drew to a close, she could no longer bear to sit with her father and Isabel, lest her unwonted manner should attract attention. She sought her own room.

"If he should tell Harry!" the colour left her cheek and brow, and her dark eyes actually dilated with the agony of the thought. "Oh! God, if he should tell Harry!" she clasped her hands tightly together, while her lips closed like a vice; and thus she sat, that fair girl, in the sunny time of her youth! Guilt was in her heart and despair. Beauty was gone from her countenance—peace from her bosom—for *her* there was no solitude! The void around was peopled with the world of her imagination; and when *conscience* has filled that world with forms that make the blood to creep, and grow icy in the veins, then is a mental hell begun on earth. Dark thoughts, undefined and shadowy, cramped the heart of Clara. Exposure, shame,

alienation from her father, stared her in the face. Well did she know that father—that he would never take to his heart and cherish there, a child whose conduct had been so dishonourable and base. And yet upon the head of that father there was condemnation: his child had been given him "to train up in the way she should go." The right principles of action were not instilled into her mind. She was *told* not to lie; but the strong hand of parental authority had not broken a vice which seems inherent in the minds of the very young. Full scope had been given to the indulgence of her vanity, by a frivolous and worldly mother. Could it be expected when the test came, she could bear it? No! Principles such as she possessed, like the flowers upon *Ætna's* side, are soon buried beneath the burning lava, of envy, ambition, and hate!

It was on the evening of the same day he had been refused, Ned Merton drove up to a small country inn, about three miles from the place of Clara's residence. It was kept by one of the oldest inhabitants of the county; a man respected for his honesty and integrity of character. When Merton entered he found him in conversation with a man, quite a stranger to him, but whose striking features and lofty bearing aroused his curiosity. He questioned the landlord as to who he was; the answer seemed greatly to excite him. He paced the room for some minutes apparently in earnest cogitation; then advancing, he addressed the stranger respectfully, and entered into conversation with him. It was long and absorbing; when over, the stranger rose, and inquired if his horse was ready, (it being in consequence of an accident to the animal he had stopped,) he drew a cloak around him, although the evening was unusually mild, mounted and rode off. Half an hour's time brought him to Sydenham's. He dismounted, fastening the horse himself, and with the step of one to whom the scene was familiar, entered the house. Lamps were lighted, the fire burned brightly upon the hearth, books were upon the table, and materials for writing; but the young master of that mansion, half sitting, half reclining upon the sofa, bore not the countenance of a happy or occupied mind. He was in the mood that likes not to be disturbed, and he turned half angrily as the door opened and the stranger entered. Sydenham rose from his seat, gazing in surprise at the immovable form before him; and he asked, coldly and haughtily, "Who it was he had the honour of receiving." Yet, even as he spoke, he felt regret for his ungracious behaviour. Who was he? That stranger with the lofty and eagle glance—with the ample and intellectual forehead, where thought had garnered the rich stores of a lifetime—the thin pale lips that looked like carving upon marble—but around which hovered an expression like woman's when her youth is crowned with beauty! In low, clear, silver tones, slightly tremulous from emotion, the stranger said: "Your father would not have welcomed thus, his earliest and oldest friend. Boy—I am Richard Malverton!"

Harry clasped the hand held out to him be-

tween his own, while his countenance testified strong emotion, as he bade him welcome again to his native land.

"Thou art very like thy father," was the answer; "and I will love thee, Harry Sydenham for that father's sake.

"But I came here to-night upon business. The old landlord at the inn recognised me;—upon hearing my name, a man accosted me, saying that he was about to leave the country, and he believed Providence had thrown me in his way, that he might bring the hand of justice upon the heads of the guilty. A strange story he told me, Harry Sydenham; and bade me come to you as a witness of its truth. 'Go to him,' he said, 'he has been there daily; he has seen—he has heard—ask if these things are true!' I have come, Harry Sydenham—now listen!"

Merton had told all; the secretion of the letter—the attempt to embitter the mind of Sydenham against Isabel—the foul wrong heaped upon the head of Isabel to lower her in his esteem;—and, in conclusion, he had declared his belief "that Isabel had borne all patiently, rather than distress her uncle by seeking the means of support." Word for word, Richard Malverton detailed the whole story. Harry Sydenham, the agony of that hour might have excused a heavier fault than thine! Aye—he saw it all now—oh! why had he not seen it before! Because, Harry Sydenham, in thine honourable and upright mind, there was no place for *suspicion*. In that of Ned Merton there was ample room, and he saw deeply into the crooked ways of the human heart, *when they were evil*.

One portion of Merton's information Mr. Malverton withheld—the deep distress of Sydenham convinced him it was no idle tale—his love for Isabel. "You have been so frequently at the house," said Mr. Malverton, "you probably know if my brother received my letter. I did write, continuing to Isabel the allowance settled upon her mother. I had then no idea of coming home; but I started very soon after the letter—a yearning to see my old home once more, came over me; I had no ties to bind me there."

"I am very sure your letter never was received by your brother," said Sydenham; "indeed, I see nothing to disbelieve in Merton's story."

"Let us walk over to the house; I would fain see and judge for myself." Sydenham consented, and during their walk, let us turn for a moment to Isabel. She was crossing the large hall of the mansion, on her way to her uncle's room; she had been detained later than she expected by company, Clara not leaving her chamber since the afternoon. As Isabel entered the hall, Clara opened a door on the other side. It was at this moment, Mr. Malverton and Sydenham reached the house. There was inside, venetian doors to the hall, which were closed, so that both gentlemen could see, themselves unobserved. Sydenham attempted to open the door, but the strong grasp of Richard Malverton was upon his arm, his voice whis-

pering in his ear—"Hist! I will listen and judge for myself—this is no common case!"

"Where are you going, Isabel?" said Clara; "that is, if I may ask."

"To my uncle's room," said Isabel, coldly.

"It is late," said Clara, (haunted by vague suspicions of evil,) "my father may be in bed."

"No," Isabel replied, "he promised to see me this evening."

"Promised! then it is an appointed interview—to what purpose?"

"Relative to my accepting the situation of governess in Mrs. Stanley's family."

"In Mrs. Stanley's family!" said Clara, becoming very pale, "I never heard of this before!"

The glance from Isabel Everett's eye made Clara quail, under the detection of the falsehood she had uttered, and sternly Isabel said:

"Clara! when you took the note you knew to be mine, and answered it to suit your own purposes, how did you dare address disrespectful language to Mrs. Stanley in my name? Oh, it was most unkind, Clara, to induce her for one moment to suppose I could thus return her great kindness."

Isabel moved towards the door, but Clara placed her hand upon it.

"Grant me one favour, Isabel—'tis the first I have ever asked; I will never forget it. Do not go to Mrs. Stanley's."

"Why should I stay?" exclaimed Isabel, "to be an object of scorn and contempt! For my dear uncle's sake, I have borne—oh! *how* much of the bitterness that fastens upon the life strings of the poor dependant! It will grieve him, but it cannot *harm* him now, to know that I must seek another home. Let me pass, Clara, if you please!"

"Is this my answer then?" said Clara; the passions slumbering in her bosom roused into fury, "and is it thus you refuse the first request I ever made you. This is your obliging disposition—your amiability of character—a very proverb in the mouth of my father. You have been a fit recipient for the counsels of your saintly mother!"

"Stop, Clara! you know not what you are saying. Do not take the name of my dead mother upon your lips, in words of mockery! Oh, if you had come to that mother, a lonely and desolate orphan, asking for protection and sympathy, she would have taken you to her heart, and cherished you there forever!" The hidden founts of memory had been touched by a rude hand, and every fibre in the heart of Isabel vibrated to the touch: tears forced themselves down her pale cheek, which she would fain have checked; for the cold eye that was upon her, made her shrink from any betrayal of feeling. Gently she said, "Let me go to my uncle; of what avail is a protraction of this painful scene?"

"You shall not go," said Clara, while her eye flashed, and her thin nostril dilated with passion; "you shall not go, while I have power to prevent it!"

"Nor is it necessary," said the clear, stern tones of Richard Malverton, who entered the

hall, followed by Sydenham—"Isabel Everett shall have a home, without seeking for it among strangers."

The sight of Sydenham made Clara recoil; but she rallied instantly, and asked in her haughtiest tone, "And who are you, sir?"

"One, whose handwriting is better known to you than his face—Richard Malverton!—Go to your father, and tell him his brother would see him!" Humbled in the dust, the guilty, but unrepentant girl left the room.

"Isabel! How that name brings back my youth! Can you love one whose heart yearns to be unto thee a father?" Isabel, who had sunk into a seat, made an effort to rise, but she had been tried beyond her strength, and with the exertion she would have fallen, had not her uncle caught her. He bore her to the hall door, seating her upon a chair, and supporting her head. "She has only fainted, she will soon revive," he said to Sydenham, who bent over the motionless girl, with a face almost as white as her own.

The fair, soft hand of Isabel hung lifeless by her side, Sydenham raised it suddenly to his lips, "Oh, Isabel! Isabel! how I have wronged thee!" burst from his full heart: and it was no shame to the manhood of Harry Sydenham, that the warm tears fell over that fairy hand! A faint tint came upon the cheek of Isabel, and returning consciousness to the dark and tender eyes.

"You are better, my dear girl," said her uncle, very gently, "calm yourself, my Isabel, you have now a friend to protect and love you."

"I cannot thank you, my dear uncle, now," said Isabel, tremulously.

Richard Malverton raised the hair that fell over the white forehead, and kissed her fondly. "Thou art strangely like thy mother, Isabel—God bless thee for the likeness! Harry Sydenham will lead you to the drawing-room. I must seek my brother; it is very long since we have seen each other."

Sydenham offered his arm to Isabel, who walked feebly; he led her towards the fire, and she sat down upon the sofa, shading her face with her hand: for a few moments Sydenham stood by her side, and when he took the vacant place upon the sofa, he said:

"I know I am unworthy your forgiveness, Miss Everett, yet I would fain ask it. At least, hear me, though 'tis but a poor defence to acknowledge myself the dupe of a system of base deception. Will you hear me, Miss Everett?" he said, bending, slightly bending towards her, and listening intently for the words that might fall from her lips. But Isabel dared not trust her voice: all too warmly her heart was pleading for Harry Sydenham. She bent her head assentingly, and her lover waited for no farther consent. He ran rapidly over the past, alluded to his own feelings towards her, and the unfavourable impression made upon his mind by the insinuations of Clara—owned he had never suspected the cause of her submission to the insolence of Mrs. Malverton, and that his worst suspicions were confirmed by the vile fabrication of her having refused the situation of governess in Mrs. Stanley's family.

"And now that you know all, Miss Everett, will you forgive me? Oh! believe me, I shall not soon forgive myself." There was a deep, burning spot upon the cheek of Isabel, that rose and spread till it touched the snowy forehead—her lips parted with a smile, that came laden with the heart's unutterable happiness; playing like a ray of light upon her fair and youthful features. Beautiful was the smile of Isabel Everett, and so thought Harry Sydenham; he knelt down by her side, pouring out the love that filled his heart to overflowing: "Be mine, oh, Isabel! change and evil cannot touch thee, for I will guard thee beloved—with the truth and tenderness of an undying love I will cherish thee forever; and if sorrow is sent by that all powerful hand, from which I cannot shield thee, dearest, I will share it with thee! Oh, Isabel, be mine—there is no joy our love will not increase—there is no grief it will not lessen! Be mine, oh Isabel, and I will pour out upon you a love, that will satisfy even you, whose very nature is made up of love!" And anon, the low, sweet tones of Isabel, fell upon his ear.

"I will be thy wife, Harry Sydenham—can a lifetime repay such love as this!"

* * * * *

Richard Malverton had finished his story;—upon the ear of that unhappy father it fell, like molten lead upon the condemned criminal. The uncorrected faults of his daughter's youth, rose up before him in giant magnitude. Like the High Priest of old, the dark fiend of an accusing conscience was whispering in his ear, "She did evil, and you restrained her not."

"I did not think to welcome you thus, to the old home of your childhood, my brother. I have been very ill, Richard, and this story has stricken me again to feebleness. Cherish Isabel Everett for my sake—it may be my last request." As he ceased speaking the door opened, and Clara entered—could she gain her father's ear, all might yet be well; and with such desperate purpose had she come.

"Believe him not, father!" she cried. "Richard Malverton has come back with little of a brother's love, to sow dissension in the bosom of your home. Father, the tale is false! listen to your daughter!" "She is my child—take her away," said her father, in a low, hoarse tone of emotion. He was obeyed. Richard Malverton led her forth without the door; she shook off his hold in fierce wrath, and words of passion were upon her lips; suddenly a low cry fell upon her ear; then came the sound of an old man's sobs, wrung from the heart's agony—ah!

"How sharper than the serpent's tooth it is,
To have a thankless child!"

The morrow came—Clara was alone in her chamber. Detected, and exposed, she was not humbled. To convince her father of her innocence, was her determined purpose; that accomplished, she might yet retain her good name. She opened his bed-room door; he had not risen. How still that chamber was! It seemed as though the breath of the sleeper

was not there! Clara approached the bed—Yes! it was even so; in the calm, and immovable features there was no trace of life. Yet, upon the countenance, there lingered peace, and beauty!—it was as though all the kindly, and warm feelings that dwelt in his heart, had lingered in their upward flight! Good old man! in mercy, wert thou called so suddenly.

With features almost as cold, and rigid as the dead, Clara gazed on!—Oh! that long, fixed gaze of horror! Despair had clasped the heart in its icy folds! But the sense of her guilt was abiding—she laid her head in the dust! and out of that self-abasement she came a better, and a wiser woman.

* * * * *
It was a room furnished with exceeding splendour—rich, and rare objects of art, from many lands, were scattered around, the gift of Richard Malverton; for the old man dwelt with his children! But the rarest object there—and the loveliest, by far!—was the gentle mistress of that mansion. Tears were in those

eyes—those large, lustrous eyes! Yet, there was in them an expression of the heart's deep, deep happiness. Sydenham is speaking to her.

"Your Uncle Richard, my Isabel, has ordered a costly stone to be erected over your Mother's grave; and he has chosen an inscription, which, if it could be graven with *truth* upon the monument of every mother, there would be few Clara Malvertons!

"And her children shall rise up, and call her Blessed!"

"Oh, Isabel! I feel how deep a debt of gratitude is due to that faithful Mother, whose early teaching, and judicious counsel, have made you what you are. 'Thou art beautiful, my beloved!'" and the young husband clasped her fondly to his heart—"and good, as thou art beautiful! Bless thee, Isabel! my own, and dearest!—bless thee in all things, even as thou hast blessed the life of thy husband!"

Williamsport, Pa.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO A FRIEND AT NAPLES.

Go happy leaf, to that famed land
Of beauteous skies and breezes bland,
Bright mountain—vine-clad hill;
Go tell my friend tho' Alps arise
Between me and her smiling eyes,
I love her dearly still.
And oft with her my fancy roves,
By classic streams—thro' Sybil groves,
'Mid fabrics spared by time,
Marks of the might of deathless days,
When Liberty's celestial rays,
Roused hearts to deeds sublime.
Or, when Vesuvius, in its ire,
Pours down its boiling floods of fire,
There I behold her gaze,
With a poet's eye on the turmoil grand,
And snatch with a painter's rapid hand,
Rich features from the blaze.
And oft o'er Naples' beauteous bay,
To Ischia's isle I sail away,
And rove thro' many a glade.

Where lime-trees wave their graceful heads,
And nature's velvet carpet spreads
Thro' sparkling light and shade.
There, shelter'd from the sultry ray,
I see a rosy group at play,
In childhood's purest bliss,
Decking their glossy locks with flowers,
Or whispering themes in quiet bowers,
To win the approving kiss.
And when night veils the lofty skies,
And fervent prayers to heaven arise
For good to all I love,
Those little faces often peer,
And mingle with the forms most dear,
That thro' my memory rose.
And thus, tho' climates intervene,
Thought lightly wings the space between,
And links me to my friend,
And tho' on earth we meet no more,
Hope tells of happier worlds in store,
Where kindred spirits blend. M. P.

CAPILLANA.

A Peruvian princess, who, having become a widow very young, retired from court to a house she had in the country; scarcely was she established there, when Pizarro appeared on the coast. Having sent his people to reconnoitre the country, they penetrated to the retreat of Capillana, who gave them all the succours they wanted, and expressed a desire to see their general. Pizarro came, and an attachment soon took place between them. He knew all the advantages of such a conquest; and profiting by his ascendancy over the heart of Capillana, he endeavoured to persuade her to embrace the Christian faith. But the young

princess was not easily convinced, and he left off the attempt; yet afterwards applying herself to study the Spanish language, she became a convert. On the death of Pizarro, she returned again to her retreat, and sought consolation in the knowledge she had acquired. In the library of the dominicans of Peru, a manuscript of her composition is preserved, in which is painted, by her own hand, ancient Peruvian monuments, each accompanied with a short historical explanation in the Castilian language. There is also a representation of many of their plants, with curious descriptions on their merits and properties.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO A CONSUMPTIVE.

BY B. B. THATCHER.

I have come to bid thee, Lady, a sorrowing farewell,
 For of thy doom too mournfully these solemn tokens tell;
 We needed not to ponder, as it is the wont to do,
 The languor in thy movements, or upon thy lips the hue;
 We needed not to hear thee speak; it was enough to see
 The gaze, the melancholy gaze, of these thy friends on thee:
 Nay, in the tears which silently, swell even in *thine own*,
 As, round o'er these who clasp thy hand thy glance of sadness thrown,
 Thou musest of the rugged ways their lonely feet will tread,
 When she who nursed their little lives must moulder with the dead—
 Ay, in that gush of tenderness, (like dew upon the lawn
 The sunrise gilds) I see the gleams of an Immortal Morn—
 Full soon to break in perfect day—whose visions, even now,
 Are gladness in thy spirit, and a glory on thy brow.
 Thy fount of grief is rainbow-spann'd;—thou weepst, but as they
 Who pining but in patience wait for wings to be away.
 Oh! I could not learn thy story of a herald from the skies,
 As I read it in the passion of thine angel-kindled eyes!

No scene of wrong and wo, sweet friend, has been to thee thy life,
 That in its prime thy prisoned soul should weary of the strife.
 Thy walk has been thro' gardens gay, where round thee was the bloom
 Of the ever-vernal verdure which knows not of the tomb;—
 And wandering airs of such a strain have waked thy ravished ear,
 As they who throng the spirit-land alone are deemed to hear;—
 While o'er thee if a *cloud* arose, yet filled it such a beam,
 As only made thine earthly skies all heavenly-tinted seem!
 Whence drew they those celestial hues? *Where was the fairy field?*
 And where the sun, thou Favoured One, a light like this to yield?
 Never from rolling orb it came; it shone not from the pole;—
 The bloom was in thy bosom, Oh! the light was in thy soul!

The faith which looked above thee, and the love which looked around,
 Beholding all that Heaven has made, and all it orders, crowned
 With wisdom deep, and kindly care—*this* was the living light
 Which ruled thy spiritual Day, and *that* which ruled thy Night.
 So was thy walk thro' gardens gay, where round thee rose the bloom
 Of the ever-vernal verdure which knows not of the tomb;—
 So, bearing with thee, and within, thine own fair world of flowers,
 Thou canst not mourn to soar beyond the lowering gloom of ours;—
 So, when they lay thine ashes, mid the brightness of the spring,
 Where sunshine breaks thro' leaning trees, and woods and waters sing,
 No carols of the morning, and no music of the streams,
 May rouse that sunny slumber, or disturb thee in thy dreams;
 And the violet of the valley, and the daisy of the dell,
 Will breathe above thy rest, in vain, *their* sorrowing farewell!

Then *we* will weep for thee no more; we will not weep for *thee*,
 But rather that the partners of thy flight we may not be.
 We ask of thee a single boon; we pray thee, by the thought
 Of all the tender memories wherewith thy soul is fraught,
 By the dear love thou borest us, by that thou bearest still,
 And will, when only dust these veins and beating heart shall fill—
 Remember, in the blessedness of sitting at *His* feet,
 Who died for all the sons of sin in bliss at last to meet—
 Remember, O thou faithful friend, to plead for *us* with Him,
 That we, in joy and sorrow yet, may burning keep, tho' dim,
 The more than vestal bosom-flame, which, in this bosom fanned,
 With heavenly airs, may guide us up to *join* that holy band;
 Till these who hang around thy life, and they who left thee when
 That life was in its spring-time, shall meet thee there *as then*;—
 Yea, parents, sisters, children, *all*, from farthest sea and shore,
 Be gathered to thine arms again, as in the days of yore;
 Nor fell decay, nor cankering sin (the blight upon *our* rose)
 May, mar mid all its loveliness, that land's divine repose;
 But God will wipe these weeping eyes, these mysteries dispeil,
 And Love forget—forevermore—*this sorrowing Farewell!*

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE WIDOW SHAMPRO.

[Concluded from p. 133.]

CHAPTER IV.

"FRANK ATHERTON! how are you?" said Catlin to our young doctor as he entered his store a few minutes after the conversation just related. "Where have you been hiding yourself? I'm glad you don't bear malice about the blister plaister."

Now the affair of the blister plaister was this. Atherton who slept in a back room adjoining his office, used occasionally to invite Catlin to sleep with him, and many were the funny jokes they played each other. Atherton had painted Catlin's face once after he had got into a profound sleep, of a colour, and in a manner to resemble blood running down from a wound in the forehead; then taking away looking-glass and wash basin, the unconscious subject of the jest, walked forth into the streets next morning, to the great alarm and consequent diversion of the acquaintances he first met. A few nights after this, Catlin went to sleep with the young doctor again. Observing his operations, he marked where was laid a blister plaister, which Atherton expected might be needed, perhaps before morning by one of his patients. But as soon as the doctor, who had been out the preceding night, was in a sound sleep, Catlin took the plaister, put it upon the sleeper, and then stole out, leaving him to sleep and wake as he might. The two had not met since.

"Bear malice, indeed!" said Atherton. "I love to make a joke too well not to know how to take one."

Catlin was pleased to see that the peace was not likely to be broken, and he gave Atherton a hearty invitation to dine with him the next day, which was accepted.

Entering Catlin's lodgings at the appointed hour, the day following, he met Slocum going out. Catlin told the doctor that he had come most opportunely, for he had just laid out for their mutual diversion some rare sport. He then told him how he had induced the old fellow to pay his devoirs to Mrs. Blessingwell, related the affair of the lottery ticket, and the story of the witch, and farther, told him that, upon the preceding evening, on the strength of the witch's prophecy, Slocum had, somehow gained admittance, and attempting to kiss the hand of the beautiful widow, she had turned him out of her apartment.

"You should have seen the towering passion he was in, when he came; and heard him tell his hard treatment with a—Think of that, Mr. Catline;" and 'it's all your doing Mr. Catline. I told you she would not have me, Mr. Catline; and as for your witch, sir, she's just as false as yourself, Mr. Catline.'

"I told him that he must expect some rebuff; that as for the witch, if he dared to meet her himself, he should! The old gudgeon bit at the hook, and I have engaged that he shall see the apparition, which I am to raise to-morrow night.

On his inquiry What he is to do himself? I said he must carry to the spot a certain enchanted stone, with which I should furnish him, which would be within three sealed envelopes of paper, and when he comes within a certain distance, he must call out, 'The Widow Shenong!' and if the answer is 'The WIDOW SHAMPRO!' all is right. Just as we had got to that part you came, much to the relief of my inventive faculties; and, now I think of it, I am obliged to go to-morrow, and attend a vexatious law-suit, and be absent nearly all day; so, Frank, you must take the management of this affair."

To this, Atherton agreed, and as soon as dinner was over, sallied forth to inform the young men of the village of the frolic in hand, to which they were, as usual, pleased to lend their aid. During the following day, he put in requisition about thirty of their number, and a part of the apparatus of the lodge, together with some of the most uncouth instruments of the musical band. He let Mrs. Fanning know, early in the morning, what was to be done in the evening, and that he wished her with Mrs. Blessingwell, to witness the exhibition. Mrs. Fanning said that she "would not miss it for the world," and would have her friend on the ground if possible.

CHAPTER V.

WE come now to the last act of our melodrama. The spot chosen by Frank Atherton for the denouement, was about three quarters of a mile from the village. You reached it by ascending a steep hill—the ridge by which the table land above descended to the inner and narrow valley of the Hudson. Down this steep the water of a small river fell, wild and far, through a rocky channel, and roared like deep and distant thunder. Having ascended from the village to the table land, you come to a cross-road, and turning into this, you find a covered bridge. Passing this bridge to the opposite bank, you follow back the stream through a dense wood, mostly, of evergreens, and pursuing your way, soon reach the top of the cataract. To add to the gloom of this chosen spot, there was on the opposite side of the waterfall, the village burying ground.

About half a mile farther from the village than the road mentioned, was the beautiful country seat of the hospitable Mrs. G. Her house was the favourite haunt of the ladies of Alsingburg, and among them of our fair friends; and as soon as Atherton left her, Mrs. Fanning obtained Mrs. Blessingwell's consent to visit Mrs. G. on that very afternoon. Cousin Frank, she said, would come with a carriage just at night-fall, to bring them home.

Meanwhile, the doctor was informed that she had contrived to throw herself and her friend into his power for the evening.

The visit was made. The afternoon passed away delightfully, and at the appointed time a carriage was driven to the door by a shrewd varlet of a negro, whom Mrs. Fanning knew

as the coachman of Judge Atherton, the doctor's uncle. Cuffee said that "Massa Atherton had sent him for bring home the ladies; and he hoped the ladies would 'scuse young Massa. He couldn't come to 'scort them, because he had a 'ticular 'gagement that evening."

The ladies entered the carriage. It proceeded very well for a little way, but soon something was wrong about the harness. Cuffee dismounted to arrange it, got in again, but matters grew worse and worse. The horses now began to plunge and rear. Mrs. Blessingwell was frightened, and Mrs. Fanning declared she "would not remain any longer in the carriage." Cuffee said "if the ladies would please to step out jest a minnit, he'd get Jim who lived in the next house to help mend the tackle." He grinned and nodded to Mrs. Fanning, then drove off, the horses now going perfectly well.

"What does that imp mean?" said Mrs. Blessingwell.

"Oh! he'll soon be back," said Mrs. Fanning, "let us in the mean time sit down and listen to the roar of the cataract."

"This hour," said Mrs. Blessingwell as she complied with her friend's request, "is peculiarly favourable to its solemn deep-toned music, and these sombre shades of the pine and hemlock, heighten the effect—but hark! was not that a strange sound, Mary! It could not have been the waterfall—was it the hollow groaning of a human voice, or some wind instrument! Again it comes from the wood; and don't you perceive a singular odour! sure, it is the smell of brimstone; and look, Mary, look at the woods! what means that unearthly light! One might almost fancy that we had invaded the haunt of spirits, let us go."

"Did you never hear any strange stories of apparitions seen in that wood, Eliza?" said the mischievous Mrs. Fanning, "but it is no time to tell them now. Look Eliza towards the dark centre of the bridge—don't you see something more! It is a figure in white—as I live, it is coming towards us! But it looks like a spirit of a better sphere, if indeed it be a spirit."

As the figure approached, it became distinctly visible, and was such as gave reality to the finest conceptions of the painter, when he seeks to embody the pure and perfect beauty of some angel, coming in the shadowy hour of twilight, on an errand of mercy. A gossamer drapery of white, gently waved in the evening breeze. The height of the figure might have been that of a tall and elegant woman, or of a middle sized, slender and graceful man. When quite near, the friends perceived a profusion of dark tresses falling from the uncovered head upon the neck and adown the shoulders in curls wavy and free like the tendrils of the vine. Just behind the arms hung glittering wings, and in the hand was a long white wand."

"Fair dames," said a melodious voice, "a magic circle is traced, and this hour mystic rites are to be done within it. None without the circle may enter. You who are within, may not depart. Fear not; the spirit who presides is friendly to you. Follow me."

Mrs. Blessingwell, between amazement, fright and admiration of the beautiful being before her, was half inclined to believe that it was indeed a spirit whose sweet and silvery voice she heard, yet she hesitated to follow.

The mysterious visiter, dropping the soft tone for one of masculine depth and energy, exclaimed, "Delay not! I lift this wand, and spirits rise all around to do my bidding." Then raising the white symbol of power and uttering some cabalistic words, instantly from every bush, rose a living being.

"Pass!" added the voice, "to the centre of the circle."

"What shall we do, Mary!" said Mrs. Blessingwell, clinging to Mrs. Fanning's arm.

"We have no alternative," said Mrs. Fanning, "we must follow;" and she moved on, half dragging her bewildered friend. Their conductor led them to the heart of the wood, where at the foot of a tree, was a rustic seat, on which Mrs. Blessingwell sunk, almost fainting.

"Spirit," said Mrs. Fanning, "is it permitted you to reveal for what purpose are the orgies of this night?"

"Mortals!" rejoined the fair being, "know that the witch Eriethea, who was buried within this circle three thousand years ago, and who knows all human affairs, past, present, and to come, which appertain to marriage, is to be raised from her grave, that she may declare the prophetic oracle, concerning a man who woos a widow."

Here Mrs. Blessingwell laughed half hysterically, but loud enough to be heard at some distance; and immediately, groans and hisses, and a low sound as of bass-drums, and a tinkling as of musical triangles was heard, throughout the wood.

"Be silent and attentive," said the spirit; "they come that do the work."

The friends listened, and at a distance, heard a voice uttering as if for a watch word,

"The Widow Shenong!"

In the same way, another voice answered,

"The Widow Shampro!"

Several persons appeared to be approaching, and again, but nearer, and still again, quite near, was the watch word and reply,

"The Widow Shenong!"

"The Widow Shampro!"

At the third repetition, the strange noises as before, of groans, hisses, and wild sounding musical instruments, filled the woods; and at the distance of about twenty yards from the friends, arose a blue flame, by the light of which they saw distinctly, a human skull, and thigh bones crossed. The light flashed full on these horrible objects, while all around was wrapped in darkness; nor could the friends be certain whether the skull and bones rested upon a rock or were suspended in the air about two feet above the ground.

In the direction of the approaching footsteps, a faint light, as if from a concealed lantern, showed three figures advancing; one habited in flowing robes, with something like a mitre on his head; his whole appearance resembling

that figure in masonic processions, called the high priest. The second, a tall and graceful person, in that fashion of eastern costume, which is appropriated in lodges to the scribe, and is an imitation of that worn by the ancient Levites. The third had his eyes blind-folded by a white handkerchief. Mrs. Blessingwell, already nervously affected, between astonishment, fright, and a sense of the ludicrous, when she saw that the blindfolded man was Slocum, was ready to scream with laughter; but Mrs. Fanning checked her, by giving her the pain of a severe pinch, "Be quiet, Eliza," she said, "and I'll explain! You have been kept in ignorance long enough. The high priest is Catlin, who thinks that this scene is got up for his diversion and your annoyance. But it is a dish that Atherton has cooked to please himself and me. You are in for it, Eliza, and, when the time comes must play your part too. Obey our conductor in every thing—but hist!"

The scribe (Atherton) led the approaching party to a spot where the two ladies could see and hear, though they were themselves invisible.

"Now," said the high priest, speaking to Slocum, "take the enchanted stone, enclosed in the magical parchment, and sealed with the three seals. Hold it directly before you, as far from your body as possible. First break one of the seals, and throw it from you. If our spell works, you will then hear a hissing sound as of adders. Then break the second seal, and throw away the parchment, and you will hear sounds as of dying groans. The witch will then begin to stir in her grave. Then break the third seal, and there will be a rattling sound, like dirt falling upon a coffin. After breaking the last, throw the stone with violence upon the ground. I shall then, immediately repeat four lines, and at the close of the last, the bandage will fall from your eyes, and you will see the witch rise from her grave. Address her then with the rhymes I taught you."

Here Slocum set himself to obey the directions; holding out his magic stone in the most ludicrous posture, and with a rueful face, after waiting one minute to get up his courage to the sticking point, he broke the first mysterious seal. Instantly, as if every bush contained a nest of adders, the whole wood was filled with a horrid hissing.

"All right," said the high priest, "break the second seal."

The second seal was broken, and then what direful groans! The third—and amid a terrific rumbling and rattling the stone is thrown with violence upon the ground, and the high priest raises his voice.

"Dweller of death's icy cell!
Hear the word, obey the spell.
Burst the grave! awake, arise!
Woman ancient! woman wise!
Sister of dread Hecate,
Tell a lover's destiny."

Here the scribe undid the bandage from Slocum's eyes, and from behind the place where lay the skull and cross-bones, slowly rose the witch, habited in a shroud; the winding-sheet hanging from her head over her long arm, and

partly concealing her ghastly face. Thrice the terrified suppliant essayed to speak, and at length articulated, almost inaudibly,

"Good mother witch! grant me my love,
And I shall most obedient prove;
Will she on me her hand bestow,
The Widow Shenong, the Widow Shampro!"

To this a hollow voice replied:

"Doting fool! go seek a mate,
But, seek not above thy state.
When the eagle weds the owl,
The nightingale the barn door fowl,
When you blighted tree bears fruit,
She you seek, will grant your suit."

The ladies saw the astonished faces of Slocum and Catlin as this was uttered. Catlin was turning in a rage upon Atherton, when the conductor of our fair friends, stepped forth, and confronting the witch, spoke to her in a tone of command. At the exceeding beauty of this unexpected apparition, Catlin was awe-struck; and Slocum who truly believed himself in the world of spirits, gazed in mute amazement, with his under jaw fallen, as though by its own weight. While the spirit was yet unobserved by the witch, the latter continued her rhyme.

"Answered the call, obeyed the spell,
Now I seek death's quiet cell."

She had already begun to sink into the earth, when the voice of the beautiful spirit arrested her. She arose slowly, but to her full height, at the command.

"Shade of Eriethea, stay. Know me for thy superior. Tell why this dotard comes, armed with spells to disturb our repose."

"A deceiver," said the witch, "has wrought on him for revenge against another."

"Then lift thy unearthly arm, and point to that deceiver."

Slowly a long lank arm was raised, with the extended fore-finger pointed at Catlin.

"Mortal," said the spirit, turning to him, "thou hast trifled with potent spells. Thou hast evoked spirits, and thou shalt not leave their charmed domain till they have taught thee what thou shall not soon forget. Lady," turning to the spot where were our fair friends, "appear! thou, for whom this old dotard was brought to disturb the repose of the grave, come and hear the confession which this deceiver shall make to thee ere we part. Appear, and bring one friend with thee."

Immediately, (bonnets and shawls thrown by), Mrs. Blessingwell followed by Mrs. Fanning, stepped forward, and to the utter dismay of Catlin, stood before him.

"Sir High Priest!" said Mrs. Fanning, "have you aught to say to either of us?"

"Be silent," said the spirit to her; then turning to Catlin, "make the confession to that lady," pointing to Mrs. Blessingwell, "what you owe her."

"Beautiful spirit," said Catlin, "I am somewhat inclined to dispute your authority. Tell me, first of all, whether you act under *his* command," glancing towards Atherton, who stood by, with a quizzical mock gravity.

"It boots far more to you," was the reply, "to know who act under *my* command, and

what beings I can call up to punish your disobedience, if rashly you adventure it!" Then a hand and arm of perfect loveliness, bore aloft the white wand and moved it thrice, while a voice whose clear notes made the woods resound, called,

"Spirits who do my bidding appear!"

Immediately, from every bush and brake rose living wights, some in fantastic costumes, and each holding a club above his head. Catlin looked around, and could see not less than thirty of these figures.

"By the triangle and brazen candlestick!" said he, "you have shown me, as King Charles told Colonel Joyce, 'fair warrant,' but believe me, that lovely face," and he turned the lamp that he held in his hand 'till it shone fully upon the figure, "that lovely face is a warrant that I can less resist, than yonder clubs; though I know the resolute lads who bear them. I obey your behest. Mrs. Blessingwell, here stands your old admirer, William Catlin, as you will better see when I doff this mitre (laying it down) and take off these canonicals. You see there that old fool Slocum. He came to me full of ideas of his personal attractions, at the very moment I was vowing revenge against you, for the absolute negative you had the evening before, put upon my proposals. He was just coming to the laudable resolution of getting a second wife, and indeed in the very fact of making out his list. I proposed yourself, and set him to play the agreeable, as you may remember he did at church."

Here the young men with clubs began to laugh, and Catlin addressed them. "Come, my lads," said he, "show your faces. You, Tom Van Schaick, chief hisser, never keep that old cloak about your countenance, man; and you, Jack Paige, the best groaner in Alsingburgh, show the ladies your honest face; and you, Sam Laman, witch, otherwise called Sam Supple-joints, throw off your shroud and winding sheet, and you shall all hear the whole story."

All now gathered round Catlin with faces of glee, their disguises half thrown off in ludicrous fashions. The witch with her white painted face, laughing in the front rank; while

Catlin, (poor Slocum all the while ready to burst,) related in the most comic manner how he had sent him from time to time, to pay his court to Mrs. Blessingwell; giving Slocum's own account of the gift of the lottery ticket, and his being turned out of her room; and farther how he had resolved to make himself amends after he had married the widow, by holding her proud nose well to the grindstone. When the shouts of laughter which followed this disclosure had ceased, "Now," said he, "sweet spirit, I have done your bidding and that of your master;" and then addressing Atherton, who was standing beside Mrs. Fanning, both enjoying the success of their plans, may I not be rewarded by your revealing the true name and place of this fair creature, if indeed she does belong to this world."

"Promise to grant me afterwards one request," said Atherton.

"I promise," said Catlin.

"Caroline," said Atherton, "doff your wings and your white scarf. Ladies—Mr. Catlin—this is my sister, Miss Caroline Atherton, who arrived last evening, at my uncle's, and whose services I immediately bespoke for this occasion; and, sister, you have certainly exceeded my expectations in your angelic performances. And now, Catlin, for the request which you are pledged to grant. It is, that, hereafter, you forbear the application of blister plaisters, and leave that operation entirely to the faculty!"

"Agreed!" said Catlin; "and as we are now quits, if you will cease your pranks I will mine. Friendship is worth more than foolery. And you Mrs. Blessingwell, may I hope for your forgiveness?"

"Certainly," said the lady, "for I think you will not forget the lesson, which as she promised, our angel-friend has taught you."

The company here began to draw off; old Slocum muttering, "So I am the **FOOL** of the play, after all."

"Yes," said Catlin, "and I the **KNAVE**; but as we find that neither of these vocations thrive well in the long run, you had better try to get a little **COMMON SENSE**, and I a little **COMMON HONESTY**."

E. W. Y.

ROSALBA CARRIERA,

An eminent female artist, was born at Chiozza in 1675; and having shown an early taste for painting, her father placed her with an artist from whom she learned to paint in oil, but she afterwards practised, and carried crayon-painting to a high degree of perfection. Orlandi celebrates her miniatures. Her crayon often arrives to the strength of pictures in oil. Her portraits, spread over all Europe, are as elegant and graceful in conception and attitude, as fresh, neat, and alluring in colour. Her Madonnas, and other sacred subjects, rise from grace to dignity, and even majesty. Incessant application deprived her of sight in the seventy-second year of her age. She lived ten years afterwards. While in this state of blindness, she

called up all the visions that had been in her mind when she could see. She arranged her images in this hall of imagination and recollection. She now gazed on a Madonna with the eyes of her mind, and criticised it with spirit and accuracy. She would often sketch a landscape with tolerable correctness when every ray of the light of day had left her. Such a genius forever enjoys the sunshine of the soul. There is a communion between the blind and the world beyond human vision that elevates the soul to the abode of the gods. Such was Homer, Milton, Ossian; and the strains of Carolan, the blind bard of Erin, and those of our own sightless Shaw, have a touch of celestial music in them.

Written for the Lady's Book.

BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

To us, on whom the sunshine beams but scantily, and the west wind blows but seldom, to us who feel in every breeze that fans our foreheads, a thousand sensations that remind us of pleasant places away off over the hills, and down, down, where the sun goes at nightfall, this little book comes with a welcome which may not be written out by the cold point of a common pen.

Sweet Mary Howitt! How often since the warm days came round again have two or three of us strolled out almost before light into the grassy walks, and with here a verse and there a sentence culled from thy dainty leaves, waited for the morning hours to usher along the sun, and when after all the busy day-thoughts had been hushed, how often have we sat in the calm twilight together, and listened to some loved voice as its tones ran over thy soothing rhymes, till their melody involuntarily entered our hearts and played its soft and quiet tune. Among thy modest pages, we ever found something suited to the hour. Here are no gorgeous images, stiff and startling with their over dressed finish—no haughty lines glittering along with stately march, cold and proudly, but here is something that we love to call up when we wander by the low hedges of the country, radiant with blossom and bud, something that we feel to be true, and as such of which we can never grow weary.

But we keep you from the book, friendly reader, so come under the shadow of the hill yonder and listen to a song or two, before the sun dashes his golden rays into the State House windows. So—we are comfortably seated, and now, hearken to

"THE OLD MILL STREAM."

Long trails of cistus-flower
Creep on the rocky hill;
And beds of strong spear-mint
Grow round about the mill;
And from a mountain tarn above,
As peaceful as a dream,
Like to a child unruly,
Though schooled and counselled truly,
Foams down the wild mill-stream!
The wild mill-stream it dasheth,
In merriment away,
And keeps the miller and his son
So busy all the day!

Into the mad mill-stream
The mountain roses fall;
And fern and adder's tongue
Grow on the old mill-wall.
The tarn is on the upland moor,
Where not a leaf doth grow;
And through the mountain-gashes,
The merry mill-stream dashes
Down to the sea below;
But, in the quiet hollows,
The red trout groweth prime,
For the miller and the miller's son
To angle when they've time.

Then fair befall the stream
That turns the mountain-mill;
And fair befall the narrow road
That windeth up the hill!
And good luck to the countryman,
And to his old gray mare,
That upward toilseth steadily,
With meal sacks laden heavily,
In storm as well as fair!
And good luck to the miller,
And to the miller's son;
And ever may the mill-wheel turn
While mountain-waters run!

Here are some verses which poor Sir Walter would have brightened over. We cannot stay to read them all, but hark a moment:

Oh, falcon proud, and goshawk gay,
Your pride of place has passed away;
The lone wood is your home by day,
Your resting place by night;
The craggy rock your castle-tower;
The gay green-wood your ladies' bower;
Your own wild will, the master power
That can control your flight.

Yet, noble bird, old fame is thine;
Still livest thou in the minstrel's line;
Still in old pictures art the sign
Of high and pure degree;
And still with kindling hearts we read,
How barons came to Runy mede,
Falcon on wrist, to do the deed,
That made all England free!

Who does not love the author of such verses as these?

THE HAREBELL.

It springeth on the heath,
The forest-tree beneath,
Like to some elfin dweller of the wild;
Light as a breeze asur,
Stemmed with the gossamer.
Soft as the blue eyes of a poet's child.

The very flower of take
Into the heart, and make
The cherished memory of all pleasant places;
Name but the light harebell,
And straight is pictured well
Whate'er of fallen state lie lonely traces.

We vision wild sea-rocks,
Where hang its clustering locks,
Waving at dizzy height, o'er ocean's brink;
The hermit's scooped cell;
The forest's sylvan well,
Where the poor wounded hart came down to drink.

We vision moors far-spread,
Where blooms the heather red,
And hunters with their dogs lie down at noon;
Lone shepherd boys, who keep
On mountain sides their sheep,
Cheating the time with flowers and fancies' boon.

Old slopes of pasture ground;
Old fosse, and moat, and mound,
Where the mailed warrior and crusader came;
Old walls of crumbling stone,
Where trails the snap dragon;
Rise at the speaking of the harebell's name.

We see the sere turf brown,
And the dry yarrow's crown
Scarcely rising from the stem its thick-set flowers;
The pale hawk weed we see,
The blue-flowered chicory,
And the strong ivy-growth o'er crumbling towers.

Light harebell, there thou art,
Making a lovely part
Of the old splendour of the days gone by,
Waving, if but a breeze
Pant through the chestnut trees,
That on the hill-top grow broad branched and high.

Oh, when I look on thee,
In thy fair symmetry,
And look on other flowers as fair beside,
My sense is gratitude,
That God has been thus good
To scatter flowers, like common blessings, wide!

And so I might go on and read those fine and touching stanzas on "Childhood," and the lines to "The Sea Gull," and "Summer Woods," and "The Flax Flower," but this must suffice for this morning; some other day, when the weather is fine, we will perchance, look over

the volume more carefully together. In her preface the author says:

"This volume has been written literally among Birds and Flowers; and has been my pleasant occupation through the last summer months; and now it is completed, my earnest wish is, that it may convey to many a young

heart a relish for the enjoyment of quiet, country pleasures; a love for every living creature, and that strong sympathy which must grow in every pure heart for the great human family."

God bless thee and thine, Mary Howitt, and add many a joyous year to thy happy life!

Boston.

J. F. F.

Written for the Lady's Book.

OUR FATHER'S WELL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Come, let's go back, my brother,
And by our father's well,
Sit down beside each other
Life's little dreams to tell.

For there we played together,
In childhood's sunny hours,
Before life's stormy weather
Had killed its morning flowers.

And since no draught we've tasted
In all life's journey through,
As we so far have hastened,
Like that our father drew;

I feel as at a mountain
I cannot pass nor climb,
'Till from that distant fountain
I drink as in my prime.

My spirit's longing, thirsting,
No waters else can quell,
My heart seems near to bursting
To reach that good old well.

Though all be changed around it,
And though so changed are we,
Just where our father found it,
That pure well spring will be.

In earth when deeply going,
He reached and smote the rock,
He set its fount to flowing—
It opened at his knock.

The way he smoothed and stoned it,
A close, round, shadowy cell;
Whoever since has owned it,
It is our father's well!

His prattling son and daughter,
With each an infant's cup,
We waited for the water
His steady hand drew up.

When we had paused and listened
'Till down the bucket dashed,
O, how it rising glistened,
And to the sunlight flashed!

And since that moment, never
Has that cool deep been dry;
Its fount is living ever,
While man and seasons die.

Around its mouth is growing
The moss of many a year,
But from its heart is flowing
The water sweet and clear.

Fond memory near it lingers,
And like a happy child,
She plucks with busy fingers,
And wreathes the roses wild.

Yet many a lip, whose burning
Its limpid drops allayed,
Has since, to ashes turning,
Been veiled in silent shade.

Still we are here, and telling
About our infant play,
Where that free spring is welling
So true and far away.

But O, the change, my brother!
Our father's head is hoar;
The tender name of mother
Is ours to call no more.

And now around thee gather,
Such little ones as we
Were there, beside our father,
And look to theirs in thee.

While fast our years are wasting
Their numbers none can tell;
So let us hence be hasting
To find our Father's well.

Come, we will speed us thither,
And from its mossy brink,
To flowers that ne'er shall wither
Look up to heaven and drink.

They spring beside the waters
Our Father there will give
To all his sons and daughters,
Where they shall drink and live.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MASTER'S QUEUE.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

[Concluded from page 126.]

THERE were now none left to the dominie but the younger children, and little *bound* girls and boys of those who had formerly given him their whole support. Frugal as he was, he was obliged to break in upon the hoard of a few hundred dollars which he had for years been laying up for a time of need, for the school no longer afforded him a maintenance; and he did it with a heavy heart. An old age of destitution seemed before him. His health and spirits began to fail, and in proportion, his ability to teach. His number of pupils consequently dwindled down to not more than a dozen; and, one evening, the children of a family he had always thought his best friends, remained after dismissal to ask for their bills. He made them out in silence, bade his little friends a sorrowful farewell, and set off in despair for home.

"If I had had justice done me!" said he, waving his right arm to where its fellow had hung, as he always did when he thought of his unrewarded services—and he paused in the path to wonder why republics should be ungrateful.

He was startled by a voice from the bank of the creek calling out, "Master!—master Good-wane!" and on looking round was surprised to see a very graceful looking young lady running towards him. He lifted his broad-brimmed hat with his usual formal civility to await her approach, and when she drew near, he recognised his old friend, Lizzy Cunningham.

"Dear master! how overjoyed I am to see you!" she exclaimed with all the eager warmth of manner that marked her of old—"I was going on to the school-house, not expecting to meet you so early, and by walking out of sight of the road I nearly missed you!" And as she stood with his hand in both of hers, and her hair tossed about, and her cheeks flushed with running; she looked the same joyous, reckless Lizzy she had been five years before.

The master's sudden change of feeling was too much for his limited powers of expression. He shook her hands from one side to another, unable to answer a single question of the score she hurried out upon him, till, at last, she made an allusion that recalled his former train of thought, and he sighed gloomily—"don't wish to see the school, Lizzy, it is almost gone."

"I have heard of the change, dear master," returned Lizzy, responding to his sigh, and in a tone of so much genuine concern, that, confident of sympathy, he entrusted her with his whole stock of troubles as they walked along together.

Lizzy lay awake half the night in devising plans by which she could be of service to the poor old dominie, and at last she hit upon one, which, though rather romantic, and likely to be attended with formidable difficulties to a young

lady of seventeen, was not entirely unpracticable. It was no other than to raise the school by becoming his assistant.

A sewing-school was very much needed in the neighbourhood, and Lizzy, who had become quite a pattern young lady, was now complete mistress of the needle in all its various applications. Her idea was to collect a number of girls, whom the master could instruct in the matters pertaining to his department in the morning, and, in the afternoon to go herself and superintend the female branches.

The next day the consent of her grandfather was obtained, on her convincing him that she could arrange matters at home so as to have two or three hours to spare. The master was consulted, and, in short, it was given out that Lizzy, or, rather, Miss Elizabeth Cunningham, had volunteered to give instruction in the old red school-house, to as many girls as might apply, in all the different branches of needle-work, from the embroidery of tomb-stones and weeping-willows on satin, to the hemming of kitchen towels. And as she had been astonishing the good folks that had seen her since her return by her varied accomplishments, she collected, in a short time, a larger number than she had expected.

It is needless to say that the master was completely renovated. Though he had but half a day now for business, he performed more in it than he had ever done before in double the time. The school still increased, and there was every probability, not only of his having income enough to live upon, but of his being enabled to restore what he had drawn from his saving fund. Lizzy had entered with her whole heart into the employment, and showed no signs of flagging. Rain or shine, she spent the allotted time every day at her post; again the delight of the school, and the idol, as far as he could idolize any thing, of the master.

One day, about a year after her return, Lizzy was seated at the school-house door, attending busily to her duties, when a gentleman came by on horseback, and looked in at her so steadily as to excite her surprise not a little. He was a fine-looking young man, and, notwithstanding his somewhat impolite proceeding, had very much the appearance of a gentleman. After a few equally curious glances about the premises, he leisurely dismounted, and walked up to the master, who, being released from service, was sitting on what, in former times, had been the dining table, and engaged in looking over a new treatise on Arithmetic. The stranger asked permission to rest himself, and then commenced a grave discussion of the weather.

"You seemed to be very much absorbed in that work, sir, as I rode up," said he, after a pause, and reading, from the cover, the title of the book, which was at a distance to prove his sight of no ordinary keenness; "I suppose if

will save a great deal of labour to gentlemen of your profession."

"I have been considering about it," replied the master, "and begin to think that is too deep for learners; I have found several things that I could hardly cipher out myself, and I have had some practice. Here is one sum, that I can't see into yet;" and he read it off emphatically.

"Of course I could not pretend to solve a question pronounced difficult by a master of the subject," returned the stranger, looking modest; "but I have heard the head, under which that one ranks, discussed by those able to decide, and I think it is to be worked so"—and he gave a luminous explanation.

"Right, right—I see it now," said the master, with a look of respect, which nothing could have called forth but a display of proficiency in his favourite pursuit."

"You have been a long time engaged in your interesting calling, I presume, sir?" said the stranger.

"Thirty-three years, the first of last January," returned the master, proudly.

"You are, indeed, then a veteran in teaching the young idea how to shoot; have you all the time taught a female school, sir?"

"Only since this time last year."

"Indeed!—I suppose, then, you find it difficult to manage; you are of course obliged to keep a female assistant!" and he glanced to the door; from which, however, Lizzy, to escape observation, had withdrawn.

"An assistant!" repeated the master, as if indignant at the term; "she has been every thing to me—I may almost say, life itself!"

"She must be a very exemplary person," said the stranger.

"Exemplary!—there is no word that would express the quality of Elizabeth Cunningham. She has never in her life committed but one act that could be called a fault;" and he drew his hand across the locks which hung loose on his neck.

"And, pray, sir, may I ask what fault a person so excellent could have committed?"

"I was wrong to speak of it," returned the master, "she was a child—an innocent child, and was tempted to it by a person I never saw before, nor have seen since; but I forgave him then, and I hope the wrong has never been visited upon him. As for Lizzy, she has atoned for it a thousand fold;" and with an eloquence that no subject but that of Lizzy had ever called forth, he expatiated on every act of kindness she had rendered him, with unbounded gratitude—not forgetting to trace them to what she had persuaded him was their original source—her contrition for her mysterious fault.

One of the little girls now came out and whispered to the master, that Miss Lizzy thought it was time to dismiss. He accordingly made his excuses, and went in; and the stranger, quite pardonably, perhaps, took a stand nearer the door to see if a young lady, of whom he had heard a character so exalted, possessed an appearance worthy of it, which he found to be decidedly the case. He waited till the children

had gone, and while the master was looking up, expressed his satisfaction at making his acquaintance, told him that his name was Alfred Dennison, that he expected to remain a short time in the neighbourhood, and would have the pleasure of calling again.

He did call on the day following, succeeded in making the master talk more than he had ever done before to a stranger, and on the third, deprived him of his regular nap by again appearing. "I beg pardon," said he, "for intruding, but I have come to consult you on a business of some importance to me. Allow me to ask if it would be agreeable to you to take charge of a classical school, if one of that description could be got up here?"

The master stared with astonishment. "Classical!" he ejaculated—"I know nothing of the classics!"

"But, my dear sir," said Mr. Dennison, "it would be very easy for you to obtain an assistant to take charge of that department."

"I have never been able to do more than maintain myself;—how could I keep an assistant?" returned the master.

"To come to the point at once," said the visitor; "I wish to obtain a situation of the kind, that I may put in exercise some of the attainments I acquired at college, and which have been rusting for three or four years. In making the proposition, I wish it distinctly understood, that all emolument to be derived from it should be your own. Profit, or even a livelihood from it is not my object. As to my qualifications and character, you can immediately be satisfied about them by addressing a line to any of the faculty of the institution at which I graduated. You must be aware, sir, that if a school of the kind could be established, it would afford you a much better income than the present one."

The master was bewildered. The idea of the old school-house ever echoing with Latin, Greek, and Euclid, had never before entered his imagination, and now it struck him as a thing, at least, not altogether impossible. He had never had a subject for consideration so profound since the loss of his queue, and drawing one of the long locks forward from his neck, he sported it over his lips for full ten minutes, in silence. "It is a weighty matter, young man," said he, at last; "but I will deliberate upon it. I have always kept the rule, never to act without thinking; and, moreover, Lizzy must be consulted."

"I will call then to-morrow for your decision?"

"I cannot promise, but I may be able to determine against then," replied the master, cautiously, and Mr. Dennison retired.

When Lizzy had come, she looked with no little surprise at the unwonted restlessness of the dominie. He would sit awhile at his desk and twist his hair, then pace up and down the room, then turn out of the door and walk to and fro before it, then come in again and repeat the routine. At length he asked—"will you soon be through, Lizzy?"

"Miss Lizzy," interrupted one of the girls,

"please show me how to work dots, mother likes them better than eyelets;" and the master walked to his desk.

"How are you getting along, Lizzy?" he asked in a few minutes again.

"Very speedily, sir, can I do any thing for you?"

"Miss Lizzy, please look at my sampler—how many stitches must I put in my chicken's head?" said another of the girls, and he paced up and down another time.

"Is there any thing more to be done, Lizzy?" again he inquired.

"Very little, sir, the girls are nearly all attended to;" and thus he kept her as busily answering the same question, as Blue Beard's wife did her sister.

But "the longest night must have a morrow," and the master's term of impatience at last had an end. He hurried to lock up the school-house, and then hurried as fast after Lizzy. "I have something to communicate, Elizabeth," said he, addressing her by her full name, as he always did on matters of particular moment, and with a gravity that startled her.

"Nothing unpleasant, I hope, sir," said she.

"I have not yet determined its nature, but such as it is, I need your counsel;" and he laid the plan of the stranger before her.

"Is this gentleman to be confided in?" asked Lizzy, eagerly; "what idea did you form of his qualifications?"

"He did the seventh sum of the tenth section of the new treatise, which was more than I could do myself," answered the master.

"He said he could bring recommendations? that he could show proofs of character and attainments?" said Lizzy, suppressing a smile; "then, if he can, his proposal should be accepted, by all means. Not that I am anxious to give up my place, my dear sir—I know that you will not suspect me of that—I shall keep it until we see whether the new project will succeed or not, and if it should fail, we will make no change; but we must try;—what an advantage it would be to you!—I am delighted with the thoughts of it!"

The next morning Mr. Dennison called, and was answered favourably; and inquiries were immediately made as to the probability of success. It was soon discovered that the principal of the new academy was a politician and a hypochondriac, sometimes unwilling and sometimes unable to attend to his duties; that one of his assistants was, or fancied himself to be, a poet, and generally kept his eyes "in a fine frenzy rolling," instead of on the proper matter before him; and that the other was a coxcomb, and seemed to suppose that because A. B. accompanied his own name, there was nothing farther necessary to impress those letters on the minds of the younglings in his charge. Then, many found it inconvenient to have their children away from home; in short, a change was wanted, and the projected one was just the thing.

An advertisement, the production of Mr. Dennison, who proved himself perfectly *au fait* to that much undervalued species of composi-

tion, was forthwith circulated, and caused quite a sensation, particularly to the master himself, who had never seen his name in print before, and who considered his own department invested with new dignity, since spelling, writing, and ciphering, had assumed the titles of Orthography, Penmanship, and Practical and Intellectual Arithmetic. In a few weeks the school-house was filled.

The new teacher gave the greatest satisfaction. The master, indeed, thought him a little deficient in the dignity proper to the profession, as the peccadilloes of his pupils always seemed to call forth his mirth sooner than his reprehension; but this was overlooked, as he contrived to gain as much by good-humour, as might have been done by severity. He was, besides, constantly affording grounds for wonder by a display of acquirements, such as the old man had never before even heard of, and was deference itself in his deportment. Nothing was done without consulting his superior, as he styled the dominie, not even in the Latin and Greek province. He was also in general favour as a companion. The young ladies had never before seen a master they were so little afraid of, and the young men thought him the cleverest fellow in the world.

It followed, of course, that Lizzy Cunningham and the young stranger, from their mutual interest in the master's affairs, should very soon become acquainted. Also, it was natural that Lizzy, warm-hearted and frank as she was, should esteem him for his kind and respectful attentions to her old friend, and should not be ashamed to show it; and that he, being a person of good taste and good sense, should have a high admiration for one of her various graces and excellencies. When this was noted, the due compliment of suspicions, hints, and teasings, was bestowed upon them, all of which the gentleman bore as a gentleman should, and Lizzy with perfect good humour.

Two quarters passed through, and, at the commencement of the third, Lizzy attended the school, at the solicitation of the master, to assist in a private examination of the pupils. The dominie was elated beyond measure. The bills had all been collected, and he found himself on the way to be a rich man. On the strength of his good fortune, he accepted the invitation of one of his pupils to stay a night from home, and the duty of escorting Lizzy fell to Mr. Dennison.

As they walked along, Lizzy expressed to her companion her gratitude for the prosperity his exertions had brought upon her old friend, and feelingly described the condition in which she had found him on returning after her long absence. Mr. Dennison, not to be behind hand, alluded to what the master had often told him of her services, and with so many compliments, that she was glad to change the subject.

"I seldom pass along here," said she, when they had reached the place of her old reconciliation with the master, "without thinking of a half-hour I once spent on that little knoll, yonder—the most miserable half-hour of my life. You may have heard the master allude to a

fault I committed when I was a child, the consequence of which, I suppose, he still regards as the greatest misfortune he has ever met with"—and she smiled at the recollection.

"I have heard him hint at an error, the only one, he says, which you were ever guilty of, but he has never enlightened me as to what it was," answered Mr. Dennison, and also smiled.

"Then, if he has not, I shall certainly not expose it," said Lizzy; "for though I cannot help laughing when I think of it, I should be glad if it were forgotten. You may judge that it was something very flagrant, when I tell you that he wept about it like a child. I hope I may never again feel as keen a pang of remorse as I did when I saw his tears! After school was out, I came this far to wait for him, and seated myself against the bank, in agony all the time, and when he came along, and I had asked his pardon, the happiness he afforded me by granting it, was so great that I loved him from my very heart, for it. As far as the incident has affected myself, however, I ought not to regret it, for I believe it has saved me from many a folly. Before I left home for school, I came hither, after parting from the master, and gathered a slip of evergreen, which I have always kept with me, as a talisman to guard me against any levity that might give pain to others."

"I am glad to be countenanced so respectably in a custom which I have followed ever since my boyhood," said her companion smiling; "that of saving mementoes of particular occurrences. Much as it is ridiculed, I consider it an excellent one. I have a collection of such things, which I value as a kind of note-book, recording all the incidents of my life worth remembering. By some chance, which I cannot account for, one of these little souvenirs came along here with my other effects; it is—a lock of hair;" and he took it out of his pocket-book.

"A very common thing for a young gentleman to treasure up," said Lizzy, archly, and blushing a little at a suspicion of the kind of confidence that might come next;—"are you not afraid to trust it in my hands?" she added, as he gave her a paper in which the relique was rolled.

She opened it and exclaimed, "Mr. Dennison! how under the sun did you ever get this!—it is the master's queue!" and she dropped it in amazement.

He picked it up and replaced it in his pocket, laughing as heartily at her wonderment as good manners would allow. "Now, pray," said he, "honour me with a closer examination than you have ever yet thought worth while to bestow upon me, and tell me if you cannot discover, though I am half a head taller, and some shades darker, and six years older, some traces in me of a certain lawless vagabond, who was the tempter of that evil deed of yours?"

"Can it be possible!—but I do see it now—how strange I should never have thought of it before!"

"I am very glad you did not," said he; "for I have the vanity to think that I have mended my manners considerably since then, and I

don't know but that this same queue was one among other things that warned me to do so. Seriously, I never in my life met with a rebuke for any of my follies that made such an impression on me as the few words of reproach master Goodwane addressed to me on that occasion, and the looks which accompanied them.

"It was also associations with the queue that brought me into my present situation. When I came hither last spring, I had left home to spend the summer in the north, and having business within a few miles from this, I remembered the adventure in the school-house, and felt some desire to revisit the scene of it. At the time of its occurrence, by the by, I was on my return to college, having been called away by an illness of my guardians. When I rode up to the door this second time, I recognised you in a moment. You, perhaps, may remember my entering into conversation with the master!—he then alluded to our joint degradation in a way not to be misunderstood, and I felt my face glow at the proof that it was so fresh in his memory. He spoke of the manner in which you had expiated your share, and it was partly a wish to imitate so noble an example, partly other reasons, too numerous to mention, that led me to offer my services. My object was to open the school, and then to engage a person in my place on terms agreeable to the master, for I am fortunately under no necessity to pursue a business, which I confess is very little to my taste; but I have still remained through a hope, a presumptuous one, perhaps, for which I would have made any sacrifices. Shall I tell you what it is, Miss Cunningham—dear Lizzy?" and as she turned hastily to resume her walk, he made the explanation, which it would be hardly fair for us to enter into, farther than to say, that it was such an one as almost every young lady hears once in her life, and some of them oftener.

The school flourished till towards spring, when a vacation was given to enable Mr. Dennison, who was by this time known to be a gentleman of handsome fortune, an opportunity to visit his home in the south. After he had been gone about two months, the master received a letter from him, stating that he would be back the day following, and, at the same time, a message was brought him from Lizzy, requesting that he would spend the next afternoon with her grandfather.

The master was punctual to attend, and found, to his surprise, that several arrivals from a distance had taken place before his. In a few minutes he was summoned away from the company, and found Lizzy sitting alone, and looking uncommonly thoughtful.

"I have sent for you, dear master, that I might efface the last remembrance of my childish follies, by making you look as you did when I was first placed in your hands," said she, coming behind him; and drawing a piece of ribband out of her work basket, she collected his long gray locks, smoothed them, and bound them into a queue, the exact resemblance of the one he had lost.

The master submitted speechlessly to the

operation, and when it was over, he moved the queue from side to side, arose in silence, and steadily surveyed himself in the glass.

Lizzy stood smiling beside him, when a carriage drove rapidly to the door. She glanced from the window, turned red, then pale, and then red again, and stole from the room. In half an hour she returned, accompanied by Mr. Dennison.

"Do you know what all these people are collected here for, master?" asked the latter, after the first hearty greeting was over; "I wonder if you could guess?"

The master, as if he had been only waiting for a subject to exercise his queue upon, drew the end of it to his lips, and set to guessing in real earnest.

"To see me marry Lizzy," said Dennison, after a moment, and pretending to whisper.

The old man gazed at them both in silence, full a minute, as if not rightly comprehending the intelligence, then asked pathetically—"And what's to become of me?"

"We have attended to that, sir," answered

Dennison; "you will see by these that your country has at last made an effort to reward your services;" and he handed him a roll of papers, which showed that acts had been passed both by Congress and the state legislature, granting him pensions fully sufficient for his wants—"You can do without the boys now," continued he.

"And you will have your queue dressed as often as you need," added Lizzy; "you know old Sally Jones, our good, tidy housekeeper!—well, she has promised to go and live with you, for we intend to take grandfather with us. Now, won't Sally be the very person to suit you?—how much better she will do than that careless Nancy, who could never learn to dress your hair, and who always gives you so much trouble!"

In a few hours the young couple were married, and full of joy as they were, we question if either of them had a happier heart than master Goodwane.

Baltimore.

L' AUTOMNE.

Meditations Poétiques de Lamartine.

SALUT! bois couronnés d'un reste de verdure!
Feuillages jaunissants sur les gazons épars!
Salut, derniers beaux jours! le deuil de la nature
Convient à la douleur, et plaît à mes regards.

Je suis d'un pas rêveur le sentier solitaire,
J'aime à revoir encore, pour la dernière fois,
Ce soleil pâlissant, dont la faible lumière
Perce à peine à mes pieds l'obscurité des bois!

Oui, dans ces jours d'automne où la nature expire,
A ces regards voilés je trouve plus d'attraits;
C'est l'adieu d'un ami, c'est le dernier sourire
Des lèvres que la mort va fermer pour jamais!

Ainsi, prêt à quitter l'horizon de la vie,
Pleurant de mes longs jours l'espoir évanoui,
Je me retourne encore, et d'un regard d'envie
Je contemple ces biens dont je n'ai pas joui.

Terre, soleil, vallons! belle et douce nature!
Je vous dois une larme aux bords de mon tombeau;
L'air est si parfumé! la lumière est si pure!
Aux regards d'un mourant de soleil est si beau!

Je voudrais maintenant vider jusqu'à la lie
Ce calice mêlé de nectar et de fiel!
Au fond de cette coupe où je buvois la vie,
Peut-être restoit-il une goutte de miel.

Peut-être l'avenir me gardoit-il encore
Un retour de bonheur, dont l'espoir est perdu;
Peut-être dans la foule, une âme que j'ignore
Auroit compris mon âme, et m'auroit répondu.

La fleur tombe en livrant ses parfums au zéphire,
A la vie, au soleil, ce sont là ses adieux;
Moi, je meurs;—et mon âme, au moment qu'elle
expire,
S'exhale comme un son triste et mélodieux!

AUTUMN.

Translated for the Lady's Book.

ALL hail! ye woods with ling'ring verdure crown'd;
Ye yellow leaves that all the plain bestrew;
Ye last bright days, all hail! earth's sadness round
Suits with my sorrow, and it charms my view.

Pensive I tread the forest's lonely way,
And love to gaze my last at yonder sun,
Now near his setting, whose pale feeble ray
Scarce penetrates these shades so deep and dun!

Yes, dying Nature can my heart beguile!
To me her beauty veil'd more beauty shows;
'Tis like a friend's farewell, the last sad smile
Of lips, which death will soon for ever close!

And thus, prepar'd to quit this mortal sphere,
Mourning the hope of all my days destroy'd,
I turn once more, and with a wistful tear
Behold the blessings I have not enjoy'd.

Earth, sun, and vallies! nature soft and bright!
A tear I owe ye ere my spirit flies;
How balmy breathes the air! how pure the light!
How beautiful the sun to dying eyes!

The cup, where gall and nectar mingled flow,
How do I long e'en to the dregs to drain!
There, whence I drew the stream of life and woe,
Perchance one drop of honey may remain.

Perhaps the future has for me in trust
Some bright reversion, now to hope unknown;
Some kindred bosom, when I sleep in dust,
E'en yet may beat responsive to my own.

The flower's farewell to life and to the day
Is sigh'd in perfume to the evening gale;
I die:—my spirit gently melts away,
As sounds of mournful melody exhale!

W. J. W.

Translated for the Lady's Book.

A SCENE IN A STUDIO.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

From the "Magazzino Pittorico."

ONE evening, at Venice, a man entered the studio of Marc Antonio Raimondi, the famous engraver. The stranger seemed in some agitation; but he seated himself, and addressing a young disciple, who was busily employed, asked if Marc Antonio was at home.

The young man looked up and smiled with an expression of surprise. "At home—and the hour nine? Oh, you are jesting! Marc Antonio went out two hours ago, according to his custom, with Signor Pietro Aretino; they will not return, of course, till near day-break."

The next day the stranger returned. Marc Antonio was within. "*Salute*," he said dryly, on entering. The elegant engraver answered with his wonted courtesy.

"I am a German, signore"—resumed his visitor. "I purchased at Nuremberg a collection of Albrecht Durer's engravings. I want some of those last published. I have been informed you could procure them for me."

"I can serve you indeed"—replied Marc Antonio—"but I do not trouble myself about such things. Go to that young man there."

"To procure such beautiful proofs of the works of Albrecht Durer," remarked the stranger, "you must have close relations with Germany—nay—with Durer himself."

"O certainly!" said Marc Antonio. "I exchange proofs of my engravings with those of Durer. He is my friend. You must be aware that between rivals such as we are, there must exist a good understanding."

"Heavens!" interrupted the stranger, as he looked over the prints: "what are these? signore! Albrecht Durer is quite unworthy of your friendship."

"Ha!"

"He is a rascal!"

"But—signore—"

"A despicable fellow!"

"Signore, Albrecht Durer is my friend. I cannot permit him to be spoken ill of in my presence."

"He is a rascal, I tell you! You think you receive from him his best proofs? You are deceived! He sends you only miserable copies, carelessly made by the worst of his pupils!"

Marc Antonio started at these words and colored deeply.

"How! an engraver of his genius, suffer him-

self to be disgraced in such a manner! Look at this *Vergine della scimia*! Contrast it with the proof I brought from Nuremberg. Tell me, yourself, if the engravings you have from Albrecht Durer can compare with mine! Do you find equal grace, purity, and force, in both! That water, you see, has no transparency; that perspective is bad; that madonna has no grace—the child no nature. How harsh and incorrect those outlines! I could almost say this proof of yours had been wrought with a blunted graver! In the other you find all the freedom and energy of the master."

"'Tis true!" faltered Marc Antonio; "you say well. Albrecht Durer has deceived me!"

"False villain!"—cried the stranger in a terrible voice—"false villain! it is not Durer who has deceived you! It is you who have cheated the public; the imbecile public that cannot distinguish between the works of an artist who labors for posterity, and that of a dissolute wretch who sells his genius to the indecencies of Aretino and Julio Romano! Yes—Marc Antonio, you are the impostor! You have usurped the name of others—my name! for know that *I am Albrecht Durer*!"

Pale and struck, Marc Antonio sank back upon the seat from which he had started.

"I will have justice. All Europe shall know your perfidy. Your name shall indeed be inseparable from mine. Fame shall proclaim—'This is he who usurped the name of Durer—who degraded his talents to the task of perpetuating the vile sketches of Julio Romano, and the infamous libels of Aretino!'" So saying, the stranger rushed out.

From the studio he repaired to the Venetian Senate, where he entered his complaint. The Senate passed a decree, forbidding Marc Antonio, under severe penalties, to counterfeit again the signature or the cipher of Albrecht Durer, and ordering all the falsified engravings to be committed to the flames. All Italy took part with the German artist. Clement VII. threw Marc Antonio into prison for engraving scandalous prints. Durer, revenged, and full of honors, returned to Germany, after a sojourn of three months in Venice, and Rome. Marc Antonio, despite his splendid genius, could never wipe out that disgrace whence by many historians his name is never mentioned without the addition of the epithet *ladrone* (robber).

Written for the Lady's Book.

ROMANTIC INCIDENTS IN ENGLISH HISTORY.

HENRY THE EIGHTH AND THE LADY OF MONTREUIL. (A.D. 1538.)

BY W. J. WALTER, AUTHOR OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

THE Forest of Epping, which lies a few miles to the east of London, continued, till the close of the seventeenth century, to rank as one of the royal chases. On one of those glorious mornings in September, in which, to use the language of an old poet, is celebrated "the bridal of the earth and sky," a hunter of noble presence was seen taking his morning meal beneath one of the wide-spreading oaks of the forest, surrounded by his train and his hounds. From time to time, he was observed to wave silence with his hand, and to listen with a look of intense anxiety. At length the report of a distant gun was faintly repeated by the echoes of the wood. It was a preconcerted signal, and marked the moment when the head of Anne Boleyn fell beneath the blow of the executioner. "Ah! ha! 'tis done, 'tis done!" exclaimed the hunter, starting up, in whom the reader now recognises Henry the Eighth; "the business is done. Uncouple the dogs, and let us to our sport!" It was evening before Henry returned to his palace at Westminster, and on the following morning he was married to the new favourite, Jane Seymour. (See Nott's *Memoirs of Sir Thomas Wyatt*.)

This lady enjoyed her dangerous honours but one short year, after fulfilling the great wish of Henry's heart by giving birth to the future Edward the Sixth. But the infant prince's "cradle was purchased by his mother's bier," Jane Seymour surviving his birth but a few days. Henry soothed his anguish for her loss by repeated attempts to marry again. His first proposal was to the duchess-dowager of Milan, and the dead cut which he received at her hands is upon record: "Go, tell your master," said she to the bearer of the message, "that, if I had two heads, one should be at the service of his Majesty: but, as I have only one, he will excuse my preferring to live single, rather than risk its safety." He next made overtures to the Duchess of Guise, but he found her already betrothed to his nephew, James the Fifth of Scotland. Disappointed in this quarter, he entreated Francis the First to bring to Calais the two sisters of that lady, "for his inspection:" but the gallant monarch declined the coarse commission.* Frustrated in these attempts in France, Henry appears to have looked sharply to whatever quarter might present a chance of success; and fortunately for the lovers of historical gossip, the curious memoranda of one of these pioneering expeditions in the field of love, have been preserved in the national collection, and we are enabled to present them to our fair readers in all their freshness, untarnished by the dust of exactly three centuries. Those who figure in the correspondence are

personages no less grave than Secretary Crumwell, Sir Ralph Sadler, Mr. William Pennison, and Sir John Wallop. It should be remarked that history is not responsible for the absence of poetical associations in some of the names she has to record.

And now for the occasion of the correspondence in question. On the 1st of January, 1537, James the Fifth of Scotland was married to Madaleine, daughter of Francis the First, in the church of Notre Dame, in Paris. In the course of the same year, James returned with his royal consort to Edinburgh, and in her suite came Madame de Montreuil, who remained in Edinburgh till after the death of the Queen, and till the marriage of James with Mary of Guise, the year following. Madame de Montreuil then quitted the capital of Scotland, and on the 24th of August, 1538, we find her in London, on her way back to Paris. Of this date is the following letter from

WILLIAM PENNISON to Secretary CRUMWELL.

Right Honourable, and my singular good lord:

As lowly as I am, I commend me unto your lordship. Yesternight, soon after vi. of the clock, I delivered your letter to the Lord Mayor, after the sight whereof, he had determined this morning, at ix. of the clock, to present to my lady of *Montreuil*,* these parcels: first, of great pikes, x; carps, x; great eels, fresh, x; a portion of fresh salmon and sturgeon, and a certain quantity of tenches and breams, and of all such other good fishes as can be gotten; of sugar-loves, [*loaves*] x; of torches x; of white wine and claret, during the time of her abiding, plenty, to be sent at dinners and suppers in flaggons, in consideration that, if it should be sent in hogsheds, it would be unrefined, and not mete to be drunk so soon. As touching their boarding at my lord mayor's, he is right sorry that he cannot provide them, by reason saint Bartholemew day is so nigh at hand, whereas then he shall not only have resort of suitors of the city, but likewise of strangers: notwithstanding, in case they shall have need of lodging, we shall provide this day one mete and convenient for her. On Sunday next coming, my lord mayor intendeth to make a dinner for her, her ladies, and train; where also shall be the ambassador of France; and where there shall be plenty of all meats and drinks, with like entertaining.

These things thus established, I thought to delay no time; wherefore, I went to visit the said lady, whom I took uprising soon after her supper. Then accordingly unto your lordship's commandment, with such wont and accustomed salutations beehoving unto such personages, I saluted her, of the which she was right joyous, giving infinite thanks unto the King's Majesty, that he, being so noble and mighty a prince, would of his goodness vouchsafe to send to visit her, so *in fine* [humble] and

* Henry has found an imitator in our own times. A dandy in the "King's Own," when an introduction to a young heiress was proposed to him, yawned forth in his drawing room—"Well, trot her out!"

* It will be seen from Pennison's subsequent letter, from Canterbury, that farther acquaintance had made him more familiar with the orthography of Madame de Montreuil's name.

low a personage; nevertheless, she said his grace had sent unto one, who had evermore borne him faithful obedience and servitude. After this communion familiarly, she brought me unto her chamber, with all her ladies and gentlewomen, to the number of eight or nine; amongst the which was my lady Browne, and another lady who sometime was wife to one of the French King's carvers; and amongst the said gentlewomen, there was one or two indifferent fair. And thus, being still in communication, among other things she did show me of her continuance in Scotland, and how that she had remained there by the French king's appointment, since she brought thither the Queen that died; after whose death, she informed me of her good cheer there in meat and drink (which was not exceeding,) and that she had not the sight of the King, until the coming of the last Queen, nor no great resort of gentlemen, nor none other pastime worthy of rehearsal.

The old Queen had no good days after her arrival there, but was always sickly with a catarrh, which descended into her stomach, and which was the cause of her death. So, forth passing, in talking I demanded how this Queen liked Scotland, and she answered, 'That she liked France better;' upon the which purpose she somewhat smiled. So, from that thing taking recourse to another, she, of herself, began greatly to praise the fruitfulness, fairness, and pleasantness of England, with the civility of the men. Whereupon, she began first to show how, as yesterday, she went to sport her to Chelsea, with the Ambassador of France; and how, at her return, she came to Bridewell, where likewise, she showed me how the said ambassador had showed her the whole house, which she commends above all other that ever she saw. Moreover, she said that the said ambassador had promised her that she should see York Place, which was far fairer; and for that intent he would send to the keeper of the same, she showing herself greatly desirous to see it. And so, in the end of our communication, she showed me, that, upon Monday next, she intends to take her journey towards France. Howbeit, she said she had recommendations from the Queen of Scots to the King's Highness, if she might arrive nigh where his Grace were. And, at my taking of my leave, I found fault of her lodging, saying it to be very little for her and her train. Wherefore, she was pleased she should be provided of another house, more easier: for the King's pleasure was, that she should have as great commodity here, within this his realm, as if she was in her own native country. Then, with great thanks, she made me this answer, saying: 'That all her gentlewomen were lodged within, and for her and her train about her, circumstance enough; and that for so little a space, she intended not to remove.'

And thus I took my leave, presupposing to be this morning with my Lord Mayor, and to determine on lodgings for her, and, after dinner, to resort to her again, and see if she be otherwise minded. And thus, in the meantime, it may please your Lordship, to send, by this bearer, your further pleasure. With this, Jesus preserve your Lordship with long life and increase of honour. From London, xxiiijth day of August.

Always ready at your Lordship's commandment,
WILLIAM PENNISON.

The contents of this epistle were immediately communicated to Henry, and his instructions relative to the same are found in a letter from

SIR RALPH SADLER to CRUMWELL.

Please if your good Lordship to understand :

That upon the receipt of your letters, as soon as I could get convenient opportunity, I showed Pennison's letter to the King's Highness, and thoroughly did read them myself unto his Majesty; the contents whereof His Grace liketh and accepteth very well. And whereas one clause contained in the said Pennison's letter is, that the Lady *Martrell* should say to him, that she intended on Monday next, to take her journey towards France, howbeit she had recommendations from the Queen of Scots to the King's Highness, if she might arrive where His Grace were. Thereupon, the King's Highness wished to write unto your Lordship, that, forasmuch as he is somewhat desirous to see the said Lady, and to speak to her, His Grace thinketh that you may wondrous well take an occasion, *honestly*, to stay her, after such sort that she may speak with His Majesty, and do her recommendations to His Highness from the said Queen, as she shall pass by at Dover; "whither," His Grace says, "he shall be two days sooner than was appointed by his *gests*.* And His Grace thinketh best, that, when she shall be at Dover, His Highness may take an occasion, as he goeth there abroad to see his Haven, to enter into her lodging, and so to see her and speak with her there. In the mean season, His Highness prayeth you to devise some *honest means* to stay her: which His Grace thinketh may be well done on this occasion, as she sayeth she hath recommendations to His Highness from the said Queen. The handling thereof His Grace committeth to your Lordship's good discretion; and I have returned Pennison's servant again to your Lordship, in case you shall think mete to commit any thing thereof to his master. And now I remain in all things most ready to do your lordship service, under the King, according to my bounden duty. As knoweth Our Lord, who send you long life and health, with increase of honour. At Harwich, this present Feast of Saint Bartholomew, at 8 of the clock at night, with the rude hand of

Your Lordship's old Servant and daily Bendsman,
RALPH SADLER.
(Superscribed)

To the Rt. Honourable, and his singular Good Lord, the Lord Privy Seal, be this opened.

In the "State Papers," from which the above is extracted, there are letters containing hints relative to a proposal of marriage on the part of the King to the Lady Anne of Cleves; and it may not be far short of the truth to conjecture that this was the reason which determined Henry not to visit Madame de Montreuil in London, where too many curious eyes might be upon him, and where it might possibly be whispered that he was realizing the old proverb which speaks of "two strings to one's bow." It was therefore decided that "the inspection" should take place in the more retired and less curious town of Dover. This we gather from the following Letter of

SIR JOHN WALLOP to Secretary CRUMWELL.

Please if your good Lordship to be advertised, that, after your departure from Court, to Lewes, the King's Majesty, upon certain communication

* *Gests*, from the Latin *gesta*, doings; more commonly used at this period to indicate travelling arrangements.

had of the French ladies, willesh me to repair towards them, as well for their better entertainment, as also to show unto them (if their minds were so conformable,) His Grace's Houses of Westminster, Hampton Court, and others, and there to have banquetted them. Notwithstanding, at mine arrival here, Mr. Pennison opened unto me your Lordship's letters, unto him addressed, mentioning your pleasure for their gasts, and for their being at Dover, against the King's thither coming; which, as well by me, as by the said Mr. Pennison, is determined to be followed; although, for troth, they have already perused the King's House at Westminster, but not so well feasted as they would have been, if time had so served. Howbeit, they confess themselves well satisfied, as if they had seen further, and more banquetted. They have been since their coming hither, according to the time, caused to be feasted with the Mayor, and others; when, I assure your good Lordship, they have been specially well entertained, and Mr. Pennison, in that behalf, his part hath no less followed. Wherefore, now, upon their from hence going, I intend to take my journey homewards, and so into Somersetshire, where, and in all other places, if it shall please your good Lordship to command me my service, I shall be as glad to accomplish it, as any living creature, to the best of my power; as knoweth Almighty Jesu, who have your good Lordship in his blessed tuition. At London, the 27th day of August. Please it your good Lordship to declare the effect hereof to the King's Majesty, for my discharge.

Your own assured to my power,
JOHN WALLOR.

(Superscribed)

To my very good Lord, my Lord Privy Seal, his good Lordship.

That the Lady has reached Canterbury, on her way to Dover, we learn from a second letter of

PENNISON to CRUMWELL.

Right Honourable and singular good Lord:

As lowly as I can, I recommend me unto your Lordship. Please it the same to be ascertained, that ensuing mine other letters, my Lady of Montreuil hath kept her journey; so that, upon Friday last, at 6 of the clock, she, accompanied with her gentlewomen, and the Ambassador of France, arrived in this town; and the Master of the Rolls [Christopher Hales,] with a good number of men went to meet her, half a mile out of the town, when the Mayor and Sheriff met her, saluting and welcoming her in their best wise; and, so accompanied, she was brought to her lodging, which she did take very well. Upon her said arrival, the Lord Mayor did present her fish of sundry sorts, and of wines and fruits, plenty. The Master of the Rolls did present her torches, and *perchers* of wax, a good number, fishes of sundry sorts, and wines and fruits, plenty. The Mayor of the town did also present her with *Ypocras** and other wines, plenty, with sundry kinds of fishes; and the said presents she did thankfully receive, saying; 'That she was never able to acknowledge the high honour and *recueil* [Fr. reception] she had received of the King's majesty, and his subjects. And so, within two hours after, by hands of my servant, I did re-

ceive your Lordship's letter, dated the 28th day of the last month; which, seen the contents, I made her partly a counsel, touching her sojourning here, in case the King's majesty should not have come by yesterday to Dover. She being right glad and content to follow the King's pleasure; making a very good semblant, in showing herself, the more she approaches the King's Majesty, the gladder to be. And so, yesterday ensuing, the Master of the Rolls, in the morning did present her with a plentiful dish of fresh sturgeon,* and so, by 10 of the clock, she, her gentlewomen, and the said ambassador went to the church, where I showed her St. Thomas's shrine, and all such other things worthy of sight; at the which, she was not a little marvelled of the great riches thereof, saying, "That they were innumerable, and that, if she had not seen it, all the men in the world would never a-made her to believe it."—Thus, overlooking, and viewing more than an hour, as well the shrine, as St. Thomas's head, being at both cushions set to kneel. And the Prior opening St. Thomas's head, said to her 3 times; "This is Saint Thomas' head!" and offered her to kiss it: but she neither kneeled, nor would kiss it, but still viewing the riches thereof.

So she departed, and went to her lodging to dinner, and, after the same, to entertain her with honest pastimes. About 4 of the clock, the Lord Prior did send her a couple of conies, capons, chickens, with diverse fruits plenty; insomuch that she said, "What shall we do with so many capons? Let the Lord Prior come and help us to eat them, to-morrow, at dinner;" and so she thanked him heartily for the said present. At night, she did sup with the Ambassador. And thus we remain, in making of good cheer, tarrying for to know your Lordship's further pleasure. With this, Jesus preserve your Lordship in long life, with much honour. From Canterbury, the first day of September.

Always ready at your Lordship's commandment.

WILLIAM PENNISON.

(Superscribed)

To His Right Honourable and singular good Lord, my Lord Privy Seal, his good Lord.

The air of self-importance with which Pennison deals out his gossip, is very amusing. His account of the visit to the celebrated shrine of St. Thomas a Becket, will be read with the greater interest, when it is known, that, in all probability, it was one of the last ever made: before the close of the month it was demolished in pursuance of a royal decree. "The spoil of this monument," says bishop Godwyn, "wherein nothing was meaner than gold, filled two

* This makes better than half a dozen presents of fish to Madame de Montreuil, in London and Canterbury. In the same ratio, on reaching Dover, the great market for fish, she will surely be overwhelmed with that commodity. Had it been the season of Lent, there would have been nothing to wonder at in these presents, which could not have failed to be acceptable to a good Catholic. As it was the month of August, and not a season of abstinence, we can only suppose that the secret of the Lady's particular penchant for fish had been discovered. As it is, this correspondence is really so redolent of fish, that one is almost tempted to exclaim with Trinculo, in the Tempest;

It smelleth but of fish;
A very ancient and a fish-like smell!

Supposing the Lady not to have had a taste for such delicacies, we may imagine her exclaiming with Pericles,

Peace to your labours, honest fishermen!

By the way, it may be remarked, that in the worthy Prior's offering, no fish appears, but good honest capons, and other more solid food. Probably he judged of the Lady's taste by his own.

* *Ypocras*, a costly beverage, chiefly used at royal banquets, was composed of red wine, cinnamon, ginger, and other spices, run through a woollen bag, like our modern jellies.—See Strutt's *Manners and Customs*, vol. iii. p. 74.

chests so full, that each required eight strong men to bear them away. Among the jewels was a stone of especial lustre, called the Royal of France, the offering of Louis the Seventh, in 1179, with a massy cup of gold. "This stone King Henry highly prized, and continually wore on his finger." To stop the mouths of the pious, who were so simple as to call these proceedings sacrilegious, it was proclaimed in an order of Council, that the king acted purely "from a pious zeal for the truth, and in the intention to remove whatever might be an occasion of so grievous an offence to God, and so great a danger to the souls of his loving subjects!"

We learn from the letters of Erasmus, that the impression made on the continent by the tragedies of which Henry was the perpetrator, was such as to inspire with caution and fear, all who had transactions with the country. When, therefore, we hear Madame de Montreuil declaring, that "the nearer she approached the King's Majesty, the gladder she was,"

we must give her credit for more than common nerve and resolution. The curious, and among the number, it is presumed, may be reckoned all our fair readers, will naturally feel anxious to know whether the proposed interview between Henry and the fair lady of Montreuil, took place in pursuance of the above arrangements. We are sorry to say, that, not only history, but all the gossiping chronicles of the period, are silent as to the important fact. It is possible, that "the inspection" may have taken place, and that the lady, or ladies, not exactly pleasing the royal taste, may have been suffered quietly to depart, or, more properly speaking, to have effected their escape. Of one thing we may be satisfied, that if the proposed interview did take place, Mr. Pennison was not admitted to be a witness of this piece of royal gallantry. He would never have allowed so tempting an occasion for a piece of gossip to have passed unimproved.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CHILD AT PRAYER.

BY MRS. DORR.

Pour forth each holy, white-rob'd thought,
—Yes, bend in prayer, my child!
Lift up thy heart to God, for thou
Art pure and undefil'd.

In the green beauty of thy youth,
With an unsullied heart,
In thy rejoicing and thy truth,
Choose thou the "better part."

—Pray—yet shroud not thy pure young face,
The innocent as thou,
May praise with a soul-beaming eye,
And an uncovered brow.

So holy, beautiful and fair,
My child, it seems to me,
That sorrow, though it come to all,
Ne'er will o'ershadow thee!

And with thy prayer my own I blend,
And deep thoughts, hopes to Him,
That He will guide thee, guard thee, and
Ne'er let thy love grow dim.

Still pray, for it will bring thee peace;
Thy voice with praises swell—
Oh, thou art drinking deep draughts now,
Child, from God's wayside well!

Written for the Lady's Book.

MUSINGS.

BY F. SPEECH.

WHAT penal anguish nature owes
To its primeval fall!
What a long catalogue of woes,
And man, the heir of all!

Rich was the bloom in Eden's bowers,
And heartfelt joy was there;
One trespass blighted all the flowers,
And introduced despair.

Ages of suffering since have sped,
Nor changed the mournful theme;
The poison at the fountain head,
Flows down through all the stream.

Time's ever rolling billows sweep
His transient sons away;
Down to oblivion's noiseless deep,
And where—oh, where are they?

We generally most covet that particular trust which we are least likely to keep. He that thoroughly knows his friends, might, perhaps, with safety, confide his wife to the care of one, his purse to another, and his secrets to a third; when, to permit them to make their own choice, would be his ruin.

As there are some faults that have been termed faults on the right side, so there are some errors that might be denominated errors on the *safe* side. Thus, we seldom regret having been too mild, too cautious, or too humble; but we often repent having been too violent, too precipitate, or too proud.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE THREE STORY HOUSE.

BY MISS A. M. P. BUCHANAN.

Build not your house too high.—*John Rogers.*

"OH! the three story—the old three story, my dear, by all means—I have set my mind upon it! as it is known I have come from the city, and from a fashionable circle there, it will, of course, be expected that we should make something of a figure, and the three story house is the very thing."

"But you know, Louisa, the first consideration with me is comfort, and the other place, I have told you, I half engaged—the White Cottage, as the folks call it, is the snuggest, completest, little concern in the world—every thing about it is so new and clean and well finished, and the size is exactly right for us two."

"Now, Charles, acknowledge that it is the name that has taken your fancy—'love in a cottage,' you know, all so romantic, it is just like you; I admit, though, that under other circumstances it would be delightful—in the city where we would be lost among a crowd, or entirely in the country, but here the case is different. As I said before, we must take a conspicuous place in society, see a great deal of company, and all that, and the White Cottage would never do. There is no breakfast room, nothing on the first floor, but the two parlours, and no folding doors between them, and the entry is so narrow, and all the rooms are so small, it would really be a pity to put such furniture as mine in a place like that. And, besides, I know you will laugh at me, but I must tell you the truth, I have always wished so much to live in a three story house! Papa has such old fashioned notions about matters of that kind, that, though he owned a very handsome one, he would never occupy it. He always said that our good roomy two-story was sufficient for his family, only himself and mamma and Jane and me—that he liked a house to cover as much ground as possible, and that if he could have done it, he would have built all the rooms on one floor. Now, to my notion, a two story house looks insignificant, no matter how good it may be, and I made up my mind long ago, that whenever I had a choice of my own, my house should be as high as possible."

"What an idea, my dear!—I have no objection, however, to three story houses in general, but the one in question is too large by more than a half. It was intended originally for a hotel, and, of course, must be entirely too spacious for a bride and groom. There are four rooms in the first story, six or seven in the second, as many in the third, and finished attics. We will keep but two servants—Susan and a boy, and allowing two spare rooms, more than which would be unnecessary, a very limited number of chambers will be required."

"Really, Charles, I can't see such a very great objection to the size. Mamma is going to send me furniture for five or six chambers,

and we can let the third story remain empty. As to the lowest one, you must agree that nothing could suit better. Such a fine wide hall, with two parlours on one side, and a dining room and an office for you on the other!"

"And then, Louisa, you can have no idea of the state the house is in. It is badly built and of poor materials, was very much abused when tenanted, as public houses often are, and has been lying vacant for I don't know how many years. Indeed, it is nearly a ruin. The paper is all black and hanging loose from the walls, the paint is mildewed, the floors warped, and many of the boards half torn up, and the locks and hinges of the doors are so rusty as to be useless."

"But what of that?—the owner promises to put it in repair. It can easily be painted, and he will of course, new paper the rooms down stairs—the chambers, you say, have bare walls, they can be yellow or green washed. As to the floors, a few nails will settle them—I could hammer them down myself—and the door locks can easily be oiled into order. Why, the rent itself might induce any one to take the house. Think of only a hundred and fifty dollars for it! Aunt Jane's, which, you know, is pretty much the same size, cost her a thousand a year before she purchased it. Come now, gratify me this once, Charles; this is the first time we have differed in our wishes, and do let me have it my own way!"

"Certainly, my dear, if I can't change your notion. But your mind must be made up, immediately. There are but the two houses in town to let, and one or the other must be fixed upon."

"Then the three story, by all means—I have decided once for all."

The parties engaged in this colloquy were Doctor Harris, a young physician, established in good practice in a small country town, and his pretty little wife, whom he had married and brought from a distant city, a few weeks before.

Agreeably to the lady's decision, the three story house was taken, and the necessary repairs were made. Mrs. Harris's handsome new furniture arrived and was duly moved into it. The rooms were well planned, and showed every thing to the best advantage. The fresh paper and paint were so skillfully put on, that no one would have suspected the walls to have been cracked, and the wood worm-eaten under them. The young couple received a great many visits, and a number of complimentary remarks were made as to the fine style in which they had set up. Things went on so well for a while, that the doctor began to feel quite satisfied with his bargain.

"My head aches terribly through loss of sleep," said Louisa, one morning, after they had

been at housekeeping a month or two; "the winds in this part of the world must be particularly violent, did you ever hear such a noise as they kept up before the rain came on?"

"Or rather, the windows in this house must be particularly loose," answered her husband; "no wonder their rattling kept you awake. I expected every one on this range to fall in. I must have wedges put into them all. I can't risk my knife and pocket-comb again. Upon my word, I stuck the wrong comb into this one by mistake, and here is your brother Frank's parting present broken into twenty pieces. The ivory could not bear such incessant jarring, and the gold plate with his motto has fallen into the street, I suppose. Poor Frank! I would not have had it happen for the price of two windows!"

"It is a pity, indeed, but accidents will happen," returned Mrs. Harris, going out of the room. A loud exclamation from her brought the doctor after her to the stairs. "My carpet! my beautiful Venetian!—it is utterly ruined!" cried she. The night's rain had driven in under the door, and the handsome hall carpet, which had been so much admired for the fineness and thickness of its texture, and the beauty and excellent contrasts of its colours, was indeed ruined. The water had been soaking in it for hours, and the colours had run, one into another, till there was not a distinct hue left.

The doctor examined the door. "There is no dasher on it," said he; "there are marks of one, but it must have been broken off long ago. It is strange I did not think of it before. When I looked at the White Cottage, I noticed particularly that every outside door was furnished with a good one. I must have one made for this."

"Yes! now when the carpet is spoiled," said Louisa; "I am so vexed I could almost cry."

"Spare your tears, my love," returned her husband; "if we get through a year in this house without farther mishaps than these of the comb and carpet, I shall be perfectly content."

Louisa's acquaintances condoled with her very kindly on the misfortune of her carpet, and she had begun to feel reconciled to it, when a family of her city friends arrived in the village to whom it was necessary that she should show particular attention. They were very fashionable people, and she determined on doing all that was to be done in the best manner possible. By way of beginning, she projected a dinner party.

"There is some satisfaction in entertaining here," said she to the doctor; "every thing is so cheap that it can be done handsomely without danger of exceeding a very moderate income."

The dinner was to be a very large one, and as it was the first of the kind Louisa had ever undertaken, she considered her credit very much concerned in its success. Contrary to the usual experience of housekeepers, when they aim at something extraordinary, her preparations were got over without a single mistake or disappointment. She executed the dessert entirely herself, and was eminently successful. The custards

were every thing they should have been, the pastry beyond praise, and the jellies a *chef-d'œuvre*. At last it was time for her to go and dress, but before she went, she gave minute directions for laying the table.

"The dinner-set is desperate dusty," said Susan, her right hand woman, "I guess it'll have to be brought into the kitchen to be cleaned."

"The dining-room closets certainly do draw in a great deal of dust," said Louisa; "but don't take the things out. Wipe them off, and pile them upon the second and third shelves till you need them, and when you have done that, set the dessert in also. If it is left on the sideboard it will attract the flies into the room."

The guests assembled fast, and Louisa was watching for an opportunity to go out and give her last orders to Susan, when a sudden crash that shook the house and caused half the company to start from their seats, sounded from the direction of the dining-room. In an instant, the doctor's boy appeared at the back parlour door, ejaculating, "Mis' Harris! oh! Mis' Harris!" with his lips as bloodless as his teeth, and Louisa escaped after him. When she had reached the dining-room, she saw the former contents of the cupboard lying on the floor literally a heap of ruins. Her beautiful dinner-set which had caused her so many an anxious search over the city, her rich cut glass, Aunt Jane's elegant present, and her admirable dessert all crushed into one mass!

"The second shelf gave way first, and the weight of that broke down the other!"—cried Susan, wringing her hands;—"I never did see such rotten boards in all my life!"

Dr. Harris, who had come out and was trying to comfort his wife, went forward to examine; "I am amazed they could have held up so long," said he; "the stays are absolutely eaten into dust, except merely on the surface. No wonder they could not support such a quantity of ware, particularly of that heavy cut glass!"

But there was no time now for lamentations. The doctor was obliged to go to the stores and send home such dishes as he could find—a medley of dingy reds, greens, and browns, the ugliest, vulgarest looking things imaginable; and Louisa had to smooth her face and try to relate the history of the disaster creditably to the company, and to give zest to her dessert of preserved raspberries and cream by administering them with an extra degree of grace and amiability.

Shortly after this, Susan came to Mrs. Harris one morning, with looks of great trouble and perplexity, and said, "I'll have to move my bed out of the third story, ma'am; I can't stand it any longer."

"Just as you please, Susan; you know it was your own choice to go there; you preferred it to sleeping over the kitchen. But what's the matter that you are tired of it?"

"Why, indeed, Mrs. Harris, as sure as the world, the house is haunted."

"Nonsense! nonsense! Susan!"

"It must be, indeed, madam; I've heard such queer noises. For several nights past there

seemed to be somebody walking up and down the balcony, and the window of the room back of mine would raise and I could hear something shuffling over the floor, and every now and then there would be a moan enough to make any one's hair stand on end."

Louisa laughed at Susan, and knowing the superstition common among people of her class, she thought no more about the matter.

One evening of the same week, the doctor was called away to visit a patient at such a distance that he could not be expected to return home before morning. Louisa felt some tremors at the idea of spending the night with so many empty rooms around her, but pride would not allow her to exhibit any timidity, and though Susan offered to sleep near her, she declined, and resolutely locking the door of her chamber, she retired to bed. She was almost in a doze, when, just at the witching time of night, she was startled by a succession of noises, which must have been the very same that had frightened Susan. First, there were steps on the third story balcony, then a window was raised, and then she plainly heard some one move almost overhead. The sounds were too distinct, she could not be mistaken. Her first impulse was to alarm the servants, but they were at such a distance off, and to run the risk of being attacked in the passage, it was not to be thought of. She lay still and listened. Every story she had ever heard of robbery and murder came into her mind. For two or three hours at irregular intervals she heard movements on the floor above, and sounds that Susan would have called groaning, and yet there was no approach to the tenanted parts of the house. If the intruder was human, robbery certainly could not be his object, but what then could it be? In spite of established convictions, she began to question whether it might not be something supernatural. Towards dawn, she heard the window again raise, and the sound of steps on the balcony, but she was too much weakened with terror to rise, and when her husband came home, not long after, she was really ill. He went at her request to examine the premises, but finding no indications of the rooms having had an occupant, he attributed the whole affair to her imagination, and was vexed that she had allowed herself to be so overcome by it.

Louisa, however, insisted on its reality, and the doctor consented to her entreaties that he would watch the next night. Much to his surprise, immediately after he had fixed himself on guard, she directed his attention to the very sounds that had caused her alarm. When all was again hushed, he took a lamp in one hand and his pistols in the other, to mount to the third story, and Louisa, like a good wife, ready to share the dangers of her husband, stole after him. He softly pushed open the door of the balcony room, and attempting to enter, he stumbled across the body of a man lying close to it. "Who is here?—who are you?—what do you want?" asked the doctor, among other significant queries common on such occasions.

"Let me be!" returned a weak, squealing

voice; "Git out wi' you!—it's my room—I'll let you know it is!"

"Upon my word, it is old Billy Snikes!" exclaimed the doctor, at first looking surprised, and then bursting into a laugh; "the mystery about his lodgings is solved at last!"

And Billy Snikes it really was—a poor old lunatic who for years had wandered about the village during the day, but whose repository at night had always been a matter of doubt. He had been in the regular habit of climbing up the balconies and sleeping where he was found, ever since the last tenant had vacated, until within a few months, when he had been visiting in the country—a circumstance which had delayed the discovery.

"If we had been living in a house of more proper size, my dear, you might have been spared this fright," said the doctor; "I wonder what disaster will come next."

His curiosity was soon gratified. Within a few weeks a brick fell down the kitchen chimney, and after grazing Susan's head, mashed her foot so badly that she was laid up for nearly a month, and as no servant could be obtained in her place, Louisa was obliged during all the time to do the whole work of the house herself.

Then the time for making fires came on, and it was discovered that every chimney in the house smoked. Coal was not used in that section of the country, and the doctor had a constitutional horror of close stoves. Their rooms, from the smoke and constantly keeping the doors open to make the fires draw, were so uncomfortable that their acquaintances ceased, in a great measure, to visit them. Louisa was of a social turn, and for want of company began to grow quite melancholy.

"Well, here is March, at last," said she to her husband; "I suppose the weather will be warmer now, and that we will have a chance to see some one occasionally."

"There is no dependence to be placed in March, my dear," returned the doctor.

That very night the wind rose almost to a tornado, and swept the roof entirely off the house, and a good portion of the wall, and the tops of the chimneys with it. The smoke of course, was now beyond endurance, and there was no resource but to lock up their effects and go out to board.

"I have heard," said Mrs. Harris, when this had been concluded upon, "that Mrs. Jones intends to break up house-keeping, now since her daughter is married. In that case, the White Cottage will be to let again. Supposing we apply for it?"

"What, Louisa! give up your three story house with all its great and manifold advantages!" returned the doctor, affecting amazement.

"Come now, don't jest about it, dear Charles! You know I have been tired of it long ago. I shall always call it my Folly, after this. Pray remind me of it whenever you see me giving up comfort for ostentation!"

Baltimore.

I SEE THEE NOT—I HEAR THEE NOT!

A FAVOURITE BALLAD.

SUNG WITH DISTINGUISHED APPROBATION BY THE AUTHOR—WRITTEN BY LIEUTENANT G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY. TO S. T. P.

COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY SIDNEY PEARSON.

Andante con Espressione.

Corno di Piston.

Pia.

mf

Pia.

Cadenza ad lib.

I see thee not, I hear thee not, I stand not at thy side, I

Pia.

miss thy presence in the morn, And at the evening tide, Ill

mf

Pia express.

boding to the fortune dark, Which prompts me still to love! I

Pia.

ad lib.

see thee not, I hear thee not, Where art thou, oh! my

Colla voce.

love?

mf

The word to me seem'd very dear
Which bound thee to my heart,
But ah! it proved a mocking sound,
We only met to part;
Some lip it was of evil charm
Which bless'd and called us **ONE**—
I see thee not—I hear thee not,
Sweet love! where art thou gone?

Tho' pleasant in the sunset glow,
To sit mid rustling limes,
I languish for the sky of snow,
And star of other climes:

Thro' orange groves the wind is sweet,
And soft the southern air;
But when the **NORTHERN** storm-clouds meet,
My wandering thoughts are there.

It often seemeth to mine eye,
My lot is harshly cast;
Too few its glimpses of the sky,
Too many of the blast.
It may not be—I only know,
Howe'er unwise to tell—
I see thee not—I hear thee not—
Loved one, and lost—farewell!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDUCATION OF FEMALES.

Millions and millions of dollars have been appropriated to the education of young men at the nineteen colleges of Oxford and Cambridge, while not a shilling we believe was ever conferred by private gift or public grant to found and endow in the British Empire, a public seminary for the instruction of young women.

If England move not onward soon, the race will be won by our own land. Female education is here awakening the zeal of many hearts. From almost every part of our country reports of new schools established, or new enterprises begun in old establishments, are coming to our knowledge. And though small is the amount of public or legislative aid yet granted, the shadow on the dial of public opinion most surely proves the advance to that meridian, when the sun of knowledge should shine equally on both sexes.

In Macon, Georgia, a Female College, under the most flattering encouragement, has, within a few months, been opened and filled with pupils. A greater triumph still has attended the cause of female education in New England. Here old Massachusetts has, as in duty and honour bound, taken the lead. Some two or three years ago, the sum of ten thousand dollars was given by an individual, for the purpose of founding Normal Schools in the state, provided the legislature would give a like sum. This was done, and the first Normal School was opened at Lexington, a few weeks since for *female teachers*! They have here their tuition free of expense.—There is soon to be another Normal School for males—but the precedence has, for once, been given, in the walks of science to women! May the noble-minded man, who gave his wealth to found these places of learning, and then urged the claim of the female teacher to be first considered, be rewarded by the thanks and blessings of the thousands who will be made wiser and better for these golden opportunities.

But more still has been done. Women are themselves becoming agents in the work of educating their own sex. We have before us "Reports" of two Female Seminaries, who are now prosecuting this labour of love. The first is the New Hampton Seminary, under the care of Miss Hazleton. About three years since, a Literary Association was formed at this school, by the young ladies; the object, to assist in educating young females of promising talents, who were desirous of devoting themselves to the work of education, either at home or as missionaries in foreign lands. One young lady has received her education under this arrangement, another is pursuing her studies, and a third is soon to be admitted.

Connected with the Ladies' Literary Association of New Hampton, are three others, in different parts of the country, one at Granville (Ohio), one at Meredith, and one one at Peterborough, (N. H.)—All these Female Associations are intended to co-operate in promoting female education.

The "Collegiate Institution for Young Ladies," at Philadelphia, has also established a "Young Ladies' Association" for the promotion of Literature and Missions"—its first Report is now before us, showing much ability and warm zeal on the part of the excellent ladies who manage it.—Mrs. R. W. Cushman, wife of the Principal of the Seminary, is President. We shall give an extract from the Secretary's Report in our next, when we propose to resume this subject, and give notices of numerous "Reports" of Female Schools, now on hand.

We give this month one of our plates of Fashions uncoloured, that the style of engraving may be seen. Last month we published a wood cut of two figures, merely to show that without colouring, an engraving in wood will answer just as well as the very fine one on steel that will be found in this number. We consider the execution of this plate equal to any Fashion, or other Engraving, published in any monthly periodical in this country. This will be our only departure from our usual plan of colouring the Fashions.

In addition will be found a Riding Dress—Equestrian Fi-

gures—a Steel Engraving of a Lady on Horseback at full speed—original Music, &c. Each future number of the Book will contain besides the coloured plate, an uncoloured one, making in all some five or six figures of fashions; so that if the public are to be pleased, coloured or uncoloured, they will be sure to find all they want in the Lady's Book.

We are preparing another Lace number, superior to our last.

FASHIONS.

A beautiful simplicity characterises our Fashions for this month. The border of the shawl is embroidered in flowers. The dress of the left hand figure is of *Pou de soie*, made with a Robe Tunic, gathered in front and fastened with cord and tassels. Dress of figure—No. 2, is of *Mousseline de laine*, corsage tight to the bust. Sleeves long and full, gradually tapering to the wrist, with two puffs near the shoulder. Dresses very long.

RIDING DRESS.

This dress can be put on in about a minute, without the aid of a second person. The train is attached to the body, which has the desirable effect of keeping the body of the habit symmetrically to the shape—a decided improvement upon the old method of fastening by hooks and eyes. The train is made very full, and is plaited round the waist, which gives a graceful roundness to the figure, and at the same time affords much ease in mounting, dismounting, and sitting the horse.

[Items of Fashions from R. Shelton Mackenzie's correspondence with New York Star, and from other sources.]

Bracelets are again in fashion, it brings the custom to wear three on one arm and none on the other.

It is proposed to revive the high heeled shoes—sufficiently high to give grace to the foot.

Velvet and satin shawls will be fashionable for the winter, wadded and lined with coloured silk. Some are to be trimmed with black lace, others with swansdown.

Gold embroidery continues fashionable. It is not so heavy as it was, but is more worn.

Printed muslins "has fell," and dresses of plain white "has riz." Upon girls under twenty nothing can look better.

Flounces are general. They take from the height, but as they are in vogue, *must* be worn.

Shawls are indispensable. Cashmere, with gold embroidery, is in request. Levantine silk, or shot silk trimmed with lace—China crape shawls, embroidered, and morning shawls, with a *petit chale*, falling over, like a collar, are also in request.

Caps are made in almost any fanciful way.

Bonnets have small veils, which do not hide the face. The plainer they are, the better; *argal*, net veils are best. Drawn bonnets of black lace or crape are worn—they become a fair face. They have pink roses outside, and when a brunette wears one of this kind, brilliant gold pins are visible in the hair, to relieve the sombre effect of a dark face beneath a dark bonnet.

The hair is worn very low at the back of the head, which is unbecoming; but *n'importe*, Fashion commands it. In front it is a matter of indifference what way it is worn—whether plaited, curled, or banded.

In the making of dresses, the chief alteration is that the flat sleeves have gone out; they are now tight only at the wrist.

Coloured silk dresses, worn by young people, have pelerines, to which are attached sleeves. This is a very old fashion revived.

A few morning wrappers of Scotch batiste are worn, but not many. White muslin dresses, or dresses of black silk, plain or figured, but without embroidery or stripes, are worn in the morning generally.

The Abingdon Statesman has the following, which we consider a caution to our fair readers :

"Do our young ladies, who wear white bonnets and veils, know that they are certain to *freckle* in consequence? White is cooler in the sun and warmer in the shade than black, owing to the principles of radiation, but while the white bonnet, veil, dress, or hat diminishes the heat of the sun by reflection, it greatly increases the *heat*, and it is the light that plays the mischief with a fair skin and a pretty face."

We have again to ask for shorter stories from our contributors. We shall commence the New Year with rejecting all articles that we cannot publish entire. It is as well to mention now that we are having cast for our work an entire new letter, and with the January number we shall commence the use of it.

"My Uncle Nicholas," seems to be in great favour with the press. It has been copied by nearly all of the city papers and is now on an extensive travel through the country.

Are poets aware that when letters are addressed to us—postage unpaid—that we do not take them from the office? Their effusions, in such cases, are only read by the clerks in the dead letter office.

The fifth edition of Mrs. S. J. Hale's (the Editor of this work) *Flora's Interpreter*, has been published in London. It is there called the *Book of Flowers*.

RECIPT FOR A DELICIOUS POWDER TO PURIFY ROOMS.

Take a handful of dried lavender flowers, one ounce of dried and minced orange peel, one table spoonful, not heaped, of sugar finely powdered, and two drachms of coarse powder of benzoin. Let the whole be beat in a mortar till it is reduced to powder. One pinch will suffice to burn each time. It must be preserved in a closely stopped bottle.

It will be seen by the following, that a great deal of postage may be saved our subscribers and ourselves.

"INSTRUCTION TO POSTMASTERS.

"The following is an extract from a letter which the Postmaster General recently addressed to the Postmaster at Newport, R. I., to which we wish to call the attention of our subscribers.

"Postmasters may enclose the money in a letter to the publisher of a newspaper, to pay the subscription of a third person, and frank the letter if written by himself; but if the letter be written by another person, the Postmaster cannot frank it."

CORRECTION.

In the first line of Mrs. M. St. Leon Loud's poetry, in the September No., page 141, first line—for "*Cry*" read "*Ay*."

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

CONDIMENTS.

[From a work by the Editor, now in press, entitled, "*Living Well and Being Well, or The Good Housekeeper*." A work intended to show the best way of choosing and preparing Food, in reference to Health, Economy, and Taste.]

The fashions of cookery, as well as of dress, have changed very materially since the days of worthy Mrs. Glass, whose receipts seem little else than a catalogue of herbs, spices, essences, and all manner of flavours; a perfect "*Magazine of Taste*."

The crape cushion and periwig were not greater violations of the beauty of the natural hair and the comfort of the individual, than was the deluge of condiments, then thought indispensable to good cookery, to the pure state of the palate and the real enjoyments of appetite.

We are just beginning to learn that the natural flavour of every kind of animal or vegetable production, suitable for food, is more delicate and delicious, when properly prepared, than any which can be imparted by a medley of incongruous seasonings. Still, there are many improvements to be made

in the "*Art of Cookery*," before the perfection of simplicity will be obtained, before we learn the right process of dressing each kind of food, so as to retain all its best nutriment and essence; or discover the appropriate condiment or sauce for every dish.

To learn these things, we must study the natural laws of the human constitution and the arrangements of Providence. We find a great diversity of productions in the different climates, and there is little danger of error in assuming the rule, that each sort is most healthful where it has been most plentifully provided by nature.

Thus, in the climate of the Greenlander, oil and the fattest substances are necessary to sustain the human constitution; nor is any condiment or scarcely a vegetable required.

In the warm climates of the East, pepper and other spices are produced, and no doubt needed where the diet is chiefly vegetable, and the meats must be eaten newly killed, if taken at all, while the stomach and system are relaxed by the heat.

It is the nature of spices, and all kinds of high-seasoned food, to irritate, in a degree, the lining or membrane of the stomach, and they prove injurious or healthful just in proportion as this stimulus is needed or not.

In our climate, the season of the year, as well as the age and constitution of the individual, must be taken into the calculation. In the cold weather, we should use more fat meat and richer gravies; and few or no condiments, except a little salt. During the hot months, fish, with a larger proportion of vegetable diet is better; meat should be more sparingly used, and sauces may be made with cream and eggs instead of butter, (this should be eaten, when new, in substance, with bread,) and the use of condiments in moderation, may then be advantageously permitted.

For those who exercise much in the open air, perspire freely, and require hearty food, salt, pepper, mustard, and cayenne are useful, because they provoke thirst; and a very large amount of water is required to be taken into the stomach to supply the waste from the blood by perspiration.

Means and Ends, or Self-Training. By the author of "*Hope Leslie*," &c. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb. pp. 278.

Miss Sedgwick holds a pen, that, like the Philosopher's Stone, can transmute all it touches to gold, or what is worth more than fine gold. She has dedicated this book to her "*Young Countrywomen*;" it was written to teach them the easiest and surest modes of perfecting their own minds and hearts—acquiring polished manners through the medium of pure morals, and gaining the love of others and approbation of their own consciences. The book is one of the best things for the young which has issued from our press.

My Cousin Mary. By a Lady. Boston: Whipple & Dannel.

As we furnished a preface for this little book, our opinion of its merits must be favourable. In truth, we think it deserves a high rank in the moral literature of the day, which is now made efficient in teaching *temperance*. "*Cousin Mary*" is intended to show young ladies the danger of uniting their destiny with an "*inebriate*." The style is easy, the story interesting, and the moral of great importance.

Birds and Flowers, and other Country Things. By Mary Howitt. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. pp. 208.

A volume of gems, pure as dew-drops on the flowers, and bright and varied as the glancing plumage of the oriole on the wing. The sketches, whether prose or poetry, are done in that inimitable manner, which only Genius following Nature can accomplish. Among the Poems, "*The Use of the Flowers*," "*The Heron*," and the playful description of the "*Sparrow*," are among the best. "*The Blind Boy and his Sister*" is a beautiful poem, and so are they all; few who take up the book will lay it down unfinished; if they love birds, and flowers, and sweet poetry.

The Warning. By the author of the "*Well Spent Hour*." *The Little Dove.* Translated from the German. Weeks, Jordan & Co.

These are good and interesting books for children; the last one, particularly, will win the hearts of little children, which is proof of much merit.

The Northmen in New England, in the Tenth Century. By Joshua T. Smith.

This is a dramatic dialogue, intended to prove, what some deep antiquarians have asserted—that the Northmen discovered America long before the voyage of Columbus; and even settled a colony in New England. The book contains a great variety of rare and curious facts and reminiscences.

The Young Lady's Guide to the Harmonious Development of the Christian Character. By Havery Newcomb. Boston: James B. Dow. pp. 341.

A work full of excellent advice, on the most important subjects; and equally interesting to the young of both sexes. We commend it to the favour of all who wish to be Christians.

Sketches by Box. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1839.

We have so often noticed the productions of the inimitable Dickens, that we are at some loss to express the great satisfaction we feel in finding these works put into so elegant a shape for preservation. Box was early a favourite with the publisher of the *Lady's Book*. When these sketches first appeared, singly and anonymously in the *London Magazines*, we transferred most of them to our pages. Now, whether Box contributed to our increase of subscription or we to his fame, we are at a loss to tell. Another number of *Nickleby* is also published—it will soon be completed.

The Naval Foundling. By the Old Sailor. Lea and Blanchard.

A succession of most moving accidents—hair breadth escapes—droll situations—laughable incidents—mirth-stirring dialogues—humorous characters—jolly sailors and queer landmen—a moving panorama of oddities, are here jumbled together, and not without method either. The story interests, although improbable. The descriptive scenes are well written and the whole book is well calculated to please. Indeed, we confess to a broad grin during the whole time we were reading it.

Memoir of the Life and Writings of Mrs. Hemans. By her Sister. Lea and Blanchard, 1839.

The publishers deserve great praise for the very handsome manner in which they have got up this volume. Its appearance is as creditable as its contents are agreeable.

The life of Mrs. Hemans by one who had access to her at all times—one who was familiar with her from her infancy upwards—one who knew of all her sorrows and her triumphs, and who fully understood the peculiar organization of her mind, is, of course, a book full of interest. We have found it eminently so, and we cordially recommend it to all who cherish the memory of this gifted woman.

The Thugs, or Phansigars of India. 2 vols. Carey and Hart, 1839.

A very interesting account, historical and anecdotal, of an extraordinary race of people, who for several centuries have made a regular business of assassination in parts of India. Some of the details given would seem almost incredible if they were not fortified by unquestionable authority.

Fanny and other Poems. New York, Harper and Brothers, 1839.

The admirers of Mr. Halleck, in this publication, are furnished with an opportunity of providing themselves with a very pretty edition of his earliest and at one time his most celebrated poems. The book is really quite handsome, and it need not be said that the contents are excellent.

Animal Mechanism and Physiology. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1839.

This forms the LXXXV. volume of Harper's Family Library. It is a plain and practical treatise on a subject which should be more generally studied by the young than it has been heretofore.

Historical Sketches of the Statesmen of the times of George III. Second Series. 2 vols. By Lord Brougham. Lea and Blanchard, 1839.

No one we are confident who perused the first series of these very admirable sketches, will omit to procure the second. It

is not easy to imagine any thing of a similar kind that could be done better. The subjects are all full of interest—the incidents related are many of them new and striking—the views introduced are profound and statesmanlike—the style of the writer is vigorous and energetic, and there is a strength and fullness in his language that are rarely paralleled. The present series contains among numerous others, sketches of Washington, Franklin, Carroll, and Napoleon.

Undine, or the Water Spirit. New York. S. Colman, 1839.

Mr. Mellen has made a very judicious choice for the second volume of Mr. Colman's Library of Romance, in this exquisite fable. It is one of the purest and most imaginative of productions, at the same time that it is most simple and beautiful. It may be read again and again with a renewed sense of enjoyment.

Travels in North America. By the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray: 3 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1839.

After reading the dull and pointless pages of Captain Maryatt, it is really pleasant to turn to a candid, ingenious, and agreeable book like this. Mr. Murray, who went through the country as a gentleman should, every where received such treatment as a gentleman might reasonably expect; and he has chronicled his impressions in a frank and manly spirit. Such a book as his is worth more than a thousand Diaries of travelling sailors.

The Catholic Family Library, No 1. Sir Thomas More, his Life and Times. By W. J. Walter. Philadelphia, 1839.

Mr. Walter is a ripe general scholar, and is particularly and profoundly versed in all the mysteries of black-letter English literature. This list of Sir Thomas More is the first of a series, which he proposes to publish, illustrative of eminent eras and men in the history of the Church. The plan is a good one, and we suppose will receive liberal encouragement.

The book before us is very attractive. Besides an authentic detail of the good knight's public career, it contains numerous hitherto uncollected anecdotes of his private relations; and the whole are given in such an easy, flowing, unpretending strain, that they are quite irresistible.

The Poets of America. Illustrated by one of her painters. Edited by John Keese. S. Colman, New York, 1839.

This is a very beautiful volume. The letter press is printed on plate paper of superior quality, with good, clear type; and scattered through the pages are various embellishments from engravings made after drawings by one of our best painters. Some of these are very delicate and graceful, and all are neat and appropriate. They are introduced in a style that is quite novel and attractive, the engraving forming part of the same page with the subject it is intended to illustrate, and the letter press being mingled with it so as to heighten the effect produced.

The literary contents of the volume embrace selections from many of our most admired poets. These are generally made in good taste, though in one or two instances the specimens chosen are not among the best productions of their authors. Notwithstanding this, the book includes several of the very best poems yet produced in this country.

Continuation of the Diary of the Times of George IV. Edited by John Galt, Esq. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1839.

It is a pity that Galt should have discredited his latter days by putting his name on such a mass of frivolous nonsense, and ridiculous scandal as are heaped together in these two volumes. They are altogether unworthy of any respectable sanction.

We have a few sets of Scott's Novels on hand, which we will dispose of as follows—one set *Waverley Novels*, and one year's subscription to *Lady's Book*, for Ten Dollars, current funds in the city, and to be received free of postage. Also on hand, *Bulwer's Maryatt's*, *Miss Landon's*, *Miss Austin's*, *Lady Blessington's Novels*, and the *Pick Wick papers*—one set of either, and the *Lady's Book* one year, for Five Dollars; or two sets of Novels for Five Dollars. In all cases the money to be positively received before the works are sent.

THE
LADY'S BOOK.

NOVEMBER, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE ASTONISHED PAINTER.

I.

PAINTERS, as well as poets, have their whims:—
Some, (like poor Blake,) sketch from their own wild visions;
Some love to show a martyr's sainted limbs
Roasted or rack'd, as histories or traditions
Give license to their fancies. Some on missions
Go to Timbuctoo or Cape Blanco, thence
To bring us portraits of the black patricians;—
King Dinky's visage ("at a vast expense,"
Touch'd off in lampblack,) may be seen for fifty cents!

II.

Some artists in another business speed,
Sketching our *home-bred* lions, which surpass,
(In skins at least,) the royal Afric breed,—
Statesmen, and authors of the better class,—
Whose faces etch'd on copper, (*quere* brass?)
Are noted, peering through the crystal panes
Of Chestnut—heroes, actors, bards, *en masse*,
M. C.'s, and all remarkable for brains;—
Seen *gratis*;—cheap as Dinky in his own domains!

III.

Not so *Victoria*;—she by Sully's skill
Enshrined on canvass, for the usual fee
Is view'd and worshipp'd;—whosoever will
Adores. *Domestic* deities for *me*!
Each to his taste, however;—all are free;—
"Our glorious ancestors," *et cetera*—fought
For liberty;—their proud descendants, we,
Worship or not, as suits us;—so we ought;—
That privilege we claim, being free in deed and thought!

IV.

There was a painter whose peculiar vein
Was none of those I've mention'd;—he preferr'd
Some *really glorious* subject,—as the main,
When the loud dashing of its waves is heard.
And oft surprising perils he incurr'd,
To take a miniature of Ocean's phiz,
With rocks or wrecks, or whatsoever appear'd,
To make a picture. Storms might roar and whiz
Unheeded and unheard;—so strange a taste was his!

V.

Now Ocean is in temper much unlike
Most folks who sit for painters,—rough, uncouth,
He takes no studied attitude, to strike
Beholders; apes not loveliness nor youth,
Nor aims at looking *deep*,—(though sober truth
Must own that print-shop or pictorial show
Can't match him *there*;) but, (violent as Booth
In Richard,)—warm admirer, friend and foe
He spurns with equal scorn. Our painter found it so.

VI.

He at his favourite studio, the sea-shore,
To draw a scene magnificent, was set;
And, with an artist's eye, he saw much more
Than common men in that grand prospect;—yet
He saw not *all*;—the tide, advancing, wet
His shoe-soles, hinting that 'twas time to go;—
But in two things—the payment of a debt
And taking hints—genius is wond'rous slow;—
So Snip and Crispin say, and they've a right to know.

VII.

So Neptune's hint being lost,—the man of art
Drew, with increasing energy, and saw
Just then no urgent reason to depart,
Like bank defaulters, when they make *their* draw;
But Ocean can't be trifled with, like *law*;—
The rising waters press'd on, as if craving
So nice a morsel for their hungry maw;—
Tools floated off—his hat the sea was braving
Like a bold bark, with papers freighted:—[*See Engraving.*]

VIII.

And, the next moment, lo!—poor Palette's self
Was wafted from his station on the beach;—
A fisher, standing on a rocky shelf
Drew him, half drown'd beyond the surges' reach.—
Now, let this incident a moral preach
To bard or painter:—learn your course to shape
As masters of the humdrum college teach;
If for the *really glorious* you gape,
'Tis ten to one you'll get in some confounded scrape.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE HEART'S TRIAL.

A TALE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

CHAPTER I.

THE first object of Gustavus Adolphus on his entrance into Germany, was to make himself master of Stettin, the capital of Pomerania; securing thereby the navigation of the Oder, a magazine for his army, and a way of retreat into Sweden, should circumstances render it desirable. Bogislaus XIV. Duke of Pomerania, a weak, superannuated prince, though weary of the oppressions of Imperial Austria, was afraid to provoke her vengeance by an alliance with the Swedish King; and it was only by threats, mingled with promises of protection, that Gustavus, at length prevailed on him to

open the gates of his capital, and to form an alliance with the Swedes. The treaty, however, was finally signed by the two sovereigns in person, in presence of the army and the citizens, who thronged the space before the city gates, and welcomed with every semblance of joy a monarch whose invasion was prompted by zeal for their civil and religious liberties.

Magnificent was the reception, within the city, of the hero of the north. The streets were hung with banners and garlands; the roofs and balconies were crowded with fair and noble dames, splendidly attired, who threw flowers in his path; deputations from the city authorities attended the procession, marching in military

order towards the castle; while the sound of martial instruments, the merry peal of bells, and the firing of cannon, mingled with the shouts of the soldiers and citizens, attested the sincerity of the people's welcome, however hollow might be the protestations of friendship accorded by the prince. Gustavus Adolphus at the Duke's invitation took up his abode in the castle, while the greater part of his troops were encamped without the walls.

Leaving the Swedish monarch to the hospitalities of his princely ally, we follow one of his officers, Hepburn by name, a native of Brandenburg, and captain of a troop of horse, who, as the sun was setting, dismounted at the gate of a noble mansion near the Ducal palace. A page, who appeared to recognise him, opened the gate, and respectfully answering his inquiries, led the way into the house, conducting the stranger to the door of a cabinet, where he signed him to enter, and retiring a few paces, took his station with folded arms beside one of the marble pillars of the hall.

The young officer entered the apartment as reverentially as if it had been a sanctuary. At its farther end, in one of the embrasures of the windows, a young girl was seated in an attitude of deep dejection. Her face and figure were of rare loveliness, of the kind peculiar to the inhabitants of northern climates. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair; the marble paleness of her high forehead relieved by a light tinge of crimson in her cheeks, which seemed called up by some extraordinary emotion, betrayed also by the traces of tears in the chafed eyelids and drooping lashes, and the heavings of the fair bosom shaded by the silken folds of her dress. Her head reclined upon her hand, and the rich auburn ringlets that fell over her face, cast on it an additional shade. Hepburn gazed a few moments unperceived; but we have no means of ascertaining how long admiration would have kept him silent. The fair girl looked up—started to her feet—and sprang eagerly towards him, her whole face crimsoned, an exclamation of joyful surprise on her lips. "Irene! my angel!" was the young man's reply as he folded her in his arms. It was the meeting of lovers, and all painful thoughts were for an instant forgotten.

Irene was the only daughter of Herr Winlaf, the wealthiest merchant in Stettin. Hepburn had met her several months before when sent on affairs of the king to the court of Pomerania; they loved each other with the warmth of young hearts that as yet had known no sorrow. But an obstacle to their union existed in the political prejudices of the father, who, attached to Austria, hated the Swedes, and had severely chided his daughter for admitting the ambassador of Gustavus to her intimacy. Irene was resolved to bid her lover an eternal farewell.

How hard to say farewell—to rend the bonds of affection, when the eyes we love are fixed on us in pleading earnestness, when the voice we love speaks in tones of tenderness that beguile the soul! The maiden's voice faltered as she pronounced the words that should separate them.

"More sacred—more binding," cried the young soldier, "is the vow of love we have pledged, than the harsh command of an unfeeling man. You are mine, Irene! go with me to the camp of Gustavus; the priest shall unite us at once; say—say you will consent to share a soldier's fortunes!"

"No—no!" cried the young girl, withdrawing her hand—"No—no! I *can* bear to part from you, Hepburn—I *cannot* bear my father's eternal curse!"

"Why did you say you loved me?" asked the youth, with reproachful bitterness.

"Why did I?—Alas—alas! *that* was my fault—my woe!" answered she, sobbing.

"You repent your vow? If it be so—then we must part, indeed—"

Before he could complete the sentence, a heavy step was heard in the hall, and Winlaf himself opened the door. Irene grew pale as death, but Hepburn met with equal sternness the looks that were fixed on him. Herr Winlaf took his daughter by the hand and drew her from the side of the officer. "Young man," he said, in a voice hoarse with suppressed rage, "I ask not how it accords with the boasted honour of a Swedish officer, to steal into the home of a citizen whose rights even your monarch would respect, for a purpose like yours. Enough—you are foiled!—Begone!" The young man stirred not a step. Winlaf stamped his foot, and several armed attendants entered the room; but Hepburn still stood with his eyes fixed on the pale and trembling maiden, as if resolved his fate should rest only on her decision.

"Speak, my child," said her father, "speak, and bid the foreign miscreant depart. Ha!—dost falter?" he cried furiously, and letting go her hand. "Take thy choice, then, between us—go, if thou wilt—with yon beggarly soldier—to perdition!"

Irene could not speak, but she clung to her father, and waved her hand in token that Hepburn should leave her.

"Do *you*, yourself, renounce me?" asked he.

"As God is my help and witness!" she replied solemnly, lifting her eyes and hands towards heaven. Her lover thought, even in this moment of agony, that he had never seen her look so like an angel. Even passion was hushed in the solemnity of her self devotion.

"Farewell, then, Irene!" he said. "You have cast me off, but I shall love in life and death—you, and you only! May *you* never know the anguish that is breaking *my* heart; may I find death in the next battlefield!"—Bitterly, without another word, but one glance at the face of his beloved, still turned upward as when pronouncing her fatal oath, he passed from the door, and left the house forever. He heard not the shriek that burst from the lips of the half senseless girl; he saw her not swoon in her father's arms; he saw her not in the privacy of her chamber, when broken hearted she flung herself on the floor in all the abandonment of wild and passionate grief; when each passing hour of that night found her sunk in the delirium of wretchedness; the martial music

beneath her window answered by sobs so deep that her very soul seemed bursting from her bosom. Her lover saw not this; the deepest woe of the heart's bitterest sacrifice is that it must be made in silence.

CHAPTER II.

THE morning was cloudless and brilliant, as Gustavus Adolphus, with a small detachment, left Stargard on his way to Gartz, where Torquato Conti with his imperialists was entrenched, and whither the king had already sent a large number of troops, with orders, however, not to risk a battle till his arrival. The cavalry accompanying him was under the command of Hepburn, who, endeared to his master by many kindred qualities, was generally his chosen companion. Gustavus, in the language of the eloquent historian of the Thirty Years' War, in the height of his good fortune, ever remained the man and the Christian, as amid all his devotion, he was still the king and the hero. Nothing could exceed the attachment with which his soldiers regarded him; while formed for friendship, his magnanimous soul felt it even for his inferiors.

After about two hours' march, the road that followed the course of the Oder, entered between the river and a ridge of hills, while the thick bushes that skirted the bank rendered their progress somewhat inconvenient. Before them lay a close copse of alderwood, and there the road seemed to end. Quinti del Marte, an Italian who had joined the king's forces in Pomerania, requested permission to ride forward and examine the thicket; and having obtained leave, was soon out of sight. Scarce had he entered the copse than he was met by a horseman in a Spanish doublet of green atlas, with a high crowned hat, decorated with a crimson feather. The horseman gave Quinti a hurried greeting, and a whispered conference ensued between them, during which they were joined by several others in the imperial uniform.

"Three hundred men, you say?" asked the Italian.

"Well picked, and armed," was the reply. "Do your part as agreed; conduct your Snow King into our ambuscade—I warrant me he will melt! Haste thee, man! yonder is the spot; all is ready; allow me five minutes to conceal myself!" And wheeling his horse round, he disappeared in the wood with his comrades, while the traitor galloped back to the Swedish troop.

"Is the way direct?" asked the king; "or must we skirt yonder thicket?"

"Not so, your majesty!" replied the Italian; "the road lies through to the valley of the Oder."

"Yet, I would counsel caution, your majesty," said one of the soldiers; "I thought but now, I saw the waving of a red plume among the bushes."

"'Twas but the red leaves, fool!" interrupted the Italian; "think you it would have escaped me!"

"Sire!" cried the soldier, "may I never mount horse, if I saw it not!"

"What then?" said the king; "shall we stand for a straggler or two? I will venture a day's sport, the riders of Torquato are in our way; we will chastise and send them back to their quarters. Forward, my brave men! Or, stay—I will ride on with twenty of ye—and, Hepburn, remain a space; I would not have so many appear at once, lest we frighten ere we can catch them!"

"My liege!" implored the officer, "let me at least, go with you!"

"What, and leave your troop without a leader! Young man! I think you learned not discipline in our camp!" Hepburn cast down his eyes.

"Your majesty braves danger," he said, "even as though your life was worth no more than another's."

"It is not!" answered Gustavus, looking devoutly upward. "Our days are all numbered; who may add a span to his life? Will the appointed bullet reach me less certainly in the midst of ninety than of twenty horsemen? Go to! yet, if you prate of danger, stand ready to come to my aid, if I need you, and follow us in half an hour. Forward, Falkenburg!"

"That will I, by heaven!" cried Hepburn as the king rode on, accompanied by his handful of officers and men. Impatiently he rode to and fro in front of his little band, having ordered all to mount and be in readiness; and listened eagerly, while he looked towards the copse. He was too near a powerful enemy not to feel some apprehension for the safety of his monarch, who, meanwhile was hastening to fall into the snare.

Perazzi, the Imperial horseman, who was major of an Austrian regiment, had followed Quinti's advice in disposing of his three hundred cuirassiers. The spot was one suited to their enterprise. It was a space beyond the wood about six hundred paces in length, and four hundred in breadth; bounded by a range of hills on one side, by the river on the other. The meadow land was evidently the ancient shore of the river, and was fertilized by the annual overflow of the waters. The hills were covered with a thick growth of alder and birch, while the smooth plain offered the richest pasturage. At the foot of the elevated ground the Imperial corps of reserve was stationed. Next the wood, where the king was to enter the terrible circle, lay concealed seventy men, the command of which Quinti del Marte was to assume; right and left were an hundred more, and Perazzi with the rest guarded the road of egress. The major had bound himself by an oath to make the king prisoner, or slay him with his own hands. Now as the decisive moment approached, he trembled with eagerness and apprehension.*

"What ails our worthy major?" whispered Captain Donat, one of his officers. Nay, you grow pale—"

"'Tis with impatience!" muttered Perazzi. Hush, we shall be overheard. Not a breath, till I give the word!"

The devoted little band entered the wood.

* Some few of the incidents of this tale are taken from an indifferently German novel, by Dr. Morvill.

As he first caught glimpse of them, Perazzi signed eagerly to Brandenstein, turned his horse, and hastened to lead his party to the assault.

Scarce had Gustavus reached the middle of the plain, when on all sides the enemy rushed upon him. A moment he stood appalled; he turned to retreat, but was met by the traitor Quinti at the head of the Imperial cuirassiers; and the desperate certainty flashed upon him that no course was left, but to die fighting.

The brave Swedes, resolved to sacrifice life in defence of their beloved monarch, formed a circle about him, and a murderous strife began; the desperate band in danger, not of being shot down with arms in hand, but of being crushed and trodden to the earth by the overwhelming mass of the enemy. Perazzi saw the strait of the imprisoned monarch, who had scarce room to lift his weapon; eagerly he spurred his horse forward, shooting off at random as he dashed on, one of his pistols and his carbine. That shot was the king's salvation! Hepburn, all ears for aught that concerned his monarch, heard the unexpected sound as if smitten by a thunderbolt; and shouting—"Forward, comrades! forward *plein carriere!* the king is in danger!" came furiously to the rescue.

"Yield thee, sir king!" cried Quinti to the noble warrior. "Traitor!" was the reply from a soldier near, "thou art not worthy to die by the hand of Gustavus!" and the Italian fell to the ground; but in his fall, grasping his pistol, he shot the king's horse in the neck. The stately animal fell, and Gustavus with him. On foot, as he now was, the monarch still fought with his characteristic intrepidity, though hopelessly, for salvation seemed impossible; dealing blows right and left, with lightning swiftness, so as in some measure to clear the space around him. Deep was his grief, and fierce his anger, as one by one his soldiers fell around him, each buried beneath a heap of slain foes. Nine were left unscathed on their horses, yet so close was the deadly struggle that none could offer his steed to the king, who had been hitherto unknown to the enemy, his simple attire being the same with that of his officers. His person was now recognised, Donat seized him by the uplifted right arm, and giving his horse the spur, strove to drag him from the narrow circle of his friends, who rushed after him with cries of rage and despair. Three fell, bathed in blood, at his very feet; but an encouraging shout on the left announced unexpected succour. Hepburn, at the head of his seventy horsemen galloped to the spot; in advance of his men, his horse covered with blood and foam, the young officer dashed alone into the thickest of the fray, and reached the king's side in time to strike down the arm of Donat with his carbine and hurl him to the ground. Seizing the bridle of the fallen Austrian, he aided the monarch to mount his own, while his soldiers dealt with the desperate enemy; shielding his master with his own body, and with almost superhuman exertions stemming the headlong tide, till Gustavus was mounted and saved! The fortune of the fight was changed; and though the force

of the Imperialists was still overwhelming, the furious charge of the Finlanders, the desperate conflict of a few moments, thrust them from their ground. Hepburn, like a storm upon the leader Brandenstein, who staggered, wounded, and was fain to retreat; his men did their duty; all was confusion, shouts, cries, and the groans of the dying, mingled in stunning uproar. At last, Perazzi, whose sword was broken, and who had narrowly escaped death by a shot through his head piece, gave signal for retreat, "The devil fights in the rascals! Holy mother, protect us!" he cried, and rode hastily from the field.

Gustavus had been urged forcibly from the thickest of the strife, and now for the first moment found leisure to lift his helmet and wipe the hot sweat from his brow. Those who survived the conflict, galloped after him, leaving the ground literally covered with dead and dying; others wounded and weary, followed at slower pace. The bold and hardy northerners had won a victory matched in history only by that under Spartacus.

"Where is our captain—where is Hepburn!" cried the king, as he glanced mournfully at the sad remnant of that gallant troop; "is he too missing? God of heaven! all gone who were true to me! Back, comrades! your leader must not be left. If he be a prisoner, by my crown, five hundred prisoners shall go for him." In a few moments, they were again on the battle ground. The gallant youth lay stretched on the bloody soil, amidst heaps of slaughtered foes. His right hand held in convulsive grasp the sword that had saved his king; his left clutched an Imperial standard torn from the enemy; the staff broken, the colours stained with the blood that flowed from numerous wounds in his side, his face, with closed eyes, was turned towards heaven, and still wore a smile of exultation.—Gustavus sprang from his horse and kneeled beside the body; he sought not to suppress the tears that started to his eyes—"The king weeps," whispered the soldiers one to another, and in silent awe the whole troop dismounted and uncovered their heads. Even their horses, as if knowing by instinct that a hero wept for a hero, stood quietly, and not a rustle disturbed the solemnity of the scene, till Gustavus rose, and asked if there were none ready to bear the unfortunate youth back to the camp, that he might have the honours of war in his burial.

Then clashing flew the swords from every sheath, and the soldiers lifted their weapons towards heaven, and vowed to avenge their leader on the next day of battle. Fastening by two and two the swords together, with the assistance of willow boughs they constructed a rude bier, on which cloaks and saddlecloths were laid; and in them they decently folded the body of their officer.—After a weary march, during which Gustavus, brooding and melancholy, left not the bier for a moment, they reached the place of their morning's encampment, some remaining behind to bury the slain and remove their wounded friends.

The rumour of the engagement, and the heroism of the Finlanders soon spread; the citi-

zens thronged to hear of it; they scarce knew which most to wonder at—the monarch who had fought like a common soldier, or the soldier who had conquered like a king. Gustavus alone partook not of the general joy; pale and sad he stood by the body of his friend, nor roused him from the lethargy of grief, till a surgeon from the city, who had drawn the mantle from the bier for the purpose of examining the wounds, declared it as his opinion that the youth was not yet past the leech's art.

"Oh, take not your words back!" cried the king. "The meanest soldier's death is a pang to me; how much more this man's. Save me this man—a thousand crowns shall be paid over to you, with a richer recompense hereafter."—He stooped to take the standard the young officer held in his left hand, "He holds it fast—a sad prize—the eagle has lost its head, and some of its heavy gold ornaments, the wings are entangled in the web, stained with his blood.—Alas—four—five—seven fresh wounds!"

"And none of them mortal," replied the surgeon. "He has but fainted from loss of blood. Here, where the cuirass is sound, I hear the heart beat faintly but distinctly. If it is your majesty's pleasure, let the men who bore him hither, help me with him into the city. I think, sir, I can promise you his recovery."

The soldier's joy broke out. "Now have I heart for joy," cried Gustavus, grasping the good citizen's hand. "Take him, but not to the gates; carry him into my tent; the free air will be better for him than a close chamber. I would know every moment how it fares with him." He led the way into the tent; the soldiers followed with the bier; while the men from all sides came up, beseeching the surgeon in Swedish and broken German to save their captain; none thinking of his own slighter wounds. Meanwhile, those who had remained in the valley to mark with a rude cross the graves of their comrades, returned from their mournful labours, and mingled with the other groups.

Hope revived within the tent; the torpor of the wounded man relaxed; the death sleep was over; his hand let go the sword, which Gustavus drew gently away, with a soldier's emotion, and taking from the wall his own weapon, richly ornamented, laid it on the bed. The soft light of the setting sun, subdued by the heavy crimson draperies of the tent, filled the apartment with a rich mild purple, and tinged the pale face of the soldier with a hue like that of health. The surgeon rubbed his temples and administered a restoring draught; consciousness returned; he opened his eyes and met the gaze of the king, who with folded arms stood beside the couch.

"My king!" cried Hepburn. "God be praised we have not fought in vain! My sword—ha! where is it? This is not mine—not this—"

"That sword will I bear henceforth!" interrupted Gustavus, scarcely able to control his feelings.

"My gracious liege, have you deigned to visit your servant—"

"No, my brave soldier! it is you who are *my* guest; in your king's tent, and fain is he to thank you for what you have done!" He made a sign; the drapery at one end of the tent was drawn aside, and a number of officers entered; behind them crowded the soldiers.

"Come hither, my gallant men," said Gustavus, "and thank the young man who bled so nobly for me to-day, more fortunate than many others who like him, grappled with a fourfold force in my defence. This sword—it is his—I will carry wherever danger threatens me; *that* weapon, you, Hepburn must bear; it has accompanied your king twelve years in strife and victory!"

A murmur of approbation was heard among the men. They loved to see bravery and devotion rewarded, for to such honours all could aspire; and Gustavus never failed to reward merit.

"Your device," the king continued, "is on that blade; your device, never uttered, but worn in your heart—wear it henceforth on your shield—*FEARLESS AND TRUE!*" the captured banner your badge. You are now a major in my body guard. Give me your hand, and rise; with your sword will I bestow the highest order of knighthood on one so worthy its honours! I need not bid you be brave or faithful—but be fortunate ever—enrolled among the Cavaliers of the Order of the Sword, instituted by our ancestor Gustavus Vasa! Your honour your noblest treasure—your arm your king's and your country's!—Your lady claims your heart! Forget not this day! And now, sit, sir knight; he who has bled for his monarch, may well be suffered to sit *before* him!"

CHAPTER III.

WHILE Gustavus pursued his conquests in Pomerania, and made preparations to enter Mecklenburg, he commanded his Queen to join him with a fresh body of Swedes; and expecting her to land at Wolgast, despatched Hepburn thither, that he might heal his wounds and attend her majesty while she rested after the fatigues of her voyage. It was a day of joy to the loyal Swedes in that town, when the intelligence of the near approach of the royal fleet was conveyed to them; Hepburn commanded the troops that were stationed on the shore to give the queen welcome, and to escort her and her train to the palaces provided for them by order of the Duke of Pomerania. At sunrise a cluster of masts were seen on the verge of the horizon, gradually ascending the crystal slope, and white sails became visible, swelled by a fresh breeze, like the wings of vast seabirds, increasing every moment in number, till the waters were covered for more than half the breadth of the channel. It was noon before the foremost ships came to anchor in the bay. From the largest one, decorated with the royal flag, and filled with guards, the Queen, assisted by the chancellor Oxenstein, stepped into a barge that was to convey her to shore; four princesses of the blood, and the court dames followed. Other barges were in attendance, filled with Swedish nobles and officers; the boats danced gaily on the waves, while to meet

the royal train, came Duke Bogislaus and his consort, with the Pomeranian barons. After the ceremonies of greeting and welcome, the royal barges proceeded side by side towards the land; they were soon secured with cables, and a temporary bridge constructed to the shore.

As the Queen of Sweden set her foot on the soil, salutes were fired from all the ships; the greeting echoed in thunders by the joyous huzzas of the soldiers and the people. Cannon were also fired in quick succession as her majesty proceeded towards the castle; while Hepburn, approaching with graceful courtesy, delivered the letter of Gustavus, praying her to accept his services, for which purpose the king's majesty had been pleased to send him. Smiling, Mary took the letter of her beloved hero, disengaged its silken cord, glanced at the first line, dwelt fondly on the signature—'Gustavus Adolphus'—her eyes suffused with tears of pleasure; then motioning graciously her greeting to the knight, turned again to the Duchess and ladies, who waited to conduct her to her temporary place of abode. A rich collation was there prepared; at the close of which the Queen retired to her chamber, read the letter, and commanded the young officer to be summoned.

"You are a native of Brandenburg?" she said, while she gave the youth her white hand to kiss.

Hepburn answered in the affirmative, and again made proffer of his service and devotion.

"I am your debtor, noble knight!" replied Mary, "and rejoice to find a countryman so worthy. You have saved my husband—have bled for him; how dear to Mary of Brandenburg are those wounds! I see by your badge, you are of the Order of the Sword; let me bestow another badge, less martial, but not less honourable—a pledge of the approbation of your Queen!" The knight sank on his knee, and the royal hands of Mary tied round his neck the blue ribbon with the white cross of the Seraphin Order.

"Now rise, gallant sir!" said her majesty—"and relate to us the adventure wherein you saved the king's life."

Hepburn was in no little confusion; it had formed no part of his martial education to speak or act in presence of the fair; and never had his eyes beheld so fair and noble a company. But the Queen commanded, and with crimsoned face and downcast eyes, he detailed the particulars of the engagement, the more embarrassed as truth compelled him to give to himself and his comrades the praise of the victory. The Queen thanked him at the conclusion; and tears of sympathy in many beautiful eyes were also his reward.

The next day Hepburn, with the officers of his suite, and the nobles of the court of Bogislaus, was presented in form to the Queen and her ladies; a round of gaities and festivities succeeded, in which the knight could not mingle with pleasure, since, notwithstanding the honours that had crowned his military career, a blight was upon his heart's dearest hopes. The image of his lost Irene, as he had last seen

her, appealing to heaven against him, against her own love, with eyes upturned in solemn self-sacrifice, was with him in the heat of strife—in the pomp of war; how much more in moments of leisure—in hours when others were mirthful, while no effort could compel a smile to his lips! His habitual melancholy was not unmarked, nor its cause un conjectured, by the Queen and her dames; (what is so penetrating as a woman's perception in such matters?) and there was one among the circle who resolved to be the physician to heal his bosom's wounds.

Before her marriage with Gustavus, Mary, at the court of her father, Sigismund of Brandenburg, had formed acquaintance with a young Italian lady, the widow of the Marchese Ricci. Banished for political causes from his own country, that noble had found shelter at the Prince's court. His young bride accompanied him, but hardly, as it seemed, from the impulse of love. At sixteen, she became a widow; frivolity, and love of pleasure, soon caused her to forget she was an exile; the princess, compassionating her condition, caused her to forget she was alone. Mary took Donna Giulia for her chosen companion; they became inseparable friends, till the love of the princess for Gustavus overmastered every other feeling. Notwithstanding their partial estrangement, Giulia accompanied her, on her marriage, to Sweden, and retained a place in her household. This lady, who had not yet numbered twenty summers, vain, voluptuous, and ambitious, was now resolved, cost what it might, on the conquest of the youthful hero. When a lovely woman thus resolves, it seldom costs much to achieve the conquest!

Donna Giulia's beauty was of that majestic and luxuriant cast, peculiar to the women of Lombardy. A figure rather above the middle size, rounded in youthful fulness, and exhibiting the perfection of grace in every movement—a glossy abundance of dark brown hair, worn in the becoming Grecian style—large, dark, melting eyes, more speaking, more languid, and yet more brilliant than the blue orbs of the northern dames—ever fascinating in their expression of gaiety or feeling—a complexion transparent as the day, and mantling with the sunny flush of health and youthful spirits—the rose on her cheek contrasting with the whiteness of her classic forehead, and with a neck like alabaster—these formed the claims of the lovely Italian to superior beauty; yet was she not envied, for her vivacity, somewhat unrestrained, in contrast to the reserved manners of her companions, was refined by polished ease and grace; her energy was tempered with the blandest good humour; and much was conceded to her country and her habits, even by those most disposed to censure the freedom of her demeanour.

Her susceptible heart, hitherto untouched by love, for she had laughed to scorn the cold courtesy of her northern admirers, now surrendered itself to the new feeling with all the warmth and abandonment of her country. She treated Hepburn with sympathy and kindness, as if discerning and feeling for his misfortunes; she assumed a frank, but gentle manner towards

him, calculated to win, without intruding on his confidence; she did all, in short, a gifted woman could do to please, and felt no doubt she should ere long supplant her unknown rival. She obtained Hepburn's admiration, his gratitude, his esteem—his confiding friendship. He dreamed not of more; perhaps would not, had his heart been unoccupied; for though beloved of his monarch, he had no possession but a true sword and an unsullied name.

A fortnight had passed since the queen's landing, and as she was shortly to proceed to Stettin, a grand entertainment was given before her departure by the duchess.

"Do you attend the ball to-night?" said Donna Giulia, with a languid air, to Hepburn, as the dames were retiring after dinner to make their evening toilette; "I am ill at ease, and have prayed the queen to excuse me; if it be not too great a sacrifice, I pray you keep an invalid company!"

The knight gladly consented, for the glare and pomp of court assemblies were distasteful to him; and he followed the stately lady to her dressing-room. It was fitted up with more of luxury than then prevailed even among the German nobility. The broad space between the windows was occupied by a Venetian mirror of extraordinary size, in a frame of massive silver; the sofas were furnished with silken cushions embroidered with gold; marble tables bearing silver vases filled with flowers, stood on different sides of the room; the heavy hangings darkened the little light that came through the stained windows. The lady rang for her maid, who lighted a lamp of rose coloured alabaster; then Giulia suffered herself to be relieved of her head-dress, and let her dark tresses float unconfined over her unrivalled neck and shoulders. She had previously exchanged her robe of gold brocade for a simple mantle of white silk; a gauze kerchief was thrown carelessly over her neck, and Hepburn thought as he gazed, that he had never beheld a being so lovely.

The lady dismissed her maid, and seated herself on the sofa, leaning her head on her fair round arm, while she signed to the young officer to take a seat near her.

Hours passed away unheeded in conversation; for the polished Italian possessed tact to charm away all sense of embarrassment; it became more serious; and Hepburn, in spite of the resolution of sterner moments, found himself betrayed, for the first time, into speaking openly of his love and his disappointment. He was a true hearted soldier; reverence for the fair was to him a sacred duty; and he saw in his dangerous companion only a woman of surpassing beauty, who felt and avowed friendship for him. He shared with her the treasured secret of his manly breast; he spoke as his heart prompted, sadly, but earnestly, while his eyes glistened with unrepressed tears.

"Ah! my good knight!" cried Giulia; "how in my inmost heart do I feel for you! Would that I could console you—could make you happy! I sympathise with you—for I too have loved—loved hopelessly! Yet, more unhappily

than you—for he who won my heart—who won it without return—belonged to another!"

Weeping, she hid her face upon her arm, extending her right hand towards the knight. He pressed it respectfully to his lips; she drew him towards the sofa where she sat. The good genius of the young man might have whispered him to beware, while he took the offered seat, and looked upon the face now turned towards him. How radiantly beautiful was that face, glowing with emotion, while tears still bedewed the long lashes that shaded the lovely eyes. Those eyes were suffused; a tender sorrow was in their expression; the beautiful bust heaved—he could almost hear her heart beating:—her warm breath was on his cheek. "So gentle—so kind," she murmured softly; "I scarce recognise the dreaded warrior, who ever courts danger. So noble a heart—would you—tell me!—would you rejoice to see me happy!"

"How can you ask, lady?" cried the knight. "Could my life purchase your happiness, I would offer it with joy, counting the sacrifice too slight! But my sympathy is fruitless; far distant, doubtless, in the land of the myrtle and orange, dwells the chosen of your heart!"

"Ah! not so!" sighed the lady Giulia; "he is nearer than you dream. Would he speak as you speak! You would give your life for my happiness—and yet you love me not! What should he be willing to give or sacrifice, who loves a woman? Tell me, dear knight. No—tell me not—it might offend—"

"What shall I tell you?" asked Hepburn, in some embarrassment.

"Nothing—nothing. Leave me, I beseech you, leave me!"—The knight rose to depart.—"No, no, stay!" she cried impetuously, clasping his hand in both hers—"Stay with me!—alas! I am a child. I know not what I would ask."

Filled with surprise, embarrassment, and compassion, Hepburn looked at her in silence. Her agitation distressed him, but no explanation could he or would he read in the soft dark eyes, which, full of tearful fondness, were raised to his. He would have given worlds to be gone, but how could he leave her thus! He vowed in his inmost soul never again to be found in such a strait—yet, he knew not himself the object of Giulia's love, but only felt too deeply his own weakness. It was the heart's severest trial!—Again he rose, and gently disengaged his hand from hers. Suddenly, as by an irresistible impulse, the fair Italian sprang to her feet, flung her arms round his neck, and laid her head on his breast, while words of wild import, words of passion and sorrow, and love unbounded, mingled with the sobs that seemed to burst from her inmost heart, agitating violently her whole frame.

The burning blush of shame mantled like lightning on the brow of the noble youth, as the arms of the siren were wound about him, and he heard her confession. "Away—on the instant!" was the warning of his better nature. The image of Irene flashed across his mental vision; it was that of a guardian cherub mourning the fall of his charge. What mild reproach was in those soft blue eyes!

Self-humiliated, stricken with remorse that he had thus yielded to the fascinations of a woman he could never love, he unclasped Giulia's arms from his neck, and placed her trembling on the sofa. "Farewell, Donna Giulia!" he said: "I leave you this instant—for my own esteem—my heart's acquittal is dear to me, and I am guilty that I have stayed so long! Your charms—the charms so few could resist, may plead my excuse to you—to me they cannot—for the recollection of duty has broken the bewildering dream. I am not worthy of your love. Farewell! forget, or think with pity, not with anger, on one who shuns you because honour forbids him to cherish toward you any feeling warmer than respect!"

He had left the apartment before the disappointed fair one recovered from the stupor of surprise occasioned by his parting words. What did the lovely Italian, her proffered heart and hand thus unceremoniously rejected? She paced her apartment hurriedly for some moments—she surveyed her slighted charms in the mirror—the glorious abundance of her dark locks—the eyes more brilliant for the scorn that flashed from them—the cheeks suffused with the deepest crimson of resentment—she vowed revenge on the youth, on her unknown rival, on all the world! Finally, she rung for her maid; gathered her rich tresses into a head-dress more becoming than any she had ever worn before; donned her most gorgeous robes, and prepared to attend the "solemn ball" given by the Duchess of Pomerania.

"He will be there!" she murmured—"and he shall feel my scorn! The Queen will command his attendance; Oh, yes! he will be there!"

Hepburn, meanwhile, was ushered into the Queen's cabinet, having earnestly requested an audience. Mary was dressed for the festival.

"Be sure," she said, graciously, in reply to the knight's statement that he had a dear boon to crave, the nature of which, however, she mistook—"Be sure, I will use my utmost influence. I thought, indeed, when I saw you first so pensive and love-stricken—that not so soon—well! you are a man! wherefore should you not forget! And the king's wish is realized!"

"The king's wish? Then your majesty will pardon me!" exclaimed Hepburn.

"I? aye; that will I! but the lady? for to say truth, I expected more constancy from you! I thought not to see so bold a heart so quickly subdued!"

"Good heavens!" cried the bewildered knight; "how should your majesty know?"

"How strangely you ask! what should I know? come you not to ask of me the hand of our fair Marchese?"

"No, my Queen," replied Hepburn—"but with quite another purpose. I come to thank your majesty for your gracious favour towards me, and to pray your permission to depart immediately to join the king's army."

"How! would you leave me? Tell me, I entreat you—sir knight, tell me what has happened! How is it, that you, whom I saw to-

day so happy in the circle of my dames, wish to leave us so suddenly to-night?"

Hepburn crimsoned to the very temples; but assuming an air of gallantry—"My gracious queen," he said, "it is even because I was too well pleased in so fair a circle! Who enters a garden so rich, may be tempted to pluck some of its flowers; and I!"

"You would fly from temptation; is your heart then so weak? Untried virtue is no virtue. Is your love so mutable, 'tis proof that it would not last a lifetime; your fair one has an escape as well as you. If your love be strong, fair knight, can it not withstand so light a trial?"

"Call you the trial light?"

"Ha! you have felt it, then! Well, a loving, single, true heart doth hold all trials light! Remain with us, you have been unhappy in your love; choose among the daughters of this land one easier to obtain. Stay with us. Your Queen asks it!"

The youth was sore beset. "It is my duty to stay, if you command it," he said; "but humbly, on my knee, I beg the favour of dismissal."

The Queen pondered long, resting her head on her hand, and spoke at length with a more serious air.

"I will not gainsay your wish; but ere we part, I may do you a service—a woman's wit has guessed your secret; but confide to me the obdurate fair one's name."

Painful as was the revival of his heart's wasting grief, Hepburn could not deny the confidence which the royal Mary honoured him by asking.

She wrote a letter, which she sealed and secured with a silken string, and gave him for the hand of Gustavus. "Go," she said at length—"Go, noble knight; forget not your countrywoman—nay, I trust we soon shall meet again!" She held out her hand; Hepburn kneeled and kissed it; then rose and retreated towards the door.

The Queen called him back before he had reached the threshold. "I would give you," she said, "a memento of this hour, and of this interview." She drew a ring from her finger; "See," she continued, smiling—"the beautiful stone in the midst is an opal; it gleams with all the colours of the rainbow; but though much larger, it has not half the value of one of the brilliants that surround it. It is easily impressed; you may cut it with your dagger, you may break it in pieces on the ground. The stones that encircle it, on the contrary, are hard, indestructible. The opal is the heart of man—soft, opaque; the gay colours play on the outside; it varies in every ray; it shines not in the fire as in the clear beam of heaven."

Hepburn cast down his eyes, and reddened; the Queen continued, playfully—"These stones are diamonds; pure and firm; like the heart of woman; transparent as light; not on the surface, but *within* the colours gleam; it hoards the burning ray for winter's gloom. See, knight! the stones that encircle the opal, give the ring its value; so is man's heart only of

price when the affection of woman clings to it. Take the ring, and remember my words; may it prove a talisman to you! Should fortune crown your love, give it to your bride, and tell her what I have said!"

CHAPTER IV.

It was almost dark when Hepburn, and a small body of horse under his command, reached the king's camp near Wriezen. Shouts greeted him when he was recognised by the soldiers, who dismissed from duty, were lounging in groups about the encampment. A number were assembled around a rude block or pulpit, on which a man was eagerly haranguing them in broken German. Hepburn stopped his horse to observe him. He was apparently about seventy years of age, with a countenance so sinister and forbidding, that the first sight of him might well excite suspicion. The uncouth yet fantastic style of his apparel strengthened the impression of disgust; and his long beard, tangled and uncut, added to the wildness of his physiognomy. He held an open book in one hand, from which he read passages ever and anon, declaiming with great vehemence, and in singing nasal tones; while the soldiers listened, now with wondering attention, now with shouts and bursts of laughter. The knight stopped not to hear, but hastened on to the royal tent, where he besought his majesty's pardon for his abrupt return; and ended by laughingly praying the king to send him hereafter against a whole battery of cannon, and the swords of an hundred Imperialists, rather than into such peril as he had escaped.

"Thou art welcome, ne'ertheless, my son," said the monarch; "for to-morrow we march for Frankfort; and thence, please fortune, to Stettin! Meanwhile, give us your tidings; how fares my consort? you shall sup with me, and be not grudging of your news. We are alone; for the officers, like the soldiers, are bewitched with their new preacher."

"The gray man! who is he, your majesty? I marked him as I rode into the camp."

"Oh, a superstitious dreamer, who came with the baggage from Gartz; he has seen more visions than Ezekiel, of swords, and battles in the clouds, and I wot not what. I have mind to send him to the Emperor!"

* * * * *

Hepburn returned late to his tent; the night was clear, though moonless; and as he passed through the encampment, silent as a deserted city, save when the calls of the sentinels were heard, his thoughts recurred to his own destiny. His attention, however, was suddenly attracted by seeing a dark object gliding at a distance between the tents. He thought it at first some animal; but a nearer approach discovered it to be a man, creeping on his hands and feet, and evidently anxious to avoid observation. Hepburn's suspicions were instantly excited. He followed the man; the darkness, however, and the stranger's agility, enabled him to elude his scrutiny; the object suddenly disappeared; and after a vain search in every direction, deeming it not prudent to

give the alarm, the knight was obliged to content himself with quietly ordering four of his men to arm themselves, and keep watch till dawn before the royal tent.

Gustavus Adolphus, the bravest man of his time, slept usually without guards; in the innermost chamber of his tent, on a simple camp bed, resting his sacred head beneath a canopy of armor, the hangings were doubled to keep out the cold; a space of half a foot between. All was silence in the chamber, when some one moved in this space, and in the corner, where the canvass joined, the curtains were gently drawn aside—farther and farther, till a man entered at the aperture. He glided to the king's couch, drew from his bosom a short dagger, and lifted his arm to strike. At the same instant a tall figure sprang from the other side of the bed, caught the assassin's arm, and cried in tones that pierced like steel—"The guard!—the guard!"

"Who is there?" cried Gustavus, springing from his bed, and snatching the long-sword that lay beside him—"Give answer, or I hew you down—who is there?"

"It is I, my king!" answered Hepburn, still struggling with his enemy—"lights! lights! help me! I am wounded—and cannot hold the ruffian!—help!"

His men rushed in with the king's chamberlain, and several of the soldiers with lights, which discovered the gray man in mortal strife with the young knight, who was bleeding profusely from a wound in the shoulder. As he saw and recognised his enemy, he seized him by the throat, and threw his head violently backward; so that the assassin fell senseless to the ground.

The soldiers who now crowded in, alarmed by the outcry, seized the lifeless traitor, and would have dragged him out, to hang him on the next tree; but the king bade them desist from their purpose of vengeance.

"There is time enough for punishment," said he; "keep the villain under guard. But how is it with you, brave young man—my friend! what ho!—send hither our surgeon instantly—he is hurt!"

"My liege, 'tis a trifle—'tis nothing! God be praised I did not come too late!"

"No, my good son!—but Mary herself shall thank you! Strike tents with the dawn; we will sup to-morrow at Stettin; thence to Frankfort with lighter hearts! Remain with me, Hepburn, in my tent; I would have farther discourse with you."

CHAPTER V.

"The last of your race!" said Gustavus Adolphus, at Stettin, to his young friend and protege, on whom he had just conferred new rank; "the last of your race! then must you seek means to perpetuate the honours your sword has won! Baron Von Heldensohn! follow my counsel; go home to Sweden, when we have chastised once more the Emperor's miscreants; and seek a bride among the daughters of princes. The haughtiest sire will not question your rank or right, for you are our

friend and son! And we will bestow lands for the bride's dower.—Ha! silent! you will not obey! you are ready to sacrifice life for me, but not an idle caprice!”

“My liege, it is no caprice! Pardon me! what would avail me a Duke's coronet, if love hallowed not the prize! Sire, I pray you”—

“No more! you will think better of it! I warrant me, before to-morrow! Come, now; the Queen waits to give you welcome. Her woman heart thanks you, that you have saved my life; I thank you, that you have justified my faith in human nature, and shown me a monarch can be loved by his subjects.”

The folding doors were opened. Gustavus took the young baron by the hand, and led him towards the Queen, who stood in the midst of her train of ladies and nobles. Hepburn's eyes sought the royal Mary; the next instant his knee forgot its homage, and he stood gazing, as on a vision, on the form of a young girl, who, herself almost fainting, leaned upon the arm of one of the court dames.

“Your trials are over!” cried Gustavus, advancing with a benevolent smile. “You have refused a bride at my hands; accept one from the hands of our consort; and she shall tell you, when time permits, of her pleading for you. Winlaf gives you his daughter; you must make her baroness to-night, that we may bless the bridal before our departure. What say'st thou, maiden?”

Hepburn threw himself at the Queen's feet; he bowed his face to the ground to conceal the emotion he could not master; then rising, his arms clasped the beautiful, the weeping Irene, who could only hide in his bosom the tears and blushes she would not that the noble circle should see.

“Yet am I shamed in this!” pursued the king; “all the favours I have bestowed have not given him half the joy of this device of my queen's! Well, let it be so! Lead on, to the

nuptial feast; for our time presses.—Lead on!”

The banquet was prepared in an adjoining hall. In the balcony were ranged musicians, who welcomed with kettle-drum and trumpet the entering guests. The sea had yielded stores of every variety of fish to deck the board; and all the luxuries of the land were collected. Orlolans, gelinottes, peacocks with their starry trains spread, with boarsheads, and game of every description, and dishes we have neither time nor space to describe, constituted the feast.

As twilight came on, two doors on either side of the hall were thrown open, and servants entered in rich liveries, bearing in each hand silver sconces with wax lights burning. When the lights were distributed, healths were drank; and, escorted by the music, the company proceeded to a neighbouring saloon, where a Protestant priest waited on the steps of the temporary altar, to unite the youthful lovers.

“Baron Von Heldensohn!” said the deep voice of the king—“receive your bride at our hands. Her father, who is ill at ease, sends his blessing. Let him never repent his monarch's choice!” The ceremony was performed, and Hepburn led his bride to the Queen.

“And now, my lord!” said Mary, “we all crave a boon. Remain with us to celebrate the bridal festivities. I pray you, deny me not!”

“Nay, mine honoured spouse,” replied the king—“it grieves me that I *must*—per force—deny you; no less than for my own sake, that we must part to-night! Yet we leave two hearts happy. Hepburn, I give you eight days for rejoicing; join me then, in Mecklenburg! Farewell! be happy as you have proved yourself ‘fearless and true!’” So saying, Gustavus turned away, and led the Queen from the hall.

Columbia, South Carolina.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINE S

TO A LADY WHOSE SONG AWAKENED THE MEMORY OF OTHER DAYS.

BY JOHN W. ELDREDGE.

NAV lady, cease not—touch again
That quivering string, its soft notes stealing
O'er my wrapt fancy, happier hours revealing,
Reveal some well-remembered strain,
Called forth in days by-gone, by one
Who may not sweep again with rosy fingers
The harp's rich strings, but whose music lingers
Now when the gentle minstrel's gone.

That note again! Ah! let it swell,
There's something in its melody
That calms my passion's wildly raging sea,
As if oy fairy's magic spell

'Tis rising now, that soul-like strain,
As I have heard it in my dreams, awaking
From seraph harps, it heals the heart that's breaking
My bosom's calm and still again.

The sound has died away—now break
The harp-strings, even while they quiver:
Hushed must their numbers be, and near
Let other strains from them awake,
They were the last *she* played—'twas even,
And while her fingers o'er the chords were straying,
Her tresses in the soft breeze gently playing,
Her spirit passed from Earth to Heaven.
Houston, Texas.

Written for the Lady's Book.

CHIVALRY OF HORSES.

BY MISS CATHARINE E. REECHER.

LADY READERS OF THE LADY'S BOOK,

Did you ever ride on horseback? If so, then I fancy you know what a fuss it makes—this rummaging for old side-saddles and new—this begging and borrowing of horses—this disputing as to who shall ride the plough horse—and who shall have the pony, and who shall ride Squire Jones's charger—this fixing of snaffles, and curbs, and girths, and saddle-cloths—this rigging up in old and young, long and short riding-dresses—this tucking, and pinning, and pulling and fixing of skirts—this groaning and fretting of those who are pounding up and down on the plough horses—this sympathy of those who skim ahead on the easy nags—this breaking of girths, and lengthening of stirrups, and changing of saddles and horses by the gallant and pitying beaux.

All these things you wot of, but I wish to tell you of some of the benefits which arise from cultivating a high respect for the chivalry of horses. "*Chivalry of horses*," say you—what does that mean? Does not *chivalry* come from *cheval*, the French word for horse? What sense is there in the expression! Now, suppose I could not tell you? Do you suppose that people ever know what they mean when they talk about *chivalry*? Look at the young row-dey, breathing through his whiskers, and flirting his raitan—he swears like a pirate, drinks like a sailor, breaks wine glasses, kicks over tables, and sticks a dirk into his best friend, if he even intimates that such conduct is not perfectly that of a gentleman. Ask him, and he will tell you that he is the very pink and mirror of chivalry.

I have not exactly the same meaning for the term chivalry, which this interesting youth has. When I speak of the chivalry of horses, it is a much more respectable affair, and though I cannot tell precisely what it is, I am about to show some of the benefits which accompany or flow from cultivating a high relish and a due respect thereto.

I always had a strong feeling of this kind. I never was afraid of a horse, and though some of my early friends can testify to a sort of Gilpin like race of mine, when at the age of ten, I first mounted the animal, whereby the whole village was thrown into consternation; yet, as no injury befel me, I never lost my loving and trusting spirit toward every individual of the race. But after the aforesaid flourish in my first adventure on horseback, my friends ever seemed to have a singular aversion to any farther developments of the kind, and it was not till many years after some few practising lessons, in obedience to the suggestion of my physician, I began to talk again of morning rides on horseback. "But," exclaimed my various friends, "what will you do? no proper horses here for ladies—no beau to escort you in an early morning ride."

"Find me a horse," said I, "let us trust to the chivalry of the race, and we shall see."

Sister Nelly was not quite so full in the faith as myself, but after some urging she consented to join me in a morning ride.

"What is the name of this horse, Ramsay?" said I, as he placed me on the saddle. "*Music*, ma'am," was the reply.

"And what is the name of Nelly's?" "*Dancing*, ma'am—they are a span for any hack."

"*Music* and *Dancing*—good! we shall have a merry time, I fancy."

We sallied forth, *groomless* and *beauless*.

"Is your horse an easy one," said I to Nelly.

"*I—don't—know*," said she; and each particular word came forth as if knocked out in spite of herself—volition having very little to do with the matter. For myself, I must say that I have several times in the course of my life, sat more easily and quietly than I did on that horse.

After about fifteen minutes of speechless attempts to accommodate the pace of our steeds more to our convenience, we began to gain a little in the matter of comfortable sitting, when suddenly I beheld Nelly on a long trot towards a stable yard.

"Where are you going?" called I.

"To Jericho!" said she, half in terror and half in merriment. In two minutes *Music* was eating oats in a barn-yard, and shortly *Dancing* came up to join in the repast.

I was provided with a whip, and trusting to the chivalry of the race, I made such use of it, that after a little prancing and curvetting we careered out of the barn-yard, and proceeded on our ride.

We succeeded in gaining a tolerably decent quiet gait, during about half an hour, when suddenly *Dancing* quickened his pace, and to my amazement I saw him mounting an ascent on the right hand of the road. When on the summit he wheeled, about. There sat Nelly and *Dancing* up, while *Music* and I were down.

"What are you sitting up there for, like St. George on horseback?" quoth I.

"Oh, for mercy's sake, help me, what shall I do?"

"Make him come down," said I.

"I can't," said she.

"Whip him," said I.

"I am afraid to do it," said she.

Just then a young beau of hers came in sight, one Daniel, who resembled his great namesake more in his goodness than in courage—"Oh! Daniel," said I, "help that maiden."

Then Daniel made assay. First, he mounted the bank, then he advised Nelly to ride down, then he walked a circuit around the horse, keeping at a most respectful distance, then he turned his face to me, and looked most woe begone.

"Daniel," said I, "come and hold my horse." He obeyed, and in a trice I was by the side of

Nelly, holding my trailing riding-dress in one hand and my whip in the other.

"Put your hand on my shoulder and dismount," said I. She slid off in a twinkling.

I then took the frisky gentleman by the bridle, and we danced a sort of hornpipe down the side of the hill.

"Mount my horse, Nelly," said I, "and let me see what sort of a figure this fellow will dance next."

My whip had a stinging snapper, and I had great faith in the chivalry of the animal, so when fairly seated on the saddle, I applied my whip so cheerily, that the dancing gentleman, instead of using four feet in taking his steps, restricted himself to two.

Whereupon, I heard the mowers in a neighbouring field begin to call out, "Take care of that gal! Young man, hold that horse, or the gal will be killed—sartin!"

But Daniel stood aghast, and I had no thought of being killed, and shortly, Sir Dancing returned to his quadruped habits, and we then returned home in peace and safety.

After this, we tried in succession all the various Rosinantes which the obsequious livery-stable keeper brought to experiment upon, each one of which he declared was "exactly the creature for a lady."

There was Rover, who would trot like a fulling-mill; and Prince, who snorted and kicked without rhyme or reason; and Pirate, who would run like a streak; and Charley who would turn and make for home whenever the notion seized him, in spite of whip or rein; and lastly came Peter, who would take to trotting in such style, that it was a special interposition whenever the rider happened to hit the saddle.

These were "hard times" in the way of riding. But halcyon days came on when my gallant Rollo appeared. Oh, my beautiful Rollo! if there is a land where the spirits of thy race depart, thou art coursing its bright fields—the fleetest, the noblest, and the best. His form was that of the true Arabian, and his eye had that bright and gentle, yet spirited look, so peculiar to his race. He was white as snow, and his long tail and mane, when duly washed and combed, glittered in the sun like threads of silver. Trained in the circus, he was complete in all the graces of an accomplished education, could kneel for his mistress to mount, or skim over a fence like a bird.

Poor Rollo! he had but *one fault*. When he attempted to exceed a certain speed, he would breathe like a steamboat—not those smooth oily creatures that plough the eastern waters, but like those asthmatic creatures that toil up the Ohio, groaning and gruffing as if their larynx, trachea, bronchia, and all their breathing apparatus were brass, and the atmosphere cast steel. I bought him of my riding master, who set him off in the circus to great advantage. But when I took him to try him abroad, I perceived that his owner was very particular that I should not exceed a certain pace. As he placed his anxiety on the benevolent ground of interest for my genteel and proper appearance in public, declaring it very ungenteel for a lady to canter

in the streets of a city; and as my ride was not prolonged into the country, I never discovered this infirmity till the bargain was completed.

In spite of his beauty, grace, and goodness, poor Rollo became somewhat of a butt in the community. So great were his spirits, and so fond was he of quick movement, that with the strongest double curb I often found difficulty in concealing his infirmities. Indeed, I did so love his graceful and fleet canter, that when fairly out of the city, I often indulged in his favourite speed, until all the children in the vicinity made merry at his approach.

"There comes Rollo!" says one. "Hollo, Old Wheezer!" says another. "Better take some cough drops!" says a third. "What is the matter with your horse?" says a fourth.

He was a most loving and faithful servant, and for three years, never failed in duty. True he did occasionally play a few pranks, but they were all harmless. For example, one morning he made his mistress, who had dismounted for some flowers, follow behind him for nearly two miles—every now and then stopping with a most demure and roguish look, till when within reach of his bridle, he would skim off like a frolicsome kitten, and then turn about to see the effect produced.

Another time, while waiting for some bars to be removed, after the top one was taken off, without leave or license, he sailed over the rest taking good care, however, to keep his mistress well seated, and then paced along as if nothing special had occurred.

Poor little Bessy! she will never forget her first ride with Rollo. She had long been pleading to be allowed a ride on horseback. But here I must stop to do justice to the chivalry of another of his race. Little Red Tinker was a prancing spirited animal, and would run like wild fire, if mounted by any of the lords of creation. But put a timid woman or a little child on his back, and he was as gentle as a lamb, and as steady as a clock. For three years he was the daily companion of Rollo, carrying safely and surely all the young noviciates in the art of horsemanship.

It was a calm summer evening, when sister Nelly and myself accompanied little Bessy in her long promised ride. We were pacing along the river banks in one of those broad meadows, sprinkled with trees and cornfields, and undivided by fences.

"Take my hat, a moment," said I, "while I fix my hair."

As she took it, the hat slipped from her hand, the veil caught in her saddle, and there it swung dangling between the horse's legs. Red Tinker started a few steps, this made the case worse, and it became a matter too strange even for his high chivalry. In a twinkling, I saw little Bessy careering off among the trees and cornfields, with my hat and veil spurring up her steed to renewed exertions. Without thinking of Rollo's infirmity, I gave him the reins, and sister Nelly knew not what else to do but follow; and such a rig as we run! Bessy flying over the meadow—now here and now there—my hat and veil flopping around her—I coursing after

her, my hair flying, and Rollo piping in his loudest key, while Nelly was toiling on behind. But after careering about in this style for some five or ten minutes, the hat was disengaged, Tinker slackened his pace, and Bessy slid off into the long grass, where we found her unharmed.

With the most amusing naiveté, she began to apologise for riding so fast, declaring that she held the horse with all her might and could not stop him—congratulated herself that her habit was not torn at all—indeed, she seemed disposed to represent the whole matter as a very fortunate occurrence in every point of view, lest her probabilities of future rides might be diminished. But where was Red Tinker? Far off, nibbling the grass. So Nelly and I set

off to recover him, which proved no so easy a matter. For half an hour, we trotted, and paced, and galloped, and cantered, all in vain. Then we tried a foot passage, but all to no purpose. At length, a countryman and his boy came in sight, and after hearing all the particulars of our adventure, with a good natured laugh they secured our stray animal, and we returned to town.

Thus for years have I been a daily observer of the generous chivalry of horses, and though they have sometimes played us various pranks, it was always in a suitable time and place, while life and limb was ever preserved with faithful care. Poor Rollo! he is gone! but his grateful mistress will record at least this one memorial of his generous and faithful services.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO NANCY, IN HEAVEN.

BY RUFUS DAWES.

ANGEL of purity!

Dear shade of one that dwelt in mildness here,
Guileless and innocent, forgive the tear
That weeping love disconsolately yields,

Forgive the mournful sigh;
Thou soul of purity, still ever dear!
If in those blissful, ever-joyous fields

Of heaven above, my memory still be nigh,
Say, is it wrong to weep upon thy bier?

From yon unclouded heaven,
Where thou art seated high in happiness,
Far from these mingled scenes of bitterness,
And all the nameless forms of misery

'To hapless mortals given;
Oh, from thy bright abode look down and bless
A spirit drooping for the loss of thee,

Comfort and raise his heart with anguish riven,
For still thy soul must be all gentleness!

Did'st thou not say to me,
Ere in this vale of tears thy beauty set,
Fresh as the flower by morning dew-drops wet,
That, if thou wert an angel, thou would'st send
Peace and felicity

To crown my being—and would'st never let
Affliction press the bosom of thy friend,

Anguish or care come nigh
To cloud his hopes; say, can'st thou now forget?

Pale death has sealed thine eyes,
And in the cold and cheerless tomb has laid
The beauteous casket smiling nature made
To keep the spirit, God in kindness gave;

Now that fair body lies
Disrobed of beauty and in night arrayed
Low in the damp, dark grave;

It had no power to hold thy sainted shade,
That loathsome home of mortal qualities!

But oh! it is not *there*,
It is not there my sighing spirit turns;
But when the silent star of evening burns,
And twilight blends so mildly with her beams;
Or when the summer air
Breathes with the balm enshrined in blooming urns
Melting in moonlight, then my spirit dreams,
And rapt in heavenly contemplation, learns
To raise with thee its meditative prayer!

Yes; it is ever so;
For when I look abroad on nature's face,
I see thee smiling there—there's not a place
Where all the harmonizing parts combine
In one soft scene to throw
The unity of loveliness and grace,
But there thy mildness, youth and beauty shine;
While thoughts of thee all sentiments erase,
Save those which purity has marked for thine.

CONVERSATIONS.

If we trace the faults of conversation up to their original source, most of them might, I believe, be resolved into this, that men would rather appear shining, than be agreeable in company; they are endeavouring to raise admiration, instead of gaining love and good will; whereas the latter is in every body's power, the former in that of very few.

In company, it is our duty to adapt ourselves to the innocent humours and ways of thinking of those with whom we converse, and it is indelicate to obtrude our concerns upon them, or

give scope to any of those peculiarities of behaviour that distinguish our own profession, or the small societies to which we are accustomed.

That conversation, which promotes the innocent amusement of our friends, and so contributes to their health and happiness; or which, by expressing our benevolence towards them, cherishes that temper in us, and gives an example for the encouragement of it in others; conversation of this character, is not *idle*, because it is favourable to virtue, and friendly to mankind.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TOM STEINBERG.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MRS. S. B. JENKINS.

"Who that saw Tom Steinberg twenty years ago, would have predicted the change that time has wrought!" was my involuntary exclamation, as I descended the steps of his elegant mansion, in one of the most fashionable streets of Philadelphia; "who would have ever imagined that Tom Steinberg would have turned author and made a fortune."

As I paced leisurely along the broad *trottoir* to my lodgings, I mused upon the strange revolution that had taken place in Tom Steinberg's character and fortunes, since we were school-fellows in one of the little primitive Dutch towns in central Pennsylvania, to the period, when, to the astonishment of the birch-wielding pedagogue, who had always called him a blockhead, and the schoolboys who had always made him the butt of their practical jokes, Tom Steinberg attained the dignity of M. D.—And now, in addition to all this, he was luxuriating in all the honours of successful authorship.

The parents of Tom Steinberg were honest hard-working people, content to labour on the little farm which had descended from father to son, through many generations, without an ambitious thought beyond boarding a small store of silver in "the chist," to provide for the necessities of sickness and old age. They had the true Dutch horror of all iniquitous inventions, in the shape of patent ploughs, self-acting threshing machines, and steam-propelled butter churns.

Tom's father ploughed his land with a heavy substantial plough, the model of which was brought from *Vater Land*—he reaped his grain with a sickle—threshed it with a flail, and winnowed it with a corn fan—*en passant*, I cannot help sometimes regretting that this picturesque implement of husbandry is so entirely superseded by modern labour-saving machines. To an artist's eye, the graceful tossing of the grain into the air—the chaff, borne lightly away by the wind—the golden heaps, accumulating at the feet of the sun-bronzed winnowers—is far more beautiful than the angular, awkward, unwieldy-looking fanning-mill, with its suffocating clouds of dust, and deafening clatter. A Ben-thamite, who only regards *l'utile*, might, it is true, see differently; but I must confess that I am too devoted a lover of the graceful and picturesque, ever to be a very consistent utilitarian.

I said that the Steinbergs had a horror of modern inventions; I remember one instance, in which this horror was overcome by the smooth-tongued eloquence of a Yankee clock-pedar, and in an evil hour, good mother Steinberg, exchanged the antiquated Dutch clock, which had ticked faithfully in the corner of the kitchen for scores of years, and which she had wound up, with her own hands, every morning, since she was married—for a "raal eight day clock,

that needn't be wound up, only every Saturday night, and that would last forever, and be just as good as new at the end of the time." And then the clock was so handsome—three gilded nondescripts on the top, which the pedlar said were "spread eagles"—a likeness of General Washington in full uniform, in the centre—a wreath of brilliant red roses on the face—very elaborate gilded hands, and what was most irresistible, a looking-glass, of very respectable dimensions below the clock face. What woman could ever withstand a looking-glass!—not mother Steinberg—for when her pretty daughter Katrine peeped at her own bright rosy face, and coaxingly reminded her mother that she had promised to buy a looking-glass when she was sixteen, and that two weeks had elapsed since she had attained that mature age—the good dame decided at once, and not only bargained away the old clock, but ten pounds of well-saved feathers into the bargain. Alas the day! the sober, regular habits of the family were well nigh turned topsy-turvy. The new clock proved to be as erratic in its movements as the French watch of a modern belle.

Katrine and her mother were the greatest sufferers from this state of things, for, like good, steady housewives as they were, they had always regulated their labours by the clock, and they were often sadly put out of the way, by having the men come in from the field, where they had been at work, long before the dinner was ready, and then, how the whole family would scold about the clock, and the old man would wish that he "had hold of that lying varmint, that had cheated the women so, how he would cudgel him;" and the elder sons would make poor Katrine almost cry with vexation, by telling her, "that if it had not been for the looking glass, for her to see her pretty face in, they might have had the old clock yet!"—and bid her take care that she never married a "cheating Yankee."

Tom Steinberg was the only one of the family who had much advantage of "book larning;" he was a sickly boy, and his father said he was a "do-less creature on the farm, fit for nothing but to scare the crows, and that he might as well go to school," and to school Tom went, year after year. I think I see him now, with butter-nut coloured homespun clothes, hanging loosely about his ill-formed, awkward limbs, looking as much as possible like Willis's friend "Job Smith." Indeed, I am inclined to think that Willis must have seen Tom Steinberg before he made his graphic sketch of Job's personal graces, as nature could hardly have formed two such specimens of "journey work."

Poor Tom was perpetually in disgrace; he never knew his lessons, or rather his nervous bashfulness prevented him from ever reciting them. The schoolmaster's knowledge extended

no farther than reading—writing—the four first rules of Daboll—a very imperfect insight into the mysteries of the “grammar book,” and a little, a very little smattering of history and geography. He could not understand Tom’s character, and instead of stimulating him by judicious encouragement, he called him a blockhead and a dunce; and a blockhead and a dunce he seemed likely to remain until the end of the chapter.

One of those seeming trifles, which sometimes have such a marvellous effect on our destiny, changed the whole current of Tom Steinberg’s life. It was a warm, sunny, summer’s noon. We were gathered under the shade of a group of magnificent elm trees, that grew on the bank between the school-house and the sparkling stream that danced merrily by, to unite its waters with the beautiful Susquehanna. Tom was, as usual, stretched lazily upon the grass, his head resting against the moss-covered trunk of the patriarch of the grove, his eyes half shut, and his whole countenance exhibiting the vacancy of listless indolence. We were talking of plans for future life—one intended to be a preacher—another a lawyer—a third a merchant—a fourth a farmer. “And what are you going to be Ben?” said one of the boys to me—“Why a doctor to be sure, as my father was before me,” I answered—“and I am going to Philadelphia to attend the lectures, four years from next winter.”

“I’ll be a doctor, too—see if I won’t,” said Tom Steinberg, starting up. The boys shouted with laughter at this unexpected declaration. “I don’t care boys how much you laugh, nor how much fun you make of me. You see if I ain’t a doctor, as well as Ben Van Slossen.”

From that hour, a change seemed wrought in Tom Steinberg; his eye brightened—his form grew erect—instead of being always at the foot of his class, he was now almost perpetually above his fellows. Figures, which had seemed to him like the mysterious cabala of necromancy, began to speak an intelligible language to his mind. He soon acquired “all that the master knew,” of grammar, geography, and history.—In short, Tom, in spite of the gibes and jeers of all at home but his mother and the gentle Katrine, and the obstinate pertinacity of the school-master, who persisted in calling him a dunce, appeared to be in a fair way of realizing his ambitious dreams.

Four years after, while attending my first course of Lectures at the Pennsylvania University, I was surprised, one morning, as I was ascending the steps of the Lecture-room, by hearing the familiar school-boy abbreviation of my name. I turned to see who called “Ben Van Slossen,” and was not a little astonished to recognize the well-remembered face and figure of Tom Steinberg.

I had lost sight of him during my collegiate years, and I afterwards found, that he had actually walked to Philadelphia with all his worldly effects, consisting of a change of apparel, and a few books, tied in a handkerchief and slung over his shoulder, and had obtained a situation as a servant in the family of a physician, known

as well for his unostentatious benevolence, as his profound learning and admirable skill. That he had attracted the attention of his master by saving all his wages, but what served him for the most scrupulously restricted necessities, to buy scientific books—that the philanthropic physician (whose name I forbear to mention, though should this sketch ever meet his eye, he will doubtless recollect the poor boy whose interests he so essentially advanced,) promoted Tom from the kitchen to the study, and that he was now entering upon his first course of lectures.—“And so you see, Ben, I shall be a doctor, after all,” said Tom, when he had given me the account I have briefly related.

The next winter Tom received his degree; the kind friend, who had so efficiently aided him, took him into partnership, and two years after, I heard of his marriage, to a very lovely, intelligent Quaker girl, with whom I confess myself to have been somewhat smitten during my stay in Philadelphia. I had been wise enough however, before I exposed myself to the ordeal of the bright eyes of the fascinating daughters of the city of Brotherly Love, to give my heart into the safe keeping of my own dear Harriet, who now sits beside me in her matronly beauty, not one whit less charming or less lovely, in my eyes, than when she graciously condescended, fifteen years ago, not only to take charge of my heart, but myself also.

I had heard nothing of Tom Steinberg for years, when I was as much surprised as when he accosted me on the steps of the Lecture room, by the receipt of a “Treatise on Geoponics,” by Dr. Steinberg, with the compliments of the author. I confess I was not prepared to see so much scientific research, so much acute observation as was displayed in this little work.

Even during the years that Tom’s faculties had seemed to be dormant, I found that he had critically noted the various processes which had passed before him, on his father’s farm—he had observed the effect of different kinds of tillage, upon different qualities of soil—the impoverishing effect of certain crops, and the enriching influence of others. And now, that thorough scientific investigation had shown him the reason for all these changes, he had, with the true spirit of his excellent patron, thrown together the results of his study and observation, in a work, which could not fail to be useful to the practical agriculturalist.

His next work was, “An Enquiry into the Nature of the Connexion between Mind and Matter.” Then followed several Physiological Essays and Treatises, all very favourably received by the public, and finally, a work entitled “Moral Science, based upon Phrenology.” This was exactly suited to the spirit of the age. The lamented Spurzheim had awakened the minds of the American public to an examination of the claims of this science. The influence of his principles had spread gradually and silently. Rumours were abroad that Combe, the eloquent and profound advocate of Phrenology was about to visit our shores. Every one was on the *qui vive* to learn all that could be learned on the subject, with very little expenditure of time;

and my friend's work appearing at this juncture, seemed exactly what the public wanted.

It had been said, and by very learned, and honest and judicious men, too, "that Phrenology and Morality could never be reconciled."—Those who had heard, and those who believed that such was the fact, were anxious to read Dr. Steinberg's book—thousands of copies sold immediately—the edition was speedily exhausted—another published—and in the short space of six months, the work had passed through eight editions. Tom Steinberg had realized a fortune, and what he prized more, he had done

something towards establishing a principle which he believed to have its foundation in Eternal Truth.

I had witnessed the first dawns of my friend's awakened intellect—I had traced his progress step by step, until he had nobly won himself a name and a place among the wise and gifted of the land; and if by the recital of his success, I shall arouse the dormant faculties of a single mind, to a high-souled emulation, my design is accomplished.

New York.

Written for the Lady's Book.

"GREEN OLD AGE."

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

I've heard men say, that Time
Was but a common thief,
Stealing from manhood in his prime,
All that is noble or sublime—
From youth its fresh green leaf,
Its rosy hue,
Its sparkling dew,
And whoso'er is pure, and eloquent, and true.

And poets too have sung,
How many a passing year
Is rich with spoils of beauty, wrung
By violence from old and young;
And how, for all things here,
The pall—the shroud—
The dark storm-cloud,
Were the sole emblems truth had ever yet allowed.

I hold it is not so—
And they who thus complain,
See but with jaundiced eye, and know
But little of the lights that glow
O'er sky, and earth, and main—
Morning's bright beam,
Noon's golden gleam,
And evening's flush that gilds grove, mountain,
vale and stream.

They know not the sweet art,
That lies in love and truth,
To keep alive within the heart,
As when they first began to start,
The pure, fresh founts of youth—
Still welling there,
'Mid doubt and care,
Defying every change of every changing year.

Some scores of years have passed,
And done their work on me;
My sky has oft been overcast,
Oft have I felt the bitter blast
Of stern adversity—
Tears oft have shed,
Oft bowed my head,
And almost wished my name were numbered with
the dead.

And yet—oh! yet, o'er all
Those cloudy scenes and dark,
There ever was within my call
An arm outstretched to guard my fall,

18*

And guide my fragile bark—
A light—a sign—
Of power divine,
That made the darkest night with radiant promise
shine.

Oh! the sweet tones of home!
The loves that there abide!
The names that, wheresoe'er I roam,
Like music to my heart-strings come—
My children and my bride!
What power have they
The storm to allay,
And keep the eye of hope fixed on the star of day!

Time only these endears—
Each day more sweet, more true—
'Mid storm and shine—'mid smiles and tears—
Outliving change—outlasting years—
Forever fresh and new,
As brilliant now
That eye and brow,
As when before their shrine love taught me first to
bow.

No, no, the true heart's love,
And beauty, are like wine—
The silent years that o'er them move,
But soften, mellow, and improve,
And make them lovelier shine.
Where heart in heart
Links, ne'er to part,
Time stealth not a ray, but doth more light impart.

Time steals from only those
Whose inner hearts are changed,
Whose first affections—like the rose
Cankered ere half its sweets disclose—
From truth were soon estranged.
So beauty's beam,
And hope's sweet gleam,
Faded with love away, like phantoms of a dream.

But neither change nor age
Comes o'er the heart of truth,
The same sweet loves its thoughts engage,
The same pure lines adorn its page
At fourscore, as in youth;
And heaven shall show
How love can grow,
And truth and beauty shine, as endless ages flow.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FAIRIES' FOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. CUSHING.

Race of the rainbow wing, the deep blue eye,
 Whose palace was the bosom of a flower;
 Who rode upon the breathing of a rose;
 Drank from the hare-bell; made the moon queen
 Of their gay revels; and whose trumpets were
 The pink-veined honeysuckle; and who rode
 Upon the summer butterfly; who slept
 Lulled in the sweetness of the violet's leaves—
 Where are ye now? And ye of eastern tale,
 With your bright palaces, your emerald halls;
 Gardens, whose fountains were of liquid gold;
 Trees with their ruby fruit, and silver leaves,
 Where are ye now?—*Lady's Book.*

ON the margin of the great desert of Arabia, just where the last trace of vegetation is about to yield to the sterile waste of sand which stretches before the appalled traveller, a crystal fountain gushed from a rock, in the midst of a cluster of wild fruit trees, that seemed to invite the weary pilgrim to pause beneath their refreshing shade, and quaff the limpid waters of the fountain before entering on the burning heats of the desert. Wild roses fringed the brink of the Fairies' Fountain, and the clematis, with its snowy blossoms, the splendid passion flower, and other parasitical plants of exquisite form and odour, clothed the grey rocks from which the pellucid water bubbled forth, with their delicate tracery, and threw from tree to tree the graceful luxuriance of their rich and beautiful festoons. Scarcely an hour in the day was this lovely spot wholly untenanted. The maidens who came to fill their vessels from the fountain, and to wreath in their dark hair the wild flowers that grew around it, lingered while they prinked their tresses in the mirror of its waters, to tell some legend of their country, or to invoke the benison of the supernatural beings, who were said to dwell in the depths of its transparent bosom.

But there was one maiden, who on this spot, met always the sun's first rising beam, and sitting on the fountain's brink, watched his last ray sink behind the far-off hills of the west. Azra was a humble, but a fair and virtuous maiden; there was not a damsel in the land who loved better to do a kind action, or who with a more willing heart, gave up her own pleasure, to the wishes or comfort of others. Her mother had died in giving her birth. Her father was a vine-dresser, and while he followed his daily occupation, the maiden was left to the charge of an old nurse, who had supplied to her a mother's place, from her infancy. Mahala managed all the household concerns, and left the young Azra to tend her flowers, or to spend whole days beside the Fairies' Fountain, singing the beautiful songs of Arabia, and weaving from wild grasses, or the threadly fibres of the palm tree, various fantastic ornaments, which she disposed of to the passing travellers, who paused to rest themselves in the inviting shade. A beautiful grey-hound was her constant companion, and he crouched, when wearied by his gambols, at her feet,

guarding the basket of delicious fruit, which she always brought with her to her favourite haunt, and which she shared gladly with the humble and way-worn; but to those whose appearance bespoke the power to purchase, she sold it for a trifle, and at night carried home the small earnings of the day, to add to the scanty pittance of her father.

Azra was beautiful as a houri. The crimson of her lip was more brilliant than the vivid hue of the pomegranate blossom, and the carnation that glowed upon her cheek more delicate than the tints of the roses that she loved to wear upon her bosom. Her voice was enchanting as that of the nightingale, and her shape and step, graceful and airy as those of the wild antelope. She had, too, an affectionate heart, full of tenderness and kindly feeling; but Azra had wild dreams of something she had not yet seen—of a world of splendour, power, and riches, which made man omnipotent—where obedient slaves lived but to do his bidding—where the gales breathed perfume for his pleasure, and the jewels of the mine, and gems from the ocean depths, were piled up for his use. She saw palaces of gold, in her dreamy imaginings, and love, beauty, and pleasure dwelt in their spacious halls, and revelled amidst the flowers and spices of their splendid gardens. Sometimes, while indulging these visions, which were fed by the wonderful legends to which she daily listened, she almost forgot her identity; and when the rustling of a leaf, or the fawning of her greyhound, disturbed her reverie, she would awake with a sigh, and as she caught the reflection of her surpassing beauty in the fountain, audibly repine that she was doomed to a lot so humble and obscure.

"Why," she one day exclaimed, "why am I gifted with a taste for all that is magnificent, and beautiful, and endowed with personal attractions, superior to my mates, if I am destined forever to this obscurity of station? If I am never to have other society than that of my equals, nor higher occupation than plaiting these paltry ornaments, for which I obtain only a few sequins, given rather in courtesy, than as an equivalent for their value?"

As she ceased speaking, she threw herself back against the vine-clothed rock at whose base she sat, and covered her face with her hands. For a few moments a deep silence

prevailed, when it was suddenly broken by a clear and sweet voice, which seemed to proceed from the depths of the fountain, pronouncing these words:

"Daughter of Hassan, why dost thou repine? remember, that a contented mind is the true secret of happiness; and virtue the only gem worthy to be coveted."

Azra started, and looked upon the fountain; its surface was calm and unruffled, but numerous air bubbles reflecting a thousand brilliant hues, were rising from the bottom, which burst as they ascended, and showered forth gems gorgeous as those which sparkle in a monarch's diadem. Azra stretched out her hand to catch them as they fell, but they eluded her grasp, and when in the eagerness of her disappointment, she bent forward with a fruitless effort to grasp them, she beheld them, as if in mockery, glittering at the bottom of the fountain, and at the same moment a silvery laugh rang through its clear depths, and the voice again exclaimed:

"So burst the hopes of mortals! so delusive are riches, so unworthy of pursuit, that he who loves wisdom, will forbear the chase, and cherish virtue and contentment, which are the true sources of happiness!"

Azra sprang to her feet—but all was again still—even her dog slept undisturbed upon the grass—the bubbles had ceased to rise, and the gems were no longer discernible through the transparent water.

"Invisible fairy of the fountain," cried she, "it is thou who speakest to me—thou knowest the wishes of my heart, and if thou hast the power, I beseech thee to grant their fulfilment."

A low and mournful sound arose from the fountain, but instantly ceased; for the noise of many feet, and the tinkling of camels' bells announced the approach of a caravan. Azra sat looking forth from her covert upon its advance, and was surprised to observe, that it presented not the usual assemblage of loaded camels, Turks, Jews, Arminians, and pilgrims, but a long array of elephants, whose housings sparkled with gold and jewels; camels glittering in rich caparisons; litters curtained with silks; minstrels and slaves, and gallant warriors mounted on proud Arabian steeds, who rode near, as if to guard with jealous care, a milk white elephant, who bore upon his back a pavilion of gold and purple. Azra pressed forward to gaze upon the gorgeous train, and her heart beat high, for she felt conscious that she stood in presence of those great ones of the earth, whose wealth and power she so much coveted. The caravan paused, and one after another came to the fountain, and stooped to quaff its sweet and fragrant waters. The maiden still stood lost in wonder and admiration, when a small hand drew aside the silken drapery of the pavilion, and a beautiful face partially visible through the folds of a transparent veil, looked kindly forth upon her. With an instinctive impulse of reverence, she retreated a step or two, abashed at the observation she had attracted; but the gentle and gracious voice of the lady reassured her.

"Maiden," she said, "methinks thou hast a pleasant dwelling place beside this sparkling fountain, which the sunbeams can scarce kiss through these umbrageous trees that shadow it. But hast thou no companion in thy solitude?"

Azra's colour went and came, and her limbs trembled, as she replied, "None, madam, save my greyhound."

"And he, though mute, is faithful, when one of thy own species might perchance, prove treacherous," said the lady, with an arch smile. "But, maiden, art thou well contented here, or hast thou a mind to go forth into the world, and behold all that it has rare and wondrous to show thee?"

"It would please me well to do so, gracious lady," answered Azra, "if I were fitly appointed for such an enterprise. If, as thou dost, I possessed gold and jewels, rich clothing and attendants, I would not long tarry in this solitude."

"But thou hast youth and great beauty, my fair maiden, and what else thou lackest, I will supply. I lost my favourite attendant but three leagues beyond this, and if thou art content to fill her place, thou shalt have gentle treatment, fair raiment, and costly pearls to braid in thy hair, and wear upon thy bosom. What sayest thou, maiden? Clingest thou yet to thy humble lot, or goest thou with me, to behold and share the glories of the earth?"

Azra's cheek glowed, and the blood coursed like a burning current through her veins, as she listened to the words of the lady. "Oh, that I *could* follow thee," she said, passionately—"but my father"—and at the thought of the poor old man, left desolate by his ungrateful child, the maiden's tone faltered, and her head dropped sadly on her bosom.

"And has thy father no ambition for his daughter?" asked the lady—"Chooses he to keep thee here clad in coarse weeds, and doomed to a humble lot, rather than send thee forth to follow the fortunes of one who will care for thy safety, and array thee as befits thy beauty?"

"Alas! lady," said Azra, timidly, "thou holdest out to me most tempting lures, and were there none dependant on me for happiness, I would not say thee nay; but my father is aged, and I am his only child, his staff and solace. How then can I desert him? No, I must not go with thee, lady—I would it had been my fate to abide with princes; but I was born a peasant, and I must submit to my lot."

Azra uttered her concluding words in a tone of passionate bitterness, that was instantly echoed by a voice which came up through the transparent waters of the fountain, in a tone of mockery that caused her to start still farther from its brink. The lady noticed not her emotion, she was only eager to add the beautiful maiden to her train, and vexed to meet with resistance to her wishes.

"I must leave thee then, here in thy poverty and loneliness," she said, "yet ponder well ere thou permittest me to depart without thee. Cannot gold repay thy father for thy loss? It will give him food and clothing without labour, and many comforts, which thou in thy feeble-

ness canst not procure for him. Take then this purse, fair maiden"—and she held forth one through whose silver net-work glittered the yellow coin; "it is thine, be thy decision what it may; and if thou fulfillest my desire, yearly shall such an one find its way to the dwelling of thy father. I leave thee to reflection, maiden; our beasts are refreshed, and if thou shouldst resolve to follow me, come to the grove of dates beside yonder rock, where thou wilt find our tents pitched for the night. Ask for the princess Mirzana, and my slaves will conduct thee to my presence."

Azra made no effort to grasp the purse, and it fell heavily from the hands of the donor at her feet. The princess let the silken curtain drop which she had held back while speaking, and the snow-white elephant moved majestically forward, the small silver bells which were hung among the frame work of the pavilion ringing as he went, and making music with every step. The gallant band of warriors gathered around her, and the caravan followed

"Like a long tulip bed across the plain,"

glancing and sparkling as it moved forward, and reflecting back with added splendour the last rays of a glorious sunset, that shone upon its magnificent array. The maiden stood, spell bound to the earth, watching its retreat, till the last lingerer in the gorgeous train disappeared behind the angle of the grey rock that rose at the entrance of the date grove, when she sunk upon the soft green turf, and with head pillowed upon her hands, yielded herself to the conflicting emotions of duty and inclination which were at war within her. Silence was around her—silence broken only by the exquisite melody of the birds, making every leaf, as it seemed, vocal with their evening songs, and by the low murmur of the fairies' fountain, whose pure waters gurgling over their rocky basin, spread themselves out into a little rivulet, that ran musically on over the white pebbles which lined its bed, to hide itself in the shadows of the trees that clasped it in their drooping arms. But the beauty and harmony of the scene, with all its familiar sights and sounds, instead of soothing the mind of Azra, and confirming her in the path of duty, deepened her discontent, her weariness and disgust, at the calm and waveless existence which had hitherto been hers, and rendered still keener her longing desire to become a sharer in those more splendid and stirring scenes, of which she had just caught a transient but dazzling glimpse. The words of the princess, uttered in a tone of such urgent sincerity, still rung in her ears; but gladly as she would have done so, it was long before she could resolve to burst the bands of nature and duty, and accept her tempting offer. The sun sank below the horizon, and the shades of twilight gathered around her, yet there she lay, thoughtful and irresolute, when a strain of exquisite music floating from the distant encampment fell upon her ear, with an appeal she had no longer strength to resist. Those liquid and entrancing sounds, recalled, as by an invisible agency, the gorgeous pageant that had just

passed from her view, and springing to her feet she exclaimed aloud:

"Yes, I will go! it is not yet too late, and the daughter of the humble vine-dresser, may become the companion, nay"—and her soft eye flashed, and her beautiful lip curled with pride—"perchance, the equal of princes."

Without another moment's thought, the maiden stooped, and raising the heavy purse from the turf where it had lain untouched till now, and placing it with the ornaments of which she had not yet disposed, she hung the light basket between the teeth of her greyhound, and for the last time caressing her faithful companion, bade him carry to Mahala, that with which he was entrusted. The sagacious animal, accustomed to such missions, wagged his tail and departed in the direction of his master's cottage; and when Azra saw him disappear, she turned, but not without a pang of bitter but unheeded self-reproach, to fulfil her secret purpose. The moon was beginning to shed her pearly light abroad, and casting a farewell glance on every shadowy object, the maiden knelt to bind up her disordered hair, and bathe her face once more in the sweet waters of the fountain, before quitting it forever. Its murmurs sounded mournfully, she thought, while she bent over it; and as the moon beams slept upon its quiet surface, she fancied she beheld reproachful eyes looking sorrowfully at her, from its silent depths. But the warning was unheeded, and twining around her head the last braid of her shining hair, she bounded to her feet, and with the speed of a young gazelle, darted away towards the grove of dates, whose summit rose dark above the grey irregular rocks that intervened. Yet once, before she reached its shelter, she turned to look back again upon the fountain, seen through an opening of the trees that grew around it. But she started to behold in the midst of the silvery vapor that was rising from its bosom, and upborne as it were, upon the fleecy folds, a sylph-like figure of minute and exquisite proportions, that with slow and solemn gestures signed her to return. For an instant she hesitated, awed by the visible presence of the Fairy of the Fountain; and at this symptom of irresolution, the figure expanded its arms, and leaned forward as though to welcome her back. But at that instant a strain of joyous minstrelsy burst from the precincts of the date grove; and resisting the mute though eloquent appeal of her better genius, Azra renewed her flight, and in a few minutes stood within the illuminated circle of the tents.

The splendour of the lights, the sound of music such as she had never before heard, and the multitude of strange figures moving to and fro around her, bewildered the maiden, and she stood silent and amazed, unknowing which way to turn, or where to find her whom she had come to seek. Each moment her terror and uncertainty increased, and she was on the very point of flying back to the solitude she had deserted, when a gigantic Moor with huge strides approached, and signed her to follow him. Tremblingly she obeyed, when he led her to the entrance of a stately pavilion, from

whose interior proceeded strains of delicious minstrelsy, intermingled with merry laughter, and the silver tones of female voices. Three times the Moor knocked against the side of the pavilion, when the drapery was raised, and a maiden richly attired came forth, who received her in silence from her guide, and leading her to a side apartment, began immediately to divest her of her peasant's garb, and array her in garments of the richest stuffs, fashioned like those in which she herself was clothed. With inexpressible delight the untaught Azra watched the change in her apparel—from the castan of flowered brocade, to the little embroidered slipper into which her small feet were thrust, all was new and wonderful to her. And when the maiden who acted as her tire-woman had finished her task, and held a mirror before the eyes of the astonished Azra, she started back in amazement, unable to believe that the resplendent figure she there beheld, whose long hair braided with pearls reached almost to her feet, and whose arms and waist were blazing with gems, could be the same which she had often seen reflected from the glossy surface of the fountain, that till now had been the only mirror to reveal to her, her charms. Yet there she stood, the free-born Arab girl the companion of slaves! herself a slave, but pleased with the thralldom that loaded her with splendour, nor dreaming of the hour when she should shed bitter tears, for the wild freedom of her native hills, and pine amidst all that earth could give of luxury for the simplicity of her early home.

"Thou hast gazed long enough on thy beauty," said the attendant maiden; "go, now, and do homage to thy sovereign lady, whom henceforth thou art doomed to serve; and see that thou omittest not one iota of thy duty, or it may bring thee sorer ill than thou wottest of, perchance."

"I pray thee, maiden," said Azra, "grant me some instruction touching the part I have to perform, for I have been bred among peasants, and know not the habits or requirements of princes."

"Follow me," returned the other, "and do as thou seest me do." So saying, she took a small salver of gold, richly chased, and gave a similar one into the hands of Azra. On her own she placed a cup formed of one emerald, standing in a *saucecup* of fretted gold, and filled it with fragrant coffee; and that of the Arab maid's she furnished with a small dish of crystal, containing sweetmeats of rare and exquisite flavour. Then moving gently towards the central apartment of the pavilion, Leila, that was the maiden's name, raised the rich folds of silken drapery that enclosed it; and gliding through, admitted Azra to a scene of splendour surpassing all her wild imaginings had ever pictured, and which so amazed and overwhelmed her, that she would have shrunk back into the comparative darkness she had just quitted, had she not been restrained from doing so, by a reproving look from Leila.

Hangings of crimson, wrought with gold and gems, adorned the spacious apartment, which was lighted by silver lamps fed with perfumed

oil, that were suspended by curiously wrought chains of the same metal, from the roof. The rich carpet, looked like a bed of living moss strewn with a thousand flowers, and the cushions and sofas were of different coloured velvets, exquisitely embroidered. Entrancing music from unseen minstrels filled the room, in the centre of which, a band of young girls, beautiful as houris, were performing the graceful dances of their country. But the object which chiefly attracted the admiring gaze of Azra, was the princess Mirzana, who looked as though she were reclining on beds of living flowers, with such inimitable skill were the mimic roses and jasmines wrought upon the green velvet of the cushions that supported her. Her attitude was listless, yet she gave evidence that she was not sleeping, by constantly passing through her small and delicate fingers, a chaplet of costly pearls, alternating with emeralds of uncommon beauty and size. At her feet, knelt a beautiful slave, wearing with a bunch of peacock's feathers, the light and perfumed smoke that rose from a silver censer of burning amber, and aloes wood; and beside her stood another, watching her look, and bathing with scented water, the long tresses of her soft and glossy hair. Her dress surpassed all that Azra had yet seen, or conceived of magnificence; her robe glittered with gold and jewels, her slender waist was encircled by a broad girdle of diamonds, fastened in front by a flaming carbuncle—bracelets of the rarest gems were clasped around her exquisite arms, and her dark hair was confined by a garland, formed of emeralds and pearls. Never before had the untutored Arab maid, beheld so radiant a form; and she longed to remove the envious veil that still partially concealed the lovely face, for though only in the presence of females, the princess wore its transparent folds gathered over one temple, and falling thence to the shoulder, leaving only part of her countenance, glowing with youth and beauty, exposed to the admiring gaze of Azra.

Oppressed and intimidated by all she saw, the limbs of Azra trembled beneath her; it was with difficulty she sustained herself, and prevented the golden salver that she carried from falling to the ground. Leila marked her disorder, and hastened to reassure her.

"Follow me," she said, "thou hast nothing to fear; but be guarded and silent—whatever thou remarkest that is strange, note it not to any one—and ask no questions as thou valuest thy life."

Thus encouraged, Azra stepped firmly on through the whole length of the gorgeous apartment, till having reached the part of the step below the platform on which the princess sat, Leila knelt and touched her brow to the floor, then rising advanced, and knelt before her mistress with the offering which she bore. Azra closely imitated the conduct of her companion, but it was in vain that she strove to exhibit the same composure, and when the princess, after having drained the cup presented by Leila, reached forth her hand to take the sweetmeats offered by Azra, the maiden trembled so

violently as to attract her notice, and with a start of surprise she turned to look upon her agitated attendant. Instantly she recognised the maiden of the fountain, for through all changes, Azra's beauty was the same; as rare and exquisite in the rude simplicity of her peasant garb, as in the embroidered robes, and glittering gems that now adorned her person.

"My Arab maid!" exclaimed the princess, while a flush of joy brightened the delicate carmine of her cheek—"Thou art welcome, and thou hast done wisely to leave thy rustic life for that which thou shalt lead in my bright halls. Thinkest thou not so? And henceforth thou shalt be near me, aye, ever near me, in place of my lost Zacantha. Shall it not be so, my bird of the desert? Speak, for I would call thee all my own, thou art so beautiful!"

"Fair princess, I have left all, to surrender myself to thee, and henceforth for thee only do I live," said Azra; and as she spoke she bowed her forehead to the ground, and pressed her hands fervently upon her heart.

"I will remember thy promise," said the princess—"yet I would thou shouldst again repeat it, and seal thy words upon my hand"—and she held forth her slender fingers to receive the kiss of Azra. The maiden thought it impossible that she could ever prove untrue to so fair and kind a mistress, and fervently did she reiterate her words, and seal them with the ardent pressure of her lips upon that beautiful hand. As she relinquished it, she could not fail to observe the richness and variety of the rings with which it was adorned, and especially was she struck by one, worn upon the third finger of the left hand, such as she had never seen before, and Azra had examined many curious gems, which the Arabian merchants as they rested at the fountain, often displayed before her. The one which now attracted her attention was an opal of singular form, and on the rim of gold that encircled the stone, talismanic characters were engraved, which greatly excited her interest and curiosity, for Azra was not unskilled in the cabalistic lore of her country. That the princess attached more than ordinary value to this singular ring, was intimated by the jealous care with which it was guarded from accident, being confined to the finger by several minute chains of gold, which passed from the ring to a narrow band of the same precious metal, to which they were linked, and which was fastened by a concealed spring, securely round the wrist.

The fixed gaze with which her new attendant regarded the opal, did not escape the observation of the princess Mirzana, and a cloud passed across her brow, as with a changed air she drew her hands within the folds of her robe, and threw herself back upon her cushions. Azra felt that she had been too unguarded, but a strange interest respecting the ring crept over her, and she could not avoid thinking more of the mysterious opal, than even of the sudden displeasure exhibited by the princess. She had not yet arisen from her kneeling posture, when a slave approached, bearing a silver basin of perfumed water for the ablutions of the prin-

cess, who languidly dipped in the tips of her fairy fingers, and held them out to be wiped by her attendant. Azra observed the gesture, and seizing the embroidered napkin, forestalled the slave in her office, with such inimitable grace, that the princess immediately recovered her good humor, and with childlike gaiety felicitated herself upon the acquisition of a maiden so ready, and attentive to her wishes.

Preparations for repose were now being made, and the princess gave orders that the Arab maid should occupy the cushions nearest her own. She willingly obeyed—but Leila only attended the princess, while attiring for the night, and Azra with surprise, remarked that even when she lay down to sleep, the veil still retained its place upon her head, twined round it like a turban, and the ends gathered in thick folds over one side of her face.

It was the first night of Azra's servitude, and the novelty of her situation alone prevented her from being sensible of its weariness. Ever before had her sleep been light and undisturbed—no care upon her brow, no sorrow in her innocent heart—but there she lay upon her simple bed, the moon only illuminating her lowly apartment, the pure breath of heaven stealing through the fragrant vines that curtained her lattice, and the sweet melody of the birds awaking her at early dawn, to the renewed enjoyment of a blameless and happy existence. Now she reclined upon a couch of down, and the richest fabrics of the loom, the costliest gems of the mine, were under and around her—sweet music filled the air, and with every vibratory motion of the swinging lamps, the wasting oil shed forth a gush of fragrance, that loaded the atmosphere almost to oppression with its sweetness. The pomp which Azra had coveted was about her—but ever and anon, in the midst of her admiring wonder, would rush into her heart the thought, the stinging thought, so full of bitter anguish to the unfettered spirit of the free-born, "What am I but a slave!" And if sleep came for a moment, to calm the tumult of her vague and wild sensations, the image of her deserted father, uttering fearful warning and reproachful word, stood before her—or the murmurs of the Fairies' Fountain rung in her ear, like the low moaning of tenderness and sorrow for her desertion. Yet even slumbers so unquiet, she was not permitted to enjoy undisturbed. The princess was restless, and she called upon Azra to sing to her, or to recount wild tales, of which the maiden had good store, gathered from the romantic legends of her country. Thus passed on the night, and never before had one so passed to the young Arab maid. But, as morning approached, the princess sunk to sleep, and then too, the maiden, exhausted by excitement and fatigue, forgot the past and the present, in the deep and dreamless slumber, that falls only on the eyes of youth.

The tinkling of the camel's bells, the heavy tread of the elephants, and the neighing of the high bred Arabian steeds, aroused Azra, just as the first ray of morning stole through the silken draperies of the pavilion. The princess was

still sleeping, and Leila too lay buried in deep repose. Azra felt herself oppressed by the close and perfumed air she was inhaling—it was not like the dewy fragrance shed from a thousand living blossoms, which she had been wont to breathe on first awaking; and languid and unstrung, she stole from her luxurious couch, and hastily arranging her toilette, crept over the soft carpet, that echoed not her fairy tread, to the outer apartment. There too, the attendant maidens lay, fast locked in the spell of sleep, unconsciously inhaling an atmosphere as oppressive as that from which she had just fled, but from which, accustomed as they were to its impurities, they felt no inconvenience. A faintness, a sudden feeling of suffocation came over her, she thought she should have fallen to the earth, and springing towards the entrance of the pavilion, she raised the drapery, and bounded forth into the pure, cool air—nor paused in her rapid flight, till she stood in the centre of the date grove, on the borders of which the tents of the gorgeous little caravan were pitched. When she found herself once more alone with nature, a joyous feeling of liberty rushed upon her heart, her pale cheek blushed into its wonted beauty, her eye sparkled like the bright planet that still hung on the western horizon, towards which she raised her rapt, admiring gaze; and her light and buoyant step, showed how dear to the wild Arab maid were the soft harmonies of nature, and the pure incense that breathed from her unpolluted shrine. She turned towards the Fairies' fountain, she bent her ear in that direction, hoping to catch its sweet though distant murmurs—but in vain—the note of preparation for their morning progress alone reached her—for in the area before the tents, all were in motion to hasten their speedy departure, before the burning heats of noon should again pervade the atmosphere. An instinctive impulse urged her to fly, and regain the home she had forsaken: but, at that instant, happening to cast her eyes upon the limpid rivulet, on whose bank she stood, it gave back the reflection of her beautiful and splendidly attired form, and held her spell-bound to the spot. While she stood gazing with delighted eyes upon her own bright image in the watery mirror, the noise of some one moving near by, caused her to turn quickly round, when she beheld the tall grim Moor, who on the preceding evening had led her to the pavilion of the princess, plucking ripe dates from a laden bough, which he eagerly devoured, stooping at intervals to scoop, with his broad palm, draughts of pure water from the rivulet that murmured by. Azra liked not the scowling glance of his sinister eye, and drawing her veil over her face, she turned to fly, when noting her purpose, he stepped suddenly before her, and addressed her in a hoarse, discordant voice, that chilled her with terror.

"Tarry, fair maiden," he said, with a grim smile, "I would fain learn how thou likest this new mistress of thine, and if thou findest her service a light and easy yoke."

"I have scarce tried it long enough to know as yet," timidly replied Azra; "but methinks one must be hard to please, who could do other-

wise than like the yoke of a mistress so fair and gentle."

"Aye, gentle enough, so thou dost not cross her humor," said the Moor, with a sneer, "and fair too—yet, methinks, not fair enough for a Sultan's bride. There are some, I wot of—one, at least"—and he cast a meaning glance upon Azra—"who might bring to the 'Lord of the World' a richer dowry of beauty than this proud princess can boast."

"And is the princess Mirzana then, the destined bride of the renowned Sultan of the East," eagerly inquired Azra—"she from the distant shores of Armuz, with whose name our land has rung, and whose beauty has been the theme of many a gifted bard?"

"Aye, even she, simple maiden—knowest thou not whom thou servest?" asked the Moor, contemptuously.

"I knew only that her beauty was marvelous, and that she ranked with the mighty of the earth. But now I am content to follow her, for the fame of her virtues has reached even me in my lowliness, and I have learned that the chosen bride of the Sultan is worthy to be loved."

"Thou speakest of her beauty as wondrous, maiden, and I would know if she has yet unveiled in thy presence," asked the Moor, in a tone that seemed to cover some deep and hidden meaning.

"But partially," replied Azra, surprised at the interrogatory—"yet is it easy to judge of her surpassing loveliness, by the imperfect glimpse which I have been permitted to behold, for never saw I a fairer cheek or more radiant eye, and it would be strange indeed, if the other half of her face resemble not that which I have seen."

The Moor shook with inward laughter, and the peculiar expression of his distorted features caused the innocent maiden to turn from him with a shudder of abhorrence. It was her earnest wish to avoid farther parley with him, and turning abruptly away, she endeavored to pass him, in order to regain the pavilion of the princess. Perceiving her design, he stretched across the path a branch of the date tree, which he had broken off and stripped of its fruit, to intercept her progress, and asked with a hideous smile and in a low mysterious tone,

"Weareth she not an opal, that lady of thine, maiden?—fastened with chains of gold to a golden band upon her wrist?—A wondrous opal, within whose lucid stone, the colors of the rainbow seem imprisoned, yet struggling to escape!"

Azra's cheek grew pale, she felt herself within the sphere of some mysterious influence, and fear paralyzed her lips—she made an effort to rush forward, to thrust aside the date branch that was still extended before her, and escape from the presence of the frightful Moor. But he grasped her slender arm with his huge bony fingers, and bending towards her ear, whispered in a voice that curdled every drop of blood in her veins,

"Maiden, upon that opal thy destiny depends—thy destiny and mine—remember this!

Aye, as thou lovest power and pomp, and cravest all that ministers to earthly joy and luxury, forget it not—and when the wish to be other, and higher than thou art, is strong within thee, recal this hour in the date grove of Arabia, and fail not to seek aid and counsel of Kalathi the Moor!"

As he ceased speaking, he lowered the date branch to the ground, when Azra urged by the mingled emotions of terror and amazement, bounded forward, and sped like an arrow towards the pavilion. The low withering laugh of the Moor rung in her ear as she passed, but she paused not to look back, nor relaxed her speed, till breathless she stood within the safe and welcome shelter of its silken walls.

The princess had arisen and the business of the toilette was ended, and by the time the morning repast was partaken, consisting of coffee, fruits, and the most exquisite sweetmeats, Azra had recovered her self-possession, and was gayest among the gay maidens that surrounded their mirth-loving mistress. The brilliant caravan was soon again in motion, and Azra was one of the four maidens who sat with the princess Mirzana, within the pavilion of purple silk, which, looped with cords of gold, and fringed with minute bells of silver, the gentle and majestic elephant bore upon his back. The remainder of the female attendants travelled in litters, which together with the elephant of the princess occupied the centre of the caravan, and were surrounded by the gallant band of warriors who formed their guard. The moving train formed indeed a spectacle of no common magnificence and beauty. The warriors and their proud steeds, splendidly caparisoned—the litters of the females, with draperies of gold and silver tissue—the camels with their brilliant trappings, and in the centre, the superb and spotless elephant, moving with a pace of gentle majesty, and bearing on his enormous back the royal pavilion wherein sat the affianced of the Sultan, and all preceded by the minstrels in rich and fanciful array, who sung the praises of their sovereign lady, or in melodious strains, poured forth some bold or tender lay of chivalry and love.

In the splendour and novelty that surrounded her, Azra forgot every foreboding, but that which told of joy and happiness to come. The ties of home and kindred seemed no longer to exist for her—she had ceased to be the peasant girl of the fountain—the daughter of Hassan the humble vine-dresser—but felt, as she pressed the luxurious cushions of the pavilion, and gazed on the bright persons of her companions, that she was not less gorgeously attired than they, that she too was destined to dwell among princes, and that henceforth her step like theirs was to resound in the halls of palaces! Alas! in the intoxication of the moment, she even forgot that she was a slave, and dreamed not that the hour would come, when she should long for one draught of water from that crystal fountain beside which she had sat in her innocence, and deem it sweeter than the choicest beverage, that luxury could offer to her lips.

The princess Mirzana was extremely indo-

lent, but she loved to be amused; and while she reclined listlessly upon her embroidered cushions, constantly demanded of her maidens a song or tale, scarcely permitting a pause between, and with childish pleasure bestowing some costly gaud upon her whose legend was the longest and most marvellous. Azra was oftenest the recipient of these jewelled gifts; for many and strange were the tales she had gathered up, and she never grew weary of narrating them to her wondering and attentive hearers. And thus as they journeyed on their way, time passed with the fair bevy in that gay pavilion, and frequent were the shouts of merry laughter that shook its silken walls, and drew towards it the wistful gaze of many a gallant rider in that princely train. When the heats of noon came on, the travellers usually halted in some shady spot, where the tents were pitched, and the hours, after some refreshment, were given to repose, till the declining day permitted them to resume their progress. But when they again halted for the night, the pavilion of the princess, was made brilliant with lights, and fragrant with perfumes, and a repast of delicious viands, prepared, as if by unseen hands. After which the song and the tale went round, and gay sports and graceful dances were performed to the sound of exquisite music that floated like fairy melody from the instruments of invisible minstrels.

[To be continued.]

ON RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

As on the one hand it is odious for a man of an overgrown fortune to go on in business to a great age, still striving to increase a heap already larger than is necessary, to the prejudice of younger people, who ought to have a clear stage and opportunity of making their way in life; so it is vain for a person, who has spent his days in an active sphere, to think of enjoying retirement, before the time of retirement is come. He who resolves at once to change his way of life from action to retirement, or from one state to another directly contrary, without being prepared for it by proper age and habit, for some continuance of time, will find, that he will no sooner have quitted his former way of life, than he will desire to be in it again.

It is on this, as well as other accounts, of great advantage, that a man have acquired some turn to reading, and the more sober entertainments of life, in his earlier days. There is not a much more deplorable sort of existence than that which is dragged on by an old man, whose mind is unfurnished with the materials proper for yielding him some entertainment suitable to the more sedate time of life; I mean useful knowledge. For the remembrance of fifty years spent in scraping of money, or in pursuing pleasure, or in indulging vicious inclinations, must yield but poor entertainment at a time of life, when a man can at best say, he has been.

Written for the *Lady's Book*.

FRAGMENTS OF MY UNCLE NICHOLAS.—No. II.

THE VISIONARY.

BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

"He travels on a solitary man;
His age has no companion."—*Wordsworth*.

It was a bright morning in spring, my uncle had returned from his accustomed walk and retired to his study, a small building erected for that purpose, a short distance from the main dwelling. I entered to announce that his breakfast awaited him, and found him busy writing. He threw down his pen, and said to me smiling, "I scarce needed another proof to satisfy me that I am but a sorry poet; but we have all sufficient vanity to imagine that we can approach the sun on dædalic wings, and unhappily the nearer the approach the greater the danger."

"What subject has engaged your pen, sir?"

"In my walk this morning," he said, "I met poor David Wayland, the village pauper. The old man has seen prosperous and happy days and now he lives on common charity. Oh! my boy, how bitter must be that crust that is grudgingly given and reluctantly received, but to prolong the useless remnant of a wretched existence!—David was seated in a solitary place on the margin of the river. As I approached, I found him engaged in deep thought, and there were tears in his eyes. I demanded what it was afflicted him.

"'I have little to do, but think,' he replied, 'and the mind is an inn that admits strange guests at times. I have been viewing myself, from my joyous infancy, unto the present hour, as in a glass, and thoughts have occurred that are beyond the scope of my understanding.'

"And what were your thoughts David?"

"He turned to me, and with a sorrowful look replied, 'I am a miserable old man, sir, a mere wreck of the creature God had richly endowed, and all I have to offer him in return for his boundless beneficence, is a wretch despised by his fellow man, and crushed to earth by the evils of mortality.'

"I do not comprehend you.

"'I had children—they were the counterparts of what I was in infancy; they passed to the grave and their loss was mourned in bitterness by me. But the being of my own childhood has as irrevocably disappeared, and where is it!—No one deplored its departure but myself.—They will re-appear, radiant in their innocence, but I never again as then I was. Our changes here are manifold. The being of but yesterday ceases to exist to-morrow, and time and circumstance render man a daily suicide, as every succeeding stage destroys the preceding, and a new creation, phoenix like, springs from the ashes of the old. They pass away, but whither? Responsible agents if when called hence, they had cast off this mantle of mortality; but self destroyed, and leaving this frail tenement for their successor, where are they? How shall I

appear hereafter! as I now exist, when the protracted lamp is flickering in the socket, or as one of the countless beings that have moved and breathed in this house of clay in my progress from infancy to age!—Alas! I alone remain—the last metempsychosis of a numerous progeny, long since past away, the only record of whose existence is in the tablets of my own memory. I have been them all, and must they, infant, youth, and man, re-appear in me, as I am now, or each assume in his own peculiar shape, his individual responsibility?"

"I replied, that they were all one and the same essence and indivisible, and that the infant and youth he deplored, still lived in David Wayland, borne down with age and sorrow.

"Then truly hath it been written," said he, sighing deeply,

"The child is father of the man,"

and the sins of *that* father are visited upon the head of countless generations.'

"Visionary as you may pronounce the old man's theory, blood has been shed ere now to establish doctrines scarce as plausible.

"I have attempted to clothe these strange thoughts in verse, and here is the fruit of my labour," said my uncle, handing me the following.

THE OLD MAN'S LAMENT.

My boyhood, my boyhood! has long since past away,
And like the flowers of spring its hours have faded in decay,
And time, with all his promises, hath yielded scarce a joy
That can repay those swept away from me whilst yet a boy.

The world lay fresh before me and like a summer bird
On eager wing I rose to sing where melody was heard.
The heavens were calm, the air was balm, the earth was
gemm'd with flowers;
And shouts of joy without alloy brought on the winged hours.

But now I mourn my infancy as I my babes deplore,
Who like bright visions flitted by and then were seen no more.
But when as they I past away, O! not a tear was shed,
Although my boyhood is a thing now number'd with the dead.

All radiant in their innocence my babes again shall live;
But the bright boy that time destroy'd no power can bid
revive.

And of the beings manifold that breath'd and moved in me,
An old man broken down with care is all that God will see.

My boyhood—my manhood! have vanish'd like the wind,
Or eager birds that clip the air and leave no trace behind.
They lived—they died—both suicide, and are forever gone,
Or at the judgment I appear a myriad in one.

David had returned with my uncle to the cottage to get his morning's meal, as was his custom, and his hunger was no sooner satisfied than he withdrew to some secluded spot among the wild hills to meditate on his visionary notions of futurity. "Poor fellow," said my uncle, looking after him, as he slowly bent his way from the cottage. "The prophet hath said 'it is good for man that he bear the yoke in his

youth,' thou hast borne it, still the joy of thy heart is ceased; thy dance is turned into mourning."

"You knew him then, sir, in happier days?"

"No—not in happier. My first acquaintance with him was somewhat remarkable. A few years ago I left the little village of Munster, to descend the Alleghany mountain late of an afternoon. Heavy masses of clouds portended a coming storm. The traveller at that period was compelled to pursue his solitary journey through the wilderness along a narrow and doubtful path, deeming himself fortunate if he found a hospitable hovel to shelter him after the fatigues of the day's journey. I had not proceeded many miles when it was with the utmost difficulty I discerned the winding path before me. Night was approaching and the lofty trees of the forest groaned with the weight of the tempest. I spurred my horse with impatience, but he ambled on as philosophically as if he thought it as well to be overtaken by the storm in one place as in another. I coaxed him, expostulated with him, flattered him on the score of his spirit and speed, to no purpose, and finally I became exceedingly indignant, but still he doggedly ambled on, as much as to say, 'This air is altogether your business; mend matters the best way you may.' The rain now came down in torrents, and large branches torn from the trees were falling in every direction around me. I hurried on, without knowing which way I directed my course, and was soon completely lost in the wilderness. I dismounted to search for shelter, when fortunately a projecting rock offered itself as a protection. I secured my horse and was endeavouring to reconcile myself to my uncomfortable lodging, when I fancied I heard a faint strain of music in the intervals of the tempest. I arose in astonishment—the music continued, and seemed to proceed from beneath the surface of the earth. When the storm abated I left the rock to ascertain the occasion of this mystery. I descended a hillock and discovered the feeble rays of a lamp glimmering in a cavern immediately before me. I paused at the door—a tremulous, but melodious voice still solemnly chaunted,

"His voice doth rule the waters all as he himself doth please;
He doth prepare the thunder claps and governs all the seas.
The voice of God doth rend and break the cedar trees so long
The cedar trees of Lebanon which are both high and strong."

"As it ceased I pushed open the door and discovered an aged man in the act of devotion. His flowing beard covered his bosom and his feeble hand trembled as it held the book of prayer. When he had finished his devotions, he rose from his knees and welcomed me to his solitary dwelling. My curiosity was excited by the rudeness of his habitation, which was too low to admit of a man standing upright.

"I perceive," said the hermit, "that you are astonished how a human being can exist in a miserable cell like this; but no mortal knows what he can undergo, and how very little he absolutely requires until he is put to the trial."

"True," I replied, "but are trials of this nature conducive to happiness?"

"Happiness!" exclaimed the old man, "is a

word which scarcely conveys a definitive meaning; for what we fancy one moment to be happiness, frequently proves to be misery the next. It is scarce worthy to be taken in the calculation of human affairs, for if at the close of the longest life we were to enumerate our joys and sorrows, even the most fortunate would wonder at the fortitude that sustained him through the chequered scene of existence. At least such has been the case with me."

"On my expressing a curiosity to learn what had induced him to abandon society, he replied:

"The circumstances of my life are soon related; they possess neither novelty nor interest, however, I will comply with your request."

"In youth we look upon life through a prism, and form brilliant illusions that can never be realized. We pursue the gaudy phantom with ardour, until awakened to a sense of our folly by repeated disappointment; and highly favoured is he who possesses the philosophy not to become disgusted with the world, when calmly contemplating it in its real colours."

"I was born in the interior of Pennsylvania. My father was a substantial farmer; and as I was his only child, I received every indulgence from my tender parents. Nothing but flowers sprung up in my pathway. My days were passed in wandering through the lofty mountains that surrounded our humble dwelling, framing visions of the fancied paradise which lay beyond them, and in tracing the line of my future conduct even to the sunset of existence. Nay, my dreamy speculations were not limited to this world, and I arrogantly believed that the whole plan of the creator was miraculously divulged to me."

"In time I began to repine at my unvaried mode of life, and panted to pass the barriers that restrained me as I thought from happiness. "This world," I said, "was made for action—it is full of joy, and he who supinely passes his life in a remote corner, is a recreant to his duty and should be classed among the dead and not the living."

"I left my aged parents and went into the world. They wept bitterly at my departure. But what of that! Is it uncommon for children to wring the hearts of their parents even to weeping tears of blood? The stream of affection flows downward, sweeping away all obstacles, from parent to child, but alas! how seldom does it know a returning ebb, with the same strength to that pure and holy fountain!"

"I entered the army and continued there for several years, and distinguished myself in the field of battle, but eventually I was sorely wounded. During a tedious recovery, whilst lying in a wretched hospital, I began to reflect that my dangers and sufferings bore very little resemblance to the illusions of my boyhood, for even here I found no other reward for my daily trials than rest when fatigued, and food when hungry. These, I sighed, might have been attained without the hazard of life, or the curse of having poisoned the peace of those who gave me being. No—it is not in the army that my destiny is to be fulfilled and my happiness com-

pleted. I threw up my commission, disgusted with the pursuit of military glory, and returned to my native village, a wiser if not a better man.

"When I arrived, I learned that both my parents had died sometime before. I sought out their graves, and as I stood beside them, bitter was the recollection of the tears I had caused them to shed when we last parted. The heart keeps a faithful record of its transgressions in burning characters; we may turn from it; devote a life in striving to obliterate what is therein written, but in vain—sooner or later it must be read. I read and wept.

"I converted the effects left at my father's death into money, and directed my steps towards Philadelphia, where, in a short time I appeared as a merchant at the exchange. The exciting scenes continually rising to view promised that I should soon find the world as I once imagined it. My heart expanded as it daily quaffed professions of friendship and blandishments of love, but still there was something wanting—fruition never realized the dream of anticipation. However, there was sufficient to make the world an enticing one; but alas! the gay delusion was not permitted to continue long. I was cheated of my fortune by the man I considered my bosom friend; and then the mistress of my heart, with whom in a short time I was to have been united, thought it prudent to forget her protestations of eternal affection, and marry the wretch who had reduced me to poverty. I did not reproach her, for it is written—"The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich hath many friends."—Human nature hath not changed a jot in this respect since the days of Solomon. The world said she acted wisely.

"I left the city, but not without a sigh at having discovered that my vision, though so near completion, was not to be realized in the mercantile world. As I trudged along I consoled myself by reflecting that even in the midst of prosperity, I had no other actual enjoyment than sleep when I was weary and food when hungry. Every other was deceitful and illusory. Then why should I complain, for I shall be able to command a crust of bread and a pallet of straw, even in the most abject situation; nature requires no more; and possessing these, the wealth of worlds cannot add to my happiness—"Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure and trouble therewith."

"I had been in affluence long enough to discover that prosperity is attended with a greater crowd of afflictions than adversity. It affords the means of gratification to every human passion, while adversity closes the heart to the follies of this world, and points out the vanity of human wishes. The one pursues objects that are attained with difficulty, and when attained, frequently yield but disgust to repay the labour of pursuit, while the other enjoys the sweets of life in every difficulty overcome, and only encounters those which it is necessary to surmount in order to promote happiness. Again I exclaimed—"Better is a little with the fear of the Lord, than great treasure

and trouble therewith." Poverty points out the straight path to true wisdom.

"I entered my native village at sun set, weary and forlorn. Very little change had taken place during my absence, and I felt a peculiar interest in every object that presented itself. How pleasingly melancholy are the feelings we experience in visiting the place of our birth in adversity. The recollection of former days rushed in more vivid colours on my dejected spirit, as I received the cordial greeting of the friends of my childhood, and I felt convinced that my air built castles at length had found a firm foundation on the spot that first gave rise to them.

"Before I made choice of a future pursuit I narrowly investigated the lot of those who appeared to enjoy most purely the blessings of the world, and resolved to tread in the path of one who had the reputation of being happy. The lot of a neighbouring farmer delighted me. I observed that he rose with the sun, his body full of health and vigor, and his mind untainted with the corruption of the world, to cultivate the soil which God had bestowed upon him. This, I exclaimed, has been the ostensible duty of man since his expulsion from Eden; there is no pursuit more innocent, it yields all that nature requires, and injures no one. At evening when the labour of the day is over, he returns to his cottage; his blooming wife hastens to meet him with smiles and caresses, while the rosy offspring of health and innocence, impede his anxious steps until the kiss is given! I will get married and cultivate the earth, for this is the only sure road to happiness, and fortune's favours extended beyond this prove the severest affliction, as I have already experienced.

"Yes," I continued, "the burden of the world is on the wealthy and not on the poor man. The one has an artificial station to fulfil, the other but a natural one. The one has a thousand ideal wants to gratify, without the ability to divine the method of doing it, whereas the other hears but the wants of nature, who at the same time points out the simplest manner of satisfying them. Yes, the burden of the world is on the wealthy and not on the poor man, for the one expects every thing from the world, and the world expects very little from the other.

"I now made choice of the partner of my fate, to whom in due season I was married, and having rented the farm where I was born, in the course of a few years, by dint of industry I succeeded in stocking it to my satisfaction. I now resolved to be happy. I rose with the sun, and whistled at my daily task, for I laboured for her whom I loved with the utmost tenderness. We had three children; I watched over them and loved them as my parents had watched and loved me. They died in their infancy, and I mourned their loss in the bitterness of a broken spirit; but I have often thought whether the tears I shed on their graves, were as scalding hot as those I wrung from my aged parents' hearts when I forsook them. Even thus, had they lived, might they have repaid my tenderness. If so, God was merciful, in taking them and in sparing me.

"Still my heart was comparatively cheerful in the midst of my struggles for bread, and I continued to contemplate my vision of bliss with the same hope as the shipwrecked mariner the symbol of the covenant, after a tempest; but as my wife was the keystone of the arch, the dreamy fabric was frequently shaken to the foundation. In my own mind I had prescribed her line of conduct, but as she was not gifted with intuitive forecast, she knew not, and perhaps cared not how I wished her to act. In the grief of my disappointment I frequently sighed, "No blooming wife runs to welcome my return after the labours of the day are over; no rosy offspring impede my anxious steps until the kiss is given."

"I became discontented, and entered upon the duties of the day with disgust instead of cheerfulness, for I laboured for one incapable of feeling my affection, or estimating the worth of my exertions. There was a flame within my bosom that preyed upon my life, and would of itself have worn me to the grave—but one trial was still remaining to confirm the vanity of human prediction and complete the load of mental suffering. My farm was now neglected, and when the horrors of poverty were surrounding me, the death blow came. My wife who had given me daily proof of her ingratitude and aversion, gave me a fatal one of her loss of chastity. O! God! the bare recollection dissolves the frozen blood of age, and forces the few remaining drops, scalding hot, from the withered fibres of a broken heart! I beheld the viper who had stung me to the soul, coiling in the bosom of her paramour—the scene deprived me of reason—O! that I had continued so, for when I returned to my senses, the hapless wretch was weltering in his blood at my feet—the victim of his crime and my revenge.

"I went forth and surrendered myself into the hands of justice. The offended law must be appeased! But laws insufficient to redress injuries, beget self-avengers, and too often make victims of the injured. I was tried and convicted of murder in the second degree, and sentenced to ten years imprisonment, part of the time in the solitary cells. I shall not attempt to describe to you the horrors of a dungeon, as the picture would not represent my own but the sufferings of my fellow prisoners—for me it had no terrors. He who has placed his happiness on this world must necessarily be wretched when deprived of the power of enjoying it; but he whom the world has deprived of happiness can feel but little regret at being removed from the scene of affliction. I had now time for reflection, and the vanity of my earthly pursuits flashed upon my brain. My life had been spent in pursuit of the vision of my youth; in struggling to realize scenes which could only exist in imagination and which led me to wretchedness and disappointment. I had lived for others and not for myself. I now discovered how very few were the real wants of human nature; and on recurring to my past life, I was astonished to observe how severe a tax the world imposes on its votaries, for instead of having the courage to live for ourselves, we live for the rest of the

world. At the expiration of my sentence, finding I could be of little service to mankind, I retired to the wilderness, well convinced that mankind could be of as little service to me. I here have every thing that the world afforded me in the brightest hours—food and rest—without the unceasing agitation of mind and body, that preyed upon my life; and removed from temptation, I mourn over the follies and weaknesses of my nature, and strive to make amends for past errors. And, though all my earthly hopes proved to be of such stuff as dreams are made of, there is one remaining that this world cannot take away, and it renders even the pauper's brow more beautiful than a kingly diadem—"The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness."—And to such it is promised—"Thine age shall be clearer than the noon day; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning."

ON EDUCATION.

It was not to learn foreign languages that the Grecian and Roman youths went for so long together to the academics and lectures of their philosophers. 'Twas not then, as now, with us, when the character of a scholar is, to be well skilled in words—when one well versed in the dark terms and subtleties of the schools passes for a profound philosopher (by which we seem to have so far perverted the notion of learning, that a man may be reputed a most extraordinary scholar, and, at the same time be the most useless thing in the world;) much less was it to learn their own mother tongues, the Greek and Latin, which we must hunt after so eagerly for many years together—not as being the vehicles of good sense, but as if they had some intrinsic virtue. 'Twas to learn how and when to speak pertinently, how to act like a man, to subdue the passions, to be public spirited, to despise death, torments, and reproach, riches and the smiles of princes as well as their frowns, if they stood between them and their duty. This mode of education produced men of another stamp than appear now upon the theatre of the world; such as we are scarce worthy to mention, and must never hope to imitate, till the like manner of instruction grows again into reputation; which in enslaved countries 'tis never likely to do, as long as the *ecclesiastics*, who have an opposite interest, keep not only the education of youth, but the consciences of old men in their hands.

An elderly gentleman who has buried seven wives, threatens to advertise for the eighth. We caution the fairer portion of the public against him; unless some lady is ambitious of the credit of burying him; which indeed would be an achievement worthy of all praise. Some risque attends that undertaking, however;—for the lucky old rogue has been told by a fortune-teller that he is not to die until he has made up the even dozen!—Heaven send him a Xantippe to disappoint this prediction.

Written for the Lady's Book.

AN ENIGMA.

I am an invisible, irresistible, unreasonable, thing. Though nobody can see me, every body feels my power. I have done some good in my day, and a plenty of mischief. I believe there is not a son, or a daughter of Adam, to whom I have not been a trouble and a comfort. I am a source of perpetual delight to children, and of annoyance to their mammas. Sometimes I believe they wish me in the bottom of the ocean—though if I should go there, they would be the first to fish me up again. They get out of patience with me twenty times a day, but they like me, for all that.

I take the little child by the hand, and lead him through the green woods and over the hills and plains, in search of earth's beautiful things. Then I bring him to the crowded city, and bid him gaze at its many wonders. When he is grown up, I send him out on the wide ocean, bid him explore distant lands, and visit every kindred and nation under the whole heaven.

His parents entreat him not to go, but my voice is more powerful than theirs—I say "go!" and he goes.

Now I suppose you think it is very wrong in me to interfere with the young man's filial duty, and disturb the sweet spells of home—but it's my nature.

When I get the youth off into foreign lands, I run him into all sorts of fool-hardy adventures and awkward predicaments. I'm excellent at getting people into difficulty, but I never help them out; that's not my vocation.

If the young man happens to be well read in the classics, if his imagination has been warmed with the history and the poetry of the olden times, then I have him completely in my power—he is my willing captive. There is nothing which at my bidding, he will not do and dare, to obtain a sight of the relics of antiquity, and the places made famous in the glorious days of old. Ha! how I drive him about! He must encounter perils by sea, and perils by land—he must be choked by the sands of the desert, and suffocated by the simoom, and scorched by the tropical sun, and devoured by wild beasts, and robbed by wilder men; must starve, freeze, and encounter all manner of privations, only because I say so!

My favourite station is near the fountain of knowledge. Here I stand and call to every passer-by, to stop and taste the waters. If they approach near enough, I lay my soft, powerful hand upon them, and draw them, unresisting, to the well. Whoever tastes these waters, is sure to thirst again. The fountain is exhaustless, and the thirst which I create is equally so; none who once come, ever go away. So, as you may well suppose, I have by this time collected a vast multitude round it. There is one thing rather singular about this water; the first draught intoxicates—but "drink deep," and you will be quite sobered.

I am the constant companion and counsellor of men of science, ever urging them forward in

the path of discovery. Sir Humphrey Davy, was one of my especial favourites. But I worked him rather too hard, poor fellow! Once, when I was driving him through one of nature's hidden paths, a path never trodden by human foot before, he sunk down exhausted. I thought at first I had killed him; but he revived after a while, and I drove him on as fast as ever. The world may thank me for the treasures which he brought to light.

The great Herschel was another of my particular friends. Many a long night, have I held his telescope for him, while he counted the stars. I was never tired, but he was sometimes; and then he would shut his weary eyes, and say he could look no longer; but I kept teasing him to try again. Aye, the "milky-way" would have been nothing but a "milky-way" to this hour, if I had not urged him on. I told him one night, after he had watched the planets a good while, that he had better look into that bright path in the heavens, and see what he could make of it. He looked a long time, but said he could see nothing new. "It may be," said he, "that its brightness is owing to a multitude of clustering stars, but if so, my glass refuses to show them."

"Then make one that will," said I. He fell to work; and I promise you I didn't let him have much rest, till he had constructed a glass of prodigious power. O, with what ecstasy he took his first look through it! What wonders burst upon him! Myriads of worlds, which no human eye had ever seen, now rolled before him. The "milky way" was paved with suns!

I suppose you will say it was malicious, but in the midst of his ecstasy, I stooped down and whispered in his ear, "Ah! if you could only see a little farther!" I should have tormented him with the same suggestion if he had constructed a glass of ten times the power. I suppose it's cruel—but that's my way.

I am found in the parlour, the kitchen, and nursery. I tell the little boy to break his drum, and see what makes the noise. I bid the servant put her ear to the key-hole of the parlor door, while I set the lady to "watch her neighbour over the way."

The museums, picture galleries, caravans, theatres, processions, and all sorts of public shows, depend on me for success. When Lafayette entered the city, not a soul would have stirred to meet him, if I had not urged it.

When our red brethren paid our city a visit, the inhabitants turned out "*en-masse*" to witness their war-dance. It was I who sent them.

In short I am always moving among high and low, in great matters and in small. They sometimes call me *idle*; but I am sure nobody is more busy. Sometimes I am called *impertinent*—this too I take to be a slander, for it is my vocation to pry into other people's affairs.

If, after this long description, you are in doubt as to my name, you will find it written in legible characters, on your own bright face,

S. J.

LETTER FROM MISS EDGEWORTH TO THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

Our friend, Dr. Shelton Mackenzie has sent us a copy of the letter addressed (under cover to the late Mr. John Ballantyne) to the author of Waverley. We had better quote a sentence or two from the note which accompanies this very interesting contribution.—“When Waverley was perused by Miss Edgeworth, she immediately surmised that Scott must have written it. In the third volume (English edition) of Lockhart's Life of Scott, it is mentioned that Miss Edgeworth did write the letter, a copy of which I enclose. Strangely enough, although others of Miss E's letters are given in that work, this one has not appeared there. The fact is, it had passed out of Scott's hands, and is now in those of Mr. William Weir, a literary gentleman in Glasgow, who wrote the principal part of Allan's Life of Scott, republished some four years ago, by Mr. Waldie, of Philadelphia. I believe it cannot have been made public in America, and as the composition of one who is an ornament to her sex, can appear no where so appropriately as in *The Lady's Book*—let this one piece be a sufficient substitute for a dozen of my own contributions.”

Edgeworth's Town, October 23d, 1814.

“Aut Scotus aut Diabolus!” We have this moment finished Waverley. It was read aloud to this large family, and I wish the author could have witnessed the impression it made—the strong hold it seized of the feelings both of young and old—the admiration raised by beautiful descriptions of nature—by the new and bold delineations of character—the perfect manner in which every character is sustained, in every change of situation, from first to last without effort, without the affectation of making the people speak in character—the ingenuity with which each person introduced in the drama is made useful and necessary to the end—the admirable art with which the story is constructed and with which the author keeps his own secrets till the precise proper moment when they should be revealed, whilst, in the mean time, with the skill of Shakspeare, the mind is prepared by unseen degrees for all the changes of feeling and fortune, so that nothing, however extraordinary, shocks us as improbable; and the interest is kept up to the last moment. We were so possessed with the belief that the whole story and every character in it was real, that we could not endure the occasional addresses from the author to the reader. They are like Fielding; but for that reason we cannot bear that an author of such high powers, of such original genius, should for a moment stoop to imitation. This is the only thing we dislike, these are the only passages we wish omitted in the whole work; and let the unqualified manner in which I say this, and the very vehemence of my expressions of this disapprobation, be a sure pledge to the author of the sincerity of all the admiration I feel for his genius.

“I have not yet said half we felt in reading the work. The characters are not only finely drawn as separate figures, but they are grouped with great skill, and contrasted so artfully, and yet so naturally, as to produce the happiest dramatic effect, and, at the same time, to relieve the feelings and attention in the most agreeable manner. The novelty of the Highland world

which is discovered to our view excites curiosity and interest powerfully; but though it is all new to us, it does not embarrass, or perplex, or strain the attention. We never are harassed by doubts of the probability of any of these modes of life; though we did not know them we are quite certain they did exist exactly as they are represented. We are sensible that there is a peculiar merit in the work which is in a great measure lost upon us, the *dialects* of the Highlanders and Lowlanders, &c. But there is another and a higher merit with which we are much struck and as much delighted as any true born Scotchman could be—the various gradations of Scotch feudal character, from the high born chieftain and the military baron to the noble-minded Lieutenant Evan Dhu, the robber Bean Lean, and the savage Callum Beg. *The Pre—the Chevalier* is beautifully drawn,

“A Prince; ay, every inch a Prince!”

His polished manners, his exquisite address, politeness, and generosity, interest the reader irresistibly, and he pleases the more from the contest between him and those who surround him. I think he is my favourite character; the Baron Bradwardine is my father's. He thinks it required more genius to invent, and more ability uniformly to sustain this character than any one of the variety of masterly characters with which the work abounds. There is, indeed uncommon art in the manner in which his dignity is preserved by his courage and magnanimity, in spite of his pedantry, and his *ridicules*, and his bear and his boot-jack, and all the railery of Melvor. (Melvor's unexpected bear and boot-jack made us laugh heartily.)

“But I return to the dear good Baron. Though I acknowledge that I am not as good a judge as my father and brothers are of his law Latin, yet I feel the humour, and was touched to the quick by strokes of generosity, gentleness, and pathos in this old man; who, by the by, is all in good time worked up into a very dignified father-in-law for the hero. His exclamation of ‘oh my son, my son,’ and the yielding of the fictitious character of the Baron to the natural feelings of the father is beautiful. (Evan Dhu's fear that his father-in-law should die quietly in his bed, made us laugh almost as much as the bear and the boot-jack.)

“Jinker, in the battle, pleading the cause of the mare which he had sold to Balmawhapple, and which had thrown him for want of the proper bit, is truly comic; my father says that this and some other passages respecting horsemanship, could not have been written by any one who was not master both of the great and the little horse.

“I tell you, without order, the great and little strokes of humour and pathos just as I recollect or am reminded of them at this moment by my companions. The fact is, that we have had the volumes only during the time we could read them, and as fast as we could read, lent to us as a great favour by one who was happy

enough to have secured a copy before the first and second editions were sold in Dublin. When we applied, not a copy could be had; we expect one in the course of next week, but we resolved to write to the author without waiting for a second perusal. Judging by our own feelings as authors, we guess that he would rather know our genuine first thoughts than wait for cool second thoughts, or have a regular eulogium or criticism put into the most lucid order, and given in the finest sentences that ever were rounded.

"Is it possible that I have got thus far without having named Flora, or Vich Ian Vohr—the last *Vich Ian Vohr*! yet our minds were full of them the moment before I began this letter—and could you have seen the tears forced from us by their fate, you would have been satisfied that the pathos went to our hearts. Ian Vohr from the first moment he appears, to the last, is an admirably drawn and finely sustained character—new—perfectly new to the English reader—often entertaining—always heroic—and sometimes sublime. The grey spirit, the *Bodach Glas* thrills us with horror. *Us!* what an effect must it have upon those under the influence of the superstitions of the Highlands. This circumstance is admirably introduced. This superstition is a weakness quite consistent with the strength of the character, perfectly natural after the disappointment of all his hopes, in the dejection of his mind, and the exhaustion of his bodily strength.

"Flora, we could wish was never called *Miss Mac Ivor*, because in this country there are tribes of vulgar *Miss Macs*, and this association is unfavourable to the sublime and beautiful of your Flora—she is a true heroine—her first appearance seized upon the mind, and enchanted us so completely, that we were certain she was to be your heroine, and the wife of your hero—but with what inimitable art, you gradually convince the reader that she was not, as she said of herself, *capable of making Waverly happy*—leaving her in full possession of our admiration.* You first made us pity, then love, and at last give our undivided affection to Rose Bradwardine—sweet Scotch Rose! The last scene between Flora and Waverly is highly pathetic—my brother wishes that *bridal garments* were *shroud*—he thinks it would be stronger, and more natural—because when the heart is touched, we seldom use metaphor, or quaint alliteration—*bride-favour—bridal garment*.

"There is one thing more we could wish changed or omitted in Flora's character—I have not the volume, and therefore cannot refer to the page—but I recollect in the first visit to Flora, where she is writing certain verses, there is a walk in which the description of the place is beautiful, but *too long*, and we did not like the preparation for a *scene*—and the appearance of Flora and her harp was too like a *common* heroine—she should be far above all *stage effect* or *novelist's trick*.

"These are, without reserve, the only faults

* So in the manuscript, but *admiration* is evidently the word intended.—R. S. M.

we found, or *can* find in this work of genius. We should scarcely have thought them worth mentioning, except to give you proof positive that we are not flatterers. Believe me, I have not, nor can I convey to you the full idea of the pleasure, the delight we have had in reading *Waverly*—nor of the feeling of sorrow with which we came to the end of the history of persons, whose *real presence* had so filled our minds—we felt that we must return to the *flat realities* of life, and that our stimulus was gone; we were little disposed to read the *postscript which should have been a preface*.

"Well! let us hear it," said my father—and Mrs. E. read on.

"Oh, my dear sir, how much pleasure would my father, my mother, my whole family, as well as myself have lost, if we had not read to the last page—and the pleasure came upon us so unexpectedly—we had been so completely absorbed, that every thought of ourselves, or our own authorship was far, far away.

"Thank you for the honour you have done us, and for the pleasure you have given us—great in proportion to the opinion we had formed of the work we had just perused—and believe me, every opinion I have in this letter expressed, was formed before any individual in the family had peeped to the end of the book, or knew how much we owed you.

Your obliged and grateful

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

THE SOURCES OF LOCAL SUPERSTITION.

IN all countries where knowledge has not been much diffused, and which may be termed unenlightened, we expect to find superstitious belief more or less prevalent. These have their origin in that sentiment, which if not inherent in many, has at least been always found to exist in the very rudest state of society, and is usually termed natural religion. In the earliest ages, when natural science had made no progress, the most ordinary occurrences seemed the miraculous interference of some higher power; and as natural phenomena are not confined to one of the elements, and are visible by their effects upon different parts of the material world, each of these was supposed to be under the influence of a separate intelligence. The thoughts do not therefore rise to the contemplation of (a) one God, but give to the mountains, the forest, and the river, their separate intelligences. Such has, I think, in all countries, been the origin of the superstitions peculiar to them, modified by the character of the people, and the geographical position and natural peculiarities of the place which they inhabit. In mountainous countries, we find the greatest number of superstitious beliefs; because in these, the powers of nature are most frequently manifested in the most varied forms; and the superstitions of one mountainous country also differ from those of another, according to the peculiar character of its scenery and productions, the latitude in which it lies, and its proximity to, or distance from the sea.

THE POSTMAN OF WALFORD.

"Howe'er I may condemn thee, man,
Rest satisfied I never shall betray."—*Beatrice of Ferrara.*

In one of the most beautiful counties of beautiful and fertile England, there is a little old town which we shall call Walford, whether or not this name belongs to any other place; it has been a borough of some consideration, and even now under the New Rubbish Acts sends two members to our National Bear-garden—the House. It has no market, but several shops of various kinds, and it is also blessed with that great luxury, a regular daily post. But Walford lying at least six miles from the London road is no thoroughfare, and though a coach leaves it every morning for town, returning in the evening, it has no mail for the diurnal transmission of letters, which is managed thus—or rather which *was* managed thus, for the plan may be altered now; every night, in spite of wind and weather, a man walked over from Walford to Heathdene, with all the epistles of love, friendship, and business, written in the course of the day by his fellow townspeople, and reposing for a few hours at the Bugle and Bell returned with the letters for Walford, there left by the mail, in time for their early delivery next morning. This service will appear on consideration one of no small danger, since a tract of country had to be traversed, beautiful by day, but even hideous by night, *awful solitude* being one of its chief features. Now, though a lonely ramble by daylight in a wild and solitary country be highly edifying and romantic, it is a very dismal and dangerous thing to be walking in the misty grey of late evening, or early morning in the desolate *romantesque* of wood, wild, and water, which fact is even known to people of strong nerves, and very quiescent imaginations. But there laid between Walford and Heathdene a considerable swampy flat, which, cut through by the public road, skirted it on each side for about three miles, whilst its extent in square acres had never, we believe, been exactly ascertained. This waste, dangerous in winter from the biting frost winds that careered over its exposed surface, and more dangerous in summer from the mephitic exhalations that rose insensibly during the heat of the day, and condensed into smoke—like vapours standing about a couple of yards from the ground after sunset—this waste was known to the neighbourhood by the expressive name of *Peril Moor*, and across this fever and ague-giving district the ambulating Postman of Walford had night and morning to pass, and for nearly three parts of the year before sunrise, and after sunset. Do people ever remember the pains, dangers, and terrors to which their fellow creatures are exposed in procuring them the necessaries and luxuries of life? And so remembering, are they sufficiently grateful?

There lived in Walford at the period of our narrative a man named Joseph Gray, whose shop supplied every thing, save provisions, "*not out of the way*," even to the Primer of the national school child, and the "Outsides" of that paper-

waster—the poor poetaster—until his wife, who chiefly superintended the *literary* department of his business, prevailed on Joseph to send out his printed cards—"Bookseller, Stationer, and General Dealer."—But this couple being eccentric in manner, and appearance, we must describe them.

Joseph Gray was a tall, spare man, with a very woe-begone Quixotish countenance; he was getting into years, and the grizzled hue of his once coal-black hair, and the deepening furrows of his mournful visage certainly did not add to his beauty. He wore, and had worn time out of mind, a particular suit, which consisted of a blackish pepper-and-salt, long, loose coat, open-breasted, a waistcoat of the same, with mother-of-pearl buttons, and a pair of no-colour pantaloons. This was his garb, working-day, and holiday, winter, and summer. His wife, as if resolved to countenance Gray's plain attire, and defy the frivolities of fashion, confined her costume to a brown merino, or sober-hued linen gown, which was exchanged for one of slate-coloured silk on Sundays, and a very primitive habit-shirt, cap, and apron, all of muslin, for she quite eschewed those flaunting improprieties, laces, worked collars, gauzes, blondes, &c., &c. The manners of this pair, who looked to-day almost the same as when they were first married, and set up business in Walford thirty years ago, were *quiet* to seriousness and taciturnity; their movements were slow and measured; the brief replies, questions, and observations which they addressed to their friends and customers were uttered in a low, melancholy tone; and, in fact, such an air of grief and despondency attached to all they did and said, that a stranger entering their shop must have supposed them labouring under some extraordinary private calamity; but it was not so; this was their *manner*—a manner tolerated by the people of Walford—all unprepossessing as it was, because they knew the Grays to be civil, and fair-dealing, yet, generally attributed, together with their sober, unvarying costume, to *religious melancholy*.—Need we remark that this dreadful mental disorder, wherever it exists, is mainly attributable to *religious error*. There is in the "religious world" a class of people, who are neither Churchmen nor Dissenters; in order to "get good" they run with well-intentioned zeal from church to meeting, and from the private Bible-Exposition of one sect to the private prayer assembly of another, "having itching ears," until they might well be puzzled to declare what was their *faith*, and how it influenced their *practice*.—Of this order of religionists was Joseph Gray and his wife; but of this order was not their second son Martin, a young man settled as a grocer in Walford, with two junior brothers his assistants. Martin was neither plain in person and countenance, nor melancholy in mind; indeed, considering the disposition of his parents, his mercurialism

was remarkable; but Martin (and the case is not singular) was unhappily as lax in his religious notions as the elder Grays were severe—not that he would have dealt unfairly with his customers, or been guilty of flagrant crimes, but there was a lack of ballast in the youth, a nonchalance and profaneness of thought and expression upon sacred subjects, and a levity and conceit about him which might have distressed parents less pious than his own. Yet, Martin had his good and popular qualities; generous, high-spirited, of excellent disposition, and of a temper never to be provoked, he was a great favourite in his own class; and if he did dress coxcombically on Sundays, and serenade on week days a *real* young lady under her supposed window, and do a hundred other foolish things, which inexperienced young men will do—his youth only bore the blame—and advancing years it was confidently predicted would banish his follies; with very different feelings and forebodings, however, was regarded by all well-disposed people, his attendance at those seditious meetings, which “lead captive silly youths”—under various high sounding, but delusive titles, and his union also with a certain *liberal*—i. e., *free-thinking* society—the pest of Walford.

Individuals in trade have their friends, their visiting acquaintances, and their social coteries, as well as individuals moving in the higher classes of society; they have their rubber, music, and quadrille parties; why should they not, having duly learned these gratifications? And soon after the period at which our narrative commences, Mrs. Moffat, the Ironmonger's wife, gave a party, at which music was first to be the order of the evening, and then dancing.

Martin Gray, who particularly shocked his father and mother by encouraging such affairs, was one of Mrs. Moffat's guests, and being asked for a song, he sung one to his guitar, both pretty and uncommon. Amongst his auditors stood a Miss Anne Cox, a supercilious, unamiable young woman, whom Martin could not endure, but who fancied herself desperately in love with him; yet, amidst the buzz and clamour of hearty applause which followed his song, this un-fair specimen of the fair-sex stood perfectly silent, and looked inconceivably enraged. The young man was not only mortified by this contempt on the part of a professed admirer, but alarmed by the expression of her countenance—for Eliza Gray was apprenticed to the young lady's mamma, who professed to teach the mysteries of dress-making to all who chose, upon certain pecuniary conditions, to learn them; and Martin justly thought that any feud between him and Miss Anne might compromise the comfort and interest of his sister; so, when dancing commenced, he requested, and obtained her, for his partner.

“Miss Cox,” he at length took courage to say, “have I offended you?”

“Why should you think so?”

“Because of the peculiar look you gave me on the conclusion of my song.”

“And, think you,” returned Miss Anne, “that I could look pleased when I heard you, but

two nights ago, singing that same song under the windows of Mr. Allen's house?”

“Are you sure it was me?”

“I *am* sure; your voice I should know amidst a thousand.”

“Well, grant that it was me; have not I a right to sing what songs I like, when I like, and to whom I like?”

“Oh! of course,” returned Miss Anne, “I'm sure I don't wish to dispute your *right*; but were I you, I'd well consider what I *was*—keep my songs for folks of my own class, and not run the risk of being ridiculed by a *gentleman's* daughter.”

There was doubtless as much truth as ill-nature in this speech, and that very truth nettled Martin; he would not, however, allow Miss Cox to triumph, by showing his displeasure, and for the sake of conversation “wished he had Mr. Allen's wealth.”

“In which case,” observed his partner, “I suppose you'd turn gentleman, and marry his daughter.”

“Ah!” sighed Martin, affecting melancholy, “let me have the money first, and I'd afterwards consider how to use it.”

“Well, Mr. Gray!” retorted Miss Cox, “according to the principles of your Club you might on easy terms obtain, some at least, of the rich merchant's worldly wealth.”

Here followed a warm discussion upon the principles, which were *no* principles of the said Club; and here, as will be apprehended, young Gray showed the weak, and faulty side of his character. The *liberal* members of “*The Tricolor*” certainly did advocate *equality of worldly possessions*; and to effect this latter desideratum they unblushingly inculcated that the “all things in common” of these days must be procured by *violence* if persuasion, would not avail. Miss Cox abused in unmeasured terms an Association equally mischievous and wicked, when Gray, feeling his own honour hereby covertly attacked, entered warmly into defence of the “*TRICOLOR*,” and was led on to make admissions respecting its principles and projects, for which, when he reached his home, he sorely blamed himself.

“What have I said,” cried he, “in evil hour to that malicious creature? How—have I not foolishly given her a handle against me! I'll cut my tongue out!—I'll knock my head against that bed post!—I'll hang myself to-morrow!”

But, self-suspension, like many other things, if put off *sine die*, has the best possible chance of never taking place, and certain it is, the young grocer next day stood, as usual, smiling and chatting behind his counter, quite oblivious of the murderous deed he had lately meditated.

Another incident must here be mentioned. On the morning after Mrs. Moffat's party, a country lad, who was in training at Mr. Allen's for a servant, entered the shop of Mr. Burke, the regular bookseller and stationer of Walford (upon whose trade Mrs. Gray certainly encroached, but who often supplied her with articles in which she was “out,”) and asked

for some particularly large, stout writing paper.

"At what price, my lad?" inquired Mr. Burke, "will this do?" putting before the embryo lacquey a packet of paper.

"Don't know, sir," was the answer, "but I should rayther think thicker a deal than that there, for master be a-sitting in his *libery* with such a sight of bank notes before him, as 'ould do your heart good to see; and, as I believe, he's a-going to send 'em all away by the post to-night, for some be done up a'ready, and then he hadn't no more paper till he *bod* me come here for some."

"This then will suit Mr. Allen, I think," said the bookseller, smiling at the communicative boy, and putting down a fresh packet before him.

That night the Postman of Walford set out as usual upon his obliged peregrination with a packet of several letters of more than usual value and consequence amongst the comparatively indifferent—that night, the 13th of February, in the year 18—, the Postman of Walford encountered upon the gloomy waste of Peril Moor such a tempest of wind, rain, and sleet, which seemed to pour about him from every quarter of the vapoury welkin, as he had not remembered for years: he was nearly perished with intense cold, and his lantern, his well-known guide through the horrors of wintry darkness, was extinguished; and on that night, too, the Walford Postman encountered upon the dreary Peril Moor an enemy more cruel than the raging storm!

Early in the morning of the 14th of February, so early that light had as yet scarcely begun to glimmer through the thick and melancholy haze of wintry clouds and rain, Mrs. Gray was aroused by some one gently shaking her in her bed, when sensible of the fact, she uttered a cry of alarm; a hand was instantly pressed over her mouth, and a well-known voice, said in low tones—

"Hush, mother!—hush!—don't be frightened! 'tis only I—Martin."

"You, Martin? my son? why what's o'clock, and what can bring you here in the dark of the morning?"

"'Twill soon be light mother; but I was forced to come, because in an hour or two people will be up and talking, and you might perhaps be frightened."

"I frightened my dear, by people's talking?" cried Mrs. Gray, sitting up in her bed, "why should I be? What could they talk of to frighten me?—but I'm sure *you* do it now!"

"Mother!" answered Martin, with unusual gravity and sadness, "I entreat you not to be alarmed at any thing you may hear; and I have thus slipped into the house by means of my private key, to prepare you for sad tidings."

"O Martin! nothing surely has happened to your father! 'Twas a fearful night for a man to be abroad in, and I wish he had not remembered the meeting at Heathdene."

"I wish he had not, indeed," returned Martin, abstractedly, and coldly, "and it *was*, as you say, a fearful night for any man to be abroad in;

but, comfort yourself, my father is *safe*; that is, I hope, and believe, he is."

"Martin! Martin! for God's sake speak out; what can have occurred to make you thus! Your senses seem going, your very voice is altered, and—pray Heaven you be not at this moment intoxicated."

Here poor Mrs. Gray laid her hand entreatingly upon her son's shoulder, but instantly withdrew it, exclaiming—

"How wet you are, my poor boy! and how you tremble!"

"Yes, mother, the morning is rainy, and I shake from—from—cold; but I *would* come to tell you, that a report is even now abroad of the murder of Richard Harrison, our Postman, upon the heath last night; because I thought if our neighbours told you of a man being found dead there, and didn't say who, you'd fancy 'twas my father."

"Richard Harrison murdered?" almost shrieked Mrs. Gray, "poor—poor fellow! Then may the Lord have mercy upon his soul, for little time had he to think of it when in life."

"And pray, mother," rejoined Martin, with unusual solemnity, "because you believe in the efficacy of prayer—for the soul of his murderer."

"I shall do no such thing," said Mrs. Gray, "the wretch richly deserves punishment both in this world, and in the next, and I hope will get it too!"

Martin was silent.

"Don't you?" continued his mother.

"I hope he will live to *repent* of so bad a deed," thoughtfully answered the young man, "and I think mother, you have just spoken of him in a spirit for which your calmer and kinder mood will reproach you. However, farewell now—I'm in haste home."

Martin stole out of the room, leaving poor Mrs. Gray in a state of emotion not easy to describe; horrified at the murder—thankful for her husband's safety—amazed at the rebukes of a godless son for her want of Christian charity, which indeed her conscience began most heartily to second, and wondering how he came to be aware of his father's movements—since the meeting was recollected, and the good man away before he had time to communicate his intentions to any body; happily, to relieve this last mental distress, Mrs. Gray remembered Martin's luggage cart, which conveyed his grocery about the neighbourhood, and which she thought it likely had either been met by her husband, or borrowed by him to drive over to Heathdene.

That morning poor Harrison's disfigured corpse was brought into Walford; it had been found very early by some labourers going to their work on Peril Moor Common, near the road, immersed in a puddle of gore and mud, with which, together with the rain, the clothes were saturated, and the flesh sodden.—It was proved on the Inquest, that the unfortunate man had been entrusted with "money-letters" from Mr. Allen to a mercantile house in London, which were sealed up separately in a small leathern bag, but that of this bag he had been

rified, and the verdict was returned of "*Wilful Murder, by some person or persons unknown.*"

Grief, wonder, anger, and a restless spirit of revenge, were the feelings expressed upon this sad occasion by all classes in Walford, except the Grays.

Mrs. Gray, after the reproof of her irreligious son, was cautious how she spoke unkindly of any one, and her husband, who seldom said aught upon any subject, was considered the very phoenix of Christian charity when he commented upon the circumstance with his usual long, grievous, and stolid countenance, thus:

"There's no use talking about what's done and can't be undone; we're mortals all—frail mortals, and can as little foresee how—and where—and who the arrow of temptation shall hit—as the dart of death."

Suspicion rested almost wholly upon Martin Gray, and not indeed without some reason; he had become, it was observed, since the fatal night of the 13th of February, an altered character; his abundant gaiety had forsaken him; an air of as settled despondency as ever marked his father's face now pervaded his own; he was grave, and reserved, shy of his family—and people did say that his sire and himself were not upon speaking terms; he grew slovenly in his dress; left his business almost entirely in the hands of his younger brothers, shunned society, and in short conducted himself like a man half-crazed by secret, incommunicable sorrow, or sin.

Old Gray, when talked to about this extraordinary change, attributed it to *love*, but his fellow townsmen fancied themselves nearer the mark when they laid it to *murder*.

Eliza Gray, the affectionate sister of a brother whom she deeply pitied, beheld with profound grief and terror the alteration described in her once gay Martin; and one day seeing him quivering as it were with internal agony, she implored him to clear his character in the eyes of his fellow townsmen by openly denying all knowledge of that robbery and murder, with which, (and partly owing to the malicious insinuations of Miss Cox,) he stood charged.

"*I cannot do it,*" replied Martin in a voice of extreme anguish; "*Alas!—alas Eliza! that fatal night. Better were it for me had I never been born!*"

"O Martin! Martin!" screamed the horrified girl, "don't, don't say that! if guilty you really be, let not me know it, that I may still have the satisfaction of asserting your innocence!"

"Well, dear," answered Martin, with a coldness that might arise from very despair, "assert my innocence still, if it indeed affords you satisfaction—you may be right, Eliza—quite right—and yet, eventually find yourself wrong—*most horribly wrong.*"

Poor Eliza was petrified, she knew not what to think, nor what to do; and quitted this hateful subject by advising Martin to leave Walford, since she feared from what she heard that he would soon be "taken up on suspicion" of having robbed and murdered Richard Harrison, or of being accessory to the fact, and concealing it.

The distress, and surmises of poor Mrs. Gray, which almost amounted to a conviction of her son's guilt, will be imagined when we observe, that she constantly revolved in her mind two circumstances, which no earthly power could have forced her to divulge; the first was, that Martin's coat, when she laid her hand upon it, was soaked with wet, as if he had been long out, braving the storms of night, instead of having merely stepped from his own house to her's in the rain; and the second was, that he had apprised her of the murder *above an hour at least before it was known in the town.*

The information of Eliza Gray was so correct, that the people of Walford only waited for their wretched victim to drop some word which could be twisted into self-conviction, or for some trifling article to casually appear, which should establish his guilt—to apprehend him upon the most awful charges; and whilst the tide of obloquy and suspicion ran so strongly against the misguided young man, that even his mother and sister with heavy hearts joined in the popular opinion, one only—one fair, gentle, and sympathizing being had the moral courage to dare the terrors of singularity, and boldly assert his innocence:

"If Mr. Martin Gray," reasoned Miss Allen, "loves me as warmly and sincerely as I am led to believe from many quarters that he does, foolish he may be, but I'll never believe him wicked enough to rob my father, and murder the bearer of his money; *no—never!*"

One evening, towards the latter end of May, Mr. Hanson, the clergyman of the parish, and a magistrate for the town of Walford, had just ordered candles in his study, when he was told that a man wished to speak to him immediately, on private and important business.

"Show him in then, Thomas," said the vicar, "and let no one interrupt us till I ring."

When the stranger entered, on taking off his hat, which it seemed had been purposely slouched over his eyes, Mr. Hanson recognised Martin Gray, and in a few minutes the young man thus mentioned the purport of his visit:—

"Sir," said he, "knowing your readiness to instruct the ignorant and comfort the wretched, I, who am both, am come to open my heart to you. Look at me well, worn as I am by sin and grief, and say whether in this skeleton you would have recognised, had you not been told, the gay, light-hearted, well-looking Martin Gray, of some three months ago?"

"Know you, I do," answered Mr. Hanson, really shocked, now that his attention was particularly called to his parishioner, by the young man's emaciated and care-worn form and features; "but surely, Mr. Gray, you have been, or are, ill, very ill; nothing but sickness could, in the short space of three months, have so unknit the stalwart frame of youth."

"Nothing indeed, sir, but the *soul's sickness*," remarked Martin with a faint smile, "and that, you know, will make the body worn and aged before its time."

"And, for the soul's sickness, young man," said the divine, "there is a fount of healing;

and well were it would you apply unto it ere it is *too late*."

"I know it, sir! Thank God, I know it!" exclaimed Martin energetically. "Oh! believe me Mr. Hanson, in respect to religion, I am not the man that I *was*! These last three months, in which I have been burdened with an intolerable secret, and during which my mind has been fraught with ideas and considerations, various, useful, dark, and often intensely painful; these last three months, I repeat, have made me a different man, and have sent me to my Bible—and my offended Maker!"

"Blessed be His name, that I hear you talk thus," said Mr. Hanson, "and may he perfect the work of reformation he seems to have begun!"

"But still, sir," rejoined Gray, "I do not find that consolation and peace which the Bible promises to the penitent believer; I am troubled with many terrible doubts and fears."

"That is often the case," said the clergyman, "even with advanced Christians; is it then to be wondered at that the path of the convert should be beset with thorns and darkness? Grant this to be the work of man's great adversary, still are we certain that he shall *not prevail* against faith and perseverance; and that these assaults are allowed, may possibly be, like St. Paul's 'thorn in the flesh,' to check spiritual pride."

"Thank you, sir; I never thought of that."

"But you hinted, Martin, that a terrible secret weighed on your mind; I don't ask you what it is, though in all probability your mental peace and happiness depend upon its revelation."

"Well, sir, 'tis no use living in the misery I've been living in ever since last 13th of February; to die at once, and out of the way, is far better; so, please to commit me for the robbery and murder of Richard Harrison."

"Young man!" cried Mr. Hanson, "do you know what you are saying? Are you prepared to die?"

"I humbly hope I am, sir," replied Martin. "Some time since I saw my inevitable fate, and had I not earnestly striven to prepare for it, I should not have been here this evening."

The Vicar of Walford was one of the kindest of men; truly shocked and grieved did he feel at this, not unexpected declaration from the suspected individual before him, and after a pause, in which his countenance exhibited the extreme of sorrow and pity, he thus addressed him:

"Listen to me, Martin Gray; we two are now standing in the presence of Him, who, if he hath known your great guilt from the beginning, has equally desired me, to whom you confide it, to have *mercy* upon the returning prodigal; and, though I am aware that the law punishes him who conceals his knowledge of the perpetrator of a heinous crime, I am willing to risk this, young man, for I thirst not for your blood! You have been much misled for some years by wicked and infidel companions; but Divine mercy having lately, as you tell me, led you to see the error of your ways, I cannot think that time will be disallowed for the com-

pletion of this great work. Go home then, say nothing about what has passed between us to-night—I shall keep my counsel, if you will keep yours—and come fearlessly to me whenever you want instruction or consolation."

"Good! kind! *dear sir*," exclaimed Martin, extremely affected by a lenity he never anticipated, "*you are a real Christian!* and had I met with like mercy and consideration at home, I should have been altogether a different man from what I have been! But as to living—*no!* I cannot live! Let the law, I beseech you, take its course, for believe me, so great has been my misery, that long ere this I should have taken my own life had I dared!"

Mr. Hanson tried argument, remonstrance and persuasion, to induce the young man to rescind his fatal resolution, but in vain; and he was at length obliged to dismiss him, upon the stipulation of having him apprehended at his own house next day, "on suspicion of being concerned in the murder of the late Richard Harrison." This was accordingly done, and Walford thrown into a complete ferment by the event. Many persons were glad of it, for some do exist, sufficiently selfish and ill-natured to rejoice in the fulfilment of their own evil predictions; many were truly grieved, because they respected Martin's father and mother; and many shunned the afflicted family of the assassin, as if there were in it contamination.

The effect of this deplorable event upon the Grays was melancholy; George Elwin, the linen-draper's son, broke off his engagement with Eliza; her two younger brothers lost nearly all their customers; a paralytic stroke too eloquently explained Mrs. Gray's intolerable shame and anguish, but her husband still retained his reserve and imperturbability, so that nobody could even guess what he thought of the dismal turn his domestic affairs had taken; the only difference in him was, that having been observed of late to wear a *black* waistcoat and pantaloons, instead of the pepper-and-salt, and *no-colour*; people said it was ominous of the fate of his son, and that he had put on mourning before-hand.

It was remarkable that Martin Gray, having declared himself guilty of the murder of the Walford Postman, obstinately refused to give any explicit details of the circumstance; and the day of his trial was anxiously awaited, there being two opinions as to its result. Within three days of that critical trial an event occurred which, unfortunately for Miss Anne Cox's jealousies and suspicions, gave a new and favourable turn to the prisoner's affairs, and exhibited a trait in his character little expected there to abide, even by his best friends. Two days before Martin Gray's trial, old Gray was found dead in his bed, with an empty laudanum vial on his dressing-table, and a brown paper parcel addressed to Mr. Allen. For the third time was all Walford horrified—for the third time was curiosity raised to its extreme pitch, and for the third time was the sympathy of the kind and good, and the insulting pity of the malicious, called forth for "*the Unfortunate Grays*." Mr. Allen, with equal astonishment

and sorrow, read the letter addressed to him in the packet, which was written under circumstances the most awful and afflicting, and which we proceed to lay before our readers:—

Walford.

"RESPECTED SIR—A miserable man, who has resolved to quit this life as soon as he has unburdened his conscience, now takes the liberty of addressing you. Your own notes, herewith returned, will show you who took them from their unfortunate bearer to Heathdene, and who butchered him. Oh, sir! though I have carried a fair face to the world, ever since that dreadful hour, my heart has been consumed by 'the fire that never is quenched;' and the world, when it hears this dreadful confession, will brand my memory for ever, as a *hypocrite*, as well as a *robber and assassin*; but, however, through fear of disgrace and death, I have concealed my guilt from man, I have not done so before the Searcher of Hearts. 'Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall,' and so sudden was my fall, that only a few hours previous to it I should, like St. Peter, have denied its possibility; this I mention, that my fellow Christians may guard against what has been my bane through life—a presumptuous, self-righteous spirit. Sir, on the 13th of February last, when your lad asked for writing paper in Mr. Burke's shop, and imprudently named what you wanted it for, no one seems to recollect, (or, if recollecting, would have dared to whisper a base suspicion of me,) I sat there reading a newspaper, and heard what the boy said, though I made no remark upon it. My eldest son, who is well established at a celebrated Shawl Warehouse in London, but who foolishly looks, as every body does now, higher than his station, had that morning, per post, repeated his oft-made request, that I would purchase a Cornetcy for him in a Dragoon Regiment. Though I did not approve his ambitious views, he urged his petition in a manner not to be, by a fond father, withstood; but I wanted money wherewith to purchase a thing so expensive as a cavalry commission: it was then, upon hearing your servant's statement, that Satan tempted me to supply myself with a few hundreds, in ready cash, by robbing you; the black thought was in my mind when I quitted Burke's shop, and that night, pretending to my wife an indispensable engagement at Heathdene, I left my house to become—WHAT? Heaven itself seemed trying to turn me from my guilty purpose; such a night of awful, raging tempest, it is allowed, had not been known for years; nevertheless, wrapt in a warm frieze coat, and armed with a brace of loaded pistols, I proceeded to Perilmoor, and hidden in the darkness, awaited by the road-side the approach of Richard Harrison; at last I saw moving along, what I was sure must be his lantern, since it was about his time for reaching the common; the wind blew out the light just before he got up to me, but with too sure an aim I sprang upon him—we struggled together violently—can I go on?—I had just silenced my victim's dying groans by sending a bullet through his head, when the voice of a man close by me, sent a thrill of convulsive terror through my soul; I fancied too I knew it, and that was not to be borne!

"What's the matter here?" said the intruder, 'Who's hurt? Speak, if you live, and I'll help you.'

"Will you, braggart?" said I, 'then take that for your pains!' and I fired my second pistol at

random, and at him, as I thought, from the direction of the voice. The ball whizzed past this person by an inch, but judge of my sensations, when by the flash of the powder, I discerned the features of Martin, my son! The recognition was mutual, he uttered a cry of surprise and horror, and incited by shame, wrath and terror, I fell like a tiger upon him, threatening to take his life on the spot if he intended to betray me. Shaking me off he exclaimed in a tone of agony:—

"Father! Father! I betray you? Oh, no! no! sooner will I lose my life, than reveal your horrid secret! And oh! would that I had died ere I saw what I have this night seen!"

"His emotion was strong, and greatly affected me, for poor Martin's feelings were always acute, and his sense of honour particularly keen.

"Fly, father!" said he at last, 'fly! or you'll here be discovered when this bad deed comes to light! Fly! but rely upon me!'

"We agreed at last that he should drive me to Heathdene in his cart, from whence he was returning to Walford when our dreadful rencontre took place; I made there some trifling but necessary alteration in my dress, but did not venture home until late in the afternoon of February the 14th; Martin meanwhile returned to Walford, and I have reason to think, never laid down that night, nor for many nights after. Alas! Mr. Allen! Alas, Sir! from the fatal hour in which my own child overtook me in the commission of my deadly sin, I lost his confidence and regard. The alien from his Church and King, thoroughly looked down on me—how shall I proceed? He thought me a confirmed *hypocrite* I believe, because I endeavoured, painfully endeavoured, to carry my usual face to the world, and *hypocrisy* to a young man of Martin's naturally ingenuous disposition, was a sin even blacker than the outrageous one I had committed. But oh! the agonies I have endured, it is impossible to describe! Often have I stolen forth in the dusk of the evening, when my wife believed me gone to further some sacred institution, to see Martin in private, and kneel with floods of bitter tears before him, entreating his pardon, the return of his affection, and that he would never betray me! Poor, generous darling! my heart bleeds to think of what he has endured for me! To think, (though I am at a loss to know why,) that he is now in prison, and ready to die, for my sinful sake! And to think, so worn is he with sorrow and shame, that should this tardy confession, even save him from the hands of the executioner, his death may still be certain. Heaven bless and reward his filial duty; I dare not say affection!" And oh! Mr. Allen! Sir! help, and comfort my poor boy when I am gone, for live I cannot after this dreadful confession!—Your property, Sir, I restore: had I not been, in my evil hour, a fool, and insane—my great crime might have been prevented by the recollection that you would take down the number of your notes, ere confiding them to the post, and stop their payment at the Banks, after you had lost them; but, when men meditate a deed of evil, how often do they act as if deprived of their senses!"

The letter concluded with earnest entreaties for that pardon from Mr. Allen, which the wretched writer despaired of obtaining from Heaven.

Martin Gray, though liberated from prison and from death, walked the earth a sick and sorrowing man. A blight had fallen upon his

youth; shame and desolation overspread his spirit; and soon, though cheered and soothed by the kindness of Mr. Allen and Mr. Hanson, he drooped and died. Before his demise, however, he thus explained to the latter gentleman his reason for delivering himself up to justice:

"I was," said he, "the most wretched being in all the king's dominions; I could not eat—I seldom slept; the horrible scene of Perilmoor, on that tempestuous night, my father half mad, and the murdered, mangled Postman, was ever before me; besides, being out so many hours, in thoroughly saturated clothes, gave me, I think, a low fever, which excited my mental feelings to delirium. At last, my dreadful se-

cret became so burdensome, that I knew, unless I ceased to exist, I should one day in *madness* divulge it. Now my own life, with my own hands, I might not take, and may God forgive me that I was anxious to lay it down (a *Suicide* therefore, no less) to save my father from shame and death! Sir, you know the rest; be kind, I beseech, to my afflicted family, when I am gone; use your best efforts to put down that nest of iniquity, the 'TRI-COLOUR;' and implore those in this town, who are too ready to impute all evil to me, to 'Judge not,' but to regard with mercy, and pity the memory of an unhappy young man."

Written for the Lady's Book.

A MOTHER TO A DAUGHTER ON HER WEDDING DAY.

BY A. W. MAYLIN.

Joy wait upon thee, loved one!

Be this, thy bridal morn,
A sky without a shadow,
A rose without a thorn!
Each selfish grief repressing,
I lift my heart above,
And ask for thee *His* blessing,
Who hallows earthly love.

Ah! how this morning changes
The colour of thy way!
What loves and joys estranges
Of many a youthful day!
How much of fate impending,
With bliss or sorrow rife,
In those deep words is blending,—
A wedded—wedded wife!

The playful mirth, still gleaming
In girlhood's happy eye,
Unshaded gladness beaming,
While care scarce flitted by;
The fresh spring ever starting,
Bright, pure, within thy heart,
From these, oh! thou art parting,
Or thou dost *seem* to part!

Another's weal or sorrow
Henceforth thy own shall be;
And thine, unswerving, borrow
Its hue from sympathy.
Changeless, through joy or sadness,
Must be the faith of years;
That pledge, now given in gladness,
May meet its test in tears!

Yet fondly trust I—dearest,
To thee this sacred day,
A rich reprisal bearest
For aught it takes away:
Love, limitless in measure,
With Friendship's holiest tone,
The heart's best earthly treasure,
A kindred heart—thy own!

Oh! may that love long shield thee
Amid a world so cold!
And cares, if life should yield thee,
O'erpay a thousand fold!
Still in its tender kindness
May'st thou be gently blest;
Nor e'er deem *that* hour blindness,
When thou didst seek its rest.

Yet more than hers, thy *mother*!
It cannot, will not be;
Ah, no! when sister, brother,
Shall, smiling, part from thee,
My heart, still clinging round thee,
Scarce, scarce will thee resign,
Though other ties have bound thee,
And thou no more art mine.

Yet joy go with thee, dearest!—
On this thy bridal morn,
May the fair sky be clearest,
The rose, without a thorn!
Each selfish grief repressing,
I lift my heart above,
And ask for thee *His* blessing,
Who hallows earthly love.

Salem, N. J.

POWER OF SLIGHT INCIDENTS.

It is curious to observe the triumph of slight incidents over the mind; and what incredible weight they have in forming and governing our opinions, both of men and things; that trifles

light as air shall waft a belief into the soul, and plant it so immovable within it, that Euclid's demonstrations, could they be brought to batter it in breach, should not all have power to overthrow it.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LOVE, COURTSHIP, AND MARRIAGE.

GENERALLY speaking, the most important event in the lives of females is marriage, and the prelude to that is courtship. We may very properly call courtship the chief peril of woman; for the happiness or misery of her after life depends mainly upon this circumstance. After the wedding ceremony is performed, the *danger* is over; for the misfortune, if it is one, has arrived; though its presence may not immediately be discovered. It is useless to ponder on evils that exist and are irremediable—but it is eminently wise to take precautions against future evils which may be avoided. If an unhappy marriage is an evil to be dreaded, the period of courtship is the time to provide against it. Let every young lady who listens to the warm professions of an admirer—if she has reason to think that any thing more than passing compliments is intended—let her immediately consider that her happiness is, in some measure, threatened, and in jeopardy. Supposing the lover to be sincere, and even admitting that he is capable of forming a genuine and permanent attachment, (matters which should not be too hastily taken for granted) still there are numerous contingencies which make the highest degree of caution and circumspection requisite on the part of the lady.

Some one has said that a woman should carefully avoid bestowing her affections on any man, until the latter has made an explicit declaration of *his* love. The admonition is good, as far as it goes;—and yet we should include the substance of that maxim, and much more, in the simple piece of instruction that no woman should dispose of her affections until she has a good foundation for the belief that no repentance will follow. Some young ladies are apt enough to think that the first man who talks of love is the object destined to make them happy, and without pausing to consider much else than the color of his eyes and the cut of his whiskers, they make an unscrupulous surrender of their own hearts. This course, we think, is rather precipitate, and we hope we shall not be censured for notions too rigid, if we say that a young lady, especially a *very* young one, should not fix her affections on any man, until she has consulted some experienced friend, a mother for instance, concerning the propriety of such a movement. It is true, such tender passages in the lives of some young people are not always of sufficient moment to awaken the solicitude of a parent, but it may be otherwise, and of these facts the parent is presumed to be the best judge.

In *novels*, the distresses of lovers usually proceed from the ill-humors and unaccommodating disposition of some cross-grained papa or hard-hearted uncle; but in this every-day world of ours, where *one* is made unhappy, in the affairs of love or matrimony, by the coercion of parents or guardians, *ten* become mis-

erable for life by following their own fancies. In this country, parents rarely oppose the inclinations of their children, in the matters referred to, without some good and substantial reason; and we have, in many cases, known parents to yield their consent, on such occasions, when their denial could not have been justly censured. We cannot, therefore, enter into the views of policy which induce some young persons to withhold their confidence from their natural guardians, and to forbear asking their advice, when they are about to commit themselves in such an important matter as paying or receiving addresses which may result in matrimony.

Many an inexperienced female, by simply erring to this extent, has laid up for herself a fund of future sorrow and vexation. Perhaps, after receiving the attentions of a professed lover for months, she discovers (what her more discerning friends would have seen in a few hours,) that the mind or disposition of the suitor is not such as would make him an eligible companion for life. Shocked at this discovery, she immediately conceives a distaste for his society, and, it may be, blushes for her want of judgment in admitting his addresses so long. The lover being discarded, nine times out of ten, becomes an insidious enemy—soon insinuates that the termination of his suit was a voluntary arrangement of his own, and probably gives as his reasons some malign whisperings touching the reputation of his late sweetheart. This result, bad as it is, is not, by many degrees, the worst effect which may arise from such imprudent associations. Say that the lady does not perceive the error of her judgment till after marriage, and, in the meanwhile, her friends, from mistaken motives of kindness, do not think proper to interfere with her selection. What disappointment, what bitterness, reproaches, contempt and hatred must arise when the wife, by sad experience, is enabled to correct the misapprehensions of the girl!—when she finds that the perfections in which she had clothed the man of her choice were merely the creations of her own fancy. We would not be understood to say that a young woman should submit herself entirely to the direction of her parents and guardians, in an affair which chiefly concerns her own welfare. No—by no means. If her parents or guardians are sordid, and discover a willingness to sacrifice every other consideration to pecuniary objects; or, if they have conceived any groundless dislike for the person whom she has favored with her preference;—these are circumstances which make their opposition to her wishes tyrannical. In either case, when such an important consideration as the happiness of her life is involved, she may be justified in setting aside the authority which attempts to govern her. But let her, in the first place, be well assured that such circumstances for

her justification actually exist. Let her hear all that may be said in the way of argument, and listen with respectful attention to the suggestions of those who may be inclined by affection, and enabled by experience, to give

her good counsel. We have very little doubt that, with even a moderate intellectual capacity—the young lady, in a majority of such cases, will find that *she* has the wrong side of question.

Written for the Lady's Book.

Mrs. HALE.—In the village of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, is a beautiful little eminence, called Laurel Hill, which seems to have been placed there, on purpose to furnish the dwellers in the valley beneath, with a bird's-eye-view of the land in which they have so goodly a heritage. It has been, from time immemorial, the resort of those who love to worship nature in her high and holy places—of merry boys and girls in search of nuts and flowers, and of the town's-people, almost *en masse*, on occasions of public festivity. The Housatonic winds closely round one part of its base, and then stretches off on its gracefully winding course, marked all the way with a fringe of willows, and other water-loving trees, through the most exquisitely beautiful meadows—"the paradise he hath made unto himself." On one side of this stream, beyond the meadows, is the quiet village, and this part of the landscape is framed in by another hill which overlooks the valley from the north, and whose slope, up to its very summit, exhibits the finest cultivation. On the opposite side, at a considerable interval, is a fine range of mountains, one point of which—"the Mountain of the Monument," is always regarded with especial interest, partly because Bryant has written of it, and partly because, scarcely any one looks upon it without recalling the remembrance of pleasant hours passed with pleasant friends upon its summit, in holding communion with some of the most sublime and beautiful of the "visible forms" of nature.

Until within a few years, Laurel Hill was private property; although, through a species of liberality much practised in the country, and much to be commended, by which those who own beautiful woodland, hill, or meadow, allow them to be shared as common bounty for purposes of enjoyment, provided always that due respect be paid to standing grass or grain, the use of it was never withheld from the public. But by-and-by, when there arose a probability of its passing into new hands, and of those chances and changes coming to it, that come to all terrestrial things, it was purchased by a family belonging to the village, and presented to the town upon condition that it should never be sold—nor cleared—but kept forever for public uses.

On the Fourth of July of the present year, a Fair was held upon it, or rather was to have been so held, but the prospect of showers produced a change of arrangements by which the tables were transferred to an Academy close at its foot. Towards night, however, the weather cleared, and the spot originally selected—a bit

of table land encircled by forest trees, and looking up the steep summit of the hill, whose slope, at that time, was one mass of laurel blossoms—was the scene of the close of the entertainment.

It had been suggested, that instead of a Post-Office—one of the never failing accompaniments of a Fair—there should be a pedler of original literary wares, chiefly poetical. A part of these, written for particular persons, were addressed to them, and presented for payment; others, of a more general nature, were first read aloud, and then put up at auction—and the auctioneer, being particularly fitted, by a vein of the most piquant humour, for his office, on this occasion, enjoyed more attention, and furnished more entertainment even than the articles which he offered for sale. The opening of the pack took place in the green-wood, and was the closing scene of the day.

I am sorry that I cannot offer you the best of the articles which comprised its contents—I can send you only those of which I have the control—as follows:

THE HOUSATONICK RIVER BOAT SONG.

Gaily row the boat—row—
For bright is the stream,
With the light of the stars,
And the moon's merry beam;
With the splash of our oars,
Good tune we will measure,
To the dance of our spirits,
In this hour of pleasure.

Quickly row the boat, row—
For fair eyes are beaming;
And 'tween earth, air, and sky,
Sweet influence is streaming.
Let us follow the windings
'Mid green leafy bowers,
Of this gracefully flowing,
Sweetest river of ours.

Our own Housatonic!
With what loving embraces!
His course through our valley
He evermore traces.
In all future ages—
May his blessings be shed,
On those who are worthy
His green banks to tread.

E. B. SEDGWICK.

REASON.

He that follows its advice, has a mind that is elevated above the reach of injury; that sits above the clouds in a calm and quiet ether, and with a brave indifference, hears the rolling thunders grumble and burst under his feet.

For the Lady's Book.

[Note from the Author of *Lafitte*.]

West Point, July, 1839.

DEAR SIR—The accompanying letter and story, with the names of persons and places alone omitted, are at your service for publication, if you think they possess sufficient interest to entertain your fair readers.

With consideration, I am, &c.

L. A. GODEY, Esq.

J. H. I.

[We cheerfully accept and give place to the letter and story, in our columns, though we opine that our friend, the Professor, albeit he does not hint so much in his note, has had a hand in putting the story, if not also, the letter itself, together. Verily, is a man's country betrayed by his speech, and an author's production by its style. *Ed. Lady's Book.*]

C—— Castle, Herefordshire, June, 1839.

MY DEAR I.—In my last letter from London I informed you that I was on the eve of quitting town and spending a few weeks in the country. From the date of my letter you will see that I am at C—— Castle, where it is my intention to sojourn for a month or so before going into Scotland; and a delightful place of sojourn this is too! My window commands some of the finest scenery—upland, vale, and mountain—in all England. The Malverton Hills in the distance—appear, seen through the blue haze, like purple clouds resting on the green earth. Parks, lawns, castles, and gentlemen's seats, arrest and please the eye, wheresoever it falls. This English scenery! we have nothing exactly similar to it in America—there is an *old world* look to it that our young land has not. The rich green of the verdure—the beauty of the oaks, (that majestic old monarch of England's woods, which ballad, and legend, and song have made immortal,) the upland and downland swells—the princely castles—the baronial halls and picturesque villas that fill the broad land, all give to the landscape a peculiar aspect that is commonly and best defined as *English*.

I have now been at Castle C—— a little more than a week; and, what with riding and driving, hunting and fishing, dining and waltzing, and reading and rambling, with some thirty very respectable ladies and gentlemen, (most of whom my republican tongue has taught itself to address as “my lord” and “my lady,”) to aid and abet in so doing, passing my time pleasantly enough. At this season all London is country-mad, as it is at other times town-mad. Noblemen and gentlemen now turn their “seats” into free hotels for their friends and such unfortunate wights as, by hook or by crook, (owning no house out of town, nor perhaps in,) can get themselves invited to “pass a week or two” at some “friend's country-house.” Indeed, living at an English nobleman's castle in the rustication season is not very unlike the life in one of our fashionable hotels at a popular watering place—the White Sulphur Springs, perhaps, rather than Saratoga. The crowd, to be sure, is not so great, and the company, of course, is select. But the mode of killing time is quite similar in both instances—giving, however, the balance of comforts and advantages to the side of the noble entertainer. This is a delightful national custom, (if usages peculiar to the higher classes alone, may strictly be termed national,) and its tendency is to keep up the open-handed English hospitality, though with something more style than was known to the olden time. The good old fashioned hospitality of our fathers, (I say *our*, for are they not *ours* as well as *theirs*?) is, I think, preserved in its most delightful simplicity among the gentlemen of the fox-hunting school, in which class may be found many

“A good old English gentleman,
All of the ‘olden time.’”

I have not given you the name or the title of my entertainer. His style is Francis Livingstone Catesby, Esquire, of C—— Castle;—but by courtesy he is usually called Lord C—— of C—— Castle, having married the only daughter and sole heiress of the ancient title and vast estates of the Earl of C——. There is a romantic story connected with this young nobleman and his lovely bride, which got into the American papers at the time of its occurrence, made a little noise, then was rejected as incredible, and fell into oblivion. I will relate it to you, and, as you are given to story writing, will put it in the shape of a tale, as best likely to enlist your attention; and peradventure, one of these days, it may serve you for a brace of volumes, should you by any chance, run short for *matériel*. You may give it what name you list—I shall call it simply

A STORY.

LADY CLARA HARTLY, at the age of nineteen, was the toast of the Three Kingdoms. She was incomparably beautiful—if a superb figure; a queenly bust; hands and feet of faultless symmetry; an eye, dark as night, yet soft and dreamy, now melting in its own fire, now burn-

ing like stars in the midnight sky; if features perfect in all that makes loveliness in woman; if a voice of thrilling richness, a smile of light, and a lip of love—if an enduring sunshine of a happy spirit, illuminating all her rare and glorious person—if these constitute *beauty*, then

was she most beautiful. Pride of birth and consciousness of her exceeding loveliness had given a slight degree of haughtiness to her manner, that perhaps, still heightened and finished her charms. She was also wilful, at times, a little capricious, fond of having her own way, and singularly impatient of restraint. The pet and idol of an invalid and aged father, she never knew a wish ungratified; while, humoured with a thousand indulgences from her doting parent, she became not only wilful and independent, but, from being left without healthful restraint, eccentric habits at length grew upon her, till it got to be as difficult to decide upon any given line of conduct that Lady Clara Hartly would pursue, as to calculate the variable course of the swallow in his swift and uncertain flight.

At the age of nineteen, then, Lady Clara, was left an orphan, an heiress, and her own mistress. For a single winter, she reigned a dazzling meteor in London; and, after having a score of coronets cast at her feet, and broken the hearts of all the young, and many of the old, nobles in the kingdom, she suddenly disappeared not only from the firmament of fashion but from England.

"Ha, Lawnshade," said a gay young Viscount, encountering a noble friend in the Park, the day after it had been ascertained that Lady Clara Hartly had certainly left the country; "ha! ha! we have been chasing a will-o'-wisp this winter—flown, eh?"

"To the — for what it concerns me," said the young Earl of Lawnshade, who, having lost all his ready cash at Crockford's, and mortgaged half his estates, was desirous of mending his fortunes by that of the lady's; "she has proved herself cold as an icicle, and has a tongue sharpened with the devil's own wit."

"Witty she is—beautiful you must confess her to be! Heigho, she has jilted me to my heart's content. I did not love the girl—but I liked her spirit, and would have married her if I could, she was such a fine looking woman."

"You would have held her, you mean, Malvern, as a sort of property that administered to your self-love, as you would take pride in being the possessor of a rare thorough-bred Arabian," said a third gentleman, who had just left his carriage and received his horse from his servant to take a gallop in the Park.

"You have hit it, Chesterton," replied the Viscount, laughing. "But you were the hardest served of all—for you loved her. Ah, Chesterton, your dark eyes could not melt her obdurate soul. I pity you, upon my honour. Lawnshade and I have only lost a stake that we may double and win at another day—but you, my dear fellow, have quite lost your heart. But whither has this Bird of Paradise flown? What hawk hath watched her flight?" he added quickly observing that the youthful lover evinced some annoyance at his words.

"Some say to the continent," he replied.

"I heard this morning that she had gone to St. Petersburg—perhaps to lay siege to the heart of the Grand Duke," said Lawnshade, carelessly.

"She has full as likely gone to America,"

observed Malvern; "our Countesses of late have taken quite a liking to Brother Jonathan."

"Ha, my lords," cried a young baronet riding up, "still the Hartly question on the floor! So what think ye? 'tis said Lady Clara has gone to hob and nob with Lady Hester Stanhope, doubtless to honour with her hand some young Arab Sheikh. She is eccentric enough, i'faith."

"Deil may care, where she be; all I hope is, that she may yet throw herself away on some infernal French or Italian Count, who will make her goldfinches fly," said Lawnshade, with a laugh of contempt that ill concealed his chagrin; and putting spurs to his horse, he rode off at full speed, followed, a moment after, by the remainder of the party.

CHAPTER II.

ABOUT twelve months after the foregoing conversation a handsome young officer, in the uniform of a captain of artillery, of the United States Army, was hastening in a coach from his hotel in Broadway, New York, to one of the North River steamboats, generous wines and "goodlie companie," having kept him at the table till the last minute of delay. Before he reached the foot of Barclay street, the deep-toned bell of the City Hall struck five—the hour of departure—replied to in quick succession by all the clocks of the town, in every possible key; while the lesser tongues from the throats of a dozen rival steamboat bells, began to ring out their shriller treble, each vying to o'ertop his noisy neighbour. Carriages rattled up to the pier gate; passengers leaped recklessly out, their luggage following them helter-skelter; porters were swearing, wrangling, and grumbling; noisy, officious, and impudent hackmen, crowded the way, scratching and fighting for precedence; men with valises in hand, run this way and that way like mad, sweating and blowing; and, altogether, what with the cries of the news boys, the yells of orange women, and the deafening ringing of the ceaseless bells from half a score of contiguous steamers—dire and dreadful was the confusion that reigned. Amid this uproar the carriage containing the young officer arrived on the scene, the coachman adding his oaths and execrations, against those who blocked up the way, to increase the general flood of noises.

"Clare the road, there, you nager," he shouted to another hack driver, who had just driven in between his horses and the gate, and prevented his farther progress.

"Jis you leffum dere, I ax you," replied the black, giving his horses a sharp cut and dashing closer into the curb stone; "I has ladieses to git out, an' you noffin but von gen'leman."

"Won or twinty jintilmen, I'll let no black nager take the inside o' a white man, and he an Irishman;" and with these words the ireful coachman struck the African's horse a blow in the head with the butt of his whip with such sudden violence that the animals run back, reared and plunged fearfully in their harness. The young officer, who witnessed the outrage and its result from the window of his carriage, at the same instant caught sight of a lovely

woman in the coach, who dropped the glass and was giving, in a cool, energetic tone, two or three rapid orders to the black, who amid his surprise, rage, and the confusion, was incompetent to govern his horses.

No sooner did the officer discover the danger of the fair inmate of the carriage, than undoing his door, he leaped out to her aid. But before he reached the ground, the plunging horses, by a short turn, brought the fore-wheels round at right angles with the coach, and attempted to dash off. At this crisis, the lady threw open the coach door, and sprang out into the arms of the young officer, and the next instant the carriage was overturned.

"Thank God you have escaped unhurt," he said, gazing upon her bewildering beauty, and losing his heart at the same moment.

"And thank you, sir," she replied gaily, fixing upon him her dark eyes with a look that made his blood course from his heart to his brow like lightning. "But my aunt and uncle I fear—"

"Are they in the coach?" he eagerly inquired, springing to the door, the reversed position of which now answered to the scuttle of a roof.

The horses had by this time been cut from the pole by the bystanders, and the door of the carriage being open, were drawn forth, one after another a respectable middle-aged man, who complained of a bruise or two in the back and shoulders, and a nice body of a little woman in starched cap and ruff; who at first was too frightened to speak, but at length, found voice to lament the derangement of the propriety of her ruff, and to mourn over a slight rent in her drab silk dress. In a few seconds the baggage was disengaged from the overturned vehicle, and tumbled on board the steamer by half a dozen officious individuals, each of whom demanded a quarter of a dollar for his services; the uncle and aunt were also hurried on board, closely followed by the officer and the young lady who had very frankly accepted the offer of his escort through the crowd. Scarcely had they touched the deck, when the bells rung out their final peal, and the usual rapid orders were given to start.

"Haul in the plank. Cast off that bow-line. Let her go."

Instantly the noble boat, which for the last twenty minutes had been ceaselessly moving backward and forward to the length of her fastenings, chafing like an impatient racer who is with difficulty held in until the signal is given for starting, with a swift and stately movement left the pier, and in company with half a score of other boats from the docks on either side, shot out into the broad stream. After escorting his fair charge to a settee in the stern of the boat, the young officer lingered a few moments near her, and only turned from her to promenade the deck, on the approach of the uncle and aunt. It was with reluctance that he did so. But he thought that farther attention on his part to a perfect stranger, now that there was no farther call for his services, might be construed by her into a disposition to take ad-

vantage of an accident to thrust himself upon the acquaintance of a beautiful woman. She did not know him either; but then, thought he, with a glow of military pride, "My uniform should be my passport, and endorse me as a gentleman. Ah, heigho! but is she not a lovely woman!" he added, as he turned on his heel in his walk, and let his eye rest for an instant on her beautiful profile. She was watching at the moment the fleeting city, as with its hundred towers and spires it receded from the eye. She looked at objects with an observant and speculative gaze, like one who had travelled, and was in the habit of mentally instituting comparisons between what she saw and what she had seen. Her profile was spirited and beautiful—not exactly regular in its outline, but defined by a soft, yet intellectual, line that undulated without a fault from the summit of her beauteous forehead to the exquisitely shaped chin. Her eye was dark, full, and so thickly fringed with long silken lashes, that while all was sunshine on her cheek and brow, a dreamy, shadowy twilight seemed to dwell about them, subduing the lustre of her glorious beauty. She wore a black velvet spencer that fitted admirably her superb bust, and confined her round waist within a circle of beauty. Descending from it was a travelling skirt of coarse material, from beneath which peeped a symmetrical foot, the perfect shape of which a rather stout laced boot that covered it could not quite conceal. She wore an open cottage-flat of very coarse straw, which wonderfully became her style and air, which were indolent, yet haughty; independent, yet feminine. There was a frank carelessness about her that was irresistibly captivating. In abundant curls of jet her raven hair played about her face and snowy throat. In one hand she carried, apparently for the same purpose that gentlemen wear canes—to have something in the hand—a lady's riding whip, richly mounted with gold head and bands; in the other hand, or rather upon her lap, with the arm gracefully resting upon it, she held a book, that looked like a sketch book. At a little distance from her on a camp stool, sat the aunt, putting on her spectacles preparatory to perusing a penny paper which a ragged urchin had thrust into her hand, while the uncle was bustling about collecting the 'small baggage' into a pile near the cabin door.

(To be concluded.)

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE.

It is not, perhaps, much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, *for want of thinking*, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling, or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of tobacco, and takers of snuff.

THE BLIND MAIDEN'S GEM.

WRITTEN BY

W. I. WALTER, ESQ.

MUSIC BY

SIGNOR DE BEGNIS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by J. G. Osbourn, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

Espressivo.

ADAGIO.

If this sweet Rose, with accents bland, That you have plac'd with -- in my

hand, Should to the sight as lovely be, As by the scent it seems to

me, A sigh must then its co - lour show, For that's the soft - - - est joy I

con anima.

col canto.

know, And sure the Rose is like a sigh, Born but to breathe and then to die! And sure the Rose is like a

* sigh, Born but to breathe and then to die!

* Cadenza ad lib.

sigh, Born but to breathe, and then, and then, then to die!

My father, when his fortunes smil'd,
With jewels deck'd his sightless child;
Their glittering worth the world might see,
But dearer far this rose to me!

A tear of his bedew'd my cheek,
What language did that tear-drop speak!
And ah! the Gem to me most dear
Was that kind father's pitying tear!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It is with feelings of unmingled satisfaction that the publisher announces to his numerous patrons, that on and after the 1st of January, next, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney will be associated with Mrs. Hale in the editorial management of the *Lady's Book*.

Of Mrs. Sigourney's qualifications it is, of course, unnecessary to speak. Her excellence as a writer in various departments of literature, is universally acknowledged by her own countrymen and countrywomen, and her transatlantic reputation is not inferior to that of any female American author.—Especially has Mrs. S. been distinguished by her devotion to the highest interests of her own sex, and in the new field about to be opened to her labours, she will no doubt continue to sustain and promote them.

The acquisition of Mrs. Sigourney, is a subject upon which the publisher cordially congratulates his subscribers, as her fine taste and diversified abilities will add further value to the 'Book.' At the same time he wishes it distinctly understood that the efforts of Mrs. Hale to give interest to his publication will be in no degree diminished. The connexion of Mrs. H. with the 'Book' will remain the same as heretofore, and her eminent talents, and her discriminating judgment, will still be used for the same beneficial purposes as have already distinguished their application.

Aided by the united talents of Mrs. Hale and Mrs. Sigourney, with the assistance of Miss Leslie, whose services have also been secured, the publisher has no hesitation in promising that the ensuing volume of the *Lady's Book* will far surpass in point of literary merit, any publication of a similar character which has been given to the press in this country or elsewhere. Besides the three ladies whose names have been mentioned as specially engaged in promoting the value of the work, every writer of any distinction who could be obtained, has been applied to for literary contributions, and in the course of the coming year the publisher expects to furnish to his readers articles by every author of high reputation, both male and female, who resides in the United States, and also of many in England.

Mathew Carey.—This eminent philanthropist is no more. An unfortunate accident received in the early part of September, conjoining with the natural decrepitudes of age, hastened the termination of his valuable existence, and on the 16th day of the month just named, he breathed his last, full of years and full of honours. Mr. Carey had reached his eightieth year, and few men have passed through so long a life so universally beloved and respected. His efforts to do good were unceasing. With most of the public charities for which this city is distinguished, his name is inseparably associated, and his private benefactions were numerous and constant. To the poor he was an ardent and unswerving friend. Poverty never left his door unrelieved, and not only did he contribute from his purse, but by the unwearied exercise of his talents and energies, he induced the public to unite in his benevolent purposes.

Mr. Carey was a man of vigorous intellect. He had diligently cultivated a naturally strong mind, and his writings show profound thought and various information. Upon subjects of political economy his ample knowledge and experience made him a valuable counsellor. He had also a taste for the lighter departments of literature. From the commencement of the *Lady's Book*, he was an occasional contributor to its pages, and he always manifested a deep interest in its success and welfare. To other periodicals he also furnished many papers of interest.

Mr. Carey was remarkable for industry and perseverance. When he had resolved upon any thing, no labour, however great, no obstacle, however seemingly insurmountable, could deter him from its accomplishment. Schemes of good which other and less enterprising men would have abandoned from the difficulties by which they were surrounded, he carried out to successful fruition. This remarkable energy he pre-

served undiminished to the last, and though for several years previous to his death, he was so lame as to require support in walking, he abated nothing of his arduous and devotedness.

To the children of Mr. Carey, themselves useful and honourable members of the community he so long adorned by his virtues, the reputation bequeathed by such a father is an invaluable legacy; and to society generally the influence of such an example is of enduring value.

What grand times they had in the days of chivalry; at least, they seem mighty fine in description, those magnificent tournaments and feasts, where woman arrayed in gorgeous apparel, and glittering in "barbaric gems and gold," appeared as the idol or the umpire! How she was hailed, praised, and flattered! Yet never, in those ages of vaunted deference to the sex, when the victorious knight, were he king or prince, must kneel at her feet for his guerdon, and minstrels deemed it their highest glory to be permitted to approach and sing her praises, was any homage rendered half so exalting to woman's character, as that lately given at the Centennial Celebration at Barnstable, by the descendants of those men who first settled the "Old Bay State."

At this celebration, held a few weeks since, the ladies were invited to participate equally with the gentlemen—at the dinner as well as in the dance, they enjoyed the festivities together, and that the latter did not find their pleasures lessened by this participation with their gentle friends in all the arrangements for the day, we have the testimony of one of the most distinguished speakers, the "Chairman of the Committee of Emigrants from Cape Cod," William Sturgis, of Boston. A toast at the dinner table being given which made it necessary for him to respond, after some pertinent remarks, he thus eloquently alluded to the innovation of inviting ladies to the table:

"Is there a man—gathered as we are with all our social sympathies awakened, to commemorate an event which has tended to secure to us so many social blessings—is there a man, aged or youthful, whose bosom does not swell—whose heart does not expand with a more joyous feeling, to find himself surrounded by, and mingling at the festive board, with that brighter and better portion of Heaven's creation, without whose participation and sympathy, all the blessings, all the blandishments of life would be cold and valueless?"

Mr. Sturgis then proceeded to pay a tribute to the moral influence of woman, and to the benefits which her participation in all the high and generous purposes and pursuits of men, whenever she could do this without violating or neglecting her own peculiar duties, would confer on social life. This part of his speech was in a strain of such sound reasoning and noble sentiment, that we are sure our readers would hardly forgive us did we withhold it from them. We shall give all we can make room for—he was addressing the President of the day:

"I am not, sir, by any means, a thorough going disciple of the Miss Martineau school, but I do so far concur in some of the views of that distinguished lady, as to believe that even in this favoured country, Woman is not yet in possession of all her rights; and I doubt not the time will come, (and at no distant day too,) when important changes will be made in the laws relating to her rights of property, and her personal rights. But this is neither the time nor place to revise the Statutes. Let me not be misunderstood. I am not one of those visionary enthusiasts who profess to believe that no distinction should be made in the employments and pursuits of the sexes—who propose that husband and wife shall change work, and in sailor's phrase, take 'spell and spell' at doing corn and tending baby. On the contrary, sir, I believe that the great Creator has imposed upon woman appropriate and peculiar duties; and that there is marked out for her a proper sphere of action from which I would not have her deviate. I should regret to see her enter the Political arena—engage in party struggles, or participate in party triumphs.—Her proper place is not the Hall of Legislation, nor the teated

field. I wish not to see her presenting reports, nor presenting arms, (hostile arms I mean, sis,) and, above all, I deprecate the practice, which I fear is becoming too common, for woman, under the influence of an excited imagination, to leave her domestic circle, abandon the care of her family, and go forth, roaming about the country, making addresses to crowded and mixed assemblies, and striving to excite and agitate the community. I would not have her do this for any purpose, in any cause, no sir, not even in the sacred cause of human freedom, the noblest cause to which human energies can be devoted. But upon occasions like the present—at all celebrations of the birth-day of our National Independence—whenever the event to be commemorated is one in which all have a common interest, I deem it proper that woman should share in all that is proper to be done. I rejoice that Cape Cod has set so good an example, though I should expect no less from her, for the records of history show, that for the first hundred and fifty years after the settlement of the country, the women of Cape Cod were 'ever ready to set and to follow a good example,' and for the other fifty years I want no record, for I can bear testimony to the fact myself. I trust that the example will be widely followed, and that ere long no such celebration will take place without the full participation of those whose presence gladdens every heart. And why should it not be so? If these celebrations are designed to commemorate the toils and sacrifices of the early settlers, did not woman take full share of such trials? and could our fathers have endured their privations and sufferings but for her sympathy, and the support her presence gave? If they are designed to commemorate the Independence of our country, does not the pure flame of patriotism burn as brightly in woman's gentle bosom as in the sterner breast of man? I believe that her love of country, and of the institutions of our country—silent and unobtrusive as it may seem, is as deep, as sincere, as ye sir, and as *disinterested* too, as that which is felt by the most clamorous Patriot who writes himself *Man*. I may be told that such scenes are not suitable for a woman—that excesses are oft-times committed which would shock her delicacy, and wound her feelings. I admit that excesses are too often indulged in, upon these occasions, but can any man devise a more effectual check upon them than the presence of woman? I believe that in this way she can do more to promote the righteous cause of temperance, than by all the pledges of total abstinence that *she* can sign, or all the memorials *she* can prepare to enlighten Legislatures on the subject of license laws."

This is the true doctrine—the *moral influence of woman*—sorely felt in the highest elevation of her power during the age of chivalry; in truth, not even dreamed of by the wise philosophers of the heathen world, or the learned schoolmen of the later Christian era. This just appreciation of female character was reserved for the nineteenth century. We thank Mr. Sturgis, in behalf of the readers of the "Lady's Book," (some 100,000) for the generous sentiments he has advanced, and the zeal he has manifested to sustain *woman in her true sphere—a help meet for man in his high pursuits*, as well as in the common cares of life—meet to be his companion in all social pleasures which are safe for him to enjoy; meet to be the participator in all his glorious recollections of the past, and in all his ardent hopes for the future.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

Religious Offering: 1840. W. Marshall & Co., Philadelphia.

This work, for the present year, is under the editorial supervision of Miss C. H. Waterman. The articles it contains are from good pens, and generally speaking, are both well written and appropriate. The contributions of the Editor especially, deserve commendation.

The embellishments are ten in number; and they are judiciously chosen and handsomely executed.

Literary Souvenir: 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This work is put up in the same handsome style which distinguished its predecessors. The mechanical execution is very good, and the engravings, of which there are thirteen,

are both rich and beautiful. The prose contents, consisting of numerous and diversified stories, are all from the prolific pen of the able editor, Mr. W. E. Burton, and the poetry is entirely furnished by Mr. C. W. Thompson.

Messrs. Carey & Hart of this city, have made arrangements, we understand, with the English publishers, for the exclusive American agency of *The Book of the Boudoir*, *Fin-den's Tableau*, and the *Oriental Annual*. These splendid publications will soon be received, and offered for sale by them. We have had an opportunity of examining some of the plates, and judging by these specimens, it is not saying too much to assert that no annual hitherto imported into this country can equal them in beauty.

The Violet, for 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a neat little annual, suitable for young persons. The stories are agreeable both in prose and verse, and the pictures will be pleasing to those for whom they are intended.

"The Rollo Books," as they are commonly called, being a series of six volumes, written by Rev. Jacob Abbott, we can commend as among the best to be found for juvenile readers. The titles of the several volumes, which pretty well indicate the subject of each, are, "Rollo Learning to Talk"—"Learning to Read"—"Learning to Work"—"At Play"—"At School"—"Vacation." This new Edition, lately published by "Weeks, Jordan and Co., Boston," is very handsomely printed, in fair, large type; and the engravings are generally well done. The books are bound in cloth, very neatly and durably, as the merit of the contents deserves. The assistance these little books will render in the family training of children can hardly be estimated too highly. They are suggestive, and will teach parents as well as children.

The Good Housekeeper, or the Way to Live Well, and to be Well while we Live. Containing Directions for Choosing and Preparing Food, in regard to Health, Economy, and Taste. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Boston: Weeks, Jordan and Co., pp. 140.

This is a little book, but the author hopes it will do much good.—It has been prepared with care, and, as the title sets forth, with the purpose of promoting health, by teaching that manner of cooking most in accordance with the human constitution, and with our climate and habits. Particular attention has been paid to the diet of children, and rules given which the author trusts every mother will find of great value. The work is sold cheap, only 50 cts. per copy, in order that it may be accessible to every housekeeper who may desire to procure it.

The Man About Town. By Cornelius Webbe: 2 vols. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1839.

The series of sketches here collected together, were originally published in one of the London periodicals. They are not deficient in a certain broad humor, but they want local interest for American readers.

Fair Rosamond; or the Days of King Henry II. By Thomas Miller. 2 vols.: Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

We do not admire Mr. Miller as a novelist. He is constantly striving after strange incidents, and his style is neither accurate nor pure. The title of these volumes sufficiently indicates the circumstances to which they relate.

The Gift, for 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This beautiful volume is not less attractive by the rich and gorgeous style in which it is, to use a technical phrase, *got up*, than for the higher excellence of its varied contents. The plates, nine in number, are all *original*, and with a single exception by American artists. Their subjects are various and appropriate, and when it is mentioned that they are from paintings by Sully, Leslie, Stephanoff, Mount, and Comegy, it need not be added that they are of the first order of talent. The *Ghost Book*, by the artist last mentioned, is de-

serving of the warmest praise. The conception—the composition—the grouping—all the details, in a word, are indicative of the highest ability. Mr. Comegys is destined to take a high place in his profession.

Among the contributors we notice the names of R. M. Walsh, C. W. Thompson, Grenville Mellen, Park Benjamin, W. E. Burton, A. A. Hammond, Miss Gould, Miss Leslie, Miss Lee, Miss Waterman, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Embury, Mrs. Larned, and many others.

The Token for 1840. Boston : Otis, Broaders, and Co.

The fact that this is the thirteenth volume of the Token, speaks loudly in favour of the general merits of that publication. Indeed, both the publishers, and Mr. Goodrich, the editor, have spared no pains to make it valuable and interesting. The plates this year are very superior, and the letter press has been furnished by several of the most distinguished New England writers. There are ten embellishments.

Leisure Hours: A Collection of Original Poems. By John H. Luskcy.

This volume is the production of a resident at St. Johns, N. B. The writer appears to have a most praiseworthy intention of doing good ; his sentiments are noble and pure—but he has not the faculty of inditing poetry that will be as enduring as goodness. His strains are of that kind which appear very well in manuscript, and are interesting to particular friends, but should never be printed in a volume. How large a portion of American poetry is of the same character.

The following stanzas are really fine, far the best in the book, and deserve to be remembered.

REQUIEM FOR SUMMER.

The beautiful have vanished,
And return not.—Coleridge.

Summer is gone!

I see it in the sky with shadows dimming,
I hear it in the river's gentle flow,
And in the rustling leaves, her dirge-notes hymning,
And in the murmur'ing streamlet, sad and low ;
I know it as the sea-waves come and go,
And feel it in the sun's meridian glow,
That Summer's gone!

Summer is gone!

I hear it in the wind's low voices sighing,
I know it by the stillness of the grove,
I see it in the lonely flow'r, that's dying ;
I feel it in the spell, oft wont to move
My spirit to high melody, the love,
That inly burned, some kindling from above,
That Summer's gone!

Nan Darrell ; or, the Gipsy Mother. 2 vols. : Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

A very superior novel to most of the same class of publications. The story is full of interest, and the character of the *Gipsy Mother* is finely delineated. Many of the incidents are striking and effective. The dialogue is marked by good sense and good taste.

Morton's Hope ; or the Memoirs of a Provincial. 2 vols. : Harper & Brothers, 1839.

We have not found time to peruse this work, but a hasty glance at its contents gives us reason to believe that it is well written, and to observe that the scenes are laid during our revolutionary war. The book is copy-righted, and we suppose the author is a native.

BORROWERS.

A friend with whose paper we exchange, says that his list of borrowers is greatly on the increase ; formerly he was enabled to remember them all, but now he is forced to make a list.—Of course the Book is only borrowed by the richer persons of the village. He says the pounce upon him is awful, the moment he announces its receipt.

The Blind Maiden's Gem, which we publish with the music in this number, will be recognised by our subscribers as an acquaintance. We published the words alone in a former number. Our friend Walter will often favour us with such 'Gems.'

CHAT OF FASHION.

In our last, we mentioned that we would give something to recompense for the want of a coloured plate in that number. We trust that the Engraving of Ladies' Evening Dresses in this, will be received, and a receipt in full granted.

It will be perceived that we give in this No., Evening Dresses and Walking Dresses, which latter are the most comfortable things the ladies have ever adopted.

Our cover contains the uncoloured Fashions, which in future will be given there, being fitter for that place than the body of the work.

We also must have something to say about the great Eglintoun Tournament. We are enabled from our English magazines, to give the following description of some of the ladies dresses.

Miss Septon, (one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen of Beauty,) who, as Beatrice of Ferrara, will appear in a robe of pink gros de Naples of the richest description, having full trimmings of the same material, with sleeves, half-long, turned back with rich point lace ruffles in the fashion of the day, with ancient jewelled armlets and bracelets ; the whole style of the dress (in the costume of Henri Quatre) sets off the wearer to great advantage. This lady has also a ball dress costume of very rich white satin, with a silver and crepe lisse trimming, with silver tags, the berthe and ruffles of rich point lace, the stomacher covered with silver ; the head dress a golden fillet with jewels. Also a ball-dress in the costume of St. Louis, a jacket of pale blue velvet lined throughout with white satin, close fitting to the waist, embroidered with a deep border of silver, blue velvet open sleeves embroidered in silver, with under sleeves of white satin, having deep double ruffles of ancient point lace ; an under dress of rich white satin with a gothic trimming ; the head dress, a very small blue velvet cap, embroidered in silver, and attached to the head with a silver arrow. Lastly, a beautiful ball-dress of crepe lisse over white satin, full trimmed with silver lace ; over this a tunic of crepe lisse richly trimmed with silver ; the head dress and turban embroidered in gold and imitation stones. This dress was in the Greek costume.

Several other rich and beautiful dresses were noticed as peculiarly adapted to the occasion. One lady had a very rich dress of pale blue satin, having a deep border of ancient point lace round the petticoat, trimmed with knots of blue ribands, with a close fitting bodice and stomacher with point lace, slashed open sleeves, with very full under sleeves of crepe lisse, in the costume of Rubens. A black velvet hat with large Roman pearls, point lace, and plume of white ostrich feathers ; the same costume.

Another appeared in a black velvet dress *a la Marie Stuart*, full trimmed with large Roman pearls, and an ancient cordelier of the same, having an under dress of white satin, also full trimmed with a gothic bordering, the bodice close fitting with a full point lace ruff, the double sleeves of black velvet lined with white satin, and trimmed with large Roman pearls and point lace ruffles ; head dress corresponding.

Any individual subscriber remitting \$10 for back subscription or in advance will be entitled to one of the Washington Fac Similes. See cover for advertisement.

From the following notice from the Boston Evening Gazette, it will be perceived that Mrs. Hale's "Good House-keeper" is as popular as it deserves to be. We shall soon have some copies to furnish the friends of Mrs. H. in this city, and the subscribers of the Lady's Book. What family should be without one?

"GOOD HOUSEKEEPER.—It is sufficient praise for Mrs. Hale's new book, to mention the fact that the publishers, Weeks, Jordan & Co., will issue the second thousand on Tuesday, the first being all sold."

THE
L A D Y ' S . B O O K .

DECEMBER, MDCCCXXXIX.

Written for the Lady's Book.

A R T A N D N A T U R E .

BY MRS. HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"Now girls," said Mrs. Ellis Grey to her daughters, "here is a letter from George Somers, and he is to be down here next week, so I give you fair warning."

"Warning," said Fanny Grey, looking up from her embroidery, "what do you mean by that mamma?"

"Now that's just you, Fanny," said the elder sister, laughing, "you dear little simplicity, you never can understand any thing unless it is stated as definitely as the multiplication table."

"But we need no warning in case of cousin George, I'm sure," said Fanny.

"Cousin George, to be sure—do you hear the little innocent?" said Isabella, the second sister. "I suppose, Fanny, you never heard that he had been visiting all the courts of Europe, seeing all the fine women—stone, picture, and real, that are to be found—such an amateur and connoisseur!"

"Besides having received a fortune of a million or so," said Emma. "I dare say now, Fanny, you thought he was coming home to make dandelion chains and play with button balls, as you used to do when he was a little boy."

"Fanny will never take the world as it is," said Mrs. Grey. "I do believe she will be a child as long as she lives." Mrs. Grey said this as if she were sighing over some radical defect in the mind of her daughter, and the delicate cheek of Fanny showed a tint somewhat deeper as she spoke, and she went on with her embroidery in silence.

Mrs. Grey had been left by the death of her husband, sole guardian of the three girls whose names have appeared on the page. She was an active, busy, ambitious woman, one of the sort for whom nothing is ever finished enough or perfect enough without a few touches and dashes, and emendations, and as such people always make a mighty affair of education, Mrs.

Grey had made it a life's enterprise to order, adjust, and settle the character of her daughters, and when we use the word *character* as Mrs. Grey understood it, we mean it to include both face, figure, dress, accomplishments, as well as those more unessential items, mind and heart.

Mrs. Grey had determined that her daughters should be something altogether out of the common way, and accordingly she had conducted the training of the two eldest with such zeal and effect that every trace of an original character was thoroughly educated out of them. All of their opinions, feelings, words and actions instead of gushing naturally from their hearts, were according to the most approved authority diligently compared and revised. Emma the eldest was an imposing showy girl, of some considerable talent, and she had been assiduously trained to make a sensation as a woman of ability and intellect. Her mind had been filled with information on all sorts of subjects much faster than she had power to digest or employ it, and the standard which her ambitious mother had set for her being rather above the range of her abilities there was a constant sensation of effort in her keeping up to it. In hearing her talk you were constantly reminded "I am a woman of intellect—I am entirely above the ordinary level of woman"—and on all subjects she was so anxiously and laboriously well and circumstantially informed, that it was enough to make one's head ache to hear her talk.

Isabel, the second daughter, was par excellence a beauty—a tall, sparkling Cleopatra looking girl, whose rich colour, dazzling eyes, and superb figure, might have bid defiance to art to furnish an extra charm, nevertheless each grace had been as indefatigably drilled and manœuvred as the members of an artillery company. Eyes, lips, eye-lashes, all had their lesson—and every motion of her sculptured limbs, every in-

tonation of her silvery voice had been studied, considered and corrected, till even her fastidious mother could discern nothing that was wanting. Then were added all the graces of belles lettres—all the approved rules of being delighted with music, painting, and poetry—and last of all came the tour of the continent, travelling being generally considered a sort of pumice stone, for rubbing down the varnish and giving the very last touch to character.

During the time that all this was going on, Miss Fanny, whom we now declare our heroine, had been growing up in the quietude of her mother's country seat, and growing as girls are apt to, very much faster than her mother imagined. She was a fair, slender girl, with a purity and simplicity of appearance, which if it be not in itself beauty, had all the best effect of beauty, in interesting and engaging the heart.

She looked not so much beautiful as loveable. Her character was in precise correspondence with her appearance—its first and chief element was feeling—and to this add fancy, fervour, taste, enthusiasm, almost up to the point of genius, and just common sense enough to keep them all in order, and you will have a very good idea of the mind of Fanny Grey.

Delightfully passed the days with Fanny during the absence of her mother—while, without thought of rule or compass, she sang her own songs, painted flowers, and sketched landscapes from nature—visited sociably all over the village, where she was a great favourite, ran about through the fields, over fences, or in the woods with her little cottage bonnet, and above all, built her own castles in the air without any body to help pull them down, which we think about the happiest circumstance in her situation.

But affairs wore a very different aspect when Mrs. Grey with her daughters returned from Europe, as full of foreign tastes and notions as people of an artificial character and make, generally do return.

Poor Fanny was deluged with a torrent of new ideas—she heard of styles of appearance, and styles of beauty, styles of manner and styles of conversation—this and that and the other air—a general effect and particular effect, and of four hundred and fifty ways of producing an impression—in short, it seemed to her that people ought to be of wonderful consequence, to have so many things to think and to say about the how and why of every word and action.

Mrs. Grey, who had no manner of doubt of her own ability to make a character, undertook the point with Fanny as systematically as one would undertake to make over an old dress. Poor Fanny who had an unconquerable aversion to trying on dresses or settling points in millinery, went through with most exemplary meekness an entire transformation as to all externals, but when Mrs. Grey set herself to work upon her mind, and tastes, and opinions, the matter became somewhat more serious; for the buoyant feeling and fanciful elements of her cha-

racter were as incapable of being arranged according to rule, as the sparkling water drops are of being strung into necklaces and ear rings, or the gay clouds of being made into artificial flowers. Some warm natural desire or taste of her own was forever interfering with her mother's regime, some obstinate little "Fannyism" would always put up its head in defiance of received custom, and as her mother and sisters pathetically remarked, do what you would with her, she would always come out herself after all.

After trying laboriously to conform to the pattern which was daily set before her, she came at last to the conclusion that some natural inferiority must forever prevent her aspiring to accomplish any thing in that way.

"If I can't be what my mother wishes, I'll at least be myself," said she one day to her sisters, "for if I try to alter, I shall neither be myself nor any body else," and on the whole her mother and sisters came to the same conclusion. And on the whole, her mother and sisters found it a very convenient thing to have one in the family who was not studying effect or aspiring to be any thing in particular.

It was very agreeable to Mrs. Grey to have a daughter to sit with her when she had the sick headache, while the other girls were entertaining company in the drawing room below. It was very convenient to her sisters to have some one whose dress took so little time that she had always a head and pair of hands at their disposal, in case of any toilette emergency. Then she was always loving and affectionate, entirely willing to be out-talked and out-shone on every occasion, and that was another advantage.

As to Isabel and Emma the sensation that they made in society was sufficient to have gratified a dozen ordinary belles. All that they said, did, and wore, was instant and unquestionable precedent, and young gentlemen all starch and perfume, twirled their laced pocket handkerchiefs and declared on their honour, that they knew not which was the most overcoming, the genius and wit of Miss Emma or the bright eyes of Miss Isabella; though it was an argued point, that between them both, not a heart in the gay world remained in its owner's possession, a thing which might have a serious sound to one who did not know the character of these articles, often the most trifling item in the inventory of worldly possessions. And all this while all that was said of our heroine was something in this way, "I believe there is another sister, is there not?"

Yes—there is a quiet, little blue eyed body, who never has a word to say for herself, quite amiable I'm told."

Now, it was not a fact that Miss Fanny never had a word to say for herself. If one had seen her on a visit at any one of the houses along the little green street of her native village, they might have learned that her tongue could go fast enough.

But in lighted drawing rooms and among buzzing voices, and surrounded by people who were always saying things because such things

were proper to be said, Fanny was always dizzy, and puzzled, and unready, and for fear that she would say something that she should not, she concluded to say nothing at all; nevertheless, though she said little, she made very good use of her eyes, and found a very quiet amusement in looking on to see how other people conducted matters.

* * * * *

Well, Mr. George Somers is actually arrived at Mrs. Grey's country seat, and there he sits, with Miss Isabel, in the deep recess of that window, where the white roses are peeping in so modestly.

"To be sure," thought Fanny to herself, as she quietly surveyed him through the shade of a pair of magnificent whiskers, and heard him passing the shuttlecock of compliment back and forth, with the most assured and practised air in the world, "to be sure I was a child in imagining that I should see cousin George Somers. I'm sure this magnificent young gentleman, full of all utterance and knowledge, is not the cousin that I used to feel so easy with—no indeed"—and Fanny gave a half sigh, and then went out into the garden to water her geraniums.

For some days Mr. Somers seemed to feel put upon his reputation to sustain the character of gallant, savant, connoisseur, &c., which every one who makes the tour of the continent is expected to bring home with them as a matter of course; for there is seldom a young gentleman who knows that he has qualifications in this line, who can resist the temptation of showing what he can do; accordingly he discussed tragedies and reviews, and ancient and modern customs with Miss Emma; and with Miss Isabella retouched her drawings and exhibited his own, sported the most choice and recherche style of compliment at every turn, and in short, flattered himself perhaps justly, that he was playing the irresistible, in a manner quite equal to that of his fair cousins.

Now, all this while Miss Fanny was mistaken in one point, for Mr. George Somers, though an exceedingly fine gentleman, had, after all, quite a substratum of reality about him—of real heart, real feeling, and real opinion of his own, and the consequence was, that when tired of the effort of *conversing*, he really longed to find somebody to talk to, and in this mood he one evening strolled into the library, leaving the gay party in the drawing room to themselves.

Miss Fanny was there, quite intent upon a book of selections from the old English poets.

"Really, Miss Fanny," said Mr. Somers, "you are very sparing of the favour of your company to us, this evening."

"Oh, I presume my company is not much missed," said Fanny, with a smile.

"You must have a poor opinion of our taste, then," said Mr. Somers.

"Come, come, Mr. Somers," replied Fanny, "you forget the person you are talking to; it is not at all necessary for you to compliment me—nobody ever does, so you may feel relieved of that trouble."

"Nobody ever does, Miss Fanny—pray how is that?"

"Because I'm not the sort of person to say such things to."

"And pray what sort of a person ought one to be, in order to have such things said?" replied Mr. Somers.

"Why, like sister Isabel, or like Emma; you understand, I am a sort of little nobody—if any one wastes their fine words on me, I never know what to make of them."

"And pray what must one say to you?" said Mr. Somers, quite amused.

"Why, what they really think and really feel, and I am always puzzled by any thing else."

Accordingly, about a half an hour afterward, you might have seen the much admired Mr. Somers once more transformed to the Cousin George, and he and Fanny engaged in a very interesting *tete à tete*, about old times and things.

Now, you may skip across a fortnight from this evening, and just look in at the same old library, just as the setting sun is looking in at its western window, and you will see Fanny sitting back a little in the shadow, with one straggling ray of light illuminating her pure childish face, and she is looking up at Mr. George Somers as if in some sudden perplexity, and dear me, if we are not mistaken, our young gentleman is blushing.

"Why, Cousin George," says the lady, "what do you mean?"

"I thought I spoke plainly enough, Fanny," replied Cousin George, in a tone that *might* have made the matter plain enough, to be sure.

Fanny laughed outright, and the gentleman looked terribly serious.

"Indeed now, don't be angry," said she, as he turned away with a vexed and mortified air, "indeed now, I can't help laughing, it seems to me so odd—what *will* they all think of you?"

"It's of no consequence to me, what they think," said Mr. Somers. "I think, Fanny, if you had the heart I gave you credit for, you might have seen my feelings before now."

"Now do sit down, my dear cousin," said Fanny, earnestly drawing him into a chair, "and tell me how could I, poor little Miss Fanny Nobody, how *could* I have thought any such thing, with such sisters as I have. I did think that you liked me, that you knew more of my real feelings than mamma and sisters, but that you should—that you ever should—why, I am astonished that you did not fall in love with Isabella."

"That would have met your feelings then?" said George, eagerly, and looking as if he would have looked through her, eyes, soul, and all.

"No—no indeed," she said, turning away her head, but added she, quickly, "you'll lose all your credit for good taste—now, tell me seriously, what do you like me for?"

"Well, then, Fanny, I can give you the best reason: I like you for being a real, sincere, natural girl—for being simple in your tastes, and simple in your appearance, and simple in your manners, and for having heart enough left, as I hope, to love plain George Somers, with all

his faults, and not Mr. Somers' reputation or Mr. Somers' establishment."

"Well, this is all very reasonable to me, of course," said Fanny, "but it will be so much Greek to poor mamma."

"I dare say your mother never could understand, how, seeing the very acme of cultivation, in all countries, should have really made my eyes ache, and long for something as simple as green grass or pure water to rest them on. I came down here to find it among my cousins, and I found in your sisters only just such women as I had seen and wondered at, and ad-

mired all over Europe, till I was tired of admiring. Your mother has achieved what she aimed at perfectly, I know of no circle that could produce higher specimens—but it is all art, triumphant art, after all, and I have so strong a current of natural feeling running through my heart that I never could be happy except with a fresh, simple, impulsive character."

"Like me," you are going to say," said Fanny, laughing. "Well, I'll admit that you are right. It would be a pity that you should not have one vote at least."

Written for the Lady's Book.

BREAD IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

A VOICE amid the desert!

Not of him,
Who in rough garments clad, and locust-fed,
Cried to the sinful multitude, and claim'd
Fruits of repentance, with the lifted scourge
Of terror and reproof. A milder guide,
With gentler tones, doth teach the listening throng.
Benignant pity mov'd him, as he saw
The shepherdless and poor. He knew to touch
The spriggs of every nature. The high love
Of Heaven, he humbled to the simplest child,
And in the guise of parable, allur'd
The sluggish mind, to follow truth and live.

They whom the thunders of the Law had stunn'd,
Woke to the Gospel's melody, with tears
And the glad Jewish mother, held her babe
High in her arms, that her young eye might greet
Jesus of Nazareth.

It was so still,
Tho' thousands cluster'd there, that not a sound
Broke the strong spell of eloquence, which held
The wilderness in chains: save, now and then,
As the gale freshen'd, came the murmur'd speech
Of distant billows, chafing with the shores
Of the Tiberian sea.

Day wore apace,
Noon hasted, and the lengthening shadows brought
The unexpected eve. They linger'd still,
Eyes fix'd, and lips apart:—the very breath
Constrain'd, lest some escaping sigh might break
The tide of knowledge sweeping o'er their souls,
Like a strange raptur'd dream. They heeded not
The spent sun, closing at the curtain'd west
His burning journey. What was time to them,
Who heard entranc'd the Eternal Word of Life?

But the weak flesh grew weary. Hunger came
Sharpening each feature, and to faintness drain'd
Life's vigorous fount. The holy Saviour felt
Compassion for them. His disciples press
Care-stricken to his side. "Where shall we find
Bread, in this desert?"

Then, with lifted eyes
He bless'd, and brake, the slender store of food,
And fed the famish'd thousands. Wondering awe,
With renovated strength inspired their souls,
As gazing on the miracle, they mark'd

The gather'd fragments of their feast, and heard
Such heavenly words, as lip of mortal man
Had never utter'd.

Thou, whose pitying heart
Yearn'd o'er the countless miseries of those
Whom thou did'st die to save, touch thou our souls
With the same spirit of untiring love:
Divine Redeemer! may our fellow man,
Howe'er by rank or circumstance disjoin'd
Be as a brother, in his hour of need.

Hartford, Conn.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE FAIRIES' FOUNTAIN.

BY MRS. CUSHING.

[Concluded from page 216.]

At length the travellers drew near their journey's end, and when only one day intervened before their arrival at the capital of the Sultan, Azra was struck by the restlessness and disquietude evinced by the princess. She was at a loss to what cause to attribute it, but could not forbear thinking that the mystery of the ring and the veil, were in some way connected with it—for never yet had she seen the features of the princess fully exposed, even during the most intense heat, and in the presence only of her maidens, the folds of the veil still shadowed over half of her countenance. True, she gave as a pretext for this singularity, the loss of her eye by an unfortunate accident, but the insinuations of the moor prevented Azra from giving the credence to this tale which she might otherwise have done, and on this last night of her journey her mind was stimulated to nurse strange conjectures by the unusual disturbance of the princess, and the long private *tête à tête* which she held with her confidential attendant, Leila.

The night was far advanced before sleep visited the eyes of Azra, and then she fancied herself transported to the side of the Fairies' Fountain, with her greyhound at her feet. She bent over the bright waters, and started as she saw all that had befallen her since she quitted its quiet brink, pictured on the glittering sands that lay far down through its pellucid depths. There, although in miniature, arose the gay pavilion of the princess—the warrior guard—the minstrel band—the maids in train. Then came a splendid throng to greet the affianced of the Sultan. It passed, and a stately palace, with its marble courts, its latticed balconies, and gilded domes, sprang up to view, and in the delicious gardens that surrounded it she started to behold her own image walking amid their shades. Kalathi, the Moor, was at her side—he whispered in her ear and she turned away with affright. When she looked again, she saw the interior of a magnificent apartment, and herself kneeling beside the sleeping princess. Her hand was upon the mysterious opal, and as she drew it upward with gentle force, the chain snapped and it remained in her grasp. Then the dark form of

Kalathi darted into the chamber, his wild laugh echoed through the vaulted roof, and she awoke in an agony of terror.

The cold perspiration stood upon her frame, and her limbs trembled with excessive agitation, she started up, and at the same instant her sleeping companions sprang also from their couches, for a deafening shout intermingled with the trampling of steeds, and the sounds of distant music filled the air; in a moment all was explained. The mighty Selim, the "lord of the east," the "light of the world," was approaching.

Immediately the princess was mounted with her attendants, and moved forward with her cortège to meet the royal bridegroom, whose train as it came rapidly on, glittered with a most insufferable brightness. A band of minstrels clad in blue and gold preceded it, who touched their instruments with inimitable skill, making the air resound with their glad melodious strains. Then on a milk-white steed, whose eye glanced fire while he champed his golden bit impatient of the rein, rode the Sultan, attired in the flaring magnificence of Eastern royalty, and surrounded by the flower of his warriors, and his great officers of state, each mounted on a jet black courser of matchless symmetry and beauty. After these appeared fifty camels laden with costly gifts of shawls and embroidered garments for the bride, and then followed thirty slaves, black as the night, with crimson shawls wound round their heads, on which they bore baskets of golden net-work, containing jewels of immense value, perfumes of a thousand different odours, napkins of embroidered gold, and every article of luxury and beauty, for the use and enjoyment of the toilette. Last of all, came a low chariot, made of mother of pearl, exquisite in form and workmanship. The panels were fastened with gems of rare brilliancy, set in clusters, and the wheels of burnished gold, sparkled like sunbeams as they turned upon their glittering axles. Its interior was lined with satin of a pale rose color; wrought with silver, and the windows were latticed with silver net-work. Eight white horses of perfect beauty, but diminutive size, drew this fairy vehicle. Their heads were ornamented with ribbands of rose color, and on

the back of each sat an Ethiopian slave, whose dress of rose color embroidered with silver, corresponded with the delicate and tasteful equipments of the whole.

When the two cavalades met, each halted, and the Sultan, followed by his body-guard, advanced towards the pavilion, which contained the princess. She saw his approach from the loop holes of her retreat, and gave orders that the elephant should be made to kneel. The command was given, and the obedient animal sank upon his knees, while the Sultan approached upon his proud steed, and lowering his sword, and bending his imperial head to the saddle bow, coursed slowly round the pavilion. His warriors also doffed their caps in sign of homage as they followed their lord, and the musicians of each party struck up a glad and merry strain.

All then moved away, leaving the elephant of the princess in the rear, when a slave advanced, followed by the pearly chariot, and bearing on a golden tray a bouquet of flowers formed of the choicest gems, in imitation of such as in the east betoken the passion, hopes, and wishes of a devoted heart. These he presented kneeling, and when the princess thrust her small white hand through the curtains of her pavilion to take the costly offering, he intimated the wish of his lord that she should pursue her journey in the chariot that awaited her pleasure. She graciously signified her assent, nothing averse to the transfer, and in a few minutes, she and her maidens were luxuriating amid the downy cushions, and delicate perfumes of the fairy equipage. The guard of the Sultan immediately surrounded it, himself preceding, and her own train mingling with that of her new lord, they moved on in state towards the proud capital of the East.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the lofty turrets of the imperial palace when the bridal cavalcade entered its spacious courts. The heart of the Arab maiden throbbed with wild and tumultuous delight, and she gazed with eager curiosity through the silver lattice work, upon the gaiety and splendour of the scene without. The princess, on the contrary, seemed overwhelmed with contending emotions; she sank back upon the cushions, and drew her richly furred pelisse closely around her, and as Leila strove to soothe and reassure her, Azra heard her say in low and agitated accents, "I dread this hour, for, should the talisman prove false, I am undone." In another instant, the door of the chariot flew open, the figure of the Sultan appeared at it, and his voice was heard calling upon the name of his bride. But pale and trembling in every limb, the princess still shrank back, till Leila gently urged her forward, when the impatient lover caught her in his arms and bore her to the apartments of the Seraglio.

It was with strange and mingled feelings, that the free-born Arab girl found herself the inmate of a gilded prison—for such in truth it was. She whose dwelling had been with nature, and among the cottages of the lowly, was overwhelmed with wonder and admiration at the lofty preparations, and splendid adornments

of her new home—each apartment, as it seemed surpassing the other in beauty, and all hung with costly draperies, cooled by gushing fountains, and lined with luxurious couches, and piles of richly embroidered curtains, while in every recess stood vases of the finest porcelain filled with exquisite flowers, and small censers of bronze or porphyry containing perfumed waters, or burning pastiles that continually poured forth from their minute apertures wreaths of odoriferous smoke. For a few weeks Azra rioted with a delight, that she vainly thought could never tire, in the unaccustomed luxuries and splendour, which surrounded her. But soon they grew familiar to her senses, and with the departure of their novelty fled also the charm which had made her sigh for their attainment. Each weary day seemed but a picture of that which had preceded it, and she began to hate the tiresome monotony of her existence. Her spirits lost their buoyancy, her beautiful face its bright glow of happiness. Nothing pleased her—the dances, she thought were less graceful than those of her own dear land—the music was passionless compared to that, which her ear had drank in among her native hills, and the rare and delicate viands that daily tempted her palate, were less delicious than the rich clusters of her father's grapes, and the sweet barley cakes prepared for her, by the hand of her faithful Mahala.

In a word, though surrounded by the refinements of eastern luxury and pomp, adored and trusted by her royal mistress, she felt herself a captive and a slave, and this humiliating thought preyed like a canker at the root of all her joy. She was indeed free to range through the inside halls of the palace, to brush the early dew, and watch the evening star in its spacious and delightful gardens, but there she inhaled not the sweet air of freedom, and the music of its hundred fountains soothed not her soul, like the low fall of those sylvan waters, that gushed from the gray rock in the far off land of Arabia, and she longed to fly beyond the stately walls of her prison and seek again the free and simple home of her birth. Alas, for poor Azra! her high ambition had not yet attained its aim, and when she thought herself weary of the pomp amidst which she lived, she knew not her own heart, knew not that she loved it still, and that her regret was for the power and station which she had not yet attained. She repined because she was a cypher in the household of the Sultana, a mere dependant on her will, an instrument of her pleasure, and her proud spirit rebelled at the degradation which she had sought. Could she have exchanged places with her mistress, and reigned where she was now doomed to serve, the current of her thoughts and feelings would have been far different, and we fear, the fountain, and the groves, and the simple home of her father, might have been remembered only as offering a dark contrast to the brightness of her present fortunes. Yet she did not pause to analyse all the vain desires and regrets that were gnawing at her heart. She did not ask herself why she felt emotions only of sadness in contemplating the happiness

of the Sultana, or why she experienced chagrin that her own fair and matchless form attracted no glance of admiration from the Sultan, when he visited the Seraglio, and she with her companions, sung or danced before him. She thought only "it is better to be the object of idolatry in a mud-walled cottage, than to subserve the mere purpose of another's pleasure, in the gilded saloons of a palace." And as these feelings day by day gained ground in her mind, the sweet flow of her affections became chilled and embittered, she learned to envy the power and happiness of her confiding mistress, to brood with bitterness over the thought of her own voluntary slavery, and to deprecate the hour when she had yielded to the bondage that now so hopelessly enthralled her.

This self-inflicted torture received additional poignancy from finding herself of late, less necessary than formerly to the happiness of the Sultana, whose absorbing love for her husband rendered her comparatively indifferent to others, while the power which she had acquired over her fickle and imperious lord, seemed little else than the effect of magic. Dwelling upon these circumstances, and magnifying every real or fancied slight which she had of late received, Azra stole one day from her restless couch, when the eyes of the whole Seraglio were sealed in their customary siesta, and too unhappy to sleep, wandered into the latticed balcony, and from thence into the embowered shades of the garden. Full of brooding thought, she strolled from walk to walk, now pausing listlessly beside a marble fount, and now resting in some mossy grotto, which the hand of art had shaped into a faint resemblance of inimitable nature. As thus, without aim or object, she roved almost unconsciously from place to place, the fever of her mind produced a thirst too intense for the physical powers to endure, and she stopped beneath the loaded branches of a tamarind tree that overhung the path, to pluck some of its ripe and juicy fruit as a substitute for the iced sherbet, which at that moment was not within her reach. She remained for some minutes tasting the grateful fruit, till her burning thirst was allayed, but as she turned to move away, a slight rustling on the other side of the thick branches caused her to look back, when suddenly the leafy screen was raised, and the giant form and hideous features of Kalathi the Moor, were revealed to her affrighted gaze. Since her encounter with him in Arabia, Azra had never spoken to this fearful being though she had daily seen him about the palace, and knew that he was one, whom the Sultan feared to offend, and when now in a remote and solitary part of the gardens he suddenly appeared before her, the scene in the date grove, and her dream in the tent, rushed to her remembrance, and with a faint shriek, she turned to fly. But with a rigid grasp he detained her, and paralyzed by fear, she struggled not to escape.

"Maiden," he said, in hoarse and guttural accents, "I would learn of thee, if thou dost yet weary of thy bondage?"

"Do I?" returned Azra, roused by a question that seemed to divine her secret thoughts,

"never was the wild stag more sorely chafed by the cruel snares of the hunter, than am I by the gilded bands that so hopelessly enthrall me!"

"And if thou couldst," he asked, "wouldst thou forsake the luxuries in which thou art lapped, and return again to the simple fare and lowly home of thy sire?"

"Aye, would I," she replied, "as gladly as that mountain stag bounds from the toils that have entrapped him, back to the joyous freedom of his own wild woods and laughing streams."

"But why is it that thou dost weary of thy gorgeous home," asked the Moor in a voice that he vainly strove to tutor into softness.—

"The Queen of the Seraglio fares not more daintily than thyself; she rests not on a softer couch, and wears no raiment brighter or more costly than thy own. Look maiden on that watery mirror by thy side, gives it not back an image radiant as hers, who holds such boundless sway over the 'Light and Glory of the World?' Shows it not a brow as fair, and one that might as well become a proud tiara, as hers, who styles herself Sultana of the East?"

"'Tis fair enough, I grant," she said, "and it wears too the stamp of pride—pride that I vainly thought craved only stately halls, and gorgeous robes to satisfy its longing. But too late I find these gauds are dearly bought by the degradation of a free-born soul. Though fed and clothed, and lodged as daintily as she I serve—what am I but a *slave*? and that one thought, contains a drop of bitterness, that sheds its deadly poison over my existence."

"But could thy state be changed," asked the Moor, "couldst thou wear the proud title of Sultana, and see all around thee subservient to thy will? then wouldst thou willingly renounce thy queenly robes for the peasant's garb, and thy glittering halls and kneeling slaves for a peasant's home, and a peasant's rude companionship?"

"Nay, wherefore question thus?" said Azra, pale and agitated; "it is a fate that never can be mine, and I tell thee that I would rather be the queen of a peasant's cot, than a slave in the palace of kings."

"Maiden," asked the Moor, in a low mysterious whisper, "rememberest thou my words in the date grove of Arabia?"

"I do," she replied; "but what heeds it to recall them! they cannot change my destiny, which is shaped by a greater hand than thine."

"Thou knowest not all my power," he said. "The time has arrived, maiden, which I then foresaw, when thou dost desire to be that which thou art not, yet in ignorance of the means by which to accomplish thine end, art ready to abandon it as hopeless."

"Moor, thou dost read aright my secret thoughts," said Azra, losing her timidity as he touched with cunning hand the responsive chord within her breast. "I would willingly attain dignity and power, could I do so without crime, or the use of unholy means."

"They who retain their power by hidden arts, must expect to be baffled with their own weapons," said the Moor; "therefore listen,

while I reveal to thee somewhat that concerns thy mistress. But let me first question thee, if thou hast yet seen that mysterious veil withdrawn?"

"Never," replied Azra, "Leila only attends to adjust the head-dress and braid the long tresses of the Sultana, and till these are arranged, none are permitted to assist at her toilette."

"And has she ever told thee, maiden, wherefore that mystic veil forever shades her brow, and conceals the fellow of that radiant eye, whose single glances keep in subjection the proud Commander of the Faithful?"

"She said only that in childhood it was pierced by an arrow, that darkened it forever, and changed its beauty into deformity, and it was therefore, she concealed it from the view of all."

A low ominous laugh, like that which once before in the date grove of Arabia, chilled the blood of Azra, burst from the lips of the Moor as he replied, "No mortal hand darkened the sight of that terrible eye. When in the first hour of her existence, it was unclosed to view, the attendants beheld, not the soft and beautiful eye of a new born infant, but an orb of living fire, that seemed to burn those on whom it rested, and they fled in affright. The skill of every leech was assayed in vain, no art could temper the flame of that fiery organ, which lent a fearful expression to the otherwise beautiful face of the child. The parents were inconsolable at this misfortune, but all to whom it was necessarily known, were sworn under a dreadful penalty to perpetual secrecy. The princess was never seen unveiled, and the story of the arrow, which thou hast heard, was invented as a reason for this constant, though partial concealment of her features, even in the presence of her maidens. She grew up beautiful as a houri, and was fourteen years of age when the Sultan Selim demanded her in marriage. It was then she learned most deeply to bewail her terrible deformity, for she had seen the picture of her affianced lord, and loved him ardently, and she was too well aware of the effect of her burning eye, not to feel assured that its first glance would change his passion into horror and disgust. Any attempt to conceal it from her husband, to blind him as she had done others, would be vain, and she seemed sinking beneath the weight of her anxiety and dread. The king, her father, knew that I was not unskilled in the arts of magic, and he sought me, to learn if there was any expedient that might save her from a fearful doom. Riches and honours were promised me if I could suggest any, and lured by ambitious hopes, I girded my garments about me and went forth to seek the distant summits of Mount Caucasus, where far down in the secret bowels of the earth, hidden beneath eternal snows, dwells the great magician Almacerez. I had been his pupil in early youth and knew well each labyrinth which led to his subterranean abode. There I again found him, even as I had left him years before, the undying lamp shedding its rays over heaps of gems and ores, whose natures he had

studied, and whose secret virtues were as familiar to him, as those of the ripe ear of wheat to the husbandman who garners it for his subsistence. An immense carbuncle illuminated the vaulted cavern, hanging self-suspended like the sun in the firmament, and like that, sending its rays into every crevice of the intricate abode. It matters not to tell of all I saw in that strange cavern, nor of the words that passed between that fearful man and myself. It is enough that my errand sped, and I won from him, at a price I will not name, the changeful opal with ring of mystic characters, which thou hast marked upon the finger of thy mistress. It is a talisman of power, and while she wears it, her lord may gaze upon her unveiled face, and read in every feature the characters of perfect beauty. But let it quit her finger for a moment, and her secret is revealed—the hideous eye flames forth in all its natural deformity, and terminates at once her reign of love and power, while she, to whom the treasure is transferred, becomes immediately an object of passionate adoration, and reigns supreme in place of the fallen Sultana. Maiden, behold thy destiny! Yea, thine! but on one condition only."

"Name it!" cried Azra, in a voice hoarse from the overwrought feelings of her ambitious soul.

"That thou dost swear to fulfil the promise which she has broken. Her father gave me gold, but when as a guerdon for my services I asked of her the post of Vizier, which the Sultan would have granted to her suit, she laughed me to scorn, and bearded me with jeers, that wrung from me a deep, deep oath of vengeance. But swear to me that thou wilt withhold no honour I shall ask, or else I crush thy new raised hopes upon this spot, and force thee too to quaff the cup of my revenge."

"I swear!" exclaimed Azra, shrinking from his grasp, and shuddering at the horrible expression of his demon eye, but still the desire of accomplishing her hopes, subdued her fear, and with eagerness she asked, "How am I to obtain this wondrous talisman, linked as it is with chains of gold to the Sultana's wrist?"

"Maiden, I have that which should unloose those chains, though they were sevenfold what they are in thickness," said the Moor, and as he spoke he drew forth from the folds of his tunic a small crystal vial, containing a transparent yellow fluid, and on which were engraved in gold, the same mystic characters as those around the opal. "This liquid, maiden, is the servant of thy will," continued Kalathi, as he placed the vial in her hand. "Thou hast to borrow but one feather from the wing of the Sultana's pet dove, and when thy mistress sleeps, moisten its tip with this subtle fluid and apply it to the slender chains, just where they are linked to the broad setting of the opal. The gold will not resist its power, and when the ring is in thy hand, replace it on the finger thou hast rifled with this false gem," and he gave her a ring in form and colour exactly resembling that worn by the Sultana, but a practised eye might at once discover that the stone was a counterfeit. "These links, as thou mayest see, are

designed to fit so nicely to the broken chain, that none will ever dream it has been ruptured. And so, when thou shalt have done my bidding, thy secret wish will be won—thou wilt reign queen of the Seraglio, and then, maiden, if Kathali the Moor, be not remembered, darker shall be thy fate, than that of the hapless princess whom thou dost betray.”

“Thou shalt, in faith thou shalt be well remembered,” cried Azra. “But how and when can I achieve this task, which thou dost deem so light? Should I attempt it when she sleeps, as thou directest, what hinders her awaking? and then my hopes, my very life are nothing worth.”

“The pupil of Almacerez were not worthy of his master, knew he not how to guard against such chances as these,” said the Moor with a grim smile. “When thou dost serve thy lady’s sherbet, pour into it this powder—it is tasteless, and for six hours her sleep will be like that of one over whom the angel of death has cast the shadow of his wing. Then, maiden, to thy task, and do it fearlessly, this night, if the time serves thee, or to-morrow night, at farthest, let the deed be done.”

Azra trembled as she took from the hand of the Moor the dark powder that he proffered her, but she was no longer the guileless and innocent maiden of the fountain, pride and ambition fevered her blood, and the dark stain of purposed guilt already polluted her soul. Her cheek was pale, and her hand unsteady, but she was resolute in evil, and when the Moor put the interrogatory,

“Thinkest thou, maiden, that thy woman’s soul will not fail thee in the hour of trial? If thou harbor’st but the shadow of a fear that thou mayest shrink from thy purpose, depart, and I will find another emissary for the work.”

She answered in a firm, unhesitating voice, “Distrust me not, I will not quail, for come what will, this hand shall essay the deed, that is to work my triumph.”

“Go then,” said the Moor, “lest while we parley here, the fortunate moment should have passed away. Go, and may the fiends of Mount Caucasus aid thee with their arts!” and darting away, he disappeared among the trees.

Azra stood for a few moments on the spot where he left her, trembling in spite of her courage, and then fleeing rapidly towards the palace, entered the apartments of the Seraglio breathless with speed and emotion.

“Ah, truant,” said the Sultana, with a glad smile, that smote upon the heart of the guilty maiden, “I have missed thee long from my side, and I will have thee bound like my fair gazelle with silken ribands, if thou dost stray from me thus!”

Azra attempted to stammer forth some words of apology, but the Sultana gaily interrupted her. “I comprehend thee, maiden,” she said, “nor can I urge thy offence against thee as a heinous crime. Thou art not yet weaned from the wild habits of thy peasant life, and I doubt me not thou hast been floating like a gay butterfly over the garden parterres, revelling in its shades, and quaffing health and beauty from

its perfumed air, while these silly maidens, withered by the heat, lie strewn like faded lilies on their cushions, waiting for the dews of evening to revive them. But, come now, take thy guitar, and let me have music—thy voice, too, Azra, ’tis sweeter than the fall of yonder fount, and dearly do I love its tones.”

The maiden glad to be relieved from conversation, readily obeyed her mistress, exerting all her skill to call forth the sweetest notes of her instrument, and accompanying it with a voice which was indeed as musical as the low sound of gushing waters. It was late that night before the Sultana retired to rest. She sat in a garden room of gilded lattice work, draped by clinging vines, whose odorous blossoms were each a censer of perfume, rendering superfluous the use of all beside. Music was abroad, and within, the merry tale and gay song gave token that each drooping flower of the Seraglio had revived beneath the dewy influence of night. The Sultana was the first who sought her couch, and when Leila had performed the usual offices about her person, Azra was summoned to attend her mistress.

“If thou art not weary, maiden,” she said, “I would fain hear an end of the ‘Golden Pomegranate,’ before I sleep. Sit thee down on these cushions by my side, and let me know how the poor dwarf escaped from that detested labyrinth and won the promised prize.”

Azra obeyed, but she trembled from head to foot, and pressing her hand upon her bosom, to feel if all was safe that she had received from the Moor, for there she had deposited his fatal gifts, she proceeded with the legend, which she had commenced on the preceding day. By the time it was finished, all the attendants in the ante-room were fast locked in sleep—even on the watchful Leila its deep spell had fallen, and with a throbbing heart, Azra felt that the hour was approaching for the accomplishment of her wicked purpose. The Sultana made a few comments on the tale, and then complaining of thirst, bade Azra bring her a cup of sherbet. The maiden rose to obey, and dexterously shaking into the beverage, the powder given her by the Moor, presented it to her unsuspecting mistress. She drank the insidious draught, and directing some change in the pillows of her couch, said she would sleep, while Azra reposed on the cushions beside her. And soon indeed, a sleep like that of death stole over her. With deep and breathless interest, Azra watched her for awhile, and then to assure herself she could not lightly be awakened, ventured to touch the hand, and even to adjust the folds of that mysterious veil, that now, as ever, partially concealed the features of the Sultana. But the hapless lady moved not, she scarcely seemed to breathe, and her face wore the fixed and passionless expression of a corpse.

Azra trembled at the deed she was about to do, but the thought of all that was depending on it, gave her courage, and she drew forth the crystal vial, and moistened the tip of the feather with which she had supplied herself, with the transparent fluid, and touched it to the golden chains, just where they were linked to the

wrought setting of the opal. Breathlessly she watched its effect upon the gold, and in a few moments saw the minute links open and expand, so that with ease she drew them from the small orifices through which they had been passed, and with gentle force abstracted the ring from the finger of the sleeping Sultana. Another instant and the precious talisman was safe in her bosom, for she dared not place it on her hand, and in its stead, the false gem of Kalathi gleamed on the finger of the Princess, and was linked to the slender chains that fastened it to her wrist. How wildly throbbed the heart of Azra, when the daring deed was done! and how, with mingled dread and hope, did she long for the hour to arrive, which should test the virtues of the ring, and prove the truth of Kalathi, by placing in her grasp, the glittering prize for which she had sacrificed her innocence and virtue. Wearily passed with her the long and lingering hours of that miserable night, and as with anxious eye she watched the deep, deep slumbers of her mistress, she almost feared that for some wicked purpose of his own, the Moor had deceived, and given her a deadly drug, that had already done its fatal work upon the unhappy Sultana. But just as the day dawned, she moved—she opened her eyes, and gazed wildly around her. Azra bent over her with a heart lightened of its agonizing fear, and in the joy of still beholding her in life, almost forgetting the deep wrong which in the silent watches of that fearful night, her hand had wrought her.

"Give me air, maiden," said the Sultana, gasping for breath, as pale and languid she half raised herself from her couch, "and water, for my lips are parched with burning thirst."

Azra hastened to open the latticed windows and admit the dewy air of morning, and then with trembling hand she brought water, and offered perfumes and refreshments to her mistress.

"I have had a dreadful night, maiden," said the Sultana, glancing at the false opal on her finger, as though that had connexion with her dreams, and sinking back with a shudder upon her couch. Azra was silent, but she trembled with conscious guilt.

"It was a fearful vision," resumed the Sultana, "but it boots not to chill thy young blood by recounting it. I will sleep again, for it is yet early, and fairer ones perchance, will come on the wings of this bright morning," and she turned away, closing her eyes, and making a silent gesture for Azra to depart.

The maiden gladly obeyed, and stole out to seek the balmy influences of nature, which hitherto had never failed to soothe and elevate her troubled spirit. But now peace came not at her call, and the purity and fragrance of early morn presented a fearful contrast to the dark and tumultuous passions that were striving with the better and purer feelings of her soul. A prey to a thousand wild and terrible emotions she strayed into one of the numerous kiosks of the garden, and sat wrapped in moody thought, till warned by the fervid rays of the sun which penetrated her retreat, of the lapse of time, she

hastily arose and returned with flying feet to the Seraglio. The Sultana had just returned from the bath, and attired with the taste and splendour that she loved, was reclining on a pile of embroidered cushions, toying with the beautiful dove, from whose wing Azra had plucked the feather, that had aided her nocturnal crime. She looked radiant with youth and beauty, and the unusual paleness of her cheek lent a new and touching interest to her charms. Leila sat at her feet, and her favourite attendants stood around her, waiting to obey her behests. As Azra approached, she gently chid her, for her long absence, but the next instant smiled graciously upon her, as she took from her hand a cluster of orange blossoms which the maiden had gathered in her walk, and offered with a grace peculiarly her own. Various employments, if such idlings as wile away time among the occupants of a Seraglio, can be so termed, filled up the morning, till the noon repast. Shortly after this, a visit from the Sultan was announced, and to Azra, impatient to test the power of the talisman, the minutes seemed hours till he arrived. At length his step was heard approaching, and from a distance he was seen advancing through the long suite of apartments to that in which the females of his Seraglio were now awaiting him—he entered, and all remained motionless as he pressed eagerly forward, and threw himself upon a cushion at the feet of his fair Sultana. Her features brightened with delight, and the soft carmine returned to her cheek as she listened to his whispered words of love.

Music was commanded for his pleasure, and then the dance in which he ever delighted, but in vain each graceful evolution was performed by maidens of surpassing beauty, the Sultan seemed to see only his lovely bride, and the wearied dancers, one by one stole from the apartment, leaving the enamoured pair to the solitary enjoyment of their absorbing love. Azra vexed and disappointed, only remained, and she too was in the act of retiring, when her exquisite figure caught the Sultan's eye, and starting to his feet, he stood gazing upon her, as though he now for the first time beheld her. Conscious that the spell was working, the maiden's fears were lost in the certainty of coming triumph, and aware that the observation she had wished to attract was upon her, a vivid blush crimsoned her cheek, her pulses throbbed with painful emotion, and she felt the opal that lay concealed in her bosom burning like a living coal into her very heart. She paused, under pretence of gathering up some pearls which had fallen from her hair, when the Sultan approached her, and unclasping a chain of diamonds and emeralds, linked with rings of chased gold, which he wore, he threw it over her neck, whispering as he stooped towards her,

"Thus I bind thee, maiden, as thou with thy enchanting beauty dost bind those who gaze upon thee in the spell of love. Thou art impatient to be gone, but on the morrow let me behold thee again, for it is fitting thou shouldst be great, even as thou art beautiful!"

Azra ventured not to reply, yet she raised

her eyes with no forbidding glance to his face, and retreated from the apartment. But she paused in the ante-room, and sinking upon a cushion yielded herself to the tide of strange and new emotions which rushed upon her heart. Not long, however, was she permitted to indulge them, for shortly, with a sudden bound, the door of the Sultana's apartment flew open, and with exclamations of disgust and horror, the Sultan rushed forth. His face was deadly pale, his eyes wild and full of terror, and darting forward he cast himself at the feet of Azra, and throwing his arms around her hurriedly, exclaimed, "Save me, beloved!" and sunk motionless upon her lap. The maiden repulsed him not, she read the cause of his dismay, and proudly felt herself Sultana of the East. Gently she bent over him, but ere the thoughts that trembled on her lips, could shape themselves in words, the dreadful vision of her unveiled mistress burst upon her startled sight, and almost changed her into stone.

Wildly the Sultana tossed her arms, and tore her dishevelled hair, as she rushed forward with that flaming eye uncovered, glaring like some portentous meteor in the heavens, sending forth sparks of living fire, and giving to her lovely face, the fell expression of a demon. A loud shriek burst from the terrified Azra, and springing from the Sultan's arms, she turned to flee, when the riband that confined her vest burst open, and the fatal talisman fell from her bosom at the feet of the Sultana. The injured princess seized it with a cry of joy, and grasping the robes of the affrighted maiden as she fled, turned full upon her the scorching light of her most fearful eye.

"Thou, wretch, hast wrought this deed," she said, "and now for my revenge!"

But Azra heard no more—the terrific eye, the threatening voice, the rigid grasp, were more than she had strength or courage to endure, and totally subdued by terror and despair, she sank into a swoon, and fell, without life or motion on the tessellated marble of the floor.

* * * * *

She was awakened by the accents of a well-known voice, calling upon her name and coupling with it every expression of endearment known to the language of the East. Still she lay motionless and silent, fearing to uncloset her eyes lest they should again behold the fearful countenance of the Sultana. Yet, nearer and nearer came that dear, familiar voice—the sound of feet was by her side—a hand pressed hers, and the words, "My bird, my peri, whither hast thou strayed?" rung like a strain of well-remembered music in her ear, while the pressure of warm lips upon her brow, caused her to raise her head and gaze in amazement on the objects that surrounded her. No silken cushions were beneath her, no gorgeous walls glowing with vivid painting, and fretted with gilded sculpture, were around her—her shrinking gaze met not the fearful figure of her injured mistress, and the glittering waters whose sound refreshed her ear, gushed not from the fantastic founts, whose perfumed jets played in the marble halls of a Seraglio.

But high in the azure vault of heaven rode the summer moon, shedding her silver light down through the interlacing boughs of date and tamarind, and feathery acacia, to kiss the dancing waters of the Fairies' Fountain, upon whose flowery brink lay the young Arab maiden, pillowed on the emerald turf, and guarded by the vigilant eye of the faithful greyhound, who crouched lovingly beside her. As with a wild and doubting look she cast her eyes around her, she met the tender gaze of the fond Mahala, peering with anxious love into her face, and urging her to rise and return with her to the shelter of their home.

"We have missed thee since the hour of noon, my pearl of the desert," said the old nurse, "and marvelled wherefore thou didst not come to glad us with thy smile, when the sun shed his parting beams upon the hills. But tarry no longer, my nightingale, the evening repast awaits thee, my barley cakes were smoking on the board when I came forth to seek thee, and thy father to-night has gathered some of the choicest grapes of his vintage to tempt thee."

Azra arose mechanically, and stood gazing abroad, as though she expected the pageant of her dream, again to burst upon her dazzled sight. But peacefully slept the landscape beneath the soft light of the moon, and the glow worm's lamp gleaming in the dewy grass, bore faint resemblance to the gay illuminations which even yet, it seemed to Azra, she had so long dwelt amongst in the gorgeous halls of the Sultana; neither was any sound abroad, save the sighing of the fragrant night-breeze among the umbrageous foliage, and the low murmur of the Fairies' Fountain, flinging its shower of glittering waters over its grey and rocky basin. It seemed to her as if, of that, as of a friend, she might ask a solution of the mystery that perplexed her, and as she bent over it and gazed into transparent depths, she heard, or fancied she heard, these words, ring in silver sounds from its moonlit depths:

"Maiden, that which in the vain ignorance of thy heart, thou didst fondly covet, has been granted thee—a vision of splendour and greatness—bless thy guardian genius, that it has proved a vision only, and be warned by all the suffering it has caused thee, not to desire the station and the power which Providence has wisely withheld from thee. Contentment is wealth—virtue and benevolence the brightest gems with which purity and innocence should love to be adorned."

The sounds died away, and Azra rebuked and chastened by the discipline of a dream, turned with a subdued heart, and followed Mahala to her humble home—proud of its simplicity, and no longer sighing for unattainable possessions, but ever after grateful that her lot was cast with the lowly, and not in the midst of those snares and temptations which surround the ambitious and the powerful.

Montreal, 1839.

Written for the Lady's Book.

OLD RELICS.

BY MISS CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

RELICS of departed days!
 Silent pleaders to my gaze!
 Wherefore call back sunny gleams,
 Faded memory's vanished dreams?
 Wherefore, with thy magic art,
 People thus again my heart?

Well I know the curious fold
 Of the letter'd sheet I hold,
 Tho' the writer's hand is cold,
 And the busy brain is still,
 And the joyous heart is chill;
 Memory's moonlight ray doth shine,
 O'er each well remember'd line,
 As the sportive jest I trace,
 Smiles flit swiftly o'er my face,
 And the past's young spirits rise,
 On the mind's unclouded skies.

Thro' the misty veil, I see
 Those who've join'd eternity,
 And a sound comes thro' the gloom,
 Like a voice from out the tomb,
 And its gentle accents say,
 "Friend of childhood, come away,"
 Blessed voice—oh! would I might,
 Tread those pathways pure and bright;
 But the stricken bough must wait
 For the last fell stroke of fate,
 Bending to the stormy will,
 That in kindness will not kill.

Silken ringlet smiling there!
 Sunny lock of shining hair!
 Gather'd tress! thy dark brown rings,
 O'er my soul a sunbeam flings,
 And a thousand dreams upstart,
 In my newly waken'd heart;
 Silken pledge, a living token,

Of young vows too early broken!
 While I gaze, gleams of yore
 All those vanish'd days restore,
 And a gay, and gladsome girl,
 Holds thee to her heart, dark curl!
 The brightly silver'd head is bow'd,
 Round which thy companions crowd,
 And the trembling fingers hold,
 Safely clasped, thy sever'd fold.

Time speeds on—a stately bark
 Cleaves the waters, proud and dark,
 And from off her billowy track,
 Yearning hearts look fondly back.

Swiftly rings the knell of time,
 Years roll on with noiseless chime,
 And a winter's snow is shed
 On that bright and glossy head,
 And that gladsome girl is seen,
 With a sad and alter'd mien;
 Time hath stolen from her cheek
 All the rose's crimson streak,
 And the fount that brightly gush'd
 In her breast, is coldly hush'd.
 Yet unchanged thou smilest now,
 As when dancing o'er the brow,
 Death—estrangement—hope's sad fall,
 Thou, dark lock!—outliv'st them all.
 Once again, oh! hiding past!
 Thy close curtains round me cast,
 Shut from out my aching sight,
 Visions of my lost delight,
 Let no more, with mocking gleam,
 These old relics brightly beam,
 But, o'er folded tress, and scroll,
 Let the waves of Lethe roll,
 Let the engulphing waters pour
 "Twixt me, and the days of yore.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SONG.

BY J. E. KNIGHT.

"Take back, oh, take your gifts all back."

TAKE back, oh take your gifts all back,
 And give my heart to me,
 Take—take them all—oh, how I pant
 To see thee once more free!
 Go—go and breathe in other ears
 The vows you breathed in mine;
 Go—go—but first give back my heart
 And take—oh! take back thine!

Thou wouldst not have me longer keep
 What mine can never be,
 And I would fain relieve thy breast,
 And take a weight from thee!
 Then go and breathe in other ears,
 The vows you breathed in mine;
 Go—go—but first give me my heart,
 And take—oh, take back thine!

If you have cause to suspect the integrity of one with whom you must have dealings, take care to have no communication with him, if he has his friend, and you have not; you are playing a dangerous game, in which the odds are two to one against you.

To be continually subject to the breath of slander, will tarnish the purest virtue, as a constant exposure to the atmosphere will obscure the brightness of the finest gold; but, in either case, the real value of both continues the same, although the currency may be somewhat impeded.

For the Lady's Book.

A STORY.

BY PROFESSOR INGRAHAM.

(Concluded from page 235.)

"Who can she be?" thought the young soldier, as he gazed. "There is a certain style about her that looks like a high-bred woman—but then, the uncle and the aunt!—*they*, doubtless, are very respectable sort of people, but"—and he took another glance at the man, who, with a hard Scotch face, shaded by a broad brimmed hat, a Quaker-looking coat, red waistcoat with flaps, breeches and knee-buckles, was still very busy in getting together numerous little packings, baskets, &c. that belonged to his party—he took a second look at the aunt, who sat poring over the penny paper, dressed in a neat brown silk bonnet, and gown, spectacles on nose, and with knit cotton gloves.—"Very nice people, no doubt," he said, shaking his head after this scrutiny—"very good sort of people. She can't be very high in society; but her air, manner, and superior beauty! these are aristocratic enough. I would give my commission to know who she is; what farm-house or remote village could have produced so fair a flower! Well-a-day! I have lost my heart to her, and Cupid favour me, I will yet know more of her. Ha, there goes the man up to the office to settle the passage. I will settle mine at the same time, and so shall at least learn the names of the party."

Thus deciding, he took his station by the captain's window, and heard the uncle give in his name as "Mr. John Hodge, wife, and a young lady."

"John Hodge?" repeated the officer, smiling; "their name fits their appearance. But the niece—if her name be Hodge, I will eat my sword. But I should not wonder if the barbarians, her father and mother, who must be chips of the same block with Mr. John Hodge, have given her some hideous name, Dorcas or Deborah! How could nature have committed so strange a mistake as to produce such a glorious dahlia in a kitchen garden! Ha, there is intellect there—taste, poetry, and love for the beautiful. See her eye light up, and the colour mount to her cheek, as they catch the rocky palisades! Now in that fair creature is combined every thing that constitutes beauty in woman. What a being to love—what bliss to worship her—what a *bride*—what a *wife* she would make me! Ah, this infernal pride of family—I should be cut by kith and kin if I stooped to mate with one so low. My proud old father, my dignified mother, my lovely and aristocratic sisters—ah, lovely as yonder fair woman is—they would never acknowledge her as a member of one of the oldest and most stately families in Virginia."

This young officer belonged, indeed, to one of the best Virginia families which, though decayed in fortune, had lost none of its pride of blood. Although he was an only son, yet the possessions he would inherit were insufficient

to afford him an independent income, if he should continue to keep up the style by which his father and grandfather had lessened his patrimony, and therefore he early looked to the army as a profession. He graduated with distinguished honour at the United States Military Academy, and at the age of twenty-seven, two years before his present introduction to the reader, was made a captain. He had recently distinguished himself in several engagements on the frontier. He was now absent from his post on furlough, and on his way to pay a visit to West Point, before his return to his cantonnement beyond the Mississippi. He was a young man of remarkable personal beauty, to which the southern sun had lent a rich brown; tall, and well made, with a clear eagle eye, lofty brow shaded with dark hair, and altogether of noble person and carriage. Few women could look on him without interest. He was, nevertheless, modest and retiring, and unconscious of commanding admiration; and in all he did and said was unaffectedly mingled the courtesy of the finished and thorough bred gentleman.

The beauty of the fair stranger had the effect for which beauty was given to woman—of captivating his senses, and kindling a flame of love in his heart, at all times sufficiently susceptible to such feminine influences. This, however, was a sincere, deep, and all-absorbing passion. Like Minerva, it sprung into existence in full growth and stature. As the boat approached the palisades, she left her seat to stand leaning over the railing, wrapt in the sensations which the sight of such a gigantic parapet of nature must produce in the soul of every one capable of receiving noble impressions from sublime objects. He took a position near her, and watched the play of her countenance as the varied shades of thought floated across it, giving it their own changing hues, as a still lake will paint upon its bosom the clouds that move above it. He saw not the palisades; he saw not the gilded surface of the water; he saw not the throng of passengers around him—he saw nothing but her face—was conscious of nothing but the presence of the lovely object on which rested his impassioned, worshipping, enraptured gaze. Suddenly, with that singular consciousness of having eyes fixed upon her, that all have experienced at times, she turned her head involuntarily round, (as all persons do in such cases, as if the eyes upon you possessed a mysterious power that insensibly drew your own to meet them,) and encountered the full gaze of his impassioned eyes. The start he gave on being detected in this species of adoration, and the red blush that leaped to his manly cheek, drew from her a smile that brought the culprit at once to her side.

"Pardon my rudeness, lady—but"

"Not a word—this is no time to talk idle no—"

things, surrounded as we are by the majesty and beauty of nature; with these rocks on which the skies seemed to be built, towering above our heads, and sending their black shadows as far down into the water; with this glorious, broad river on which the western sky has showered its gold till the flood is not less gorgeous than the firmament—let not a light thought, an artificial word mingle with the feelings of such a time. God has made a beautiful world for us; oh, how beautiful!”

It would be difficult to describe the manner in which she spoke. Her first words were addressed to him in a tone of stern reproof, as if she despised, and knew that he did also, all that was insincere and artificial. Then laying upon his arm her gloved hand—he thought he had never seen one so shapely, and the touch made his blood thrill—she pointed to the objects around her as she named them with an eye illuminated with intelligence, taste, and delight, and her countenance shining with the spirit that animated her; while she spoke with the loftiest enthusiasm, slightly touched with scorn that God’s glories must need be named to draw the admiration of man—that he should not feel the presence of the spirit of beauty, and yield voluntarily the homage of his intellect to her power.

“God has made a beautiful world for us! oh, how beautiful!” this was said in a changed tone, and with a look of mingled gratitude and wonder, while her beautiful eyes as they wandered over the rich scene, were tearful with the love and joy that welled from her heart.

“And he has made glorious beings to dwell upon it!” said the young soldier, mentally. He had gazed on her with bewildered senses, as she spoke, thinking that the world might well be created even for the pleasure alone of one such mind. As she ceased speaking, she leaned pensively over the balustrade, and for many minutes seemed lost in the contemplation of the scene through which she was borne along.

He became more and more puzzled. “Such a soul can inhabit no plebeian clay,” were his thoughts. “Wonderful, glorious creature! If she is to be won, I will strive to win her, for I feel that henceforth my happiness is in her keeping. Let her be the daughter of the veriest clown, I will lay my heart at her feet.”

While he communed thus with his thoughts, his eye dwelt upon her intelligent countenance, and each moment more firmly riveted the chains that bound his heart to hers. She soon turned and addressed to him a remark, and insensibly they were led into conversation. The originality of her mind, the beauty of her thoughts, the richness of her language, to which were added a highly cultivated sense, a finished taste, and all the enthusiasm of a poet and painter, filled him with wonder and astonishment.

It was twilight, when the steamer entered that landlocked part of the Hudson called the Highlands. Who that has sailed by night-fall into this wilderness of dark mountains, will forget his impressions of the combined majesty and loveliness of the scene. The passengers

hitherto restless, talkative, and noisy, now, as if under the influence of a spell, became still. No voice was heard—no sound but the regular dash, like the noise of a waterfall, of the paddles. The boat entered deeper into the mountains, and the water became black as Tartarus with the deep shadows flung upon its bosom, and the grey shores rose skyward higher and higher till they threatened to meet, enclosing beneath a vast cavernous lake. As the shadows grew darker, and the great hills came closer together, showing longer neither inlet nor outlet, the singular girl leaned forward with her hands clasped together, her lips parted, and her face silently eloquent with the feelings that, in a mind like hers, such a scene was calculated to awaken. Her countenance wore almost a holy character; she seemed to be worshipping God through his works. Wonder, love, and gratitude were mingled in her looks. Oh, how beautiful—how lovely she was! But it was ethereal beauty! the beauty of her face was all forgotten in the beauty of the soul that shone through it. What, at last, is beauty without intellect? But when intellect is united with perfect beauty in woman, she assuredly must approach the perfection of angels. If lovely, intelligent girls could be made sensible how the cultivation of the mind enhances true beauty of feature, and also of form—for the soul pervades and shines through all the body—extraordinary feminine loveliness would be more general, and of far higher degree.

Twilight deepened, and the moon soon began to light up the tops of the mountains, the light of which, to the upturned gaze of those who sailed in the black shadows of the depths below, appeared like clouds of silver dust resting there; while the evening star burned like a beacon fire upon a far off peak, and lesser lights shone down into the deep water, adding a new and pleasing feature to the ever changing scene.

Three hours after taking their departure from New York, the elevated plain of West Point appeared in sight, overtopped by the hoary battlements of ‘Fort Putnam,’ on which poured a flood of moonlight that had made its way through a cleft in the mountains to the east, as if, while all around was dark heaven, it would direct the gaze of the children of America to one of the most sacred altars of their freedom. The lights from the Military Academy now began to enliven the shores, and the sound of a bell rung landward to give signal of the approach of the steamer, floated pleasantly over the water.

“How full of enchantment all! How like fairy land it must be! I am in a maze of delight—rioting in a world of poetry and of the imagination.”

The young officer had been standing by the fair girl’s side for more than an hour in silence. Not a word until now had been interchanged between them, yet both felt the sympathies of each other to be active and in unison. Their spirits conversed together as they bent over the vessel’s side, and in silence drank into their souls the beauty that was around them.

The soldier started as she spoke and looked

up; but the darkness was too great for him to see her face, and the tones of her rich, sweet voice, fell like music on his soul. Before he could reply to her observation, the boat rounded the rocky promontory that forms the easternmost extremity of West Point, and steered directly for a light that burned, seemingly in the craggy side of the precipice, but which, as nearer observation showed, was held in the hand of some one on the head of a small pier.

"I go on shore here," said the lady.

"Ah!" and the delighted surprise in which this brief exclamation was made, could not have escaped the most indifferent hearer. Hitherto, he had been able by no finesse to obtain a clue to her destination, or of her place of residence; and within the last half hour he had come to the determination to continue on in the boat as far as she should go, and leave only when he had ascertained who she was, and made to her a declaration of his unconquerable passion.

"Why should not a lady visit West Point?" she said, archly; "there are many gallant gentlemen there, if rumor lie not; and beauty too, I am told, deigns to grace its parades by its presence. How is it, sir?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Yes, sir."

"I beg your pardon. No, sir."

"No, sir!"

"I would say yes—I mean no—"

"Really, sir, you are amusingly witty"—and the mischievous laugh of the beautiful creature as she said this, almost set the poor lover beside himself; his head being already half-turned by his passion. "You had best stop at West Point also, I fear to trust you further," she said, with a gentle fall of the voice that conveyed a wish that he would stay, while it expressed a confidence in his doing so—so conscious is beauty in the power of its influence!

"I do stop here!"

"Indeed! I am glad of it."

"Passengers for West Point will please walk forward," cried one of the officers of the boat in a loud voice.

"Will you permit me to see you safely on shore?" asked the young soldier, diffidently; "but I fear you will consider my attention as too great presumption, inasmuch as accident only has thrown me into your society."

"By no means. I accept your escort with great pleasure. My good uncle," she added in a tone of peculiar humor, that he could not well define, "has, I perceive, got my troublesome baggage forward. I fear you will find me more troublesome baggage still."

"I hope—nay—I feel—"

"I beg you will trouble yourself neither to feel nor to hope, till you get me on shore," she said, interrupting him, as they reached the forecabin where stood the captain, ready with a lantern.

The boat now came to the pier—ropes were thrown from the deck, and skilfully caught and secured by those on the shore—the plank was thrown out, and the passengers, including the party of our story, rapidly crossed it. Scarcely

had their feet touched the pier, when the cry, "Go-ahead!" was heard, and the majestic steamer moved swiftly away on her northward course, and soon, save the lights on her stern and bow, was lost in the dark shadows flung upon the water by the shaggy bulk of "Old Cro'nest." Long afterwards the sound of the water as she made her way through it, was heard roaring among the mountains, till it finally ceased, and all became still as night and solitude could make it.

At the guard-house on the pier-head, a sentinel met the passengers with a slate, demanding a register of their names.

"Now I shall learn it!" said the officer to himself, as he took the slate and entered his own name, which for the present we shall suppose to be Captain Harry Hunter, U.S.A. "What name?" he added, looking in the face of the lady, who still leaned on his arm.

"Never mind, sir. Uncle John put your name and those of the party down."

"I will save him the trouble," said the officer, "as I see he is busy with the baggage;" and then with a smile and a glance of humor which she did not see fit to acknowledge, he wrote:

"Mr. John Hodge, lady, and niece."

"How know you this?" she said, as her eye followed the entry as it was made.

"It is on the boat's record."

"Humph! Well then, if you will see the niece to the hotel, my relative, Mr. John Hodge, and lady, will follow at their leisure."

The path which the officer took to the hotel, which was perched commandingly on the summit of the cliff, and now shone dazzlingly with lights seen through the foliage, wound romantically up the side of the precipice through a dense wood, and, save to the footsteps of one familiar with its windings, was difficult to follow by night. Its very gloom and uncertainty had for her romantic mind a charm, and she observed that this wild woodland walk among crags, with the moonlight dappling the path, the river beneath, and the lights of the illuminated hotel above, had only been wanting to complete the sum of her enjoyment. At first their way had been through the deepest gloom, but as they climbed higher, the moon at intervals found its way through the trees on the left, and silvered the gravel at their feet; while, with occasional glimpses of the lighted windows, which served not only as a beacon, but held forth the promise of hospitality, could be heard the strains of music, or the clear voice of some laughing girl. On the plateau above they paused an instant to admire the night view of the highlands, with the steely river sleeping in their bosom like a majestic lake. At length they entered the mansion, where under the protecting care of Cozzens, the courteous host thereof, we will leave the fair stranger, with uncle and aunt, bag and baggage, until morning, assured that in no more agreeable quarters can travellers take up their temporary abode. Our hero himself sought the quarters of some of his brother officers, where, although he retired for the night, it was only to think of the

beautiful niece, and lose himself in a labyrinth of conjectures.

CHAPTER III.

THE succeeding day the beautiful stranger made her appearance, for the first time, at the dinner table, and at her entrance, leaning on the arm of the gallant host—who has a tolerable eye for female beauty—a universal sensation was created by her beauty.

"Who is she? where is she from? who are of her party?" were questions that no one could answer.

Captain Harry Hunter, as we shall call him until we get to the *denouement* of our story, dined at the same table, but diffidently took his seat at the extreme end, but his eyes were scarcely off from her; but being rallied by his companions he coloured, and to give proof of his indifference to the lady, began very coolly to pepper a glass of champagne, instead of his salad.

"Hunter, will you take the mustard?" asked a waggish lieutenant at his elbow.

"Thank you;" and the champagne was enlivened by an abundant spoonful of this pleasant mixture.

"A little salt?" inquired another opposite, handing him the saltcellar.

"Thank you—thank you!" and the absent lover added very seriously a spoonful of salt to his mustard and pepper.

"Now a little oil, Harry," said the first wag, "and you will have the honour of inventing a new dish—a devilled champagne."

A shout of laughter from a dozen gentlemen and ladies, who had been amused observers, recalled the smitten captain to his senses, and he fixed his eyes with a look of mingled wonder, shame, and anger on the heterogeneous mixture before him. Laughing with the others the affair soon passed; but it gave very positive proof of the state of his heart in the judgment of more than one person at the table.

For several days afterwards the young lady became an object of curiosity, and so great were her personal attractions, that the most aristocratic of the summer sojourners at the Point, would have called upon her and sought her acquaintance, but 'the homely uncle and aunt' they could not get over. They were a bar sinister to the otherwise immaculate shield of her loveliness. Therefore she was courted by no one, and remained isolated and alone amid a throng of gay and fashionable people. Yet she seemed to be the happiest there. Her mornings were passed in exploring the wild scenery in the neighbourhood, and in sketching the most striking objects. Curiosity increased. "Who has seen her sketch book?" Nobody—the rumor was that it was filled with landscapes worthy of Rembrandt. She had twice seated herself at the piano when the drawing room was nearly empty, and in three minutes had filled it from terrace, lawn, and garden, by the ravishing sweetness of her voice, and the magic music her skilful touch drew from the ivory keys. "Who could she be?"

No one could say. The women avoided her, yet were dying to find out who she was, and who Mr. and Mrs. Hodges were, and where they lived, and what they did. They could not even learn the lady's name. She was registered simply the niece, and as the niece only was she known. A few ladies had spoken to her civilly to see if they could get any thing out of her. But they grew no wiser. A gallant commodore in the navy who had become a little deaf from the roar of cannon in an engagement was her chief beau, for in his eye beauty was aristocracy, spite of uncles and aunts. A few handsome cadets, also, had fluttered about her, and she had encouraged their civility, and was often to be seen promenading on their arms. To the officers and other gentlemen she was distant and haughty, and wore an air of independence which, thought the ladies, would have become a lady with a different class of relatives, but in the niece of such ordinary personages was very presumptive and should be put down. So a party was formed against her, while another came forward in her defence; and, for a time, she set them all by the ears, and was every where the subject of conversation. A French Marquis arrived at the Point, and with native gallantry attached himself to the beauty. They spoke French together constantly. "She speaks French, too!" was whispered about.

"She is a French teacher, perhaps," said the opposition.

"She is a cultivated woman," said the others.

There came a German prince, too, to the Point, and the day after his arrival, he was seen escorting her to the table, and during dinner they conversed wholly in German. Curiosity increased.

With the Swedish consul she conversed in his own tongue; with the Spanish minister in Spanish, and even talked Latin with a Roman priest who was travelling through the country. To sum up her accomplishments, in music she was a mocking bird, warbling melodies in all languages; in conversation a wonder; in accomplishments unparalleled; in taste perfect; in painting a master; in walking she moved like a goddess; and in riding she seemed to be the very spirit of horsemanship—a female Putnam, while she managed her rein with equal grace and boldness. Truly never were people so mystified—never was curiosity so keen—never were ladies so long at fault in getting at the bottom of a mystery.

In the meanwhile, what became of Captain Harry Hunter? From the moment, the first night of his arrival, a spirit of diffidence and reserve seemed to have taken possession of him. He avoided her presence, turned from her path, and showed apparent aversion for her society. It appeared like dislike. She observed him, and rightly translated it.

It was the timidity of Love.

The inquiries she had made about him from time to time, till she had learned his whole history as we have already given it, led to conjectures that Harry knew something of her. But his reserve, and the fact of never being

seen in her presence, took from this supposition all its force.

One twilight, Captain Harry had been listlessly walking in that most romantic spot of the Hudson, "Kosciusko's Garden," when coming to the fountain, he seated himself; and while the tinkling fall of the water into the marble basin soothed his spirit, his thoughts dwelt on the fair stranger. Long he sat there unintruded upon, occasionally hearing the strains of music borne to his ears from the encampment. The shades of night crept over the spot; the glens around grew dark; the diverging walks became indistinct in the gloom, and solitude, and silence reigned around him.

"What care I for family. Will parents, sisters, rank, compensate for her loss. Never. No, I will seek her," he said half aloud, as if he had come to a final decision in relation to his passion, "and be she the lowest of the low by parentage, I will declare my consuming passion and receive from her own lips the sentence to live or die."

"Live then!"

He started, and looking up, saw standing near him, with one snowy finger (its whiteness looking like light in the shadows of the dell,) the object of his thoughts and words.

"Lady—angelic creature," he instantly cried, kneeling before her and seizing her hand, "forgive the language I have dared to use, I knew not—"

"Nay, Captain Hunter, you are forgiven—I know your passion, and should be cruel not only to myself as well as to a generous heart which I know you to possess, to deceive you. If the acknowledgment that your interest in me is reciprocated by the unworthy object of it, will render your being happier, and restore to your cheek the colour, and to your lip and eye the light that have left them for this two weeks, then receive it—and there is my hand in token of the truth of my heart."

This was spoken with the extraordinary frankness that characterised all that she did or said. Its effect upon him was electrical. Her hand was pressed to his lips and then their lips were pressed together. Ere they left the spot, they had pledged to each other their undying love. Still the fair stranger, in whose breast had been kindled a passion simultaneous with, and as vivid as his own, did not give him, at his repeated solicitations, her name.

"In giving you myself, fair sir, I think I have given you as much as your merits can well lay claim to," she said archly. "If, as you have now promised, after our marriage, you will accompany me to England, I will then give you my name. Till then, seek not to know more of me, unless perhaps at the altar."

"Enough," he said, "I am the slave of your will, and I obey."

CHAPTER IV.

THE next day all of the friends of Captain Hunter were congratulating him upon his good looks and fine spirits; and when the Captain was seen to escort the mysterious beauty, (the two apparently on the best terms together,) into

the dining-room, curiosity became once more alive, and numerous were the surmises this sudden acquaintance gave rise to.

If this little incident created suspicion, the astonishment of every body was not lessened, when it was rumoured the third day afterwards the handsome and gallant Captain Harry Hunter was to be married at twelve o'clock, by Dr. Warren, in the military chapel. The ceremony drew crowds of the beauty and chivalry of the spot to the church at the given hour.

Dr. Warner rose up, and the ceremony commenced. Every eye was fixed upon the two who were about to be united. A nobler looking man, a fairer woman never stood up together before the marriage altar. There was a universal hum of admiration, yet the intensest curiosity was mingled with the approbation. The lady was observed to place a paper in the hands of the clergyman, who glanced at it with a look of surprise and doubt—his eye then fixed upon it with eager interest, and he then, a moment afterwards, proceeded with the ceremony.

"He knows her name," was the mental observation of every lady in the thronged chapel. "We shall all soon learn it!"

Expectation was on tiptoe. Curiosity was at its height. The mystery was about to be solved.

The rites proceeded, and the clergyman solemnly said to the handsome soldier,

"Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will!" swelled through the church in the deep, manly voice of the gallant soldier; and many a maiden as she heard his fine voice and rested her gaze on his noble person, confessed in her heart that he was well worthy to become the protector and cherisher of a lovely woman.

"Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded husband, to live together after God's ordinance, in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou obey him, and serve him, love, honour and keep him, in sickness and health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto him, so long as ye both shall live?"

"I will," answered the maiden, in a voice that went to every soul with the love and confidence and hope with which it was laden. And many a noble officer envied him by her side who was to be loved and honoured and kept, *both in sickness and health*, by so fair a being.

There was a moment's expectant silence, when the clergyman said, looking around "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" When every one looked for the homely uncle to approach and give her away, to the surprise of all, a gentleman from New York, and the wealthiest banker in America, who had, unexpectedly to his friends, arrived at the Point that morning, advanced with dignity, and taking her ungloved hand, which seemed like ivory into which life had been breathed, placed it in that of the clergyman. The bridegroom was evidently unprepared for the presence of this gentleman; and it was apparent also from the

glances that he cast upon the paper in the clergyman's hand that he was yet unacquainted with its contents.

Their right hands being joined, he first repeated in an audible voice, after the minister—

"I, Henry, take thee Clara, (here a thousand eyes exchanged glances, for her first name was known, and from the decided tone in which he repeated it, it was plain that he himself had then heard it for the first time,) to my wedded wife, to have and to hold; from this day forward, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and health to love and cherish till death us do part, according to God's holy ordinance; and thereto I plight my troth."

She also repeated her corresponding part of the ceremony, in a firm, clear, yet sweetly feminine voice, when Harry receiving it from the minister, placed upon her finger a plain gold ring, and said, in a distinct voice that filled the chapel,

"With this ring I thee wed, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow: In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."

After the prayer, the clergyman joining their hands together, repeated in a tone of solemn fervour,

"Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

Then turning to the assembly he said, while his eye seemed to anticipate the effect his words were about to produce,

"Forasmuch as Francis Livingstone Catesby and Clara Huntly, Countess of Chesterton, have consented together in holy wedlock and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth, each to the other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving a ring, and by joining hands; I pronounce that they are man and wife."

After the announcement of the name and title of the bride, the rest of the clergyman's words were lost in the general burst of surprise from every lady present, and a thousand eyes were turned on the bride with new and stranger interest.

"I knew it," cried the triumphant *pros*.

"Who would have believed it!" exclaimed the disconcerted *cons*.

The surprise of the bridegroom need not be painted. He loved her, believing her of low degree—he could love her with no greater ardour even as Lady Clara Huntly.

So ends my story, my dear—and I will conclude the rest in my letter.

wife at once surrendered to him her family mansion and vast estates. The change has not spoiled him. He is one of the most agreeable and gentlemanly men in England, and highly popular in his county. He is called by courtesy (his wife's title having been by her marriage merged in his republican Mister or Captain,) Lord C——, of C—— Castle, C——. His charming wife is devoted to him, heart and soul. Never was a marriage more for love than this! He thought her lowly and his love raised her to his bosom—she knew him to be only a young American, without rank or title, yet, for love, she gave him all she had to give—beauty, wealth, and rank among nobles. They have two lovely children, a boy and girl; and the only subject on which they differ is their education. Catesby is for making the little fellow a republican, and sending him to West Point; while Clara intends him for parliament, and to inherit her father's title and estates, which he will do—the little fellow's title being through his mother, Lord Viscount C——. You will by this time understand that the 'uncle and aunt' were Lady Clara's steward and his wife, whom she dragged with her from home, half over the world as her protectors when she started off on her wild travels. There can be no greater instance of the peculiarly independent character of her mind, than in the fact of her quitting with disgust, the scenes of London dissipation and resisting the fascinations of her numerous admirers, to roam amid the scenery of America, and commune with the works of nature in a world where nature has exhibited in the most stupendous manner her power and majesty. They live very retired, and seldom stay more than a third of the season in town. The remainder of the year they are in the country combining together in dispensing for the happiness and comfort of their numerous dependants the wealth with which they are blest. It was by accident I met Frank in town at the close of the season, and as he would not let me say nay—and something of his story coming to my mind, I consented to go down with him, partly from curiosity to learn its truth, I confess, but mainly, as *you* must know, to enjoy once more the society of one who was for four years my fellow cadet. Do not say after this that my letters are too short. Adieu, until the next trip of the Liverpool.

Truly yours,

T. H. H.

To J. H. I., Esq., West Point, U. S.

POWER CANNOT BE SUPPORTED BY INJUSTICE.

It is not possible to found a lasting power upon injustice, perjury, and treachery. These may, perhaps, succeed for once, and borrow for awhile, from hope, a gay and flourishing appearance. But time betrays their weakness, and they fall into ruin of themselves. For, as in structures of every kind, the lower parts should have the greatest firmness—so the grounds and principles of actions should be just and true.

"The gentleman who gave the bride away was Mr. A——, her banker, to whom she had written to attend the ceremony. The paper she gave the priest contained her name and title. Catesby neither knew nor suspected any thing of so singular and fortunate a denouement. In a few weeks, Frank having resigned his commission in the army, left America for this country, and on their arrival, drove directly over to Castle C——, where his charming

For the Lady's Book.

A PERILOUS SITUATION.

[From a MS. work never published, entitled "Extraordinary Escapes."]

"DURING the summer of 1837, (said my friend Stilford,) I resided in Baltimore, at no great distance from a stream, called Jones' Falls, which passes through the city. At ordinary times, these falls are but an inconsiderable rivulet, and though generally regarded as a nuisance by the inhabitants, it is only on rare occasions that they become an object of alarm. Certain circumstances in the topography of the neighbouring country make this stream peculiarly liable to an overflow; and it sometimes happens, after very copious rains, that considerable damage is done by the rising of the waters. The most remarkable instance of this kind occurred in the year just mentioned; the loss of property was immense, and the destruction of human life unexampled in the records of any similar accident in this country.

"The room which I occupied was on the first floor, in the rear of the building; it was a small apartment, and answered the purposes both of a dormitory and a place of study. I had been engaged in reading a favourite author until near midnight, when, finding the attacks of sleep irresistible, I extinguished my light and threw myself on the bed, without undressing. I do not remember any other time in my life, when my senses were so completely torpid, by the effects of unusual watching and intense study, the latter of which sometimes overcomes us with fatigue, more than the severest bodily labour. Still, my sleep was frequently disturbed; I partially awoke, so as to have a momentary consciousness that something unusual was going forward. Perhaps many persons have been in that state between sleeping and waking, when even a sense of danger is insufficient to arouse us completely. We feel that we would encounter some risk, rather than make the disagreeable exertions necessary to throw off the shackles of slumber. Such was precisely my situation for some length of time. At intervals I heard a sound;—fancy, (as often happens in such cases,) added ideal circumstances;—I participated in battles, suffered shipwrecks, and witnessed earthquakes; till at last, from one dream more terrific than the rest, I was aroused sufficiently to distinguish a dull, monotonous noise, unlike any sound we are accustomed to hear in the heart of a populous city. As my perceptions became more distinct, I knew that noise to be produced by the rushing of a large body of water; but such was the confusion of my thoughts, occasioned by the diversity of objects which had just been presented to my imagination, that I lay for some time, unable to separate my recent fancies from present realities.

"While my mind was thus employed, a gleam of lightning penetrated my window, and by that transient illumination, I saw that which instantly dispelled all my drowsiness and recalled my faculties to provide against immediate peril. The floor appeared to be covered with water to

the depth of several feet; in fact, the surface seemed to be but a few inches below the level of my bed. I could merely catch a glimpse of this alarming object, when the apartment was again filled with impenetrable darkness. By this time I was thoroughly awake, and then I was enabled to distinguish, amid the roar of the torrent, the sounds of a general alarm in the city—the ringing of bells, cries of terror and distress, the screams of women and the wailings of children. Still, I believed myself under the dominion of fancy, and, by reaching forth my hand, I doubted not that I should prove the fallacy of that appearance which the lightning had just revealed to my amazed observation. I stretched out my arm accordingly, and felt the chilling waters in contact with my fingers!

"In great trepidation, I now started from my bed, and hastened, as I thought, towards the door of the apartment, but my discomposure and the total darkness of the place defeated my purpose. I groped about, with increased perturbation, my hand rested on something which, at last, I took to be the frame of the door, but, to my great disappointment, I found it was the window. Escape by this way I knew to be impossible; for I could hear the impetuous current rushing and roaring by that part of the building in which the window was situated; and it was well for me that I had sufficient self-possession to avoid the hazardous experiment of trusting myself to the violence of this torrent.

"By this time, the water was rising rapidly, and the noise without was overpowering to my faculties. I was stunned, and almost incapable of making any farther exertions to save my life. So confused were my ideas of the relative parts of the room, that I was totally at a loss in searching for the door, through which only I could hope for deliverance. Fortunately it occurred to me, at last, that by going completely around the chamber and examining the walls in my progress, I must necessarily come to the door. I adopted this plan, and succeeded in my search, just as the water had reached my waist.

"On retiring to rest that night, I had, as usual, locked the door, and placed the key on the chair-board, which was now two feet under water. In my eagerness to effect my escape, I made a grasp at the place where I had deposited the key, but instead of getting possession of the latter, I unhappily knocked it from the ledge. I could not stoop to recover it, without placing my head under water, and as often as I did this, I was seized with a dizziness that almost prevented me from recovering my upright position. Having made several ineffectual attempts to obtain the key, while the water continued to rise with a celerity that made my situation, every moment, more perilous, I resolved to burst open the door; but this I found to be impracticable. The depth of the water in the room incommoded all my efforts, the

energy of which was not a little impaired by my hurry and alarm; and, besides, the door was composed of the strongest materials, and opened inwards, so that the only mode to force a passage was either to strike out a pannel with my hand or foot, or pull the door with such power as to break the lock or hinges. In both these attempts I failed, and I now made the appalling discovery that the water was even with my mouth.

"Fully convinced that my danger was very great, I endeavoured to collect all my powers of mind and body, as I saw that nothing but the fullest exertion of both could save me in such an extremity. Once more, holding my breath, I stooped down completely under the fluid and searched the floor for the key. But I had probably removed it with my foot, while endeavouring to force the door; for, although I arose twenty times to the surface, to take breath, and ventured again and again to the search, the key could not be found. Wearied with all these fruitless exertions, I once more stood upright, and found that the water was above my head. Swimming was now my only resource, and in this manner I returned to the bed, which afforded me a more elevated footing, so that I could stand up and breathe in that space between the water and the ceiling—that space which every moment became narrower.

"While I remained in this posture, my mind filled with the most horrid anticipations, I heard a female voice which seemed to proceed from some person floating by the window. That voice cried for help in such tones as I shall never forget. As the sounds gradually died away, my thoughts, which had, for a time, been withdrawn from my own calamity, to commiserate the distress of another, were recalled by the dreadful perception that the water was again within a hand's breadth of my nostrils, while I stood on the bed. I now despaired of preserving my life, but, with a weakness incident to human nature, I desired to postpone the last struggle by every means in my power. With this design, I swam through the room, until my hand touched one of the chairs which were floating about, and with this I returned to the bed, on which I placed the chair, and mounting on the latter, I found my head about eighteen inches above the surface of the water, and in immediate contact with the top of the room. Now it was that I felt the painful certainty that I had employed the last means for my preservation, and all that remained for me was to meet my fate with as much tranquillity as I could command. I could readily calculate, from the progress the water had already made, that fifteen minutes, at least, would bring the catastrophe.

"I will not deny that my reflections were more than terrific. I had, all my life, accustomed myself to regard *death* as an evil so remote that its hideous aspect was softened in the distance. In the words of Dr. Young, I had 'thought all men mortal but myself.' Consider then what must have been my sensations, when aroused from slumbers to which I had retired in the full confidence of security, aroused to find myself in

the prospect of immediate destruction. It seemed to me, moreover, that the circumstances which attended my prospective dissolution greatly enhanced the bitterness of my fate. I should have deprecated the approach of death in any form; but to die in that way which I had always thought most fearful, by suffocation, (for drowning is nothing else,) and even to be drowned by such a process, in a close room, where my struggles would be unavailing and where relief would be hopeless; these were considerations that might supervene, after the ordinary fears of dissolution were dismissed.

"I had still a faint hope that the water would cease to rise, before the room should be completely filled. But the increased sounds of alarm in the city and the augmented roar of the waves would have made this expectation seem preposterous to any mind capable of calm reflection. The water had reached my chin, and respiration became painful in the confined atmosphere. Often did I cry out for succour, but the din which penetrated my chamber made my voice inaudible to myself. I bent my neck backwards and raised myself on my toes to keep my face above the water, and to prolong my wretched existence for a few moments; but the merciless element continued to press on me. My face touched the plaster of the ceiling and my breath, at length, began to be stifled, for there was but a few inches of vacancy left. Then came the fearful struggle—of the misery of which I should vainly attempt to give you the faintest idea in words.

"The spasmodic movement of my arms overcame the equilibrium of my body and I fell on the bed. I have a distinct remembrance of intense pains in the breast, violent contortions of the limbs and a burning sensation in the stomach. Dazzling objects, like suns, seemed to dance before my eyes, a sound like the jingling of small bells invaded my ears; and these two latter symptoms continued apparently for a long time after all sense of pain had ceased. My recollections will carry me no farther."

"And so you were drowned?" said Major O'Farrell, who had listened to this story with much interest.

"I was indeed," replied Stilford, "drowned, as far as the *pains* of drowning are concerned. When I became insensible, I had endured all that can be suffered by persons expiring in similar circumstances. At that juncture, when my preservation was an event beyond the scope of all human expectations, I was saved."

Here a great deal of astonishment was expressed by the auditors.

"The people with whom I lodged had been engaged, for some minutes before my fall, in removing a part of the flooring above my head. My body was found with little difficulty, and the usual means of resuscitation were employed with complete success."

"So I presume," remarked Major O'Farrell, "or I'm thinking your reflections and feelings while drowning would have been related by some other person."

L. A. W.

Written for the Lady's Book.

STUDIES IN EARLY ENGLISH POETRY.

BY W. J. WALTER.

No. I.—WYATT AND SURREY.

Par nobile fratrum.—*Virgil*.
A pair of noble freres.—*Surrey's Trans.*

BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE.

HENRY, EARL OF SURREY.

- 1518—Born at Tendring Hall, Suffolk.
1532—Enters King's College, Cambridge.
1534—Becomes closely allied to Wyatt by friendship, and by a similarity of tastes and studies.
1536—Enters public life.
1540—Goes on a mission to France.
1542—Serves under his father, the Duke of Norfolk, in an expedition to Scotland. On his return to London, finds that his brother poet is dead, and composes an affecting elegy to his memory.
1544—Is appointed Field Marshal of the English forces in the expedition to Boulogne.
1545—Becomes an object of suspicion to the tyrant, Henry, and is committed a prisoner to Windsor Castle.
1546—Is again restored to favour.
1547—Is accused of high treason, found guilty, and executed in the Tower.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

- 1503—Born in Allington Castle, Kent.
1515—Enters St. John's College, Cambridge.
1517—Devotes himself successfully to the study of the Italian Poets.
1525—Distinguishes himself in a tournament given by Henry VIII., at Greenwich. To this date may be referred the greater part of his Love poems.
1532—Is involved in the accusations against the unfortunate Anna Boleyn.
1537—Appointed ambassador to Charles V., and proceeds to Spain.
1529—Terminates his mission successfully, and returns to England.
1540—Incurs the displeasure of Henry, and is thrown into prison; but shortly after is restored to favour.
1541—Retires to Allington, where he composes his satires.
1542—Dies at Sherburn, in Dorsetshire, and is buried in the conventual church of that place.

The Poems of Wyatt and Surrey were first published by Tottel, 1556.

THERE are few subjects more interesting to the lover of his native literature, than that of tracing to their source the gradual improvements wrought in our language. Among the writers who effected an important revolution in this regard, no names stand more prominent than those of Sir Thomas Wyatt, and his amiable friend, the Earl of Surrey. Their writings are the landmarks of the settling down of the English language into consistency and refinement. A comparison between their productions and those of Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, and a few other poets, by whom they were preceded, would show what an important advance was made by them in smoothing the asperities of our language, and imparting to it a grace and a flow to which it had before been a stranger. But such a comparison would lead us too far for our present purpose, and at the best is better calculated for the scholar than for the general reader. The object of the present paper is to illustrate this fact by examples selected from their writings, and so arranged as to exhibit their varied powers in lyric and descriptive composition.

In the cadence of his numbers and the selection of his imagery, Surrey anticipated the refinement of a much later age. In proof of this, we would adduce the following highly graphic and pathetic poem, composed when he was a prisoner in Windsor Castle.

THE PLAINT.

Such cruel prison could betide, alas!

As Windsor proud? Where in wild sports and joy,

With a king's son my childish years did pass

In greater feasts, than Priam's sons of Troy.

Now each sweet place returns distasteful sour:

The large wide green where we were wont to rove,

With eyes upcast into the Maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folks draw in love;
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dance's sport, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that bid the bosom rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right.
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
With pleasant plaint, and with our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays.
Through forests wild, on holts all cloath'd with green,
With reins avail'd and swiftly breath'd horse,
With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful stag perforce;
The wild vales eke, that harbour'd us each night;
Wherewith, alas! reviveth in my breast
The sweet accord, such sleep as did delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest.
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The merry tale, the diverse change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so fast,
Wherewith we pass'd the winter-night away.
O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account where is my noble frere,
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
To others lief,* but unto me most dear.
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine, with bondage and restraint.
And with remembrance of the greater grief
To chace the less, I find my best relief.

Surrey's was the epoch of transition from chivalry to more modern manners. The spirit of his age is conspicuous in many of his productions. In ordering his rivals to give place, we

* *Lief*—well-disposed. This word is still found in the phrase "I had as lief."

think we hear him speak with lance in rest.
Witness the following:

IN THE PRAISE OF HIS LOVE.

*Wherein he reproveth them that compare their
Ladies with his.*

Give place ye lovers, heretofore
Who spent your boasts and brags in vain!
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well sayne [say.]
Than doth the sun the candle-light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

Nay more, she hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she sayeth ye may trust,
As if by writing seal'd it were:
And virtues hath she many *moë*, [more]
Than I with pen have skill to show.

I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfect mould,
The like to which she could not paint;
With wringing hands, how did she cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

I know she swore, with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
She could not make the like again.

Since Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought;
In faith, methinks some better ways,
On your behalf, might well be sought,
Than to compare, as you have done,
And match your candle with the sun.

The following is a remarkable production for
the period. Nothing can be more impassioned
and yet delicate, than the picture it presents.

FAITHFUL IN ABSENCE.

In her thou hast the worthiest,
The truest, faithfulest, and best,
The gentlest, and most meek of mind
That here on earth a man could find;
And if that Love and Truth were gone,
In her they might be found alone.
For in her mind no thought there is
But how she may be thine, I wis;
And tenders thee and all thy *heal* [well-being],
And wishes both thy health and weal,
And is thine own, and so she says,
And cares for thee ten thousand ways;
With thee she talks, with thee she moans,
With thee she sighs, with thee she groans;
With thee she says—"Farewell, mine own!"
When thou, God knows, full far art gone;
And e'en to tell thee all aright,
To thee she says full oft—"Good night!"
And names thee oft her own most dear,
Her weal, her comfort, all her cheer,
And tells her pillow all the tale
How thou hast done her joy or bale;
And how she sighs and plains for thee
And says—"Why art thou so from me?"
Am I not she that loves thee best?
Do I not wish thine ease and rest?
Seek I not how I best may please?
Why art thou, then, so from thine ease?

If I be she for whom thou carest,
For whom in anguish so thou farest,
Alas! thou know'st to find me here,
Where I remain thine own most dear;
Thine own most true, thine own most just,
Thine own that loves thee still, and must;
Thine own that cares alone for thee,
As thou, I hope, dost care for me;
And e'en the woman—she alone,
That is full bent to be thine own.

There is great *naïveté* and feeling in the
following song, with which we reluctantly
close our extracts from the gallant Surrey.

SONG.

When first mine eyes did view and mark
Thy beauty, sweetest to behold,
And when mine ears 'gan first to hark
The pleasant words thy soft lip told,
I would as then I had been free
From ears to hear and eyes to see!

And when in mind I did consent
To follow thus my fancy's will,
And when my heart did first relent
To taste such bait myself to spill,
I would my heart had been as thine,
Or else thy heart as soft as mine!

O flatterer false! thou traitor born,
What mischief more might'st thou devise,
Than thy dear friend to have in scorn,
And wound his heart in sundry wise?
Yet still a friend pretend to be:—
Fie, fie upon such treachery!

We now turn to Wyatt, who possesses a
larger share of the true lyrical spirit, joined to
a greater depth of feeling, than his "noble
frere." Some of his songs breathe the very
soul of tenderness, and impassioned complaint.
Of Wyatt's powers in the pathetic, the fol-
lowing pieces bear satisfactory evidence.

AN EARNEST SUIT TO HIS UNKIND MISTRESS.

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay, for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and *grame* [sorrow].
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus,
Who lov'd thee hath so long,
Both weal and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong,
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

And canst thou leave me thus
Who have given thee my heart,
And never to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart?
And canst thou leave me thus?
Say nay, say nay!

TO HIS MISTRESS, NOT TO FORGET HIS STEAD-
FAST FAITH.

Do not forget the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant;
My travail great so gladly spent,
Do not forget!

Do not forget the great essays,
The cruel wrongs, the scornful ways;
The painful patience in delays,
Do not forget!

Forget not, oh! forget not this—
How long ago hath been, and is,
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not this!

THE APPEAL.

Proud fair! be cruel, but be generous too.—*Earl of Surrey.*

Though I cannot your cruelty constrain
For my good will to favour me again;
Though my true and faithful love
Have no power your heart to move;
Rejoice not at my pain!

Full well I see your high disdain
Will ne'er grant me such boon to gain;
Yet, do but grant at least
This my poor small request—
Rejoice not at my pain!

TO HIS HEART.

Is this the guerdon of a faithful heart?—*Earl of Surrey.*

Comfort thyself, my woeful heart,
Or shortly thy own ruin wreak;
For length redoubleth deadly smart:
Why sigh'st thou, heart! and wilt not break?

Thou knowest right well that no redress
Is thus to pine; and for to speak,
Perdu! it is remediless:
Why sigh'st thou, then, and wilt not break?

Too late, too late 'tis to refuse
The yoke, when it is on thy neck!
To shake it off thou mayst not choose
Why sigh'st thou, then, and wilt not break?

To sob and sigh, were all in vain,
Since there is none that doth it reckon;
Alas! thou dost prolong thy pain:
Why sigh'st thou, thus, and wilt not break?

Then, in his sight, to move his heart,
Seek on thyself thyself to wreak;
That he may know thou sufferest smart:
Sigh, then, thy last, and therewith break!

The reader will be pleased with an example
or two of Wyatt's sententious and, picturesque
manner.

Throughout the world, though slightly sought,
Fair words enough a man may find;
Right cheap are they, their cost is naught:
But weigh their substance—they are wind!

The wanderer gadding in the summer-tide,
That finds an adder by his reckless foot,
Starts not dismay'd so suddenly aside,
As jealous despite did,
When she beheld me sitting by her side.

We occasionally fall upon stanzas of great
vigour of expression. He thus bursts forth in
one of his impassioned love ditties.

Resound my voice, ye woods that hear me plain,
Ye hills, and vales, and streams record my pain;
Ye hughy oaks roar loud unto the wind!
If every thing complaineth in its kind,
Then why, alas! doth she not rue on me?

In the following is a felicity of expression in
advance of the age in which Wyatt flourished.

How cruel to suspect without desert,
Making the eye a traitor to the heart!

Wyatt's Satires, or rather Moral Epistles, are
in a fine moralizing vein, full of sterling good
sense, condensed in happy rhyme. They will
be read with additional interest as coming from
the pen of a courtier, who had grown gray in
the ways of the world, and upon whose experi-
ence we may safely rely. We can afford but a
short specimen.

I grant of glory that sometimes the fire
Doth touch my heart, and honour I desire.
But how may I this honour now attain,
Who cannot act the hypocrite and liar?
My Poyntz, I cannot frame my tongue to feign,
To cloak the truth, or praise without desert,
Nor hold my tongue on them, although I smart.

I cannot crouch or kneel to sanction wrong,
To worship them as God on earth alone,
That are like wolves the silly lambs among.
I cannot with sad words complain, and moan,
And suffer naught; nor smart without complaint;
Nor turn the word that from my mouth is gone.
With look demure, I cannot act the saint,
Use wiles for wit, and make deceit a scoffery;
Nor call craft counsel, nor for profit pant.
I cannot wrest the law to fill the coffer,
With innocent blood to pamper myself fat,
And do most hurt, where most my help I offer.
I am not he that can allow the state
Of Cæsar, and yet Cato doom to die;
Who would not live when liberty was lost,
So did his heart the commonweal apply.
I am not he such eloquence to boast
To make the crow sing sweet as any swan;
Nor him that pines in hunger for curs'd gold,
An Alexander call; or say that Pan
Paseth Apollo in music manifold;
Nor praise Sir Thomas for a noble tale,
Yet scorn the story that the good knight told;
Praise him for counsel that is drunk with ale;
Grin when he laughs that beareth all the sway,
Frown when he frowns, and groan when he looks
pale;
None of these points could e'er win grace with me.

The following elegant "Farewell to his
Lute," will form the most appropriate conclu-
sion of our extracts from Wyatt.

My Lute, awake! perform my last
Labour that thou and I shall waste;
And end what I have now begun:
And when this song is sung and past,
My Lute, be still—for I have done.

As to be heard where ear is none,
As lead to grave on marble stone,
My song may pierce her heart as soon!
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan?
No, no, my Lute!—for I have done.

The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit, and my affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my Lute and I have done.

Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Loves shot,
By whom, unkind! thou hast them won,
Think not his bow he hath forgot,
Although my lute and I have done.

Vengeance shall fall on thy diadain,
That mak'st but game of earnest pain!
Think not, alone under the sun,
Unquit to cause thy lover's plain,
Although my Lute and I have done.

May chance thee lie withered and old,
In winter-nights that are so cold,
Plaining in vain unto the moon :

Thy wishes then dare not be told!
Care then who list—for I have done.

It then may chance thee to repent
The time that thou hast lost and spent,
To cause thy lover's sigh and swoon :
Then shalt thou know beauty but lent,
And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my Lute! this is the last
Labour that thou and I shall waste ;
And ended is what we begun,
Now is this song both sung and past;
My Lute, be still—for I have done !

Written for the Lady's Book.

ADOLPH BRUNER.

BY HORACE GREELEY.

MIDNIGHT—one; two; three; had been successively tolled by all the clocks of Gottingen; the most inveterate book-worms had forborne, for that night, the further prosecution of their studies—the hardiest revellers had reeled to their turbid slumbers—the solemn dullness of the most wakeful among the Professors had bowed to the invincible soporific of his own meditations. Nature and man were alike buried in darkness and repose; yet from a single window gleamed the taper of a student who seemed likely to outwatch the stars! Yet it was not study, nor gaming, nor dissipation, nor the last new romance, that thus had driven sleep from his eye-lids. Unheeding—immovable—unconscious even of himself and his loneliness—he sat in his narrow chamber, his face resting on his hand, and his eye, with intensest gaze, devouring vacancy, while the silence within and the war of elements without the scholastic pile he tenanted, were, alike with the books which seemed looking down from their shelves in wonder at his unwonted abstraction—as things which were not, or had never been.

Not that the abstraction of intense thoughtfulness was, of itself, so foreign to his nature and his habits. Adolph Bruner had been a dreamer from his infancy. Born to penury and rugged fortune, his life had been rendered endurable not less by its waking dreams than its stern exertions. From a child his thirst had been to Know—strengthened and deepened as the field of knowledge, attainable to human energy, opened wider and wider upon his mental vision, and a consciousness of the godlike ends to which its mastery may be rendered subservient, had possessed his whole moral being. Step by step had he won his way—aided by that good Providence which men irreverently miscall fortune—from the ignorance and destitution of his infancy to the higher sources of knowledge and instruction—to the most learned University of Germany. Here his career had been a brief but a brilliant one. Single-hearted, enthusiastic, and devoted—with no prospect in life but such as flowed from or interested themselves with his achievements as a scholar—his progress had been most rapid, and his deport-

ment such as to win for him the undisguised approbation of his superiors, and the admiration of his fellows. He had no enemies; for he interfered with the pursuits or aims of none, but the devoted followers of knowledge; and the true votary of science, though an ardent, is seldom an envious competitor for her honours. He struck out like a strong and bold swimmer into the great ocean of truth—as one to whom the very exertion is a pleasure, independent of the emerald islets which form the goal to which he is tending.

Yet now the thoughts of Adolph more impetuous and engrossing in their wild career, had found a channel far different from that which they had hitherto traversed. An incident had occurred the evening previous which threatened to influence the whole character of his after life.

Returning on that evening from his usual walk, in which he was accustomed to ramble wherever accident or fancy should suggest, he had been at first an involuntary spectator of, and ultimately a participator in, a scene not likely to be soon effaced from his memory. A young female—alone, and obviously a stranger to the city—was approaching it from abroad, and perplexed and bewildered by the darkness closing in upon her novel and unfriended condition, had addressed some natural inquiry to three of the most graceless of the young collegians, whom she happened to meet. The object of this inquiry and the character of the fair questioner it had suited those accosted to misunderstand; and, their insolence being repelled with indignation, they were fired to more unpardonable rudeness and insult.

"Those pretty lips shall answer for that impudence with a kiss," exclaimed the ringleader, "we will see if their sweetness is equal to their tartness," and, with a single spring, he had caught her so tightly in his arms, as to repress the shriek of mingled indignation and terror that rose to and died upon her lips.

Adolph stood for one moment rooted in amazement to the earth—for one moment only did his faculties forsake him, as he looked to see the ruffian hurled to the earth by his comrades,

and looked—shame to manhood that we should say it—in vain! They were evidently far more inclined to share in, than to punish the meditated outrage. The next instant, he had bounded with an exclamation of rage and horror into the midst of the group, and the infuriated villain felt himself hurled with lion strength from his victim and dashed to earth with the momentum of an oak of the forest. His comrades, with the coward instinct of guilt, had vanished amid the darkness; himself lay stunned and disabled, yet breathing heavily; yet all had passed so quickly that the terror-stricken maiden knew not how or why the grasp of violence had been torn from her sinking frame. Moments passed in silence which she dared not to break; its preservation restored and reassured her; she looked timidly upwards, and her eyes encountered the unmistakable gaze of purity and anxious tenderness.

"Lady! you are safe!—my life shall answer it!"

She heard; she doubted not; but the shuddering sensations of one terrible moment were not to be dissipated by a word, and neither the scene nor its associations were calculated to restore her to composure. She shrank not, but stood trembling and irresolute. Again he was compelled to break the silence.

"Your home—your friends—may I attend you?"

A burst of grief was the response; it seemed at first likely to destroy, but it restored her consciousness; and, at length, she answered calmly, though mournfully,

"I have no home—no friends!"

"Let me take you to one who will rejoice in being all to you;" was the answering entreaty of the student. The maiden looked but once again earnestly into his face; she caught once more that gaze of tenderness and truth. It was enough—she read there the assurance of which she stood so bitterly in need. Those could never be the eyes of a villain. She placed her arm undoubtingly in his; and a brief walk brought her beneath the sheltering roof of an humble friend of Adolph—an aged and lonely woman, whose industry ministered to her daily wants, whose benevolence and worth were the praise of all who knew her. She repressed her surprise at the appearance of the student so strangely (for him) attended; and welcomed both to her glowing hearth with unaffected cordiality. Adolph's explanation was soon given.

The story of the maiden was necessarily longer; for it glanced at the leading incidents of her past life. It was a sad, unromantic epitome of some of life's darker realities—a story of misfortune and suffering. Born in a distant village, in the humbler walks of society, Bertha Lindorf had been deprived in infancy of a father's protecting care, and left the sole charge of a widowed and friendless mother. That mother had shunned society since her great bereavement, and the daughter was brought up in comparative isolation from the world. She had never pined for society or its pleasures—she was hardly aware of their existence—a

mother's love was wholly hers, and that sufficed her. But at length their village was ravaged by an epidemic, and the mother was among the earliest of its victims! When Bertha awoke from the stupor of her immeasurable grief and despair, she found that all who might be expected to feel an interest in her fate had either fallen a prey to the destroyer or fled in terror from the vicinity. It needed not this to dispose her to abandon the scene of her misfortunes; but the urgent necessity for some change mainly contributed to arouse her from her deep despondency. Her only surviving relatives, a mother's sister and her family, lived at a considerable distance and in the vicinity of Göttingen; thither, as a dernier resort, she bore the burden of her sorrows. Judge, then, her consternation, when, on reaching the place, she was informed that her relatives had emigrated some weeks earlier to America, leaving her none to lean upon, whether of kindred or friends. She was now indeed, alone in the world. The meagre pittance which had been raised by her by the forced sale of her mother's scanty effects, was nearly exhausted; what remained would not suffice to transport her to the New World, even did she know whither to shape her course on seeking its shores—it would not even restore her to her native village, whither nothing wooed her but a rude and unmarked grave. She had arrived at the end of her sorrowing journey that very day, but to find new and most unexpected cause of grief; the house she had sought stood tenanted, and no rites of hospitality had been tendered her by its churlish and unheeding neighbours. Desolate and distracted, she had wandered in its vicinity until nightfall, half hoping in her deep despair, that Providence would restore to that deserted tenement those from whom alone she might look for a welcome and a home. The shadows of evening at length disturbed her aching reverie; a livelier sense of her lorn condition induced a keener anguish, but it was accompanied by a consciousness that shelter for the night, at least, must be sought forthwith. Those only who realize in all its force that but a few coins are between their condition and beggary, know how fiercely the soul recoils from passing the dreadful barrier. With a home and friends in the distance, she could have craved a night's sustenance without a pang; now the thought was torture. At any rate, she would not solicit it of those who should have offered it, but did not—far sooner of the utter stranger. She grasped the few coins that yet remained to her—they had not deserted her side—and turned with hasty, though weary steps toward the neighbouring city. The rest need not be recapitulated.

Adolph listened with soft attention to her simple narrative, and soon after commended the fair stranger to the rest she so much needed, and bade her and her hostess adieu till the morrow. By tacit agreement, the future was for that evening avoided. It needed not another glance into that dark abyss to fill the cup of Bertha's sorrows.

Adolph sought his apartment, but not, as we

have seen, to rest. To him, the remaining hours of darkness were neither few nor many; the heaviest footsteps of time would have pressed his burning brow unheeded. All that night a crowd of confused, unwonted fancies ran riot through his busy brain, dispossessing its former inmates, and asserting a new, yet potent dominion. Hundreds of times were the scenes of the past evening reacted before his mental vision; the villain's grasp, the maiden's terror, the stupor of one moment and the electric energy of the next—the ruffian's instant discomfiture and the maiden's fervent gratitude—her misfortunes, her youth, and her desolation, all in rapid succession were vividly presented to his mind's eye; and the chain of incident was but completed to be commenced anew. Occasionally, his bewildered fancy would wander into the future, to find itself instantly arrested and thrown back; and again it recommenced its measured round. He did not seek nor wish to conceal from himself the profound interest which he felt in the gentle being whom he had rescued from fearful violence; any one whose rescue from ruffian outrage it had been his fortune to achieve, would have thenceforth (he reasoned) been an object of deep solicitude. But it certainly did not weaken the interest he was constrained to feel, nor did it tend to tranquilize his perturbed spirit, that she who regarded and blessed him as her deliverer, was a maid of surpassing beauty—that her fervent gratitude was murmured from lips of rosiest fullness and yet more eloquently spoken from eyes of brightest lustre, even while suffused with richest pearls of tenderness and sorrow. In truth, long before morning dawned upon his rapt, unheeding senses, those eyes and accents had established themselves in the foreground of the picture on which his mental vision so unceasingly employed itself; and, ere he was startled into consciousness by the glare and din of day, his fancy had learned to dwell longer and with greater satisfaction on the fairy form of graceful though early womanhood, relating with downcast, swimming eyes, the tale of her privation and her sorrows, by the cottage hearth, than on the pinioned and terror-stricken stranger, vainly struggling for escape or for utterance in the grasp of daring villany.

The morning call of Adolph at the cottage was brief and constrained; for the first glance sufficed to show that to both rescuer and rescued the night had been a sleepless one. To the latter, indeed, how could it have been otherwise! Even could the shuddering remembrance of the past be lightly banished, how should she dismiss anxious, harrowing thoughts of the present and the future! An orphan among strangers, without friend or protector; but yesterday a child without care or sorrow, and now a lonely struggler against the necessities and the perils of a rugged world; without a hope or a prospect beyond food and shelter for a few hours or days—and this the boon of one whom her woman's delicacy taught her to regard, however pure and noble, as one of the last to whom she could bear to be indebted, even temporarily, for a maintenance—what wonder that

the night, which had been to Adolph one of novel sensation and strong mental excitement, had been to her one of deeper anxiety and darker apprehension? He had resolutely shunned the future; she was constrained, however hopelessly or uselessly, to keep its vague blackness ever before her eyes. To revert from these to the sorrows or terrors of the past, thence to be driven back again upon the bleak region of the unknown, afforded small relief; and the student, when at length he ventured to call upon his charge, was shocked by the pale and haggard expression which a night of suffering had imparted to her features, and could only implore her to strive to forget her cares in slumber for a few hours, before serious illness should be added to the full measure of her calamities. Not to be himself the cause of her noncompliance, he but waited to enjoin her in no case to abandon the shelter to which Providence had conducted her, until a better should be offered, and immediately took leave, promising to return again with the shades of evening.

That evening found each more composed, and Bertha more cheerful. The motherly kindness of her hostess had not been lost upon her; the assurance that at any rate she was no longer a houseless, friendless wanderer, in danger of perishing by famine, and in constant fear of insult and outrage, was not without its soothing influence; she had begun to hope, if not to realize, that He, who in His wisdom bereaves, may in His mercy comfort and bless. Each, since their last meeting, had bowed to the spell of "Nature's sweet restorer," and been refreshed by its influences. The maiden met her preserver at the door of the cot, with lively gratitude, if not with cheerfulness, and for a few moments their thoughts flowed in a corresponding channel. Soon, however, the effort to avoid the future became more and more apparent; the conversation flagged; at length it ceased. It became evident that the point to which the thoughts of both irresistibly tended could not be avoided in their words; the exertion was painful, and could be sustained but by unmeaning commonplace, or by emphatic silence. The pause was but for a few moments; it was broken by Adolph, who, deeming farther forbearance useless and unwise, frankly asked his charge if she had yet formed any plans for the future, and whether he would be allowed to assist in putting them in execution. A blush at the vivid recollection of her dependence, succeeded by a deadly paleness, and a sob of deepest intensity, constituted the response. She could not summon words to reply.

Adolph was pained, but not surprised. He felt the difficulties of her position as truly if not as keenly as the sensitive being by his side. But he felt also that any proffers of assistance, much more any protestations of devotion, which might have preceded this question, would have been still more embarrassing, beside seeming to be untimely and obtrusive, in view of her bereavement and desolation. Gently urging the subject as one of which necessity required the frank consideration, he forbore to aggravate her painful sense of dependence by assurances

that she would be most welcome to such a home as his means might provide her, so long as she chose to accept it at his hands. This was sufficiently understood, and needed not the empty parade of words. But when at length he had drawn her to speak of her plans and her hopes, he was startled and shocked in turn by their repulsive barrenness. In the simplicity of his heart, he had dreamed out for her some scheme of life not dissimilar to his own—a situation as teacher, governess, or, at the worst, in some of the more graceful and delicate mechanical employments of her sex, in which the immediate future could be passed tranquilly and soothingly, leaving a bright vista beyond, irradiated by Hope's vague but blissful gleamings. Alas! for none of these was the maiden fitly qualified! Her life had been passed in seclusion from society; the instruction her mother had been able to impart was meager indeed; and the student was not long in discovering that her crushed spirit dared aspire no higher than to some position in which she would be allowed to earn the bread of poverty by the unrelenting drudgery of menial toil—and even for this, neither her failing strength nor the gentle nature of her years of happiness was calculated to adapt her. She did not, for she could not, wholly disguise her repugnance to this mode of earning a livelihood—to the contumely, the tyranny, and the coarse revilings to which it must naturally subject her—but, poorly qualified as she was for this, she was still less qualified for any other employment; and she did not despair of attaining eventually to a skill in her humble vocation which, added to alacrity, docility, and unwearying industry, should ensure her the esteem and kindness of those with whom it should please an All-wise Providence to place her lot.

Adolph had heard this without betraying emotion. He had wished to know all before hazarding any proffers which might wound her feelings without necessity or profit. Now, however, his spirit was nerved to the issue to which it had long—numbering sensations not hours—been tending. He took her hand in his, while his frame trembled, and his voice came at first husky and choked with emotion:

"Dearest Bertha! be mine! be mine for ever! God has willed it! Let us not distrust His Providence! My home must be a humble one, but with you it will ever be a paradise! Poverty and want are the appointed lot of the scholar; but love can lighten the heaviest burden, and illumine the lowliest cot. Be mine! and my after life shall be one intense study to banish care and evil from your lot, until the past shall seem to your tranquil and blissful spirit but the phantom of a fearful dream!"

He checked his outpouring rhapsody, for a glance had shown him that the maiden was unconscious. Recovering from her swoon, she looked up to see Adolph still bending over her with looks of inexpressible anxiety and tenderness. She broke the silence, as soon as her strength permitted:

"My preserver! my only friend! I am yours! yours only! yours for ever! Heaven sent you to deliver me from a fate more horrible than

death: may its mercy have granted you to be my guide and my guardian through life! I am yours in all honour for ever!"

The remaining hours of that evening sped swiftly and blissfully away; and the lovers parted at midnight as only those part who are no longer twain but one. It was already settled that, though their nuptials should be deferred to the end of the collegiate year, in deference to his pursuits no less than to her sorrows, yet they were henceforth to have no interests nor thoughts but in common, and that no sense of dependence on her part should be permitted to mar their mutual happiness. The first intimation or betrayal of such a feeling was allowed to justify Adolph in pressing an immediate though necessarily secret union. Meantime, she would remain at the cottage, while Adolph prosecuted his studies to their completion, with permission to visit his affianced at intervals, and a promise that those visits should not at any rate become so frequent as to interfere with the ardent and faithful discharge of his responsibilities elsewhere.

Fair and gentle readers! You are looking forward with throbbing hearts and sparkling eyes to an after-life of joy and felicity—to a picture of entrancing domestic happiness, of deepest, holiest, most endearing wedded love! Alas! that it should be mine to break the spell which now steeps your warm fancies in a delicious but perilous elysium! A sterner and sadder truth it is mine to commend to your understanding, but for which this narrative had remained unwritten. Too much of the dangerous, the intoxicating elixir of romance has been instilled into your hearts already—I would not chill, yet I would sober and fortify them with the colder, truer lessons of reality.

Adolph resumed his studies with calmness and assiduity, if not with the enthusiasm of his earlier devotion; while Bertha divided her hours between the lessons commended to her by her lover and the work which, through the influence of her good hostess, she was enabled to obtain, and to which she clung with tenacity, in spite of every remonstrance. Idleness, in her position, would have been itself a torture, in addition to the sense of dependence, which could only be endured when escape from it was impossible; and perpetual study, in view of her habits of earlier life and her state of mind, was wholly impracticable. But she gave her best energies alike to book and toil; and Adolph had no reason to complain of her proficiency in the former, however he might have wished that the lessons which pertain to childhood had not been deferred to this period. Yet it was not long before the student began to feel a painful suspicion that all was not as it should be—to suspect and accuse himself of adoring his betrothed with less intensity than he ought.—Even before a single month of their engagement had passed, he had learned to feel far less than rapture in her presence—less than misery when absent from her side. His visits were neither frequent nor protracted; yet the con-

versation often flagged for want of topics of mutual appreciation and interest. The silence of a few moments was succeeded by a feeling of constraint—a feeling ever aggravated by its own consciousness. On the brink of a union with the beautiful and gentle being whom his heart had chosen from all the world as the sharer of its thoughts and sympathies no less than of its joys and sorrows, he experienced a disquiet and a foreboding which ill became an adoring and affianced lover.

Of course, these misgivings were not betrayed to the maiden, still less acknowledged to himself. Occasionally, a shadow crossed his mind, and was instantly repelled as if a suggestion of the Evil One. Meantime, the engagement, which he had hoped to keep a profound secret, became known, as might have been expected; and Adolph received the congratulations, real or affected, of his friends and fellows with a fearful taciturnity. He could have very well dispensed with them; but even the maliciously intended did not seem to him to rise to the dignity of an annoyance. It was with a different feeling, however, that he heard the subject opened to him by the venerable and kind Professor, who had been the Mentor of his collegiate course and the director of his studies.

"I hear you are to be married, my son?" was the well-meant interrogatory of the Professor, as soon as his greeting had been returned.

"You hear truly, I believe," said Adolph, colouring.

"And to a young, uneducated peasant girl, from a secluded hamlet, whom you have known but these two months?"

"Neither is that unlike the truth," was the cold response.

"Are you not about to commit a grave error?" was the still kind inquiry which succeeded, accompanied by a searching, though a paternal look.

"I believe I have arrived at what should be years of discretion," returned Adolph, in the same calm tone. "At any rate, the question comes too late to be profitably pondered."

The Professor bowed, with an air of unmoved kindness, to which a shade of sadness was added, as the answer was concluded. He glided away so noiselessly that when Adolph ceased to await his speaking, and looked up to commence an apology for the seeming rudeness of his last retort, he was surprised to find himself alone. But that brief conversation had opened imperatively the way to a torturing scrutiny of the hidden and fearful recesses of his own heart.

A new incident soon marked the progress of Bertha's for some time monotonous and tranquil life. A youth of her native village, Albert Korler by name, who had fled from the ravages of the pestilence which bereft her of her last remaining parent, had wandered to Gottingen, and, hearing that his former playmate had found there a residence, he sought and found her. The meeting was to her one of lively pleasure, though the memory of former joys and sorrows eventually gave to this and their succeeding

interviews a more pensive interest. To him, alas! that meeting was one of mingled rapture and despair. He had loved her from early childhood—at first, with a boyish preference and admiration, which grew with adding years into the wild idolatry of a doating lover. No word of this had he betrayed to the object of his intense devotion; the youth of both, his own timidity, and her seclusion from all but her mother's society, had conspired to defer from day to day the avowal which he would have given worlds to be assured would be received with tenderness and favour. Still, as they casually met, he bent on her looks of affection which might have been a brother's, and was repaid with a kindness of manner which glowed for all. In the simplicity of her innocence and youth, she misinterpreted wholly the nature of his attentions. With no thought for herself which looked beyond the cottage in which she was born and the love it still held for her, she did not dream that other breasts might be agitated with gentle emotions of a far different order. But now, when she met him among strangers, after an interval most sad and eventful, she had grown wiser in the knowledge of the heart, and the truth flashed, though doubtfully, upon her. Albert was in no haste to confirm her suspicions. That he still loved her to distraction was mournfully true; but he had learned the story of her rescue and her betrothal, and he knew full well that he had no claim, no right, no hope to induce her to break her solemn troth. He dared not look forward to the future; but he could forbear to dash to earth the mingled but still delicious cup of the present. To hold daily communion with his adored; to recall with her the scenes and the beloved of other days; to revel in the light of those dear eyes; to thrill to the music of her voice and the magic of her smile, was bliss unutterable, from which an avowal of his hopeless passion must shut him out forever. He knew that Bertha could not reconcile it to her sense of honour, even were it consistent with her inclination, to continue on the eve of marriage an intimacy with a rejected but still aspiring lover. So long as he remained avowedly but a simple acquaintance and a friend of her childhood, she could not deny him her presence without implying all that, were it true, she would be most anxious to conceal. And thus he tottered on in the gloom of a fast deepening twilight, to find its only consummation in a night of blackest despair.

And Bertha, too, even she had learned in her inmost soul to fear if not to dread the great event of her life, now with rapid strides approaching. The intimate communion of months had taught her to respect still more the lofty character of Adolph, and to esteem his many virtues. Yet her spirit was awed rather than attracted by the greatness of his intellect, and the majesty of his contemplations. As a brother, she would have gladly soothed his hours of depression, and cheered him on to labours, of which she would know and seek to know only that their aim was worthy even of him. As a lover, she was chilled by a sense of his

superiority, and sat mute and constrained in his presence. How strange, how painful was the contrast between an evening shared with her lover, and one enjoyed with the admiring, simple-hearted friend of her childhood! With the former, the romance of her history had been exhausted on the first evening of their acquaintance; the romance of her affections on the second. Since then, not one new chord of sympathy had been struck between them—and what without sympathy is love! But when at length this contrast and these reflections *would* force themselves upon Bertha's attention, they only confirmed her the more strongly in what she deemed the path of duty. Had none such existed, she might have entreated a postponement of their swiftly approaching nuptials, on some plea connected with the state of her affections. But could she now ask her noble preserver and guardian angel to relinquish her plighted troth, and this on the express ground that she found greater pleasure in the society of another? She would abhor herself if capable of ingratitude and fickleness so monstrous. If she should sue for and obtain only a postponement of their union, would not that be certain to aggravate the evil—to increase the estrangement of her own heart, and the dangerous ascendancy of a now criminal infatuation? Her resolution was fixed; the intercourse between them continued calm and unbroken; and on the appointed day, with a mist before her eyes and a fire in her brain, Bertha Lindorf became the bride of Adolph Bruner.

Bertha had instinctively concealed from Albert the day of her nuptials—indeed, she had not trusted herself nor allowed him to speak of the matter at all—and when the thunderbolt fell, it announced that all was over. The marriage had been privately consummated, and the parties had immediately set off to visit the widowed mother of Adolph, living at a considerable distance from Gottingen. He heard this, and sought to hear no farther. A raging fever and delirium overcame him; and when his consciousness and health were restored, Bertha, in happy ignorance of his misfortunes and wondering at his sudden disappearance, had been for some time quietly settled in the discharge of her matronly duties, as the head of her husband's humble household.

But was she happy? Alas! how idle is the question! They who know not that wedded happiness can exist but with perfect love—a love born of mutual appreciation and profoundest sympathy—have yet to learn or to escape a fearful lesson! In the union of Adolph with Bertha, each had blindly looked to marriage to reconcile differences which its intimate relationship could only serve to display more prominently, and to supply deficiencies which it could but render more painful. The very devotion of Adolph to his engrossing pursuits, which in a lover she had regarded with pride, Bertha found in a husband to require an abstraction from and a neglect of the petty but still needful cares of daily life, and a habitual taciturnity. Her most urgent question often remained unanswered because unheeded; his

thoughts were wandering afar. Often did she desist from endeavours to fix his attention on some topic in which she also could feel and express an interest, and retire to her chamber to weep the tears of bitterness and despair. Her sky had now no gleam—her future no hope. She had doomed herself to bear the heavy curse of a life devoid of sympathy, and must reap as she had sown.

Adolph felt—at times acutely—that he had indeed committed “a grave mistake,” and that it was now truly too late to repent it. In the presence of his equals, he realized painfully her intellectual deficiencies and the hopelessness of now attempting to supply them. The differing currents of their thoughts refused to meet and mingle; could it be hoped that the stream of their mutual lives would flow on tranquilly and happily together? Every day seemed to increase Adolph's icy abstraction and add to the burden of Bertha's sorrows.

One evening Adolph was absent from his home, as was not unfrequently the case, when a rap at the door apprised Bertha of his supposed return. She opened, and Albert stood before her! “Do not spurn me, Bertha!” he implored, as with a shriek of surprise she had motioned to close the door; “I am very ill and wretched.” He need not have added this: that first intense wild gaze had revealed volumes to each distracted heart. Mechanically she turned and tottered to her fireside, and sank into a chair. Albert followed—he had wildly sought this meeting, determined to reveal and to know all. In hurried, broken accents, but with a firmness of purpose, he unfolded to her the dark picture of his blighted hopes, his crushed affections, his sufferings and his intense despair. Bertha could not summon words to command him to desist and leave her presence; for it seemed at that moment a needless cruelty to torture a heart-broken and frenzied man. He was interrupted but by bursting sobs which would not be repressed, and when he spoke of his delirium, his illness, his sufferings, which his attenuated frame and haggard countenance too well confirmed, she gave way to a torrent of bursting tears.

Another knock! what clouds of sophistry and self-deceit did it not serve to dispel! Bertha felt how criminal, how insane had been that interview, and how deep had been her guilt in listening passively to avowals of love from another beside her husband. Gladly would she have welcomed the bolt of death—she would even have met Adolph's cold gaze, and revealed all the truth. But Albert, enfeebled by severe illness as well as shattered in intellect by his great despair, had less fortitude or a deeper consciousness of wrong. “I cannot—will not meet him!” he exclaimed in agony; “let me fly!” She pointed to the door which led into the little garden in the rear of their little cottage, and in a moment he had rushed through it. Sick at heart and trembling in every fibre, Bertha unfastened the door at which her husband waited; she had neither strength nor courage to open it; and Adolph, who had fallen

into one of his habitual reveries, remained for some minutes without. Alas! when he did enter, his eye had a fearful brightness, and his voice, preternaturally calm, had a sternness which might well appal a bolder and a loftier spirit than that of the wretched being before him.

"Bertha!" and she started as the sepulchral sound fell upon her intent ear, "by a single act of folly, you have destroyed your future peace and mine. I was standing idly at the door but now, when my attention was attracted by a rushing noise in the garden. I looked, and saw the friend of your childhood whom you once introduced to me, fling himself madly from the enclosure and fly as if in terror. His flight was marked throughout by a band of reprobate students who happened to be passing, who saw me standing as if in waiting at the door, and who instantly set up a shout of merriment and derision. To-morrow your name will be the jest of every vile heart and scandalous tongue in Gottingen! How *could* you so distrust and mistake me as to deem me capable of vulgar suspicion—as to resort to this wretched and ruinous subterfuge to conceal from me the visit of one whom as your friend I would—"

He ceased, for she had fallen heavily and senseless on the floor. By the application of every restorative, she was at length awakened to consciousness, but not to the clear light of reason. Her mind wandered—the past and the present, the absent and the near, were blended in inextricable confusion—and Adolph could only understand that his presence was painful to her, and that she entreated him to retire and leave her to compose her troubled thoughts. He obeyed, but not without misgivings; slumber was out of the question, and he proceeded to his little study, and was soon immersed, as

far as it was possible at such a time even for him to be, in the perusal of a favourite volume. An hour passed—he found that he was but deceiving himself; the words burned and danced before his eyes, but no corresponding images were imprinted on his brain; he became alarmed at the profound silence maintained by Bertha; swiftly he revisited her apartment, but to find it vacant; he called, but received no answer. Slowly and in agony wore away the remaining hours of night; and morning dawned but to confirm his worst forebodings. Distracted, hopeless, and burning with shame and contrition, she had stolen noiselessly from the home which by a venial but fatal error she had disgraced, and rushed wildly to the neighbouring river; a plunge, a moment's struggle, a gurgling, choking sound, and all was over. A lowly grave in a secluded dell, a weeping willow and a humble stone, mark the earthly rest of the hapless victim of a rash, misguided union.

Adolph lived many years, though his hair was prematurely gray, and rose to eminence and away among those mighty minds which within a lifetime have elevated German literature from barbarism and contempt, to be the admiration and the light of the intellectual world. He was a stern and lonely man, on whose seclusion and its sorrows none ventured to intrude even their sympathy. His heart had known in one year its spring, its summer, its autumn, and thence was sealed in the iciness of winter for ever. Yet the poor had reason to bless God for many a timely succour of which they knew not the more immediate source; and when at length he was gathered to the rest which he had long tranquilly awaited, a people's tears and a stately monument proclaimed the usefulness and proud renown of a life embittered by one fatal error.

Written for the Lady's Book.

WHEN ARE WE HAPPY?

'Tis not when gems diffuse their rays,

When diamonds shed their light,

When we on radiant beauty gaze,

That sweetest joys unite;

'Tis not when regal pomp appears,

With dignity replete,

When all a star-like radiance wears,

That richest pleasures meet;

But 'tis when friendship's brightest gleam

Illumed life's dreary way,

When deep affection's warmest beam

Dispels the wintry day;

When kindred souls each other greet

With undisguised delight,

That all our dearest pleasures meet,

Our fondest hopes grow bright.

'Tis not when philosophic lore

With wonder chains the mind,

When earth unlocks her hidden store,

That greatest wealth we find;

But 'tis when tired of worldly dreams,

We turn one thought away,

To dwell on holy, heav'nly themes,

Which all of earth's outweigh.

'Tis when Religion's silver tone

Falls sweet upon the ear,

And lures the weary wand'rer home,

From sin, and doubt, and fear.

'Tis when by faith our eyes behold

The gift of pard'ning love,

The robe, the harp, the crown of gold,

Reserved for us above.

MELORA.

How difficult a thing it is to persuade a man to reason against his own interest, though he is convinced that equity is against him.

As the sun disdains not to give light to the smallest worm, so a virtuous prince protects the life of his meanest subject.

Written for the Lady's Book.

THE MARRIAGE OF STATE.

BY BORASMUS.

ALL Paris was alive with gaiety and rejoicing. From one extreme section of the city to the other, every palace, edifice and hovel, glared with dazzling illuminations. Shouts and acclamations filled the air in every quarter. Fireworks and bonfires were kindled at every corner of the streets, and the ponderous bells of all the cathedrals rung out peal after peal of loud and merry music. Barges and gondolas, resounding with music, and decorated with many a gorgeous banner, shot in every direction upon the surface of the sleeping Seine. There was dancing and banqueting within the walls of the ancient Louvre, lights sparkled at every window, sweet music floated among the bowers of its magnificent gardens, and joy alone reigned without a rival, her sway undisputed, and her fetters hugged without a murmur, by thousands of that nation which is ever *too* ready to rise up at every impulse in opposition to every thing bearing the least resemblance to tyranny and oppression.

The profligate favorite of Charles the First of England, the gay and dissipated Buckingham, attended by a gallant train of Knights and Nobles, the flower of Charles' court had arrived at the court of Louis Thirteenth of France, to consummate a state marriage between his royal master and the young and beautiful princess Henrietta, the idol of the court, the favorite of the people and the beloved by all who knew her. Anxious to receive the envoy of the Island Monarch with all the honors due to his rank, and character of the embassy, Louis welcomed him to France with heartfelt joy, and upon the first night of his arrival a grand court ball was given by the royal family, and to grace the splendid scene, the young and tender being, who by her marriage was to unite two rival powers in bonds of seemingly permanent peace and unity, in the midst of all the grace and beauty of the kingdom, shone forth like the brilliant star of Venus, seemingly brighter than reality by the contrast of the inferior orbs by which it is surrounded.

It was a gay and animated scene indeed. Beauty, grace and fashion thronged the hall; the eye revelled in brilliancy, wandering from face to face, from form to form, uncertain where to rest, now here, now there, until sated with the feast it was fain to turn away only to encounter fresh objects for its food, each rivalling the other in every charm which art and nature could bestow. Such was the court of France at the expiration of the first quarter of the seventeenth century.

Within the ball room, half hid by the ample folds of one of the crimson window hangings, two cavaliers stood gazing upon the restless, busy throng. Both by their dress and appearance were Englishmen, and apparently belonged to the gallant host which had accompanied

Buckingham to France. The first was one in whom it would seem all the graces had combined to create a beau ideal of perfect beauty and manliness. A bold and gallant bearing, a faultless form, and a perfect symmetry of features, handsome and without one single blemish, formed but the component parts of his person. A full and handsome court dress of crimson velvet was fitted with scrupulous nicety to his fair proportioned limbs, and a mantle of the same material but of a different color, sparkling with jewels, was thrown carelessly, yet gracefully upon his shoulders. His hair hung loose in long and clustering ringlets, its black raven dye agreeably contrasting with the pure, snow-white surface of his face and neck, and his eyes, a deep and piercing black, sparkled beneath their lids, reflecting back the gleaming lights with mirror-like accuracy. The other, with whom he was conversing, was attired in quite as magnificent suit, but his personal appearance fell far short of that of his companion.

The music ceased, and while the dancers, availing themselves of this opportunity, paused for a moment's rest, there was a movement among the throng at one extremity of the hall, the trumpet sent forth a loud and startling peal, and every eye was strained to discover the meaning of these symptoms. A moment more and, surrounded by her ladies, the young princess Henrietta, then in the bloom of female beauty and loveliness, moved slowly into the hall towards a raised throne placed opposite the entrance, canopied with gorgeous velvet hangings, and surmounted with the national emblems of France. Every eye rested upon her form as she passed between the crowd, every motion was noticed, as she returned the salutations of the company with such sweet winning grace, that when, after reaching the throne, the nobles exclaimed "Long live our Princess," not a voice withheld its hearty response.

"St. George to the rescue," whispered one of the two cavaliers who were standing by the window hanging. "By my knighthood Buck, you have lost your wager and must confess yourself vanquished."

"Willingly," responded the handsome foreigner, while his animated eyes rested full upon the faultless symmetry of the Princess' features, with the bold and daring gaze of a practiced libertine, "right willingly do I surrender without terms. I have lost my wager, but I have gained what will prove of such value that I would now give ten such gewgaws without reluctance, could I be assured that I shall succeed in a plan which my mind has but this instant conceived."

"How—what mean you Buckingham?" said the other with somewhat of a more serious

manner, as he received a bright brooch of diamonds from the hands of his companion. "Surely you cannot be so mad as to dare to raise your thoughts to yonder beautiful creature."

"And why dare I not, William Locksler," replied Buckingham with a contemptuous curl of the lip. "Was there ever an adventure in which I was concerned, that I was deterred from pursuing through fear?"

"Nay, nay, Buck, lay aside that frown and haughty inclination of the head," said Locksler, laying his hand familiarly upon the arm, "you know that the sword of Locksler is as your own, and therefore will always back you in intrigue or adventure. I deny not that you are a perfect Adonis and well calculated by fortune and appearance to succeed in any thing of the kind you undertake, but with all these qualifications to aid you, I deny that you will ever conquer the future wife of Charles of England."

"William of Locksler," said Buckingham, "were you not my sworn friend, I'd give you back the lie, and dare you to the lists, but as it is, I'll fight you with more peaceable weapons. Ten thousand crowns against that brooch which you have just gained from me I'll wager, I'll make love to the Princess Henrietta and succeed. Within the month, before we reach the shores of Britain, she shall tell me that her heart is mine alone, aye! and your own ears shall bear witness to the tale."

"Done!" exclaimed Locksler, with such startling earnestness, that it reached the ears of Henrietta herself. Instantly she directed her eyes toward the window, but owing to the continually passing to and fro of the company, she was unable to distinguish who had so far forgotten the time and place as to speak out so loud.

"Hush, Locksler," whispered Buckingham, "see you not that we are noticed. Stay where you are, and you will see the first lesson."

"One moment," said Locksler. "Beware of Richelieu!"

"And what of him?" demanded Buckingham hastily.

"He it was who opposed the union of Charles and Henrietta, and you he watches with all the jealousy of an inquisitor."

"A priest, a prating papist as ugly as Satan and as old as your grandsire," replied Buckingham with a smile of derision.

"Yet so it is," said Locksler. "It is thought by many that he has aspired to the Princess' hand. You know his power."

"And fear him not," was the answer. "By my glove but I'm in the mood to make him a confidant in this love affair, that my laurels may be more valued if I win. I would like to baffle the canting hypocrite."

"And if you do you sign your death warrant," said Locksler; "the Bastile has dungeons, and the Cardinal lacks not creatures to strike a dagger's blow at his bidding."

"True," responded Buckingham, and then added with a smile, "A pretty rival to Buckingham, well! win her who can."

As he said this he left his companion, and

with a graceful step moved across the room to the throne.

"Ah! my truant Englishman," said Louis, who was standing near the throne. "Welcome again. I had thought you had forgotten the object of your mission, by your absence. By St. Denis I gave not my subjects the credit of being able to entice you with their revels from our court beauties."

"Please your majesty, I will exonerate your subjects from such a charge, for scarce a Parisian have I spoken to since my arrival," said Buckingham; and then turning to the Princess, said with ready gallantry, "Fair lady Henrietta I greet you, and wish that the remainder of your life may be as pleasant and happy as the present moment. May no dark cloud of sorrow ever throw its shadow over your now apparently happy destiny. And all the happiness which an Englishman can wish you, I pray may be yours now and for ever."

Henrietta slightly inclined her head when Buckingham ceased speaking, and raising her eyes, encountered his, fixed in admiration upon her face. With a deep blush, she turned her head hastily away, and pretended to be deeply engaged in conversation with a lady at her side.

"Troth Cousin," said Louis to her, "a pretty speech, indeed. I marvel greatly that you can appear so unconcerned. I would that Richelieu were here, he might borrow the style to use when he wishes to address the councils for money."

"What would you of Richelieu?" said a deep toned voice at his ear.

"Nothing," replied Louis, vexed that the subject of his wish was really so near.

"Indeed," said Richelieu, "why then wished you him here. Ah! my Lord Duke of Buckingham."

"Cardinal de Richelieu."

"Welcome to France."

The Englishman stiffly bowed, their eyes met, and for a moment they gazed steadily at each other; but not in amity. Within that moment, glances of hate, jealousy, and any thing but good will and fellowship were exchanged; volumes and volumes could not have expressed their feelings half as well.

"Dearest lady," said Buckingham in a low tone to Henrietta, "may an humble satellite to your sun venture to request the pleasure of your hand in the next dance?"

With a smile of pleasure she placed her hand within his, and suffered him to lead out where parties were preparing for the waltz. Buckingham, with a gleam of triumph in his eyes, turned them to where he had left Richelieu standing, but he and Louis had left the room. The next moment the bands rolled out their music, and countless forms were whirling, and whirling giddily over the floor.

It was past midnight. One by one the company had withdrawn from the splendid saloon, and its fretted ceiling had ceased to echo the merry music and the dancers' steps. The brilliant lights were waxing low, and the now deserted room seemed still more silent when con-

trasted with the busy life which it had a few hours previous contained. But there was one object which came in, to relieve the death-like monotony of the scene. Close to the base of the temporary throne, a single figure leaned against the prop which supported the canopy. It was Buckingham, but not the same who a few hours before had been the gayest of the gay. There was an expression of serious, unfeigned sadness mingled with his handsome features, and by his abstracted manner he was evidently deep lost in thought. His long hair was brushed aside, his satin cap sparkling with jewels, had fallen unnoticed at his feet; and his whole appearance would hardly have been sufficient to identify him with the bold and gallant Englishman. The minutes passed swiftly by as he stood motionless by the throne; the knell of two departed hours, rung unheeded in his ears; all, every thing was forgotten in one absorbing thought, and that thought with all the fire and intensity of love, concentrated upon the charms and winning graces of the youthful, beauteous Henrietta. A low musical voice, which sent every drop of blood tingling with emotion to his brain, interrupted his musing dreams.

"I crave your pardon, my lord, but I have lost a bracelet, one which I value highly, less for its intrinsic value than for being associated with a past epoch in my life, and thinking to meet no one here, I have come alone, hoping to find it ere I sleep."

Buckingham moved not a muscle while the voice was speaking, fearful of losing the slightest sound, but as it ceased, he turned his head and saw the object of his thoughts at his side.

"Blessed be the loss," said Buckingham, sinking upon one knee and impressing a fervent kiss upon her hand. "The capricious dame of fortune has smiled upon me. Thanks to the moment in which you lost your bracelet, for to that do I owe the happiness of again meeting with the fairest of Europe's courts. Dear lady, all France shall be searched for materials for another bracelet, and he who shall make one to match that which you have lost, shall for the remainder of his life roll in wealth."

"Duke, I pray you cease," replied Henrietta, embarrassed by this unexpected interview with Buckingham—"I cannot—will not listen to such language. If you know aught of my missing bracelet, restore it to me and receive my thanks. If not, release my hand, and I'll rid you of my presence."

"Dearest lady, I pray you forgive me," replied Buckingham, still retaining his position—"if by hasty actions I have wounded your gentle sense of propriety, pray you pardon me, for it was unfeigned."

"If your penitence be real, sir," answered Henrietta, "let go my hand, and suffer me to return to my apartment."

"Lady," said Buckingham, rising, "I beseech you grant me a few moments' conversation, I have much to say to you."

Henrietta made no answer, and Buckingham construing her silence into an affirmative reply, boldly passed his arm round her waist, and

drew her unresisting form toward the spot whereon he had made the wager with Locksler. Drawing the curtains down so as to shut out the sight of every thing in the room, he raised the window, and they passed out into the balcony. It was a beautiful mid-summer's night. The silvery moon, cast her beams of pale clear lustre upon the sleeping city. Not a breath rustled the air, and save the cry of some distant sentinel, or the heavy tramp of the patrol, not a sound broke upon the stillness of the night. At their feet lay the broad garden of the palace, its massy trees, entwined together by their upper branches, forming a leafy barrier, impenetrable to the eye. Beyond, rows and rows of roofs, chimnies, and spires met their gaze, here and there relieved by some aspiring cathedral, or stately palace. Lights still glimmered in various sections, and occasionally a barge would shoot up and down the Seine, and moving across the moonlight be brought in bold relief against the gilded water, then darting into the shadow of the bank, be lost in the gloom; then the voice of some reveller, as returning to his home from his midnight carousal, he trolled out the burden of some bacchanalian catch, was borne to their ears; and then silence would again assume its sway, till broken by the returning footsteps of the patrol.

For several minutes the two continued to gaze upon the sleeping gloom beneath them, without exchanging a syllable. "The night waxes late," at length exclaimed Henrietta, as the clock of a neighbouring cathedral struck another hour—"if you have aught to say to me, speak quickly and let me leave you. For think you, sir, what would the scandal of the court report, were it known to-morrow that the Princess Henrietta met the envoy of her husband upon the balcony of the Louvre alone, at an hour when sleep only should have been her companion!"

"Let scandal if it dares, raise its voice," replied Buckingham, fiercely—"if the voice of calumny dares but to breathe the softest whisper against thy fair name, lady, the sword of not only Buckingham, but of every one of his suite, shall spring from its sheath to give it back the lie."

Henrietta turned her beaming eyes upon him as he spoke, and suffered him to take her hand and press it to his lips; but instantly, without any apparent cause, she snatched it hastily away, and her whole countenance assumed an expression of agitation and alarm.

"Let me go," she said, struggling to free herself, for with daring temerity he had encircled her form with his arms—"let me go, instantly, sir, or I'll call to the guard."

"Henrietta—dear Henrietta, why this agitation—what has happened?" exclaimed Buckingham.

"I thought I heard a footstep—nay, I am sure of it," answered Henrietta—"but were it not so, I must not and will not stay longer with you."

Buckingham threw back the curtain, and with quick searching glances looked about the room. Satisfied, however, that it contained no

listener, he again dropped it, and turned to the Princess, who had not moved from the spot.

"Your ears were treacherous, lady, 'twas but fancy," said he. "Had I found an eaves-dropper, the lightning would not have been quicker than would my sword to have purchased his silence for ever."

"Heaven be thanked that there was no witness to my imprudence," said Henrietta. "Nay, sir, you clasp not my waist again; at your peril touch me—"

"Sweet lady," interrupted Buckingham, "our English tongues are but little skilled in the use of weapons of flattery. Had I addressed you with honied words of love and adoration, I should undoubtedly have found a ready listener. Lady, I would have spoken of Charles and of England, of your future home and him who rules it."

"Say on, I will listen," said Henrietta, dropping the curtain, and folding her arms, "and although much may I be blamed, yet Heaven knows I mean no wrong. You spoke of Charles."

"I did, dear Henrietta, for such will you ever be to me. He loves you with all the fire of an ardent passion."

"I doubt it not," was the reply; "and yet," she added, with a smile, "methinks he must be fashioned after the pattern of the lovers which we read of in olden time. He must have fallen in love with a miniature, for never, to my knowledge, has he seen or spoken to me."

"Your pardon, lady," interrupted Buckingham. "He has both seen and spoken to you."

"When—where—"

"Saw you ever this," said he, placing a small box in her hands. Henrietta opened it, and drew forth a richly chased ring decorated with a single bright and dazzling diamond.

"It was mine once, and whom did I give it to?" replied she, endeavouring to recall to her mind some past event.

"Have you forgot lady—a summer's day—the Seine—the—sinking of a royal barque—the—"

"I remember—all—all," interrupted Henrietta, "I gave that ring to the esquire of a knight, who saved me from death by drowning when our boat was upset on a pleasure party, through the ignorance of the helmsman. Yes, it is all as plain as though not a day had elapsed since that fearful moment, I was saved from death by a gallant esquire, and to him I gave that ring as a slight token of my eternal gratitude."

"Who were that knight and esquire?"

"They were both unknown. They came to our court in quest of an adventure, and departed as they came, unknown to any one."

"Henrietta," said Buckingham, "I was that esquire."

"And the knight was——" demanded she.

"Prince Charles of England. He was betrothed by the cruel policy of crowned heads, to the Infanta of Spain. He had never seen her, and in an hour of dissipation, I proposed an excursion to Madrid. Fired with the spirit of adventure, he at once entered into my plans.

His father's consent was wrung unwillingly from him, and we set forth, he as a knight and I as his esquire. We passed through France, stopping a few days in Paris. There, one night, secure in our disguises, we attended a court ball."

"True—true, well do I recollect that night," interrupted Henrietta.

"There, lady," continued Buckingham, "he first saw you, and from that night, the Infanta was banished from his thoughts, and in her place, your image, and yours alone reigned with undisputed sway."

"And well shall he be requited," said Henrietta. "From this time Charles, shall you alone be uppermost in my thoughts. Before, our hands alone have been betrothed, now shall our hearts be united."

"Henrietta, I beseech you say not so," interrupted Buckingham—"Charles may prove unfaithful!"

"Heaven avert that," answered Henrietta.

"Dearest, adored lady," said Buckingham, "hear me but once more—I love you."

As if a serpent had stung her, she sprang from him, and pushing aside the curtain, darted into the room. One single scream she uttered, and then fell senseless back into the arms of Buckingham; for as she suddenly lifted the curtain, there, immediately before her, so near that he must have heard every word which had passed between her and Buckingham, stood the Cardinal de Richelieu.

"What have you seen—what have you heard?" demanded Buckingham, supporting with one arm the senseless form of the Princess, and pointing his sword at the breast of the Cardinal, "speak quickly, or you die."

"I answer no questions, Duke of Buckingham, with a sword at my breast," replied the Cardinal, haughtily—"take away your weapon, and if you speak me fair, I will not be backward to reply."

"What have you learned?" said Buckingham, lowering his sword as he was directed.

"Enough to convince me that the princess Henrietta is all virtue could desire, but that you—scowl if you please, remember I rule France, and therefore fear you not—you, abusing the easy confidence of your royal master, have dared to raise your thoughts to the hand and heart of the idol of the court of France."

"And why should I not," said Buckingham, boldly, perceiving that it was useless to dissemble to Richelieu.

"Why should you not?" repeated Richelieu in surprise—"mate the vulture and the dove, and then the union of Buckingham and Henrietta may be possible. But see, the Princess revives."

As the Cardinal spoke, he wrapped his mantle hastily about his head, and withdrew from the room before the Princess had recovered sufficiently to notice the act; pausing for a moment at the door, he raised his finger in a warning attitude to the nobleman, who replied only with a contemptuous smile, and the next moment the sound of his footsteps died away in the corridor. With a deep drawn sigh, Hen-

rietta opened her drooping eyelids, and with a slight exclamation of surprise at finding herself in the arms of Buckingham, she commanded him to release his hold. "Where is he?" demanded she—"not a moment ago, on this very spot my eyes encountered his scowling visage. Let me go, sir, instantly. Desist instantly, or you shall repent your actions."

"Beauteous Henrietta," replied Buckingham, drawing her shrinking form closer to his bosom, and imprinting an impassioned kiss upon her ruby lips, "forgive me if I have been too bold, and let the torrent of untractable love plead my excuse. Sweet lady, behold me at your feet, conquered by yourself, and bound with chains never to be broken. In my own land, lady, my eyes have rested upon crowds of beauty, rank and fashion, who have left no arts untried to bring my stubborn heart in humility to the shrine of love; but among them all never have I found one to equal you. Never, in all the courts and kingdoms wherein I have set my feet, has any crossed my path who could have awakened those emotions in my bosom which you have inspired. Yes, lady, I had deemed a pure and ardent affection but a vain delusion of the brain, a vague chimera, until you first struck the chord, and opened my eyes to the knowledge of myself."

Buckingham paused, and Henrietta, uncertain what answer to return, suffered him to retain her hand, and for a moment the two remained in a position which might well have awakened the fears and jealousy of Richelieu, had he witnessed the scene. Erect in the majesty of female loveliness stood the tender Princess, seemingly an inhabitant of a brighter world than this, and kneeling at her feet, forgetful of every thing in the enchantment of the moment, the form of the noble Englishman in all the grace and maturity of manliness, bowed in allegiance at the altar of beauty.

"Duke of Buckingham," at length she replied slowly, "I doubt not the sincerity of your protestations, but I fear" —

"Fear what, dearest," interrupted Buckingham, impatiently—"why need you fear any thing? Say but that you will return your love for mine—say but that you will be my bride, and against all the world, with but my sword and buckler only for my aids, will I maintain your fame. Oh! dear lady, promise me only that you will be mine, and Charles himself shall not tear you from me. Together we will seek some fairy-like secluded spot, and forgetful of all the world, we will sip of the fount of love, free from all sorrow and care. Blissfully will pass the remainder of our lives, uncheeked by a single cloud."

"I will confess my weakness," was the soft reply, "but it shall not conquer me. Had you but told me this a few months since, I would have asked for no greater worldly happiness than to have become the wife of the Duke of Buckingham; but now I am betrothed to another, and my promise must not be retracted. Never shall it be said that Henrietta of France broke her plighted faith. Charles, yours only will I be in this life, and pray heaven give me strength

to school my heart to the strict performance of its duty. Buckingham, my momentary failing has passed away, and duty takes its place. As an affectionate friend ever will I regard you, more I must never be to you. Forget what has passed between us this night. Seek a more worthy object for your affections, and in her society, cease to think of one whose wishes will ever be for your prosperity. Farewell, forget me and be happy."

Withdrawing her hand from his, she turned away; and it was with secret pleasure that Buckingham caught a glimpse of sparkling tear drops beneath her eyelids. Rising to his feet, he bowed respectfully; and as the door closed upon her receding figure, buried his face in his mantle, and leaned his head against the wall.

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Time, when wasted on the breezes of pleasure, rolls swiftly on. Days, weeks, and months follow each other in quick succession. Events tread rapidly upon each other's footsteps, and the shadow of to-day has scarcely thrown his vision on our minds, ere it passes into the eternity of yesterday; and the forerunner of to-morrow is plainly seen in the distance advancing onward with gigantic strides. So it is in life. In infancy we imagine we shall never reach the grey hairs of wisdom, and time is chided for its dilatory movements. We long for experience, and forget the pleasure of the moment in the fond anticipation of the future. Hope cheers us on with visions too blissful to be real, we picture bright happiness in after years, anticipating delights in time to come, which too frequently are never realized. But, alas! how often does age cause us to sigh and sigh again for the futility of early hopes. Swiftly passed the days allotted for the visit of the embassy to the court of France. The cup of pleasure was drained to the dregs. Dissipation and debauchery were sated with the multitude of their victims, and when the time drew near for the departure of their princess Henrietta for a foreign home, not one wished the visit prolonged, but each looked forward to the day of leave-taking as the messenger of relief.

It was the Sabbath morning; but, oh! how unlike the quiet Sunday morning which dawns in peace upon the hills and valleys of our own fair land. No church-going bells awaked the echoes of the city. The haughty cathedrals did indeed send forth loud and prolonged peals from their spires, but not to welcome in the Saviour's day. The ensigns of France tossed their proud emblems in the air from every roof and spire; drums and trumpets rolled out their startling sounds; shouts and huzzas from thousands and thousands rose up to increase the din, and joy was demonstrated in every action. On that morning, Charles the First of England espoused by proxy the Princess Henrietta of France.

Immediately after the marriage had been solemnized, preparations were made for the departure of the embassy. A goodly cavalcade composed of the flower of the court of France, stood ready at the gates of the Louvre palace

to escort the nuptial party to the seaport from which they were to embark for England. The sun was not many hours high, when the goodly company swept through the gates and accompanied by multitudes of citizens, in the midst of shouting and cheering, the clanging of bells and the rattling of drums, bade adieu to Paris, and exchanged the pleasures in which for a short time they had revelled to satiety, for the anticipation of the more real delights of home. The first of the cavalcade was the French escort commanded by a gallant nobleman, Count Hugh, of Cleaves; then a small body of English horsemen followed by the bridal party and the remainder of Buckingham's suite bringing up the rear. Upon an ambling palfrey, arrayed in a robe of virgin white, rode the lovely bride, still more beautiful from the excitement of the scene. By her side rode her *pro tem.* husband, the accomplished Buckingham, as gay and frivolous as when a few weeks previous he had left his royal master's court to conduct to him the being for whose sake he had relinquished the Infanta of Spain.

"Lady, have you no regret at leaving the home wherein you have passed your early days," said Buckingham, first breaking silence as Paris was lost in the distance.

"Many and many a tear have I dropped within a few hours," replied Henrietta, even then brushing away a pearly drop which had started unbidden to her eye. "But what avails it. I go to him who has sworn before heaven to love and cherish me through life."

Buckingham made no reply, but suffered her palfrey to proceed a few feet in advance while he turned to speak to Locksler.

"You must give up, Buckingham," said he "and confess you have lost your wager. The Princess cares no more for you than Richelieu."

"Hush," interrupted Buckingham, "my time is not yet out. Before it expires, if I do not convince you that I have gained the bet, set me down as one unskilled in the arts of love. Was Richelieu present at the ceremony this morning?"

"He was."

"I saw him not."

"Quite likely he was behind those window curtains," replied Locksler with a smile, "those curtains—you know, which"

"Locksler," demanded Buckingham, "know you what passed that night of the ball?"

"Every thing but the conversation between you and the Princess. After the ball was over I returned to the room in quest of you. As I entered one door, Henrietta came in at the other. Unperceived I hid myself. I saw you draw her to the balcony and put down the curtain. The Cardinal came stealthily in to listen, I suppose, and my sword came half out of my sheath, while I for a moment meditated trying an experiment to see how English steel would go through French flesh and blood."

"Had you done it," said Buckingham earnestly, "you would have rolled in wealth for the rest of your life. Why did you hesitate?"

"Because I was afraid the old sinner might

die hard, and in his struggles I might have been detected. I heard your voices whispering, though I could not distinguish your words, saw the lady run from you, heard her scream, and your conversation with the Cardinal, and then, for fear I should be detected, took the wisest course and beat a retreat."

At sunset the embassy embarked on board the fleet which was waiting for them. As they took leave of their escort, Count Cleaves slipped a small scrap of paper into the hands of Henrietta, unperceived by Buckingham, and then giving a shout for England and France, retraced his steps to Paris.

With a fair and steady breeze, the ships stood out to sea, and by dark were well off the coast; as night set in, the glittering stars, one by one peeped out from the sky, and then the bright and radiant moon bursting through her thin gauze-like curtain of clouds, threw a rich flood of unveiled light upon the bosom of the rolling deep. Upon the quarter deck of the leading barque, enjoying the beauty of the scene, stood Buckingham and the Princess, and a little in the rear, hid, however, by the shadow of the sails, was the boon companion of Buckingham, Locksler.

"A lovely night," said Henrietta breaking silence; "see where the moon is reflected in a bright, golden column on the water. Have you ever such scenes upon your Thames?"

"Often, Lady, often."

"I shall learn to love it then, for it will remind me of my own home and the sparkling Seine."

"Henrietta," said Buckingham in a low tone.

She turned her head to catch his words.

"Be not offended if I tell you once again that I love you."

"Duke," said Henrietta, "I bid you never speak to me upon that subject again."

"Yet you once told me you could have returned my love."

"I did, and ah! my heart will not let me now deny it," said she.

"Enough. In a few hours you will meet your husband, and then I shall be forgotten. I love you devotedly, and grant me one request, and I'll never trouble you more."

"And that request is——"

"This." As he spoke he encircled her waist with his arm, and kissed her lips. Startled, she burst from him, and fled toward the cabin.

"Bravo," said Locksler. "You've won the wager."

Henrietta turned and fixed her eyes full upon Buckingham, then drawing the paper which the Count of Cleaves had given her from her bosom, she read it by the light of the moon. For a moment she stood in silence, then giving the paper to Buckingham, with all the dignity of insulted woman, passed into the cabin. Buckingham glanced over it. It was a full account of the wager, in the writing of Richelieu. From that moment he vowed revenge against the Cardinal; and when shortly after his arrival in England, war was declared against France, not a few attributed it to the influence which he possessed over the mind of his master.

Boston, 1839.

Written for the Lady's Book.

MIDSUMMER HOLIDAYS.

BY THE REV. C. H. ALDEN.

MANY of the readers of the Lady's Book are not insensible to the luxury of the anticipation, the enjoyment, and the retrospection of these needful respites from the toils and anxieties of a Teacher's life. To the school girl, how sunny and benignant are they! She to whom devotion to study is irksome, and who has not yet dreamed of the pleasures of mental occupation, hails these halcyon days with that Sancho-like joy which promises all the imagined satisfaction of passivity and indolence. She whose eyes shine less lustrously to the mere admirer of external beauty, and whose cheek has less of the rose than of the lily, welcomes also this period of relaxation, necessary to amend the waste occasioned by intensely excited energies, and to restore the healthful equipoise of mind and body. Nor is the care-worn teacher very reluctant to escape for a time both the pleasures and annoyances of the school-room, and allow free scope to thought and feeling and chance enjoyment. Confined for ten long months to the pent up city; sating his very soul with the prospect of brick walls, marble porticos, and rectangular streets; enjoying all the successive, rapturous melody of music grinders, fruit vendors, dray and carriage rattling, to say nothing of the soprano tones of our night watchers (!), nor what in consistency should have been mentioned first, the commingled variety of smiling and pouting faces; sweet and jejune accents; intelligence and stupidity; docility and unteachableness; beauty and so-so-ness; confidence and suspicion; loveliness and *je ne sais quoi*, which constitute the distance, the foreground, and the filling up of the every-day picture of a professor's life;—I say, confined for ten months to such scenes, who could not relish a little other "spice of life!" The young man will, for many and perhaps for particular reasons. One, like myself, in "the sear and yellow leaf," will not positively refuse to do so, though to him nature may have lost some of her most thrilling poetry, and though many of his once favourite haunts may give rise to emotions in which the painful may have the preponderance.

Still, even to such an one, this season of leisure is a blessed relief. Though the sky seem not quite so brilliant as in his youth, and the cloud-sustaining mountains have less of grandeur than formerly; though the river glasses less enchantingly the vault of blue above, and the foliage of its margin; all is in keeping with the mellowness of his years, and pleasingly so. He blends better than he once could, the sublimity and beauty of external nature with the richer and purer sentiments of moral grandeur and loveliness; and he finds, with less excitement, it may be, but with more intelligence than in the days of his youth,

—"tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

With such advantages of age and experience, with a relish for that enjoyment which nature at this luxuriant season every where proffers to

the contemplative, and with an habitual fondness to contribute to the intellectual and moral happiness of the young, I left our beautiful city with some less than a dozen of my most intelligent pupils on a trip to the East and North.

Who, patient reader, could stop, with a vivid remembrance of a day in July, the mercury at 90°, to speak of the pleasures of an omnibus ride to Willow street; or to describe the semi-daily scene at a depot where scores of trunks and some hundreds of passengers are huddled together so unclassically, and in a space where fifty individuals can scarce stand with comfort, that the probability of losing one's baggage, one's friends and one's self is fearfully alarming? Nor is it needful to tell of the balmy zephyrs, so grateful to our fevered frames; or of the enchanting loveliness of nature's face; or of the luxury of a locomotive transit to New York. Nor pertinent is it, except to youthful curiosity, to give a portraiture of my interesting protegées. Who in the crowds that thronged our train of cars would have felt an interest in that fair, sylph-like form, whose brows were so recently and so gracefully encircled with the coronal of May, and whose eyes sparkle with tokens of enjoyment as she gazes on the pleasing variety of woodlands and cultivated fields, of multicaulis orchards, and tasteful gardens; nor are her thoughts diverted from a comparison of these with the more luxuriant and flowery scenery of her own Tennessee. Need I allude to the one at her side more *em-bon-point*, and no less fair, whose absence from the school-room gives no intimation that she has less relish for the pleasures of knowledge and reflection. The absorbing interest she evinces in the subject matter of a favourite author, annihilates apparently all thoughts of the scenes that pass us with such fearful rapidity. If for an instant she glances at the fleeting images around, she finds, it may be, but little satisfaction, contrasted with the exciting scenery of her own mountain-green. Or of that taller and equally fair one, who with tablets in hand contemplates with an artist's eye each hill and dale, and copse and grove, and dreams, one might fancy, of sunnier spots in her own Virgin state. Of these, and of the rest whose cicerone I was, I shall say nothing by way of portraiture. As to conversation, who but the trumpet-tongued ever attempted it! We therefore, looked and admired, thought and enjoyed, read and reflected as fancy dictated.

And New York, too, saying always the picturesque harbour, and its health inspiring breezes, gives no delightful relief to a Philadelphian, with the arid grass and foliage of the Battery and the Park. We had, however, to boast of a warm prospect of a brick church from the drawing room of our hotel; and in the dinner room, we found an atmosphere whose temperature marvellously vied with that of the well-selected and abundant viands on the table. But the passage up the East River and the Sound

of such an evening and night! The spirits of wrath seemed let loose in every portion of the horizon, while the sky above was scarcely chequered by a single cloud, to interrupt the silencing of the waters from the meridian moon.

Grouping on the promenade deck, with a few young friends whom chance had brought thither, we sat till the noon of night, in friendly chat, alternately pensive and innocently gay; and loth to part even at so late an hour. Let silence suppress the story of the remainder of the passage to Newport. Others may tell of the pleasures of a storm, and of that concomitant pleasure, sea-sickness; I will not. Suffice it that we were hurried on shore with somewhat less attention to our toilette than is requisite for the drawing room; and that an early hour found us in comfortable preparation for a tasteful breakfast with mine host of Bellevue.

In one of the most delightful drives our country affords along the beach whose surges, roused by the last night's storm, vividly reminded us of our favourite Cape May, and which had invited numerous parties to admire and to "sport with the waves wild play:"—to Purgatory, on whose brow we sat while my fair ones listened as young ladies are wont to listen to veritable stories, with which this spot is rife, of "hair breadth 'scapes" of unfortunate lovers:—to Paradise, a most romantic spot, as many a moon might, if it would, aver;—in this drive of three or four hours, there was presented an assemblage of ocean grandeur, of vernal beauty and of romantic story, not usually enjoyed of a morning of the balmiest day.

Of the few inhabitants I know of this fashionable watering place, of which the far spread praise is fully deserved, I called on the gifted and pious Miss C. whose mind is alive to the finest sensibilities of poetic inspiration, as her contributions to our annuals fully attest. I saw, too, my friend Dr. T. surrounded by his lovely family, whom for years I have esteemed as possessing elements of character of most sterling merit. If ever from a heart flowed warmly and freely the streams of friendship, that heart is his; and if a generous liberality for the motives of others, and a most rigid interpretation of his own;—if a rich preparation for, and experience in the practice of the healing art, entitle a man to a high estimation and to wealth, Dr. T. richly merits both.

Our drive through the Island to Bristol was, to the young ladies, one not soon to be forgotten. The beautiful Narragansett, which, ever and anon as we ascended an eminence, showed its surface outspreading in loveliness, with its varied and picturesque islets and whitened canvass, can be contemplated with scarcely less admiration than the far-famed Bay of Naples. This Island—the Aquitnec of the Red Man—has been not unaptly called the Eden of America. Picturesque in its surface, remarkably fertile, and proverbially healthy, it ought to present an aspect far different from the present one. With the exception of the princely mansions of Gov. Collins and Mr. Vernon near Newport, and the enchanting Vaucluse, there is scarcely a dwelling on which economical utility

and parsimonious saving may not be read by almost a blind man. Nature's most lavish gifts are not unfrequently bestowed on those who have no ability to appreciate them.

Through the complaisance of the veteran proprietor of the ferry from the northern extremity of the Island to the main land, we were taken directly to the wharves of the pleasant village of Bristol. Thus ended the varieties of the day; a day marked with evidence of ability on the part of my fair protégées, to appreciate; of taste to enjoy, and of knowledge to interpret what of the beautiful and the grand had passed in review. To one who loves undisturbed quiet and is no devotee to gastronomy, Bristol to the summer traveller is a very eligible stopping place. Its streets of liberal width, shaded by the beautiful *Tilia*, its elegant private establishments, and, in the environs, even princely ones, the number and commodiousness of its churches, its pleasant harbour, and its cooling breezes, to say nothing of the taste and learning and hospitality of some of its inhabitants, are inviting symptoms of attractiveness. And then its far famed Mount Hope; the swamp where treason felled the heroic Philip to the earth; the throne around which he gathered his war council; the spring where he slaked his thirst; the beetling precipice which concealed this remnant of the true proprietors of the soil: these with their affecting associations and contrasted with the present aspect of things here, were not unfelt and unenjoyed by my sympathizing charge. A solitary hypericum and a prunella plucked from the fissures of King Philip's seat, are the only mementos, if any were required, of our visit to this consecrated spot. Returning as we came, over a road that never dreamed of M'Adam, we continued our drive through the village, round the beautiful harbour to Pawpasquash; stopping for a moment at the splendid mansion of Mr. R., whose lady and her excellent sister received us, as they are wont, with that cordiality and ease which render this place so attractive to all visitors. By the politeness of Mr. D. and Captain M. we visited the "Aquitnec," the beautiful ship of the latter, just in from S. A. I have seldom witnessed happier smiles than the circumstances of this naval visit lighted up on the countenances of the young ladies. All was novelty and gratification; and the polite attentions of the gallant Captain, together with the tasteful goûté from his well selected ship stores, will not soon be forgotten.

Spending a Sunday in this agreeable place, where if we found not the more imposing accompaniments of public worship, we found, as every where, our spiritual and sublime Liturgy; and could worship as acceptably as amid the decorations of our more costly and gorgeous temples, we took an affectionate leave of Mrs. and Miss W. whose maternal and sisterly kindness rendered our sojourn here so pleasant, and of Mr. and Mrs. D. whose hospitality made us feel as if at home though among strangers—we sailed to Providence. A drive through this picturesque city, along the hill whose college edifices bespeak the munificence of the man

whose name the University bears, from whose eminence the city and its environs lay spread out before us as on a map; and a hasty dinner at that excellent establishment, the City Hotel, we found ourselves in the cars for the city of notions. We had parted with the attentive Mr. W. of N. Y., who had enjoyed hitherto with us our sight-seeing: and the evening of the day—such an evening as the Bostonians mark in their calendar—placed us in that first of strangers' homes, the Tremont. Apropos of this establishment; of all places of sojourn, with no disparagement to others, none can be found with accommodations so admirable and with regulations so excellent. The only instance of complaint ever heard of, was that of a crusty bachelor, who, comfortless elsewhere, went to the Tremont with the vain hope of riding himself of his most inveterate annoyance—*himself!*

With the lark, my fair ones, the next morning, escorted by the agreeable Mr. C., ascended to the look-out of the State House; and if sparkling eyes and eloquent expressions indicate gratification, the scene from that elevation could not have been an every day one. At an early hour, "mine host" had provided a carriage and a most civil coachman, to be at our bidding for the day. How interesting our associations at Bunker's Hill! "There," said the octogenarian keeper of the half-built monument, "there," planting his cane on the spot with emphasis, "there Warren fell!" I told the story of that fearful battle; nor was there wanting a responsive feeling in the dear ones who clustered around me. We took a view of the navy yard, with its dry dock, its extensive apparatus for machinery, the Vermont ship of the line, sighing for its "home of blue," till its very keel has lost its healthfulness; and the stately and elegantly arrayed Columbus, through which the courtly Lieut. De C. conducted us, in which, if the darkly domicil of the "middies" occasioned a slight regret from my companions, it was soon dispelled by our entrance into the commodious and elegant state rooms above. It may be, when our gallant Lieutenant shall be far away on a distant station, he may recollect the Philadelphia school girls, who with their cicerone chatted for a pleasant half hour in his own tasteful quarters in the Columbus.

That first and best of our literary institutions, Harvard University, who has not visited! The classic grounds; the beautiful chapel and refectory; the venerable halls; the richly supplied cabinet; the extensive library, with its mural portraits of the worthiest in the history of letters, and the most munificent in the cause of learning; who has not seen, and admired, and felt a glow of pride in acknowledging relationship to these noble and forecasting Puritans? Mount Auburn, of course, was not to be forgotten: and if the eye moistened at the tomb of the benevolent Spurzheim, and the tribute of admiration was offered at the monument of the first tenant of this city of the dead; and if mingled pensiveness and chastened joy were indulged in as we traversed the windings, and beheld the repositories of the departed; they are but

natural sentiments excited by a visit to this magnificent cemetery. In pensive mood we hastened to our temporary home in the city; and, in reviewing the incidents of the day, we felt, what in number and interest, few days had been more richly crowded.

The succeeding day dawned with most inviting promise; and, what is rather unusual in a Boston morning, made the promise good. Who, on such a day, with a breeze sufficient to fan us into agreeability, though not enough to ripple the mirror of the harbour, has sailed to Nahant, and not enjoyed it to the full? If any, let him be marked as eyeless, thoughtless, soulless. Nahant, could thy rocky shores discourse of aught but of ocean's dashings, what thrilling emotions couldst thou tell of in the bosoms of thousands who have gazed from thy cliffs on the limitless waters "in breeze, or gale, or storm!"

What tales couldst thou relate of moody and romantic youth; of gratuitous advice of "aunties" of a certain age to giddy nieces of sweet seventeen; of the fortune hunting beaux and of the flirtations of belles; of the social intercourse of the friendly many, and of the beloved few? But thou must not blab. Thy silence is speechful.—A ride to Lynn should be taken by every visitor to this favourite retreat, and particularly at or near low water. For some three miles, with a gentle breeze from the N. E.—none of your annihilating northeasters—we revelled on the breath of all sorts of music and poetry. The very seagulls screeched melodiously. The tiny waves kissed our carriage wheels in musical murmurings. The hawk seemed poetic in his gyrations, and the vaders moved in measured steps. It was just such a drive as any one may take of just such a day, and with just such a companion as we had in the agreeable Mr. C.

Of Lynn—of shoemaking memory—with its neat white cottages, (all cast, one would think, in the same mould,) and tasteful gardens—its patriotic ladies and their obedient lords, every newspaper has spoken. We left it in a few minutes after our arrival; and a glorious moonlight evening was spent in strolling on the Common, listening to the excellent music from the Boston Band, and the scarcely less agreeable music of social converse. In this city of notions, there has been contrived no notion of late more popular than the semi-weekly concert on the Common at the city's expense. Its many advantages both social and moral are too obvious to need enumeration.

The Athenæum, with its choice collection of paintings of the Flemish and other schools, in addition to those of native artists, furnishes objects of interest worth a pilgrimage to behold. The Conservatory, containing exotics to adorn the public garden, is in design and execution unlike any in our country, and most admirably adapted to the convenience of the florist and botanist, and to the admiration of every visitor. After a hasty walk in Washington street, and a call on a few friends, among whom I am proud to rank the accomplished and literary Mrs. H., of this "Book," we bid a cordial adieu to our friends in Mount Vernon street; and the next morning found us in that Babel

Emporium, New York. How gladly did we hasten to enjoy the cooling breezes and romantic scenery of West Point; there to rest and to expatiate, to ramble and ponder for a few brief days.

The canvas may, but the pen may not adequately describe this lovely and sublime spot. A climb to Fort Putnam, venerable in its ruins; the prospect of the place where Arnold sealed his eternal infamy; the scenery varied in magnificence as seen from various points; the relics of revolutionary times preserved in the military store rooms; the daily drill of the officer-like and gentlemanly cadets; the suavity and dignified deportment of the professors;—these and other sources of physical and mental gratification are familiar to the thousands who annually visit this military establishment.

After a delay of a single day in N. Y. on our return, I committed my interesting charge to the care of my most valued friends, the Misses C. of Princeton; whose kindness and instruction the young ladies enjoyed for the remainder of the midsummer holidays. Excursions of this kind should be more frequent, where teachers are at leisure to assume such responsibility. The improvement in health; the practical application of much knowledge gained in the recitation room; habits of observation and love of nature; discrimination of character; and, (except through the teacher's fault,) with the divine blessing, improvement in morals and religion;—these are benefits of no ordinary value, and are a rich return for any temporary sacrifices required.

Philadelphia.

Written for the Lady's Book.

SONG OF THE DYING IMPROVISATRICE.

"Is that a sound of lover's lute,
Stealing so sweetly on the air,
Or pensive shepherd's rural flute—
Or golden harp of other sphere?"

"Neither, my child—that wasted cheek,
From whence the rose of health has fled,
Shall tempt no lover's lute to speak—
Thy influence on his heart is dead."

"Yes, Mother, yes—a brighter eye—
A redder cheek attracts his gaze;
I mourn not now his perfidy,
My thought to other objects strays."

"Sleep, Rosa, sleep; the shepherd's flute,
Is heard in distant Arcady,
And golden harps are hush'd and mute—
No minstrel wakes a lay for thee."

The dying maiden raised her head,
And smiled as if her pain was past;
No sigh she breath'd, no tear she shed—
One lay she sung, it was her last:

"There is music for me in the wind's low sigh;
In the shaking of trees there is melody;
In the wild-bird's song, in the insect's play,
As they scatter the drops from the blossom'd spray.
There is music, too, when the dark clouds weep,
When the noisy crickets their chirping keep;
When the blue waves dash on the broken shore,
And the gathering storms in fury roar.
There is music, Mother, in vale and hill,
In the cataract's fall, in the murmuring rill;
In the thunder's voice as it rolls above;
In the soft complaint of the turtle dove;
In the infant's prattle sweet music dwells,

In the solemn chime of the deep-toned bells;
In the lamb's low bleat as it bounds along,
In the shepherd's pipe, in the milk-maid's song:
In the dashing spray, in the sea-bird's wail,
In the plaint of the love-lorn nightingale.
And oft does the velvet-bosomed bee,
In the flowret's cup make melody.
Rich sounds I hear when the leaves are stirr'd,
And sweet is the noise of the humming bird.
No more shall the lover's serenade,
Greet the dull ears of the dying maid.
I heed it not, at the midnight hour—
Yon harp is touch'd by a hand of power.
And sounds far sweeter than love ere spoke,
From the troubled strings at the moment broke.
Hark! do you list! 'tis a seraph's wing,
Gently fanning the wild harp string."
"Nay, 'tis the night wind's dying moan—
Rosa! Rosa, the sound is gone."
"Still in my ears does its echo dwell,
As the murmuring sound in the lone sea shell.
'Tis my death dirge, Mother, adieu, adieu"—
And she faded, the maid of the lily hue.
Children of song! when the day is done,
'Tis whisper'd the harp of the gifted one
Still breathes a requiem wild and clear—
Does a cherub stray from a brighter sphere?
Or say, does the wind in its fitful play,
O'er the harp of the perish'd minstrel stray?
I know not, I ask not from whence it came,
Yet surely it mutter'd the maiden's name.
The flowers are dead on the earth's cold breast,
The birds have flown to a shelter nest.
The snow flakes lie on the maiden's grave,
Yet still do the pleasanter harp strings rave.
Still, still do they utter a sad adieu,
Where slumbers the maid of the lily hue.

A. L. S.

THERE are too many who reverse both the principles and the practice of the apostle; they become all things to all men, not to serve others, but themselves; and they try all things, only to hold fast that which is bad.

If you are under obligations to many, it is prudent to postpone the recompensing of one, until it be in your power to remunerate all, otherwise you will make more enemies by what you give, than by what you withhold.

SUEÑO DELLA DONA ALDA.

[From the *Cancionero de Romances*, published at Antwerp, 1555.]

En Paris está Dona Alda,
La esposa de Don Roland;
Trescientas damas con ella
Para la acompañar.
Todas vesten un vestido,
Todas calzan un calzar,
Todas comen á una mesa,
Todas comian de un pan;
Sino era sola Dona Alda,
Que era la mayoral.
Las ciento hilaban oro,
Las ciento tejen cendal;
Ciento tañen instrumentos,
Para Dona Alda holgar:
Al son de los instrumentos
Dona Alda dormido se ha.
Ensoñado avia un sueño,
Un sueño de gran pesar,
Recordó despavorida,
Y con un pavor muy grande.
Los gritos daba tan grandes
Que se ouian en la ciudad;
Allí hablaron sus doncellas—
(Bien oireis lo que diran):
“¿Qué es aquesto, mi señora?
¿Quien es quien os hizo mal?”—
“Un sueño soñe, doncellas,
Que me ha dado gran pesar.
“Que me veia en un monte,
En un desierto lugar;
Bajo los montes muy altos
Un azor vide volar.
“Tras dél viene una aguililla,
Que lo afinaba muy mal;
El azor con grande cuita
Metióse so mi brial.
“El águila con gran ira
De allí lo fuera á sacar,
Con las uñas lo despluma,
Con il pico lo deshace.”
Allí habló su camerera,
(Bien oireis lo que dirá):
“Aquece sueño, Señora,
Bien os lo entiendo soltar.
“El azor es vuestro esposo,
Que viene de allende mar;
El águila sedes vos,
Con la cual ha de casar.
Y aquellos montes la iglesia,
Adonde os han deposar.”—
“Sí, así es, mi camerera,
Bien te lo entiendo pagar.”
Otro día, de mañana,
Cartas de fuera le traen,
Tintas venian de dentro,
De fuera escritas con sangue;
Que su Roland era muerto
En esa de Roncesvalles!

Translated for the Lady's Book.

BY W. J. WALTER.

DONA ALDA'S DREAM.

[This most admired of all the Spanish ballads, in its whole structure and strain, bears a very remarkable resemblance to several of our old ballads, both English and Scottish.—*Lockhart.*]

In Paris wons fair Dona Alda,
Brave Sir Roland's destin'd bride,
Round her wait three hundred maidens,
Prompt her bidding to abide.
All are clad in equal fashion,
Like their vests and sandals all,
All are eating at one table,
In the lady's ample hall;
All, except fair Dona Alda,
Mistress of this stately dome.
Round a hundred maids are spinning,
While a hundred ply the loom;
Other hundred make sweet music,
To beguile the weary hour:
By the strain is Dona Alda
Lull'd to sleep within her bower.
And behold, amidst her slumbers
Comes a dream, how dread to see!
Fear is on that lady's features,
Restless on her couch is she.
Hark! she utters shrieks of terror,
Loud resounding through the hall;
Then out-spoke her startled maidens—
(You shall hear the words that fall):
“What is this, most noble mistress?
Say what terrors haunt thy bed?”—
“I have dream'd a dream, my maidens,
O, it was a dream of dread!
“Methought I stood upon a mountain,
In a desert wild and lone;
Looking, I beheld a falcon
From the heights come sweeping down.
“Swift a mighty eagle chas'd him,
Keen and hungry for his prize;
Speeds to me the falcon, cowering
Midst my mantle's folds he lies.
“Furiously bore down the eagle,
Rent my mantle, seiz'd his prey,
Scattering all the feathers round me:
O, how sore was my dismay!”
Then outspake the foremost damsel,
(You shall hear the words that fall):
“For thy dream, my gentle Lady,
Well can I explain it all.
“That same falcon is thy lover,
Come from far beyond the sea;
And thyself, thou art the eagle,
Who to him shalt wedded be.
“The church is figured by the mountain,
Where the priest your hands shall join.”—
“Nay, e'en so, my faithful maiden,
Worthy fee shall sure be thine.”
Lo! there come, upon the morrow,
Letters to that lady's hall,
And they bear a tale of sorrow,
For the dark blood blots the scroll;
Brave Sir Roland has been slaughtered,
In the rout of Roncesval!

THE TRUMPET'S VOICE HATH ROUSED THE LAND.

THE WORDS BY

MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

J. T. NORTON.

Selected for the Lady's Book by J. G. Osbourne.

MAESTRO.

Solo Tromba.

The musical score is written for piano and solo trumpet. It consists of five systems of music. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the solo trumpet, marked 'MAESTRO.' and 'Solo Tromba.' The subsequent systems are for piano accompaniment. The third system begins with the vocal melody, with lyrics 'The trum - pet's voice hath rous'd the land, Light up the bea - con'. The fourth system continues the vocal melody with lyrics 'pyre! A hun - dred hills have seen the brand, And wai'd the sign of'. The fifth system is a piano accompaniment for the final line of the song.

The trum - pet's voice hath rous'd the land, Light up the bea - con

pyre! A hun - dred hills have seen the brand, And wai'd the sign of

fire. A hun - dred banners

dol.

Pia.

to the breeze, Their gor - geous folds have cast— And hark! was that the sound of

Tromba.

seas? A king to war, to war went past.

Tromba.

The chief is arming in his hall,
 The peasant by his hearth;
 The mourner hears the thrilling call,
 And rises from the earth.
 The mother on her first-born son,
 Looks with a boding eye—
 They come not back, though all be won,
 Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard has ceased his song, and bound
 The falchion to his side;
 E'en for the marriage altar crown'd,
 The lover quits his bride.
 And all this haste, and change, and fear,
 By earthly clarion spread;
 How will it be, when kingdoms hear,
 The blast that wakes the dead!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

Again we sit down to our Table, to close the year's account with our ever kind friends and constant readers.

A twelvemonth is passed away, another volume of these monthly messengers formed. If this could teach, in its true import, the brevity and the worth of time, it would be a most precious volume. Short as the span may seem on looking back, what scenes of joy and wo; of brilliant hope and crushing despair; of mighty plans and baffled designs has it not produced and witnessed?

But we may not go back over the past. We must leave the record as it is written on each brow, and the remembrance as it is cherished in each heart. Yet among the things and circumstances which have contributed to lighten the cares of the burdened mind, and beguile the sorrows of the wounded heart, to promote the zeal of those who labour to do good, and give zest to the cheerfulness of the happy family circle, may we not confidently reckon the "Lady's Book" for 1839.

In looking over the rich list of our contributors, we are admonished of a duty we owe to a large class of anonymous writers who have voluntarily sent us contributions.—Many of these it was, for different reasons, impossible to admit into the "Lady's Book;" nevertheless we feel obliged to the writers for the interest they express in our prosperity and the efforts they have made to aid us; we regret that it should have been in vain.

Quite a number of the articles we have rejected were *too long*. This redundancy is a serious fault in our writers for periodicals. Each number of the work requires variety, and of course, must give room for various articles. But, not infrequently, we have sent us a single story, essay, or poem which would, if inserted entire, nearly fill the monthly number. If the article is divided it loses considerable of its interest, the reader is vexed and scolds, the writer disappointed and frets, and both join in laying all the blame on the poor perplexed Editors.

We want short, racy, spirited essays; stories and sketches that embody pages of narrative and sentiment in a single paragraph, and by a few bold touches paint rather than describe, the characters they exhibit for the instruction and entertainment of our readers. Such stories may be called *too short*, but that usually implies they are very popular. Then for our poetry, we want gems coined from the priceless wealth of genius, which will be worth treasuring in the heart of youth as precious talismans to preserve the love of goodness, and the warm and generous affections from the frosts of time or the blight of worldly cares. Who would not prefer the little diamond, pure, polished and perfect, to a mountain of false stones and paste ornaments?

We are, to tell the truth, sadly at a loss to know what course to pursue with our anonymous poetical correspondents.

It would not be possible to publish all the poetry, even were it good, which is sent us in this way. Miss Martineau avers that "Genius is naturally democratic." We are sure that democratic institutions foster genius, or that ambition to become distinguished which makes people desire to be thought geniuses. Talk of the waters of Helicon and the inspiration of the sacred Nine! How feeble was their influence in making poets, compared with the art of printing and the facility of publishing in the periodicals!

We would not discourage a single aspirant for fame from the cultivation of those talents which he or she may feel conscious of possessing. The writing of poetry is a good intellectual exercise. The versifier is obliged to examine words and idioms, and to study to attain the most condensed, striking, beautiful and harmonious manner of expressing ideas. This verbal study is by no means of small importance. Then the writing, (or the attempt) of poetry has a tendency to elevate the feelings and thoughts by demanding as it were, the expression of lofty and generous emotions. It may also beguile the cares and sorrows of the writer, or give pleasure to friends. These considerations have always led us rather to encourage the poetical efforts of young writers, but chiefly as a means of improvement to their own hearts and minds. We would not advise them to write often for the public eye;

at least, let them keep their effusions on hand a year (Horace advises a seven years' probation—but in this age of steam such patience must not be hoped for,) before taxing an Editor with the responsibility of publishing or the pain of refusing their productions.

Had this rule been followed, sure we are that we should have been spared the unpleasant task of rejecting some scores of articles which we have now before us. Our drawer of "orphan poetry,"—alias anonymous—is completely filled, and with the exception of a few articles, (titles in our next,) we are obliged to do—what we wish the authors had done—consign the whole pile to the flames.

We must, however, do our correspondents the justice to say that some of these poems evince real and even high genius—but faults of haste and carelessness obscure or disfigure their beauties, and render them unworthy of being placed in the pages of the "Lady's Book," which is designed to elevate the standard of American taste in literature, and can only maintain its station by the most scrupulous care and nice judgment of its conductors.

Thus much for the past; for the future, we need only say that we shall, for the coming year, have, in our editorial department, the assistance of our friend, the good and gifted Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

We are also promised the aid of many contributors, whose names will be a passport to public confidence.

In short, that desideratum which we have always sought, the rendering of the "Lady's Book" worthy to be regarded as the guiding star of female education—the beacon light of refined taste, pure morals and practical wisdom, seems now about to be accomplished.

EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

The Christian Keepsake and Missionary Annual. Edited by the Rev. John A. Clark: 1840. Philadelphia: W. Marshall & Co.

We have examined this interesting Keepsake with much care, and we feel justified in commending its contents. They breathe the true spirit of Christian piety—the fervent charities of expanded grace, and the devotedness of ardent and redeeming faith. Truly there is a beauty in holiness, and it is shown not less in the pages dedicated to the furtherance of God's kingdom, than in the lives of his people, who, by their walk and conversation, minister to his glory. Many of the contributions which adorn this little volume, are full of blessedness—conveying monitions that heal to the wounded bosom, and supplying consolation to them that mourn. Many a thankful heart will rejoice over the feast that is here spread, by those who are eminent in this world's favour, and who have employed the talents wherewith they are gifted to promote the cause of him from whom flows all good gifts, and to whom belongs all praise and adoration.

Besides the intrinsic excellence of this Annual—the purity of its strain and the propriety of its counsels—it derives additional claims to regard from the very elegant embellishments with which it is decorated. Of these the plates, nine in number, are very beautiful, being composed of well chosen subjects, and executed by artists of well-deserved reputation. There is, in particular, a fine and life-like likeness of the venerable Bishop Moore, engraved by Dodson, from a picture by Inman, which is truly a gem. The mild, patriarchal countenance and flowing locks of this worthy pillar of Christ's Church, are depicted with a fidelity that admits of no objection; and the brief memoir which accompanies the likeness, opens up to general observation some of those pure traits of character for which the Right Rev. Bishop is distinguished.

The Poet: A Metrical Romance of the Seventeenth Century. A Keepsake for 1840. E. L. Carey & A. Hart, 1839.

This is one of the most desirable little books which has been issued from the American press. It contains a selection of the choicest gems of our earlier English poets, so arranged as to form a continuous and connected story. The idea is

this. The compiler supposes a poet, just entering upon manhood, who, like most young men, is at first inclined to rail against the passion of love, but soon after, being smitten with the charms of a fair lady, he becomes an ardent devotee, and celebrates the power of love, and the graces of his mistress, in the most rapturous verse. His tenderness is requited, but unhappily jealousies occur to disturb the smoothness of love's current, and expostulations, and reproaches, and parting succeed. The poet withdraws to the country, and there gives vent to his feeling in numerous appropriate addresses, and finally, through the intervention of a friend a reconciliation is effected, and after a due interval, marriage follows. In this state, the happy pair spend a long life of undisturbed felicity, and their union is blest with a numerous progeny.

This is the frame-work which has been adopted for the neatest, chastest, and most elegant selection of amatory poetry, which has ever fallen under our observation. The selections are arranged in different chapters, under suitable general titles, such as "The Poet in the Bachelor's State," "The Poet in Love," "The Days of Wooing," "The Double Indiscretion," "The Parting," &c. &c., and to each of these chapters is prefixed a brief prose narrative, which connects the various parts together, and maintains the story unbroken. Every poem introduced is entire, but besides the regular poems of which the volume is composed, there are numerous choice quotations from the elder and rarer poets, placed as mottoes to the different topics treated of.

Several of the poems introduced into this collection are now printed for the first time, having been copied from the Harleian, Lansdowne, and Heber MSS., by the compiler, expressly for this work; and all of them possess the true characteristics of our earlier poetry—clear, nervous diction, combined with exquisite simplicity, pathos and humour. Mr. Walter who has selected and arranged the contents of this volume, and to whom belongs the merit also of the adaptation of such dissimilar metrical productions into one harmonious whole, is a gentleman of exquisite taste, as he has shown not only in the present production, but in various reprints of the early English poets, with critical annotations.

This volume is put up in the form of an annual, with a handsome engraving and vignette title page, and fancy binding. The cost, we believe, is but a dollar, but it is infinitely worth more than any of the gilded toy-books for which extravagant prices are asked and paid. No lady or gentleman who desires to obtain a proper knowledge of the lighter and more graceful effusions of the poets, from the time of Elizabeth down to the time of Anne, should fail to procure this compilation.

Canons of Good Breeding. . Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

Like all attempts to establish an artificial code of manners this book contains many directions and provisions which are not only absurd in themselves, but which betray great want of practical knowledge in the writer. Laying aside these, however, there is much good sense displayed in its pages, a shrewdness of observation, and a pleasant strain of sarcasm which make it agreeable and even instructive.

Lallah Rookh, an Oriental Romance. By Thomas Moore, Esq. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

This is undoubtedly the most elegant reprint of a single poem which has yet been made in this country. The Philadelphia editions of Wordsworth's and Scott's Poetical Works are both eminently deserving of commendation, and the Boston editions of Shakespeare and Milton, are also very meritorious, but this surpasses them all in the size of the type, the excellence of the paper, and the number and beauty of the illustrations. The latter, thirteen in number, are among the best productions of the season. They are designed by Stephanoff, Meadows & Corbould, and are engraved by C. Heath, and other artists of deserved celebrity. Some of them are really exquisite.

Of the merits of Lallah Rookh it is at this day unnecessary to speak. Successive races of readers have put upon it the stamp of universal approbation, and the fact that publishers can now send it forth in the attractive and costly style of this publication is a sufficient commentary upon its present popularity. To Mr. Moore it must be highly gratifying that he

should have lived to see the twentieth edition of the poem which first fixed his reputation, published with a sumptuousness of mechanical decoration which has never, of late days at least, been accorded to any of his contemporaries.

Alfred de Rosann, or the French Gentleman. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

Mr. G. W. M. Reynolds, the author of these volumes, has no doubt had considerable experience of French society and customs, but it may be questioned whether he has shown much wisdom in entering the same field with the host of French novelists who are now engaged in illustrating the habits, manners, and principles of their own countrymen. Certain it is that his descriptions want freshness, and are not always remarkable for truth, and it is equally certain that in the arrangement of his story he is not unfrequently at fault.

Father Butler and the Lough Dearg Pilgrim. By W. H. Carleton. 2 vols. T. K. & P. J. Collins. Philadelphia, 1839.

Mr. Carleton's Irish stories are remarkable for their truth, no less than their humour. He has studied his countrymen with close attention, and he understands all the little traits which make up the sum of their national character. It is this which gives to all the productions of his pen so strong a hold on the interest of his readers, for while they are amused with the fictions which form the machinery of his stories they know that the pictures are life-like and real.

The second volume of this collection is composed of *serious* stories from the pen of Thomas Hyod; and in this new department the facetious punster shows that he is capable of grave as well as merry discourses. The stories abound in dramatic interest, and they are told in a style that adds to the effect which their subjects produce.

Adventures of an Attorney, in Search of Practice. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

This is a very pleasant, agreeable book, containing numerous anecdotes illustrative of professional matters, abounding in strokes of dry humour, and interspersed, moreover, with many admirable reflections. The author is already well known to the reading public, by his "Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of a Horse."

Nix's Mate, an Historical Romance of America. 2 vols. New York: S. Colman, 1839.

Mr. Dawes, the author of these volumes, is a poet of great merit and rising reputation. This, we believe, is his first essay in extended prose writing, and it shows much fertility of imagination—vigorous conception of character—and considerable power of description. It is marred, however, by occasional coarseness, and the witch-scenes are alike repugnant to probability and good taste.

Hamilton King, or the Smuggler and the Dwarf. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

We do not particularly admire nautical novels—especially since, of late days, they have become a complete drug in the book-market—but this it seems to us from the hasty glances we have made at it, is rather superior to most of them. The story is well designed, and well managed, and there are several scenes which are quite spirited.

The Museum of Religious Knowledge: J. Whetham. Philadelphia, 1839.

This is a neatly printed volume, composed of various religious tracts, edited by Marcus E. Cross. They are well selected, and if perused in the proper spirit will sensibly promote the cause of piety. The volume is embellished with a handsome portrait of the Rev. Dr. Morrison.

The Damsel of Darien. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

Mr. Simms is one of our favourite authors. He has a happy choice of subjects, and he illustrates whatever he takes in hand with rare felicity. The present is among his best productions. The scene is laid at a period rich both in character and incidents, and the tyranny of the Spaniards—the sufferings of the natives and the adventurous spirit of the early voyagers, are all portrayed in the same vigorous style which has gained so much deserved reputation for the author.

The Courtier of the Days of Charles II., with other Tales. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1839.

The principal story which gives title to these volumes, is a graphic delineation of the manners of that dissolute reign, which disgraces the annals of English history, by its almost unrelieved coarseness and debauchery. In depicting its more repulsive features, Mrs. Gore—the writer of these tales—has shown great skill; and she has heightened the effect of her pictures by introducing, by way of contrast, a lovely, pure-minded, and high souled woman, whose virtues shine out in brilliant relief amid the darker incidents of the narrative. Besides the "Courtier," the volume contains numerous other stories, all apparently possessed of merit.

Shakespeare and his Friends: or the Golden Age of Merry England. 3 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

The attempt to delineate the private and social qualities of one who occupies so large a space in the world's eye as Shakespeare, is of no little difficulty; for as these are matters on which every reader has long since formed opinions, it can scarcely be possible that their prejudices will not be jarred and shocked by differing conceptions from their own. Notwithstanding this obstacle to success, the writer of these volumes has accomplished his task in a manner which will be generally gratifying, and he has so treated both Shakespeare and his friends as to show that he has deeply studied their characters, and the character of the age to which they belonged.

Rollo's Museum—Rollo's Experiments. Weeks, Jordan & Co., Boston, 1839.

We have several times taken occasion to recommend the series of Rollo books to the attention of our readers. They are admirably adapted to the purposes of juvenile instruction: embracing as they do various information, suitable for young minds, with a clear, perspicuous and easy style and arrangement which make them accessible to all readers. The volumes now published contain lucid explanations of numerous mechanical principles and natural phenomena.

The Young Lady's Companion: In a Series of Letters. By Margaret Cox. Author of "Botany of the Scriptures," "Wonders of the Deep," &c. pp. 342.

This large, handsomely printed volume is from the press of T. N. Whiting, Columbus, Ohio, and does great credit to the literary enterprise and improvement of the western publishers.

The book, so far as we have had time to examine it, appears a sound, practical system of instruction for young females; in which the affections of the heart, and principles of the mind are directed to the source of all purity and goodness, the Christian religion. We shall hereafter give some extracts from the volume.

"The Lectress: or Woman's Sphere. By the Author of "My Cousin Mary. Boston: Whipple & Donnell.

We have looked over this little book, and commend it to the consideration of married people—husbands as well as wives will find lessons worth learning in this unpretending story.

Society, Manners, and Politics, in the United States: Being a Series of Letters on North America. By Michael Chevalier. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co. pp. 467.

The author, a thorough Frenchman in his feelings, principles, and philosophical speculations, seems, nevertheless, to have been a man of candour and philanthropy, where his political prejudices were not involved. Thus, although the strict observance of the Sabbath and the sanctity of the marriage contract in our Republic seemed to him very odd, unaccountable and stupid affairs, yet he acknowledges the good effects of this religious strictness and conjugal fidelity on public sentiment and private morality. His visit to the "American Manchester," Lowell, seems to have filled him with astonishment and gratification. He has one chapter on "Factory Girls at Lowell," which must be of great interest to every philanthropist and Christian in Europe as well as America. Among several important advantages which M. Chevalier acknowledges the people of America to have at-

tained over those of Europe, is that of better understanding what "concerns the domestic relations." He says: "In the United States, even the labouring class is more completely initiated in the obligations of the stronger sex towards the weaker than most of the men of the middle class in France. Not only does the American farmer and mechanic spare his wife, as much as possible, all the hard work and employments unsuited to the sex, but he exhibits towards her and every other woman, a degree of attention and respect, which is unknown to many persons amongst us, who pride themselves on their education and refinement." p. 430. In commenting on our "Social Improvement," he notices particularly the happy effects it has had on the female sex, and says: "Every woman in America has the *femures* as well as the *dress of a lady*. You would search in vain among the Anglo-Americans, from the mouth of the St. Lawrence to the Mississippi, for one of those wretched objects, who are feminine only with the physiologist, in whom our cities abound, or for one of those hoggish belldames who fill our markets and three fourths of our fields," &c. p. 342. Shall not we love our country and its institutions which secure us these inestimable privileges? What American woman but must be a patriot?

"The Life and Times of Martin Luther," is the title of a very interesting volume, lately published in Boston. It is from the pen of Mrs. Lee, author of the "Three Experiments of Living," and "Sketches of the Old Painters." This history of Martin Luther is written in a style of great purity and beauty, and the spirit of the work is imbued with the ardent piety and firm faith in the power of truth which so characterized the great Reformer. It will hold a high place in our literature.

Mr. J. B. Chevallier, 85 Dock street, is publishing Ornithology of the United States, the descriptive part by J. R. Townsend, the drawings from nature. It is beautiful—beautiful beyond our power to describe! Not only does Mr. Chevallier give us the bird, but the particular scenery and the plants and flowers peculiar to the country in which the bird is found. It is published in monthly numbers.

Huddy has published another number of his beautiful *Magnoliae*. A Lithograph on the cover, a coloured view of Camp Washington, coloured uniform of the Washington Light Infantry, with a view of the Capitol in the distance—several interesting documents relative to Major Andre, with Pac Siniles of his signature and that of Benedict Arnold, and a Lithograph of the taking of Andre, &c., are the embellishments.

Any person wishing to see a specimen of engraving worthy the country, the engraver, and the publisher, should look at the last plate in that truly valuable publication of General Morris—the New York Mirror. It is the Landing at Jamestown, painted by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by Danforth. This is really an *American Engraving*. The contents of the number of The Mirror are worthy of the plate.

PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

OUR NEXT VOLUME.

We are rich in communications to commence the year with. Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. M. H. Parsons, Mrs. C. Lee Huntz, Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, Mrs. S. J. Hale, Mrs. Cushing, Mrs. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. Harrison Smith, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. M. St. L. Loud, Mrs. Sedgwick, Mrs. Hoffman, Mrs. C. Baron Wilson, Mrs. Osgood, Miss H. F. Gould, Miss C. H. Waterman, Miss Hale, Miss A. M. F. Buchanan, Miss Lewis, Miss Woodbridge, Professors Ingraham and W. J. Walter, Judge Conrad, H. W. Herbert, W. Gilmore Simms, Richard Penn Smith, Seba Smith, L. A. Wilmer, R. L. Mackenzie, Wm. Cutter, Lieut. Harwood, &c. &c., have each furnished us with an article for publication.

The January number will be printed on a new and beautiful type and superior paper, and the Embellishments will be of a novel and pleasing character. Indeed, not a number will be published that shall not contain something differing from its predecessor. The publisher returns his sincere thanks to those who take and have paid for the work—

They must read it with pleasure; but what must be the horror of that person who every month receives a mite dunn in the shape of the Book. Can he or she peruse it with any satisfaction? It is to be presumed not. It would be a matter of astonishment to a person not acquainted with the business of publishing, to glance an eye over our Ledger (a sealed book to all but the publisher,) and there see the names of fair ladies who would die upon the mere suspicion of owing their milliner, allowing their accounts to stand from year to year insensible to our repeated, and at this time earnest request, for a remittance, allowing us to plod on from year to year instead of enriching us at once by paying what is due to us. Is it from fear that we shall relax in our exertions? Ladies—dear Ladies, be assured we will not.

We have a strong inclination to offer one of the handsomest shawls that our stores can furnish to the Lady who will make us the largest remittance in the next three months, either for past or coming subscriptions. We will do it. It is an offer—let us see who will win it.

ORIGINAL STEEL ENGRAVING.

We promise in our next volumes some original steel engravings, two of them from pictures of our own. One is now ready. It is from a painting by Comegys—the Wilkie of his day—and is entitled “Warning the Mitten.”

We do not often notice communications, but we are induced to depart from this rule as the author of “Lines Suggested,” &c., requests to know if they will suit us. We regret to say they will not.

Our correspondent Mrs. Cornwall, Baron Wilson, the celebrated English Lyrist, has published in two volumes, *The Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis, Esq.*, the well-known author of *The Monk*, and has also ready for the Press *Memoirs of Harriett, Duchess of St. Albans*, (the celebrated Miss Mellou.)

A poem from Mrs. C. B. W., will appear in our January number.

NEW ENGLISH CONTRIBUTORS.

Miss Mary Russell Mitford, author of “*Our Village*.”—James Montgomery, the celebrated Poet—and Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law rhymist.

It is with pleasure that we announce W. G. Simms, Esq., author of *Pelayo*, *Guy Rivers*, *The Damsel of Darien*, &c., as a new contributor to the Book. We have a story of his of great interest, which we shall soon have the pleasure of laying before our readers.

We request all authors, out of this city, who have furnished us articles for which they are to receive payment, to let us know at the earliest opportunity, by what means we can, under the present deranged state of our currency, remit the several amounts due them.

In our last, we mentioned that Miss Leslie would render her services to the Book. We do not wish to be understood as announcing Miss L. as an editor. Few persons would, perhaps so understand the notice, but for fear that any one would so read it, we make this correction.

DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

Right Hand Figure.—Walking dresses.—Dress of green changeable silk, ornamented with a deep flounce at bottom. Manteau of rich brown satin or velvet. This cloak, as may be seen by the plate, is of an enormous width. It is cut out of a square, but on the crossway, (see plate,) there is consequently no fullness whatever. Left at top, it sits quite plain both at back and front, but it is sufficiently sloped out, to make it meet perfectly on the skirt. The lower corner at back, with the other two corners, in front, are left pointed for the purpose of being carried over the arm, as in the plate, and which gives the cloak an appearance of the greatest elegance; the small flat cape, of rather falling collar, as well as the whole cloak, is trimmed with a deep chenille or twisted silk fringe, the colour of the manteau. It is needless to say that the cloak is wadded and lined with silk. Satin hat, the front not very large; the hair is brought down in smooth bands, very low at each side of the face, and turned up again. The frill consists of a fall of white lace, headed by a *bouillon*, through which passes the white satin riband, tied in front. Shawls similar to that on the figure to the left, are at present all the rage. They are imported ready made, of every variety of material and colour. There is one in this city of black velvet, embroidered with yellow floss, yellow silk tassels on the end, in imitation of Queen Victoria's, which is of gold—the price of this beautiful article was £90. The price generally ranges from £25 to £60, according to the quality.

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Music.

SEPTEMBER.

Rustic Life—Engraved on Steel.
Fashions, Coloured.
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OCTOBER.

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NOVEMBER.

The Astonished Painter—Engraved on Steel.
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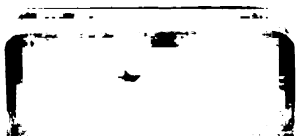
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